SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.
THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG, CHARLESTON

1839
THE PLAYS

OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED

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WITH

A GLOSSARY.

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MDCCCXLV.
THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alonso, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his Brother.
Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.
Adrian, a Lord.
Francisco, Calliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariner.
Miranda, Daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Iris, Ceres, Juno, \\ Spirits.
Reapers.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,—The Sea, with a Ship: afterwards on an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a ship at Sea.

A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

 mast. Boatswain.

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

mast. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't yardly, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[Exit.

Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerily, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the topsail; Tend to the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarsers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gollows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exit.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are no luckier than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Ant. Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o'your throat! you bowling, blasphemous, inexpressible dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, eur, hang! you whorson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an untaught wrench.

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

Enter Mariners yet.

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

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

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

For our case is as theirs.

Sch. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal:—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning.

The washing of ten tides!

Boats. Though every drop of water swear against it, and gape at 'twixt to glut him. [A confused noise within.]—Mercy on us! We split!—Parewell, my wife and children! Parewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exit.
SCENE II. The Island, before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this voyage, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
Which this fair isle doth to the walkin’ sheep.
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. [1, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish’d.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e’er
It should the good ship so have swallowed; and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. He collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There’s no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Or thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, neath knowing
Of y’were I am; nor that I am other
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Tis time
I should inform thee further. I rend thy hand,
And pinch my magic garment from me.—So;

[Leaps into his Hat.

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thee thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch’d
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order’d, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perturbation as hair,
Redil to any creature in the piece;
Which thou bestart’dst cry, which thou sawst sink.

Sit down;
For thou must now know much.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp’d
And left me to a booteless inquisition.

Concluding, Stay, not yet.

The hour’s now come;
Three minutes bids thee wipe thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Carest thou not
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. This far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That thy remembrance warrants: had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me? [II

Pro. Thou hast, and more, Miranda!—but how is
That this lives in thy mind?—What seem’d then else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember’st aught, are thou canst’ret here,
How thou canst’ret here, thou may’st.

Mir. I do.

Pro. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
Thy father was the duke of Milan; and
Since, a prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou was my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A prince;—no worse issued.

Mir. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was we not we did?

Mir. Both, both, my girl:
Be foul play, as thou say’st, were we had’st thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart blees
To think o’the sea that I have turn’d you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you farth.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call’d Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so rapacious! Be so prodigious!—And, of all the world I lov’d, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the sigilliaries it was the first,
Fell in the duke of Milan;—being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberality
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported.
And, that I might in secret studies
Notst thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most needful.

Pro. Being once perfeetected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To thrash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang’d
Or else new form’d them: having both the key
Of officers and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleased’st his ear; that now he was
The tyr which had bid my princely trunk, not
And such’d my verdure out on’t.—I thou attend’st
I pray thee, mark me.

Mir. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With what I was begotten, by which, for
Over-priz’d all popular rage, in my false brother,
Awak’d an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A Machiavel, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having, unto truth, by telling of It,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative.—Hence his ambition
Growing.—Dost hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To hear, to have no screen between this part he
And him he play’d it for; he need not play’d,
Absolute Milan: me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
So far, as with the Church of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event: then
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should do
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wounds have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me, I venerate, hearken my brother’s suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o’the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and the court of Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: wherein
A tremendous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and the dead of darkness,
These ambers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
If, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o’er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes.
Act 1.

THE TEMPEST.

1. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business.
Which now's upon us; without the which, this
most impatient. [Story]

Mira.

That hour destroy us?

Pro.

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

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
We colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In tow, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepare'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd;
Not large to hold our souls, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they holst us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving harm.

Mira.

Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Pro.

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

Mira.

How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A little, splendid, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who was then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentle
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, [necessarily]
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira.

Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro.

Now I arise:—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
If, I, the school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir,
(For still its beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro.

Know thus far forth—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my presence
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.

[Miranda asleep.

Come away, servant, come: I'm ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro.

Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article,
I performed the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I mark distinctly;
Then mock and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out running were not: the fire, and cracks
Of shock and tearing, fear, the mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besieg'd, and made his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro.

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari.

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of despiration: all, but mariners,
Fung'd in the foaming brine, and quell the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up starting (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leap'd: cried, Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.

Pro.

Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blumish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Mira.

Most of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch me:
From the still-vox'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples:
Supposing that they saw the king's ship w'reck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro.

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

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and
Must by us both be spent most preciously. [now]
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
news.
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd of me.

Ari. How now? moody
What is't thou canst demand?

My liberty.

Ari. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst
To bate me a full year.

[Promise

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st
It much to tread the ooz of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
For the foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgotten
tell me.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak?

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. But, No, sir, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast known,
Which thou forget'st. This dam'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischief's manifold, and sorceries terrible

B 2
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bee: that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This Island's mine, by Syracor my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou comest first,
Then stroak'd me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger lights, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o'the isle.
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and for-

Carne'd be I that did so?—All the charms [title;
Of Syracor, toads, beasts, bats, light on you?
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which was my own king: and here you sit
In this hard rock, whilsts you do keep from me

Pro.  Thou most lying slave,
Whose stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Flith as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The home of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Abhorred slave:
Which are print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Thou hadst in't that which good could not abide to be with:
Therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Which hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't,
Is how to curse: the red plaque rul'd you,
For learning use your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence'
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Strange'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rake thee with old cramps.
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beast shall trouble at thy suit.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vasall of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing: Fer-
dinand following him.

ARIEL'S SONG.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Complete when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves which,)
Foot it softly here and there:
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Bur. Bow'gh, bow'gh.
[Dispersedly.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bow'gh, bow'gh.
[Dispersedly.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of dissolving chanticleer,
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? 'Tis the air, or the
air
It sounds so sweet:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the Island. Sitting on a rock,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
For hearing both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Act I.

THE TEMPEST.

Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him but fell and fine;
But soft and sweet the sea's echo
Into something rich and strange.

Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.

But, soft! who lightly touches a i's got

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond?

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit. [senses
Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such
As we have; such: This gallant, which thou seest;
Was in the wreck; and he's something staid
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
Call him a goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Pro. And I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on. [Aside.
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
With thou, and keep thee, as I did for two days.

Pro. Most sure, the goddess
On whom those airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder
If you be made, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Pro. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken,
How! the best what wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebbe, beheld
The king my father's wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Pro. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke
Of And his brave son, being twain. [Milan,

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do. At the first sight [Aside.
They have changed eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungenially? This
Is the third man that ever I saw; the first
That ever I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Pro. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift
must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.
Make the prize light. One word more; I charge
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp [Thee,
The name that ow'st not: and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Pro. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can-dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
THE TEMPEST.

Act 2.

Gen. When every grief is entertain'd, that's
Comes to the entertainers.

And. Arr't to my place.

Gen. Devise comes to him; indeed; you have
spoken true, than you purposed.

And. You have taken it warmer than I meant
you.

Gen. Therefore, my lord.

And. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Ains. I prithee spare.

Gen. Well, I have done. But yet—

And. He had the thing.

And. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

The old cock.

And. This is all.

Sub. Dance the wassail?

And. A laughter.

Gen. A birth.

And. This was mine own body.

Sub. A laugh?

And. A laughter.

Gen. Though this island seem to be desert—

Sub. Ha, ha, ha.

And. No, you've pay'd.

Gen. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—

And. Yea.

Gen. He could not miss it.

And. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
deole temperature.

Sub. His appearance was a delicate wrench.

Sub. Aye, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
did.

And. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Sub. As if it had long, and rotten once.

And. They were perfumed by a fen.

Here is every thing conducive to love.

And. True; save means to live.

Of that there's none, or little.

Gen. How lush and lusty the grass looks; how
green

And. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Sub. With an eye of green isn't.

And. He miss'd not much.

Sub. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gen. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed al-
most beyond credit).

Sub. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gen. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their
freshness, and glosses; being rather now dry'd, than
stain'd with salt water.

And. But one of his pockets could speak, would
it not say, he lies?

Sub. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gen. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Africa; at the mar-
riage of the kings; fair daughter Claribel to the
king of Tunis.

Sub. I was a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

And. Tunis was never grac'd before with such
paragon to their queen.

Gen. Not since widow Dido's time.

And. Widow? a par o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido?

Sub. What if he had said, widow Eneas too?
good lord, how you take it?

And. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study
of the mind of Carthage, non of Tunis.

Gen. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

And. Carthage?

Gen. I assure you, Carthage.

Sub. What is this the more miraculous harp.

And. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

And. What impossible matter will he make any
next?

Sub. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

And. And, sawing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gen. Aye.

And. Why, in good time.

Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem
new as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the
marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

And. And the rared that's ever seen there.

Sub. 'Rato, I beseech you, widow Dido.

And. (i) widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gen. is not, sir, my doubt is as fresh as the first
day I saw it? I mean, in love.

And. That sort was well fam'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Sub. You cram these words into mine ears, again.

The strength of my sense: 'would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too.

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,

My king (shall all see here.) then mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange stuff
Hath made his meal on thee?

Sub. Sir, he may live;

I saw him heat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs; he tread the water,
Whose eminence he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most wild that met him; his bold bend
Have the contentious waves he kept, and our
Daimies, they were lost in lattery stress.

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn beard bow'd;

As stooping to relieve him: I doubt not,

He came alive to land.

Sub. No, no, he's gone.

Gen. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great

And. That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter.

But rather, sir, to an African:

Where she, at least, is handish'd from your eye,

Who hath came to wet the grief on't.

Sub. Prithee, peace.

Gen. You were knew'd to, and important other-

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at

That end o' the beam she bow'd.

We have lost your son.

I fear, for ever, that Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business making,

Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

And. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gen. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the platter.

Sub. Very well.

And. And most chirurgeously.

Gen. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

When you are cloudy.

Sub. Foul weather?

And. Very foul.

Gen. Had I plantations of this isle, my lord,—

And. He'd sow it with bitter-seed.

Sub. Or docks, or mallow.

Gen. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Sub. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gen. The commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit, no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, successions,
Hourn, bound of land, tillth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, stack;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too; but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty,

And yet he would be king on't.

And. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gen. All things in common, nature should pro-

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

I would not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all folio, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

Sub. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
THE TEMPEST.

Act 2.

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Seb. I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.

Ant. Save his majesty!

Seb. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. Should I, sir, do you mark me, sir?

Ant. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it To minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

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

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel invisible, playing sometim musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a-hat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Ant. Seb. and Ant.]

Ant. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Were with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I am inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person, while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Ant. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[Alsono sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! It is th' quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why

Dost it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor 1; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; Their drowsiness, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:— And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee: My strong imagination sees a crown [and Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely, It is a sleepful language; and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st While thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost more distinctly; There's meaning in th' snore.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do, Trebles thee o'er.'

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb.

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O, If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish, While thou mockst it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run, By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and check, proclaim A meaner from thee; and a blemish, indeed, Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir: Although this lord of weak remembrance, this (Whose life is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded (for he's a spirit of persuasion, only) Prefuses to persuade) the king, his son's alive: 'Tis as impossible that he's undone.'

As he that sleeps when he swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undone.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is Another way so high an hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

Seb. But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me, That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me, Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples Can have no note, unless the sun were post, (The man! 'tis moon too slow,) till new-born chins Be rough and rasonable: she, from whom We all were sea-swallow'd, though some castagain And, by that, destin'd to perform an act, Wherein you and thy wife are to be, To rise in yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you? I assure, my brother, your daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit Seams to cry out, How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples!—Keep in Tunis.

And Sebastian wake!—Say, this we de:th That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples, As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate As amply, and unnecessarily, As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A chough of as deep chat, O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember, You would supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me; Much faster than before: my brother's servants Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If it were a kybe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they, And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon, [whom I, If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; With this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus, To the perpetual wink for eye might put This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk; They'll tell the clock to any business that We say betas the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, Shall be my precedent; as thou gotst Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st; And I the king shall love thee.

ANT. Draw together. And when I rear my hand, do you the like To fall it on Gonzalo.
Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me, For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat; Perchance, he will not mind me, I'll beorth my work Out of my way, unless he bid them; but For every trifles are set upon me. Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me. And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which I scuffling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-thall; sometime am All wound with adders, who, with ciever tongues, Do bite me into madness.—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

[Drinks. Cal. Do not torment me; O! Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with sages, and men of the race? Trinculo.]
stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scape'd! Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an' if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will drink with him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how cam'st thou hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I mark of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swim a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this? I'll swear, of this.

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moreover, how does this thing affect thee?

Cal. Hast thou not drowned from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and do adore thee; My mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster.—The man? the moon? a most poor credulous monster?—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth. Made of that? thee ey'd thee on that? island; And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his botte.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy! A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him.—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

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

[Grow.

Ste. I pr'ythee, let me thing thee where crabs And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Shew thee a Jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet, I'll bring thee To clush the very fertile inch o' th' island; And I will kiss thee foot; I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

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

[Grow.

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talk. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by.

Cal. Farewell master; farewell, farewell, farewell; [Sings drunkenly.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more damn'd I'll make for fish; Nor fish in firing.

[At repirers.

Nor scrape trencher-wine, nor wash dish; 'Tan 'Ban, Cal.—Callahan, Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey day! hey day, freedom! freedom, hey day, freedom! Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

[Exit.}

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and

delight them sets o't: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me, as odious: but The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's craved; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such Had ne'er like executor. I forget; [baseness: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my: Most busy-less, when I do it. [bours;

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a Distance.

Mir. Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'Til weep for having wearied you: My father would have it hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

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

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

Fer. No, precious creature: I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

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

Fer. Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shews it.

Mir. You look wearily, [me, Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly, that I may set it in my prayers,) What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father, I have broke your hest to say so

Fer. Admire'ld Miranda Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her: This quarrel with a great soul. I wish, And put it to the foal; But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

Mir. I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men, than you, good friend, A man, my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skillless of; but, by my modesty, (The jewel in my dowry,) I would not wish Any companion in the world but you, Nor can imaginations form such a shape. Beside myself, to like of: But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition,
THE TEMPEST.
Act 3

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; (I would, not so I) and would no more endure To sit in prison, than a man; thus much I know. The flesh'd fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul speak: —

The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it; and for your sake, Am I this patient leg-man. 

Mir. Do you love me? 

[Exeunt 11 and 12, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess: shall I be sure? If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is bodied me, to miscalcive: !

Beyond all limit of what else the world, He loves, prize, honour you. I am a fool,

To weep at what I'm glad of. 

Fool. Of the most rare affections! Heaven grace grace On that which breeds between them! 

Wherefore weep you? 

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer What I deserv to give; and much less take.

What I shall die, and die as I have lived: And all the more it seeks to hide itself, [ning!

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cun直升. And prompt me, plain and holy innocence: — I am your wife; if you shall marry me:

If not, I'll die your maid to be your fellow.

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant.

Whether you will or no. 

Fool. My mistress, dearest,

And I thus humble ever. 

Mir. My husband then! 

Fool. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage ever of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine with my heart in't: and now

Till half an hour hence. [farewell, Farewell. 

Fool. A thousand! thousand! (Bow and Farewell and Miranda. 

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,

Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing

At nothing more be. I'll to my book; For yet, ere supper time, must I perform

Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another Part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following with a Bottle.

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

Trm. I drink, monster? the folly of this island!

They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them: if the other two be trained like us, the state totters.

Stv. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trm. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tall.

Stv. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

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

Stv. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

Stv. Monstrous eyes, eyes in once in thy life, if thou beest a good monsieur.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoes; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trm. This is a beast and a monster, I am in case to justise a constellation. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drank so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord? — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo! again! bite him to death, I pray thee.

Stv. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a manner, the next tree! — he poor fellow that's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again the suit I made thee? 

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

Enter Ariel, incapsulated.

Cal. As I told thee Before, I am subject to a tyrant; A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath Cheated me of this land.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would, my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie. 

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

Trm. Why, I said nothing.

Stv. Mum mum, and no more. — [To Caliban.] 

Pro. Pandy and we. 

Cal. I say by sorcery he get this isle:

From me he get it. — if thy greatness will Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not. 

Stv. That's most certain.

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

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

Cal. Yes, yes. I'll yield him thy asleep. Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head. 

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied nunny's this! Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, life shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show Where the quick freshes are. [him 

Stv. Trinculo, run into no further danger: In- 

trupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee. 

Cal. Where, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Stv. Didst thou not say, he lied? 

Ari. Thou liest.

Stv. Do I so? take thou that. [Strike him. 

Ari. As you please. I give me the lie another time.

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

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Stv. Now, forward with your tale. Prythee stand further off.

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

Stv. Stand further. — Come, proceed. 

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

Having first sel'd his books; or with a log Battering his skull, or paunch him with a stake; Or cut his wazned with thy knife: Remember, First. His kept-by books; for without them He's but a sol, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: They all do hate him, As rootedly as I: Burn but his books; 

He's but a monster, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. 

And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a less? Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

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

Trin. Excellent.

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

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
What thou destroy him then.

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em; and skout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's the tune.

[Aside.]

Ariel. Plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this tune?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness;
If thou beest a devil, tak't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

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

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will harm a man's ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and, then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and I saw

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by; I remember the story.

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

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Will come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Another part of the Island.

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

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-right, and meanders! by your pa-
I need not rest me. [Tlence.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

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

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it lie to-night:
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

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

Solomon and strange music! and Prospero above, in-
visible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in
a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions
of salutation; and, inviting the Kings &c. to eat,
they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
Gon. Marvelous sweet music! [hark! Alon.
Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns: But, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

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

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

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


Gon. They vanish'd strangely.

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

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find,
Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
the good warrant of

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

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy:
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quash
device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeted sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit: you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[Seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.

And even with such like valour, men hang and
drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with blemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like Invulnerable: If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too many for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
THE TEMPEST.

Act 4.

Expost'd us, the sea, which hath requir'd it, 
Tid, and in innocents; child for which we did dread 
Thieves, delaying, not forgetting grief, have 
Incur'd the sea and shores, ye, all the creatures. Against your peace. Thee, thine son, Alonso, 
Thy have bereft; and do pronounce by me, 
Longer pang's misery, worse than any death. 
Can be at ease) shall step by step attend. 
You, and your ways! whose wrath and bear you from 
(Which here, in this most delicious isle, else falls 
Lips, nor heads, is nothing, but heart's sorrow, 
And a clear live ease.

It remains in thunder; then, to soft music; enter 
The jocuzae again, and dance with mops and mowers, and every out the table.

Pros. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this happy 
Bast them
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouing: 
In my instruction hast thou nothing bated, 
In what thou hast to say; so, with good life, 
And observation strange, my meaner ministers. Their several kinds have done; my high charms 
Be work.

And these, mine enemes, are all knit up 
In their distractions; they now are in my power; 
And in these sirs I leave them, whilst I visit 
Young Ferdinand. (whom they suppose is drown'd.) 
And his and my love's arising.

[Exit Prospero from above.

Ariel. I the name of something holy, sir, why 
In this strange state? [stand you 
Ariel.

Pros. One, it is monstrous! monstrous! 
Methought, the hillows spoke, and told me of it. 
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, 
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounc'd 
The name of Venus; it did bash my treossip. 
Therefore my son' the nose is bedded; and 
I'll seek him deeper than ever plumbat sounded, 
And with him there I'madd'd. 

[Exit. But one feed at a time, 
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ariel. I'll be thy second.

Pros. All three of them are desperate; their 
Great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after, 
Now 'gin to bite the spirits. — I do beseech you, 
That are of suffer joints, follow them swiftly. 
And hinder them from this ecstacy 
May now prove them to.

Ariel. Follow, I pray you. 

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too sotereply patri'ed you, 
Your compensation makes amends; for I 
Have given you here a thread of mine own life, 
That for which I live; whom once again 
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations 
Were but my trials of thy love, and thon 
Hast straight the test the test: here, afore Heaven, 
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand, 
Do not smile at me, that I bestow her off, 
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 
And take it with her.

Pros. I do believe it, 
Against an oracle. 

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition 
Worthy of, 'hath take my daughter: But if 
Dost break her virgin seat before 
All sanctimonious ceremonies may 
With full and holy rite be minister'd, 
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall 
To make this contract grow; but barren hate, 
Scourvy disdain, and discord, shall bestrew 
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly, 

That you shall hate it both; therefore, take heed, 
As my boys' lamps shall light you. 

As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the musty dem.
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion 
Our wonder severities; cast, shall be met
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Theseus's steeds are found.
One that kept chain'd, below. 

Fairly spoke:
Sit them, and talk with her, she is thine own—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Ariel.

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am. 
Pros. Thou and thy messenger follows your last ser-
Id worthily perform; and I must use you 
(tis in such another trick; go, bring the rable, 
Vor whom I give thee power, here, to this place.
Incite them to quick motion; for I must 
Bestow upon thee the eyes of this young couple 
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise, 
And they expect it from me.

Pros. 

Pros. As, with a twink.

Ariel. Before you can say, Come, and go, 
A breath twice; and cry, so, so, 
Each one, tripping on his toe, 
Will be here with mop and mowe:

Pros. Do you love me, master? me

Pros. Pearly, my delicate Ariel! Do not approach, 
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ariel. Well, I conserve. 

Pros. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance 
Too much the vein; the strongest oaths are stray 
To the fire 'tis blood: be more abstentions, 
Or else, good night, your vow!

Pros. I warrant you, sir, 

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

Pros. Well—

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary, 
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly— 
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, the rich 
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetchees, oats, and yea; 
Thy turfy mountains, where live nipping sheep, 
And flat meads, thatch'd with straw, them to keep; 
Thy banks with peoned and illited brims, 
Which spongy April at thy best betrays, 
To make cold nymphs chaotic crowns; and thy 
Broom groves, 
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, 
Being lessam; thy pole chip; vineyard; 
And thy sea-surge, sterial, and rocky-hard, 
Where thou thyself dost air: The Queen o' the sky, 
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I, 
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace. 
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, 
To come and sport: her peacock's fly amain; 
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Hall, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er 
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter; 
Who, with thy saffron wings upon my flowers 
Different thy sweet breaths refreshing showers. 
And with each end of thy brows doth crown 
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down, 
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen 
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green 
To make fest of true love to celebrate; 
And some donation freely to estate 
On the bliss' lovers.

Pros. Tell me, heavenly bow, 

Pros. Tell me, my daughter, as thou dost know.

Dost now attend the queen? since they did plot 
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Act 4. THE TEMPEST.

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society Be not afraid; I met her deity.

Cutting the clouds towards l'aphos; and her son Doew-drawn with her: here thought they to have seen.

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid. Tall Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain; Mars's hot minion is retird with again; Her wasplish-headed son has broke his arrows, He wears he will shoot no more, but play with spar. And be a boy right out.

[rows. Cer.]

Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my hounteous-sister? Go with me, To bless this town, that they may prosper be, And honor'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessings, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly, joys be still upon you! Juno sing her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and Jove plenteous, Barns and garners never empty; Vines, with clustering bunches growing; Plants, with goodly benvan bowing; Spring come to you, at the farthest, In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun you; Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, And harmonious charmingly: May I be bold To think these spirits? Pro. Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call'd to enact My present fancies. Fer. Let me live here ever; So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife, Make this place Paradise. [Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence; Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; There's something else to do; hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naïads, of the wand'ring brooks, With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks, Leave your hidden channels, and on this green land Answer your summons: Juno does command: Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs. You sun-burn'd sikelemen, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow, and be merry; Make holy-day; your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereas Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks: after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates, Against my life; the minute of their plot Is almost come. [To the spirits.] Well done;— avoid — no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in some That works him strongly. [passion Mute.

Never till this day, Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort As If you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir: Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
THE TEMPEST.

Act 5.

Scene I. Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robe: and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not: my spirits obey: and time Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day? Ariel. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord, You gave your command, I should cease. Pro. I did say so. When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and his? Ariel. Confined together In the same storm: when ever gave you in charge; Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell: They cannot budge, till your release. The king, his brother, and yours, abide all three distracted; And the remainder mourning over them, I run full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him you term'd, sir, The good old lord, Gonzalo. His tears run down his beard, like water's drops From e'er so proud trees; your charm so strongly works them, That if you now behold them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. And mine shall.

Ari. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling; A sense of presence, that which shows a spirit? One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindler more'd than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the heart.

Pro. Yet, with my mother reason against my fury Do I take part: the rarer action Is in virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, The soft dire of my purpose doth extend Not a drawn further: go, release them, Ariel; My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

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

Pro. I'll seek the hills, brooks, standing lakes, and grasses; And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him, While ye can, ye demi-puppets, mask: By moon-shine do the green acres gently make, Whereof the eye has not its lust: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight manuscripts; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; I'll ye deaf, and dumb, [Weak masters though ye be, I have be-damn'd The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the sord'd vault Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder And boundless fire, and civil mildest bend With his own bolt: the strong bas'nd promontory Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar: graves, at my command, Have walk'd their sleepers: ope'd, and let them forth By my so potent art: that rough magic I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,) To work mine end upon their senses, that Thisairy charm is for; I'll break my staff; bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The garden of Prospero's cell.

Pro. Re-enter Ariel: after him, Alonso, with a fratricidal gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio, with a sword, attended by Lucian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero hath made, and there stand charmed: which I prosper observing, spake.

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, bodil'd within thy skull! Stand there, For ye are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, Mine eyes, even shackl'd to the show of thine, Fall here within the magic circle space: And as the morning steals upon the night, Melding their darkness, so their rising senses Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason:—(O my good Gonzalo, My true preserver, and a loyal sir To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly Didst thou deform me, use me as my daughter? Thy brother was a furtherer in the act: Thou'rt pinch'd for't not now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood, Ye brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd my presence, and nature: who, with Sebastian, (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,) Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee, Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding.
Act 5.

THE TEMPEST.

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Pro. As great to me, as late; and, portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may well comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

Pro. O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there; that they were, I wish
Myself in that cell in that oozy bed [ter]?
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daugh-

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lobs
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they deny their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
Been justed from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke [strangely]
Which was embattled forth of Milan; who most
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; [landed,
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Refitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since I have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers
Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love, I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose? [wrangle.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a giel father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou canst not here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee,
[at play.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
Thy eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's certain.

But, by immortal providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one; she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receive'd a second life, and second father.
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoken ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chaitk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was it not from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where be himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle, and all of us, ourselves.
When no man was his own. 

Aker. Give me your hands; 

To you, and him. 

I know not, sir, how to embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy! 

Com. He's no! Amen.

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Beacons, 

amusingly following. 

1. look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us! 

I prophesied, if a gallow's were on land,
They should come in. Now, Blasphemy, 

That sweet's grace overboard, not an ounce on shore.
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news? 

Beasts. The best news is, that we have safely 

found our king, and company: the next our ship;— 

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split;— 

In sight, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when 

we first put out to sea.

Aker. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went. 

[Aside. 

Pro. My trickery spirit! 

Almost all these, not natural events: they strengthen, 

[Thee? From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither? 

1. said this, sir, we were well awaked, 

We were dead of sleep. And now, we know not old shap'd under hatches, 

Where, but even now, with strange and several 

beasts (of rearing, shrinking, howling, glistening chains, 

And more diversity of sounds, all horrid, 

We were awak'd: straightway, at liberty: 

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld 

our royal, good, and gallant ship: our master 

Capping her topmast; here, in price, so please you. 

Even in a dream, we were divided from them, 

And were brought moping hither. 

Aker. Wasn't well done? 

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Then [Aside. 

Aker. shall be free.

Pro. This is so strange a maze as ever men trod 

And there is in this business more than nature 

Was ever conduct of: some oracle 

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege, 

Do not inset your mind with beating on 

The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure, 

When you please, sir, I'll give you 

[Which to you shall seem profane,] of every 

These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful, 

And think of each thing well. —Come hither, 

spirit. 

Set Caliban and his companions free. 

Unto the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my gracious 

sir? 

There are yet missing of your company 

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, 

and Trinculo, to their former apper.

Sta. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no 

man take care for himself; for all is but fortune — 

Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio! 

Finn. If these be true spires which I wear in my 

head, here's a goodly sight.

Cid. O Socrates, these be brave spirits, indeed! 

How fine my master is! I am afraid 

He will chastise me. 

Sib. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my lord Antonio? 

Will money buy them?

Aeer. Very like; one of them 

is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

I'll take out that bexie of them, my lords, 

Then say, if they be true. — This mis-shapen knave, 

That mother was a witch; and one so strong 

That could control the moon, make Bows and ebb's, 

And deal in her command, without her power. 

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil 

(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them 

Two of these fellows; you must know, and own; 

this thing of darkness 

I acknowledge mine. 

Col. I shall be pinch'd to death. 

Aker. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler? 

Sib. He is drunk now; where had he wine? 

Aker. And Trinculo is reeling tripes: Where 

should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? 

How came they in this pickle? 

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw 

you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. 

I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Sib. Why, how now, Stephano? 

[Exeunt Col. Sta. and Trin. 

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train, 

To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest 

For this one night; which [part of it] I'll waste 

With such discourse, and, I don't doubt, shall make 

It good sport: my master, and your 

good friends: thus: I'se to the meeting 

Of these our dear-beloved sovereign's; 

And thence retire me to my Milan, where 

Every third thought shall be my grave. 

Alack. I long 

To hear the story of your life, which must 

Take the ear strangely. 

Pro. I'll deliver all; 

And mark you, how I show you extricaces, ambuscades, 

And call so expedients, that shall catch 

Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel: —chick, 

That is thy charge: then to the elements 

Be free, and fare them well! — [Aside.] Please you 

draw near near.

EPLOGUE.—Spoken by Prospero.

Now or charms are all o'erthrown, 

And what strength I have's my own; 

Which is most faint: now 'tis true, 

I must be here confound by you. 

Or next to Naples: — Let me see, 

Since I have my dukedom got, 

And pardon'd the receiver, dwell 

In this bare island, by your spell; 

But release me from my band, 

With the help of your good hands. 

Gentle breath of yours my sails 

Must fill, or else my project fails. 

Which was to please: Now I want 

Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; 

And my ending is despair, 

Unless I be relieved by prayer: 

Which pleases so, that it assuages 

Mercy itself, and frees all faults. 

As you from crimes would pardon'd be, 

Let your indulgence set me free.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus; Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits! Wert not so, affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein. Even as I would, when I to love begin. Proteus, wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! Think on thy Proteus, when thou hast, haply, seen Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap: and, in thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee, Command thy reverence to my holy prayers, For I will be thy hand's-man, Valentine. Valentine. And on a love-book pray for my success. Proteus. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee. Valentine. That's on some shallow story of deep love, How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. Proteus. That's a deep story of a deeper love; For he was more than over shoes in love. Valentine. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love, And yet you never swam the Hellespont. Proteus. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. Valentine. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not. Proteus. Valentine. What? Valentine. In love, where scorn is bought with groans: coy looks, With heart-sore sighs: one fading moment's mirth, With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won; However, but a fally bought with wit, Or else a wit by foolish vanquished. Proteus. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool. Valentine. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove. Proteus. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not love. Valentine. Love is your master, for he masters you: And he that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks should not be chronicled for wise. Proteus. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells, so eating love Inhabits in the finest wits of all. Valentine. And writers say, As the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes. But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee, That art a votary to fond desire? Valentine. Once more adieu: my father at the road Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd. Proteus. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine. Valentine. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave. At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters, Of thy success in love, and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend; And I likewise will visit thee with mine. Proteus. All happiness bechanse to thee in Milan! Valentine. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. Proteus. He after honour hunts, I after love: He leaves his friends to dignify them more; I leave myself, my friends, and all for love. Valentine. Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me; Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, War with good counsel, set the world at nought, Made wit with musling weak, heart sick with thought. 

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you; Saw you my master? Proteus. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan. Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him. Proteus. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, As if the shepherd be awhile away. Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep? Proteus. Yes. Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep. Proteus. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep. Speed. This proves me still a sheep. Proteus. True; and thy master a shepherd. Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance. Proteus. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another. Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep. Speed. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages follow'st thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep. Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa. Proteus. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia? Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour! Proteus. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons. Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her. Proteus. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you. Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter. Proteus. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold. Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.


Servants, musicians.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Out-laws.

Julia, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus. Silvia, the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine. Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.

SCENE,—Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the borders of Mantua.
Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to you.  
Pro. But what said she? did she nod?  
[lover.  

 speed 1.  
Pro. I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.  
Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.  
Pro. Then let Proverbs take your pains to set it together, take it for your pains.  
Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.  

But, well, I perceive, I must be false to bear with you.  
Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?  
Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.  
Pro. Rashbrew me, but you have a quick wit.  
Speed. And yet it cannot override your slow purrs.  
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief.  

What said she?  
Speed. Upon your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.  
Pro. Well, well, here is for your pains: What said she?  
Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.  
Pro. Why? Could't thou perceive so much from her?  
Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; but you she wrote, with a letter I was carrying your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no such base stories; for she's as hard as steel to such considerations.  
Pro. What, said she nothing?  
Speed. No, not so much as—take this for the pains.  

To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have wasted me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.  
Pro. Go, go, he gone, to save your ship from wreck;  
Which cannot perish, having these aboard,  
Rich letters, to a drier death on shore—
I must go send some better messenger:  
I fear, my Julia would not design my loss,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The same.  Garden of Julia's house.  
Enter Julia and Lucetta.  
Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?  
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheededly.  
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,  
That everyday with parce encounter me,  
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?  
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew you.  
According to my shallow simple skill.  

[side.  
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglinmore?  
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.  
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatello?  
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, no, no.  
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protes?  
Luc. Lord, lord, to see what fully reigns in us!  
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?  
Luc. Fardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should converse thus on lovely gentlemen.  
Jul. Why not on Protes, as of all the rest?  
Luc. There then,—of many good I think him  
Yet so very rich.  

[best.  
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think so.  
[him.  
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?  
Luc. If you thought your love not desperate away.  
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.  
Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.  
Jul. His little meaning shows his love but small.  
Luc. Fare, that is cunning kept, learns most of all.
To be so anger'd with another letter.  

[Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!  
O hateful hands, to tear such lovely words!  
Injurious wasps: to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And, here is write—kind Julia—unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is write—love-wounded Proteus:—  
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And, here is write—Some, would and shall appear in kiss.  
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!  
Lo, here is write one letter, with another:  
Poor Proteus, passion, Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names;  
Thus will I fold them, and let them fall.  
Now kiss, copper, content, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.  
Jul. Well, let it go: [here?]  
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales  
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.  
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:  
Yet, never; thy shall not have from me.  
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.  
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.  
Jul. Come, come, wilt you please?—[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. A room in Antonio's House.  

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?  
Under was his sagacious Proteus, your son.  
Ant. Why, what of him?  
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Fantastick their sons in foreign parts:  
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet:  
And did request me, to importune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.  
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry acquir'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time:  
That tell me, whither I best can send him?  
Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.  
And I know it, true.  
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:  
There shall he practise arts and tournaments,  
Heav'nly discourses, converse with noblemen;  
And be in eye of every exercise,  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:  
And, that thou must perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest execution  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.  
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go;  
And in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:  
O, that our streets would be apparel'd with flowers,  
To seal our happiness with their consents!  
O heavenly Julia!  
Ant. How now? what letters are you reading there?  
Pro. Nay, please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendation sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.  
Ant. Read me the letter; let me see what news.  
Pro. There is some news, my lord; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,  
And daily Grace the emperor;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.  
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?  
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.  
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, and I will, and I will,  
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition shall thou have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go:  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.  
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.  
Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after  
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.  
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Ant. and Pan.]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:  
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how the spring of love  
Is the uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now scows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!  
Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;  
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.  
Pro. Why, this is I! my heart accordeth thereon;  
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.  
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.  
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.  
[But one.]

Speed. Why then this may be a farrar, for this is  
Val. I'll tell you as I see; ay, give it me, it's mine:—  
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!  
Ah Silvia! Silvia!  
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!  
Val. How now, sirrah?  
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.  
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?  
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.  
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.  
[slow.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. Who is that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to worship arms; and, secondly, like Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; and, lastly, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to curl like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you sat, you sat like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to curl like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you sat, you sat like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hand favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever, ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

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

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

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which made me so sobbing to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—

Peace, here she comes.
Enter Panthino

Pau. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever man ty'd.

Pau. What's the unkindest tide?

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

Pau. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, — why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pau. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pau. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

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

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pau. Will thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exeunt]

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant —

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

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

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

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

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

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

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Thu. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchanger of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare livers, that they live by your bare words in losing.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.
When you have done, we look to hear from you.  

Pro. I'll both attend upon your ladyship.  

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

Pro. My friends are well, and have them much  

Val. And how do yours?  

Pro. I left them all in health.  

Val. How does your lady? and how thrive your  

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;  

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.  

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:  

I have no discourse for thunderous love;  

Whose high impertinent thoughts have stun'd me  

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  

Love hath cast me sleep from my enchanted eyes.  

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sor- 

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;  

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  

There is no way to his correction.  

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!  

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  

Now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  

Upon the very name that made me sad.  

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye!  

Was this the idol that you worship so?  

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

Pro. Except my mistress.  

Val. Sweet, except not any  

Except then wilt except against my love.  

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?  

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too;  

She shall be dignified with this high honour.  

To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth  

Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  

And, as it were, a favour growing proud,  

Disdain to mould the simple sweet fair flower,  

And make rough winter everlasting.  

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?  

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing  

To make her worth makes other worthies nothing:  

She is alone.  

Pro. Then let her alone.  

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine  

And as rich in having such a jewel as she  

As twenty sea, if all their sand were pearls,  

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  

Because thou sendest me to love upon my love.  

My foolish rival, that her father likes,  

Only for his possessions are so huge,  

Is gone with her alone; and I must after.  

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.  

Pro. But she loves you?  

Val. Ay, we are betroth'd  

Nay, more, our marriage hour,  

With all the cunning manner of our flight,  

Became our: how I must climb the window;  

The ladder made of cords; and all the means  

Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.  

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  

In thine apparel to adorn me as my counsel.  

Pro. Go on before: I shall ensue ye forth  

I must unto the road, to disembark  

Some necessaries that I needs must use;  

And then I'll presently attend you.  

Val. Will you make haste?  

Pro. I will.  

[Exit Val.  

Even as one heat another heat expels,  

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
SCENE VI.—The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn; To wrong my friend, I shall be forsworn; And even the truest power, which gave me first my oath, Provokest me to this threefold perjury. Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear; O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast slain't, Teach me, to the best corrupted subject, how to excuse it. At first I did adore a twining star, But now I worship a celestial sun. Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken; And he who witt, that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better. — Fye, fye, unreverent tongue! to call her bad, Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths. I cannot leave to love, and yet I do; But there I leave to love, where I should love. Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose: If I keep them, I needs must love myself; If I lose them, thus find I by my loss, For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia. I to myself am dearer than a friend; For love is still more precious in itself, And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair! She's Julia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive, Remembering that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I'll hold an enemy. Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend, I cannot now prove constant to myself, Without some treachery used to Valentine: This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window; Myself in counsel, his competitor: Now presently I'll give her father notice Of their disguising, and pretended flight; Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine; For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter: But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross, By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding. Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift, As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

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

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsell, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me! And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,— Who art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly character'd and engrav'd, To lesson me; and tell me some good mean, Hid, with my honour, I may undertake A journey to my loving Proteus. Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long. Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; Much less shall she, that hath love's wings, to fly; And when the flight is made to one so dear, Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus. Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return. Jul. O, Lucetta, thou not, his looks are my soul's Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [food? Ily longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inely touch of love, Thou wouldst have, as soon as we thee, kindled fire with snow, As seek to quench the fire of love with words. Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire; But quality the fire's extreme need, Lest it should not, above the bounds of reason. Jul. The more thou damst it up, the more it burns; The current, that with gentle murmur glides, Thou know'st not being stop'd, impatiently doth rage; But, when his fair course is not hindered,
ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about.

Exit Thurio.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Proteus. My gracious lord, that which I would dis

The law of friendship bids me to conceal: [Cover,

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, May I not, too, urge one to utter me That which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, This night intends to steal away your daughter; Match not your anger, my dearest Proteus, I know, you have determined to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stolen away from you, That would be much vexation to your age. Thus much of my duty's sake, I rather prevent It to cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrow, which would press you down, Because that you have been deceived.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care; Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Happly, when they have judged me fast asleep; And oftentimes have purposed to forbid Sir Valentine her company, and my court: But, fearing lest my jealous limb might err, And so, unworthily, disgrace the man, (A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,) I gave him gentle looks; whereby to find That which thyself hast now disclosed to me. And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this, That tender youth is so much suspected, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be conveyed away. If, in my absence, be so disposed as me, and to our pleasant meeting, Which I have kept, I will make him understand me. How she her chamber-window will ascend, And with a corded ladder fetch her down, For which the youthful lover now is gone, And this way comes he with it presently: Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. But, good my lord, do it so cunningly, That my discovery be not climed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretense.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast? Val. Please, it is no so much; but, that I might say That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them. Duke. Be they of much import? Val. Heard of no terror of the plot; but signify My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while; I am to break with thee of some affairs, Thither in new manner, wherein thou must be secret. 'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match Well rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities Resembling such a wife as your fair daughter.

Duke. Cannot your grace win her to fancy him? Val. No, trust me, she is peevish, sullen, fro- mative, not capable of marrying duty; [ward. Neither regarding that she is my child, Nor fearing me as if I were her father: And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, Upon advice, has drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of her age Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty, I now am full resolved to take a wife, And turn her out to who will take her in: Though her beauty be her wedding-dower; For me and my possessions she esteems not. Val. What would your grace have me to do in this? Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, Whose name is Bicelle; effect; but she is not Nay, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
Act 3.  

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  

(For long ago I have forgot to court:  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang’d!)  
How, and with whom, by myself,  
To be recorded in her sun-bright eye.  
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman’s mind.  
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.  
[ tens her her.  
Val. A woman sometimes scorcs what best con-  
nend her another; never give her o’er;  
For it is better to be reveng’d, than more.  
If she do frown, ‘tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you;  
If she do chide, ‘tis not to have you gone;  
For she the foot she sets, will take no repulse,  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:  
For, set you gone, she doth not mean, away.  
Platter, and praise, command, extol her graces;  
Though ne’er so black, say, they have angels’ faces  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.  
Duke. But she, I mean, is promis’d by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;  
And kept severe from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.  
Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.  
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock’d, and keys  
kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.  
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?  
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;  
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.  
Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero’s tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.  
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.  
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.  
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.  
Duke. By seven o’clock I’ll get you such a ladder.  
Duke. But, hast thee; I will go to her alone;  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?  
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak, that is of any length.  
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.  
Val. Ay, my good lord.  
Duke. Then let me have thy cloak:  
I’ll get me one of such another length.  
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.  
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—  
I purpose, let a cloak upon me,  
What letter is this same? What’s here? —To Silvia?  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!  
I’ll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.  
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;  
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:  
O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge, where never yet they lying,  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;  
While I, their king, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless’d them,  
Because myself do want my anguish’s fortune;  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord should be.  
What’s here?}  
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee,  
’Tis so; and here’s that fit for my purpose.—  
Why, Phoebus, (for thou art Meroy’s son,)  
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,  
And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
Wilt thou to such a height reach as thee on?  
Yes, base intruder! overweening slave!  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;  
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence:  
Then take this, for thy fair favours,  
Which, all too much, I have bestow’d on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories,  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will may have time to leave our royal court,  
By heaven’s will, wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.  
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
But, as thou lov’st thy life, make speed from hence.  
Duke. And why not death, rather than living tor-  
To die, is to be banish’d from myself; [ment?  
And Silvia is myself: banish’d from her,  
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed the sense of that no more is virtue.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no musick in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon:  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster’d, illumin’d, cherish’d, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;  
Tarry I here, but attract a death,  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.  
[Enter Proteus and Launce.  
Duke. And what seest thou?  
Laun. Thither we go to find: there’s not a hair on’st head, but a Valentine.  
Duke. Valentine?  
Val. No.  
Duke. Who then? his spirit.  
Val. Neither.  
Duke. What then?  
Val. Nothing.  
Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?  
Val. Whom would you strike?  
Laun. Nothing.  
Duke. Villain, forbear.  
Laun. Why, sir, I’ll strike nothing: I pray you,—  
Duke. My ears are stopp’d, and cannot hear good  
So much of bad already hath possess’d them.  
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.  
Duke. Is Silvia dead?  
Val. No.  
Pro. No, Valentine.  
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—  
Hath she forsworn me?  
Pro. No.  
Pro. No Valentine.  
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—  
What is your news? [vanish’d.  
Laun. Sir, there’s a proclamation that you are  
Pro. That thou art banish’d. O, that’s the news:  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.  
Duke. I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Duke. Dost Silvia know that I am banish’d?  
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer’d to the doorn,  
(Which, unrever’d, stands in effectual force,)  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father’s churlish feet she tender’d;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self:  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became  
As if but now they wax’d pale for woe: [them,  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
But Valentine, if he be ta’en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession char’d him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to crucial question he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of biding there. [speakst,  
Duke. No more; unless the next word that thou  
Have some malignant power upon my life:  
I’so, I pass, but breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless doleour.
Luna. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item. She hath a sweet mouth.

Luna. And that makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item. She doth talk in her sleep.

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

Speed. Item. She is slow in words.

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

Speed. Item. She is proud.

Luna. Out with that too: It was Eve's legacy, and cannot be taken from her.

Speed. Item. She is not fond of me, with no reason.

Luna. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item. She is curt.

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

Speed. She will often prove her figure.

Luna. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item. She is too liberal.

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

Enter Speed.

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

Speed. She hath more hair than wit.

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

Speed.—And more faults than hair.

Luna. That's monstrous: O, that that were out! Speed.—And more wealth than faults.

Luna. Whence, that word makes the faults glorious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

Speed. What then?

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

Speed. For me?

Luna. For thee; ay: who art thou? he hath said for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Luna. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce make it; dost not tell me sooner? box of your love letters! [Exit.

Luna. Now will he be swunged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke and Thurlow: Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurlow, fear not, but that she will love Nothing but Proteus, and banish'd from her sight. [you. Thou. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and raill'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in lee; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Hark! Proteus? Is he your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.


Duke. So I believe; but Thurlow thinks not so— Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
Act IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

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

2 Out. If thou be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—
1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.
3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
 For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to
A man I am, crossed with adversity: [lose;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which you should not disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Mantua.
3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 Out. For what offence? [hears;
For that which many tormentors do re-
kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 Out. Why, me'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
This fellow were a king for our wild faction. [fria;
1 Out. We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievish.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 Out. Tell us this: Have you any thing to take
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 Out. Nay, I think you, that some of us are gentle,
Such as the fury of ungodly youth [men,
Thrust from the company of awful men;
Myself was from Verona banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.
1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want:—
2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all? [consort
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you; Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.  
2 Gent. No, we do esteem such vile base practices.  
Come we away; bring them to our crown,  
And shew them all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, all test at thy dispose.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Verona.  
       Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.  
Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thullia.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer;  
But Thullia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Thullia whom I lov'd:  
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quirks,  
The least whereof was a falsehood, Thullia's hope,  
Yet, strong of this, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and sweareth on her still.  
But here comes Thullia; now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.  

Enter Thullia and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept be- 
fore us?  
Pro. Ay, madam; Thullia; for, you know, that love  
Will creep in silence where it cannot go.  
Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.  
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be here.  
Thu. Whom? Silvia?  
Pro. Ay, madam; for your sake.  
Thu. I thank you for your own; now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.  

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

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're all-y wysoko; I pray you, why is it?  
Juv. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.  
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you  
where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.  
Juv. But shall I hear him speak?  
Host. Ay, that you shall.  
Juv. That I may hear music.  
[Music plays.]

Host. Hark! hark!  
Juv. Is he among these?  
Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.  
Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our ow'rons command her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she,  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.  
Is she kind, as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness;  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his kindness,  
And, being led, taketh them away.  
Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing,  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.  

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were  
before?  
How do you, man? the music likes you not.  
Juv. You mistake: the musician likes me not.  
Host. Why, my pretty youth?  
Juv. He plays false, sad, father.  
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?  
Juv. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.  
Juv. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have  
a slow heart.  
Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.  
Juv. I would I were blind, when it jar'd so.  
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!  
Juv. Ay: that change is the spite.  
Host. You would have them always play but one thing.  
Juv. I would always have one play but one thing.  
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,  
often resort unto this gentle man?  
Host. What plays that Lemence, his man, told me,  
heloved her out of all nick.  
Juv. Where is Lemence?  
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,  
by his master's command, he must carry for a present  
to his lady.  
Juv. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.  
Sir Thurio, fear not son! I will so plead,  
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.  
Th. Where meet we?  
Pro. At saint Gregory's well.  
Th. The Farewell.  
[Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

Silvia is app. are above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.  
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentleman.  
Who is that, that speaks?  
Pro. One, lady, if you know his pure heart,  
You would not learn to know him by his voice.  
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.  
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.  
Sil. What is your wish?  
Pro. That I may compass yours.  
Sil. You have your wish; may I be even this,—  
That presently you bid your home to bed.  
Then, whilst, perchance, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceited,  
To be restrained by thy flattery.  
That base deceit's so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request,  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;  
And by and by intend to chide myself,  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.  
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady:  
But she is dead.  
Juv. There false, if I should speak it;  
For, I am sure, she is not buried.  
[Aside.]
Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,  
Surviveth her whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betrighth'd: and art thou not ashamed to  
Wrong him with thy importunity?  
Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.  
Sil. I am supposed, am I; for in his grave  
Assure thyself, my love is buried.  
Sil. Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth.  
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence;  
Or, at the least, to her sepulchre thine.  
Juv. He heard not that.  
[Aside.]
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
You shall see me yet picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;  
For, since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;  
And to your shadow I will make true love.  
Juv. If he bring a substance, you would, sure,  
Deceive it,  
And make but a shadow, as I am.  
[Aside.]
Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;  
But, she being falsehood shall hence you well  
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:  
And so, good rest.  
Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,  
That wait for execution in the morn.  
[Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.

Juv. Host, will you go?  
Host. By my halidon, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, you have almost dinner.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Enreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command. [low.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow,
As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not.)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thulio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou wert of pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he maketh abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon who's faith and honour I imploze.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you.
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befell you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Launce, with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him— even as one would say precisely. I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps to her trencher, and sets her costl'd dog, I say, sets him near her. He, I say, is a dog to me, that cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had a dog, I tell you, I would teach him, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live he had suffered

for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself in—
to the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a passing while; but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; and went another: Whipt him out at a third; Hang him up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'What cur art thou?' 'Tell me, my dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I, 'twas I did the thing you rou't of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many more wits would do this for their masters? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, other- wise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou set me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's forthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt,—How now, you whoreson perjur'd Proteus? [To Launce.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia
The dog you bade me.

Pro. And where says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and

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

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I
Brought him back again.

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

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me
by the hangman's boys in the market-place;
and then I offered her mine own: who is a dog as
big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Laun. I say, stay, thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce.

Sebastian, have entertain'd thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to you foolish low;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my anguish deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you loved her not, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so! I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas! Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her?

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as
As do you love your lady Silvia: [well
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, that he should be so contrary:
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber, and the lady, I
Claim her heart, and bring her her heaven-like picture.
Your message done, be home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit Proteus.
JUL. How many women would do such a message? 
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast ascertain'd 
And, if thou sufferest, mine enemies; 
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him? 
That with his very heart despishest me? 
Because he loves her, he despiseth me; 
Because I love him, I must pity him. 
This time I spare him, when he parted from me, 
To kind his memory to my good will: 
And now am I (unhappy messenger) 
To plead for that, which I would not obtain; 
To save him I would have refrain'd; 
To praise his faith, which I would have displaiz'd. 
I am my master's true confirmed love; 
But cannot be a true servant to my master, 
That is false faith, I know: yet he himself 
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly, 
As, heaven knows it, I would not have him speed. 

Enter Silvia, extempore.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean 
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia. 
[Exit. 

Sid. What would you with her, if that I be she? 
JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience, 
And tell her I am sent on that message. 
Sid. From whom? 
JUL. From my master, sir Proteus, madam. 
Sid. O! he sends you for a picture? 
JUL. An, sir. 
Sid. I enquire, bringing my picture there. 

[Picture brought.

Go, give your master this; tell him from me, 
That I believe I am forlorn that he forgets; 
Would it better his charior, than this shadow. 

JUL. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam, I have unwisely 
Delivered you a paper that I should not; 
Tell my lord, he shall not look on it. 
Sid. I pray thee, let me look on that again. 
JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me. 
Sid. There, hold. 
I will not look upon your master's letters: 
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations, 
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break, 
As easily as I do tear his paper. 

JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring. 
Sid. The more shame for him that sends it; 
For, I have heard them as a thousand times; me; 
His Julia gave it him at his departure; 
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring. 
It shall return to his Julia so much wrong. 
JUL. She thanks you. 
Sid. What say'st thou? 
JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her; 
Poor gentlewoman! I my master wrongs her much. 
Sid. Dut thou know her? 
JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself. 
To think upon her woes, I do protest, 
That I have wept a hundred several times. 
Sid. Belike, she thinks that I retenu hast forsook her. 

JUL. I think she doth, and that's her cause of 
Sid. Is it not passing fair? ——
JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is: 
When she did think my master lov'd her well. 
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you; 
But since she did neglect her looking-glass, 
And threw away her beauty, without way. 
The air hath staid the roses in her cheeks, 
And pinch'd the bright tincture of her face, 
That now she becomes as black as I. 
Sid. You shall have her. 
JUL. About my stature; for, at Pentecost, 
When all our pages of delight were play'd, 
Our youth got me to play the woman's part. 
And in this masque was madam Silvia's gown, 
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment, 
As if the garment had been made for me: 
Therefore, I know she is about my height. 
And, good madam, I know it was a good; 
For she did play a lamentable part; 
Madam, Twas Arinbas, pavilions

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight; 
Which I so lively acted with my tears, 
That my poor mistress, more thereat, 
Went bitterly; and, would I might be dead, 
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow! 
Sid. She is beheld to thee, gentle youth!—
JUL. Alas, poor lady! devise and left! 
I would fain think upon her words. 
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this 
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'est her.

Farewell!"—[Exit Silvia. 

JUL. And she shall thank you for't, if ever you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful. 
I hope my master's suit will be but cold, 
Since she respects my mistress' love so much. 
Also, how love can trifle with itself! 
Here is her picture! Let me see; I think, 
If I had such a tire, this face of mine. 
Were full as lovely as is this of hers: 
And yet the painter staid her a little, 
Unless I flatter with myself too much. 
Her hair is amber, mine is perfect yellow; 
If then I saw all the difference in his love, 
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig. 
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine. 
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high. 
It would be well, that he respects her, 
But I can make respect in myself, 
If this fond love were not a blinded god? 
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up, 
For in my rival, am I am a masque of sense. 
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd; 
And, were there sense in his idolatry, 
My substance should be in thy stead. 
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, 
That we are so; or else, by Jove! I vow, 
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes, 
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An Abbey. 
Enter Egdamour.

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

Enter Silvia.

EG. See where she comes! Lady, a happy evening! 
Sid. Amen, amen! go on, good Egdamour! 
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall; 
I fear, I am attended by some spies. 
EG. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off: 
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

THU. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit? 
PRO. O, sir, I find her milder than she was; 
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THU. What, that my leg is too long? 

PRO. No; that it is too little. [Rounders. 
THU. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat 
PRO. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes. 
THU. What says she to my face? 

PRO. She says, it is a fair one. [Black. 
THU. Nay, then the wanton wears lies: 
my face is 
PRO. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is, 
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes; 

THU. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes; 

PRO. I am sure I think them both. [Aside. 

THU. How likes she my discourse? 
PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.

[Act V.]
Act 5.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. 31

Thun. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[Aside.
Thun. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[Aside.
Thun. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
[Aside. Thou. Consider she has seen them both.
Pro. O, ay; and pilts them.
Thun. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [Aside. Thou. That they may lose it.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio? Which of you saw sir Egimaur of late?
Thun. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine
And Egimaur is in her company.
That true; for I saw them both. As he was in penance wander'd through the forest;
Ilim he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession.
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot;
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thun. This why it is to be a peevish girl,
That files her fortune when it follows her;
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Egimaur,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

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

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

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Silvia, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 Out. Come, bring her away.
1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
2 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyse, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: I will follow him that's fled.
The thicket is best, he cannot 'scape.
1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, [cave; And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [Exit.

SCENE IV. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woe.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Let my growing ruin, the building fall,
And leave no more an object to my care!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What hallowing, and what stirr, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unthankful passenger in chase,
'Hey love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from unkindly outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,) To hazard life, and rescue you from him.
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg;
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to thy presence. [Aside.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven, as thou judgest, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,) I do detest false perjur'd Proteus; Therefore be this, solace me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to
Would I not undergo for one calm look? [death,
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're below'd.
Sil. Where brave one? thou dost not love where he's.
Reading over Julia's heart, thy first best love, 'lovd.
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hast't two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeitst to thy true friend!

In love,

Pro. Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a mild form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffians, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Sil. O Valentine!
Pro. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
(for such is a friend now,) treacherous man! [love;
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger than thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As 'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid?
And once again I do receive thee honest—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased—
And, that I love thee may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
Jul. O me, unhappy! [Fainting.

[Ends.
Pro. Look to the boy.
Fad. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is
Look up; speak.
Jril. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Julia;
Which out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jril. Here 'tis; this is it. [Gives a ring.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jril. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But, how canst thou by this ring? at my
I gave this unto Julia. [Depart,
Jril. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself brought it thither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jril. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart? How
Canst thou with perjur'ous heart the root? If
Protest, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have tak'n upon
Such an immodest talent; if shame live
In a disgrace of love;
It is the inner blot, modesty's bane.
Women to change their shapes, than men their
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true; O heaven!
Were men but constant, he were perfect: that one error
Like him with faults; makes him run through all
Inconstancy full of love, ere it begins! [Sings
What is to Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye? If
Came none, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
Two were pity two such friends shou'd be long fare.
Pro. Best witness, heaven, I have my wish for
Jril. And I have mine. [Over.

Enter Outlaws, Duke and Thurlow.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize! I
Fad. For ever, I say: it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thurlow. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Fad. Thurlow, give back, or else embrace thy
come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milor shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch:—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
Thurlow. Sir Valentine, I care not for her; I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Faid. A new state in the universal'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deserv'd;—
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Fad. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whatever it be.
Faid. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good.
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and
thee;
Dispose of them, as thou knowest their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Fad. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke; I think the boy hath grace in him: he
Fad. I warrant you, my lord: more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Fad. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortunate.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your pence, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[Exeunt.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Foado.
Shallow, a country Justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Ford.
Mr. Page. [two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
William Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch parson.
Dr. Caius, a French Physician.
Hunt of the Garter Inn.
Hardolph. [Pistol.
Nym. [Followers of Falstaff.

SCENE.—Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT 1.

SCENE 1.—Windsor. Before Page's House.

Peter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh
Evans.

Shall. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make
a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty sir
John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow,
especially.

Nan. In the county of Glosber, justice of peace,
and corom.

Shall. Ay, cousin Slender, and Caius-alarm.

Shan. Ay, and rutil.Immutable too, and a gentleman
born, master person; who writes himself armigve.
in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, ar-
mingers.
Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time she that I have. All his successors, gone before him, have done'et; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lutes in their co-
Shal. It is an old coat.
Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.
Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.
Slen. I may quarter, coz?
Shal. You may, by marrying.
Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.
Shal. Not a whit.
Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but this is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disproprations unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my be-
nevolence, to make atonements and compromises be-
tween you.
Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.
Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of it: in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot, take your visaments in that.
Shal. I: o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.
Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, brings good discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.
Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.
Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resur-
Eva. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred bound?
Slen. Ay, and her father is made her a petter penny.
Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.
Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.
Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?
Eva.3 Falstaff. Sir John, do I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [knocks.] for master Page.
Shal. What, hoa! I got pless your house here!
Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?
Eva. Here is God's blessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here you; master Slender. John, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likenings.
Page. I am glad to see you, my lords well: I thank you for your venison, master Shallow.
Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better. How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.
Page. Sir, I thank you.
Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yes and no, I do. Page. I am glad to see you, master good Slender.
Shal. How does your felly greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.
Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.
Act I

Enter Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences. 

Exit. It is in his five senses: for, what the ignorance is in him and being sap, sir, was, as they say, ca-
shier'd; and so conclusions press'd the caretees.

Ayo, you spoke in Latin them two; but 'tis no matter: I'll not be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I can, I shall; else I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knives.

Enter So. Get edge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Exit. You hear all these matters denied, gentle-
men; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with words, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in: we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

Exit. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford? 

Exit. Mistress Ford, by my truth, you are very well met by your leave, good mistresse.

[looking her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, I hope we shall drink down all kindnesse.

Enter all but Skel, Slender, and Evans.

Mistress I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, my simple? Where have you been? I must wade the better, since you have not yet a Book of Reading about you, have you?

Exeunt. 'Tis for, why, did not you lend it to Anne? Shorten upon Allhallowsmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Enter. You, cou, cou, come, cou; we stay for you. A word with you, cou, marry this, cou; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Mistress. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Skel. Nay, but understand me.

Mistress. So I do, sir.

Enter fair car to his motions, master Slender! I will description the matter to you, if you be capac-
ity of it.

Mistress. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you pardon me; he's but in a train of peace in his company, simple though I stand here.

But this is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Mistress. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Mistress. Many, it is, the very point of it; to mistres-
ss Anne Page.

Mistress. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Skel. But can you affection the 'omane? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Skel. Cousin, Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Mistress. I hope, sir; I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Skel. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Skel. That you must: will you, upon good dow-
y, marry her?

Skel. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Skel. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet cou; will I do so, is to pleasure you, cou: Can you love the maid?

Mistress. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet hea-

when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolved.

Exit. It is a very discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely:—his meaning is good.

Shall. Ay, I think you consent very well.

Shall. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, in.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shall. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I was young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father des-
ires your worship's company.

Shall. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Exit. Od's plesed will? I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exit Shallow and Sir H. Evans.

Anne. Will's plesed to your worship to come in, sir?

Shall. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Shall. I am not a hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [Exit Simple] A justice of the peace may be beholden to your friend for a man— I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I must not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Shall. I will eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did,

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Shall. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venyes for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since: Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk-
ed of.

Shall. I love the sport well: but I shall as soon quarrat at it, as any man in England: You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Shall. That's meat and drink to me now! I have seen Jackson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, can't abide 'em; they are very ill favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come: we are at dinner.

Shall. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pyes, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Shall. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Shall. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Shall. Truly, I will not go first; truly, I: will not do the just wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Shall. I'll rather be unnannestly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, in. [Exit:

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, of his nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, how many, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter: for it is a 'oman that altogether desires acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to de-
sire and require her to solicit your master's de-
sires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone;
I will make an end of my dinner; there's sippins
and cheese to come. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and
Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scho-
larly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of
my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them
wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I'll sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Kaisar, and
Pheezer. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall
draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see
thee froth, and I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Host.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good
trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin: a witter-
ed servingman, a fresh tapster: go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will
thrive.

[Exit Bard.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! will thou the
spigot yield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the hu-
mour concordet? His mind is not herculek, and
there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinterbox;
his thefts were too open; his hiching was like an
unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's
rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! fo'h; a fico
for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sir, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch;
I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am
about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Nym. No quips now, Pistol; Indeed I am in the
waist two yards about: but I am now about no
waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to
make love to Ford's wife, I spy entertainment in
her; he discourses, she carves; she gives her most
of invitation: I can construe the action of her
familiar style; and the hardest voice of her beha-
vour, to be English'd rightly, Is, I am sir John
Falstaff's?

Pist. He hath studied her well; and translated
her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour
pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule
of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy,
say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour
me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and
here another to Page's wife; who even now gave
me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most
judicious eyelids: sometimes the beam of her view
gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. That thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with
such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her
eye did seem to scorche me up like a burning glass!
Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse
too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.

I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be
exequelles to me; they shall be my East and West
Indies, and will follow. Go, bear thou this let-
ter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress
Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of this become,

And by thy consent feel? then, Lucifer take all:

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the
humour letter; I will keep theavour of reputa-
tion.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Rob.] bear you these let-
ters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avast! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, pid, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! 

Falstaff, I sit at learn the humour of this art:

French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourds, and
fallen hold.

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be
knavish and revenue.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both, the humours, I

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His doe will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense
Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with
yellowness, for the revolt of men is dangerous: that
is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second
thee; troop on.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Calus's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go
to the casement, and see if you can see my master
Doctor Calus, coming: If he do, plight, and
find any body in the house, here will be an old
abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit Rugby.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at
night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant
shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no
tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that
he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that
way; but honest lady but has his fault—but let that
pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great-round beard,
like a grover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face,
with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-avrighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of
his hands, as any is between this and his head; he
hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. With bay, you?—O, I should remember
him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were?

Quick. And strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse
fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what
I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I
wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good
young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple
in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What,

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John Rugby! John, what John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master! I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home—and down, down, down, down, down. [Nigs.]

Enter Doctor Calais.

Calais. Vast is thy sing? I do not know these tens; Pray you, go and fetch me in my closet any better word—a box, a green-a-box! Do intend vat I speak? and come, sir.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been born-mad. [Aside.]

Calais. Pr., pr., pr., pr., I have sod, I felt fort chessed. So you're won a la Court a grande affiche.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Calais. Gave: motte du mawl pocket; Despere, quickly, Ver is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Calais. You've John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take your rapier, and come after my heel to do count.

Rug. The ready, sir, here in the porch.

Calais. By my troth, I tarry too long—O'dis me! Qu'ery fumble! I dare is some simple in my closet, that I will not for the world I shall leave behind.

Calais. Alas! I can't find the young man there, and be mad!

Calais. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—
Villany I leave!—[Putting Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier, sir.

Quick. Kind master, be content.

Calais. Vefere shall I be content?—Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Calais. Vast shall be honest man do to my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet. Quick. I beseech you, be not so flagmarchet; bear the truth of it: He came an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Calais. Vast.

Smit. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Calais. Pensee a your tongue—Speak a your tale.

Smit. To desire this honest gentleman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, is; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Calais. Sir Hugh send-a you's—Rugby, bellies me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so many things that notwithannadstian man, I'll your master what good I can; and the very you and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I am a witness mistress Anne Page; but notwithannadst that,—I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Calais. You Jack-nape: give a dis letter to sir lady Lucy's bar, it is a challenge: I will cut his treat to do park; and I will teach a scurril jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make: you may be gone: it is not good you tarry here—by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not be a stone the more than do. [Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Calais. It is no matter—a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself by gar? I do kill Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jorster to measure a weapon—by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well; we must give folks leave to praise: What, the good jerr?

Calais. Rugby, come to do court vit me:—by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door—Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exit Calais and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have An foole-he'd of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind, for I do: nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Frend. [Within.] Who's within there? he!

Frend. Omit, there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fentoo.

Fentoo. How now, good woman; how dost thou? Quick. The better, that it please your good worship to ask.

Fentoo. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way! I praise heaven for it.

Fentoo. Shall I do any good, think's thou? Shall I not lose my soul?

Quick. Truth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fentoo, I'll be worn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fentoo. Yes, marry, and have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: We had an hour's talk of that, I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to triflingly, and musingly—bitt for you.

Well, go in.

Fentoo. I shall see her to-day; Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? Faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the war, the next time we have confidence; and of other wroors.

Fentoo. Well, farewell: I am in great haste now. [Exit.

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't what have I forgot?—[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.}

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What have I 'scaped'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me sen'.—[Reads.]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love
reason for his precision, he admits him not for his
age; if he be not young, no more am I: I go
to church, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I:—
Ho! ho! then there's more sympathy: you love
back, and so do I: Would you desire better sympathy?
Let it suffice thee, and so pass. [Exit Page, (at the last, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

[Enter own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his weight,
For that to fight.]—

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world,—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversa-
tion, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth—. heaven forgive me!—Why I'll exhibit a bill of fare for you, and partent for the appetite of the men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistres': Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: 1, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifles, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal object, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shaltsoo; alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Page. Let us read—here, read;—perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make differences of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: And give such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than they go to the tune of green sleeves. What tempes! I, trow, threw this whale with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery. My opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for dots (as more), I'll these words; of the, for, of the, of the, the, of the, of the. He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chasse man.

Mrs. Ford. Why this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me ashamed to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never see again. Let's be reveng'd on him ready to appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine belted delay, till he hath paid his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good Sir John, that is far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.
Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he ever fly at the Garter?  
Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets of her more than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I should not doubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confidant: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. It must be the ranting host of the Garter comes:—there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so errily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman; cavalero-justice, I say.

Shall. I follow, mine host, so follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Calins the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook? [They go aside.]

Shal. Will you to Page, go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their wits, he says, he hath thus contrived contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the person is no jester. Hart, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Host then no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a bottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name in Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: then shall he egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: it is a merry knight.—Will you go on, heart.

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, here, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, While I have breath!—[Exit.

Fal. I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your two-hundred-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gendy of baboons. I am dammed in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and this mistress Bridget lost the bundle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-
he's a very serious man, she leads a very frondant life with him, good heart.

Pie. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you say well: But I have another ministering grace upon you: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's asurtulous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning or evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other: and she bade me tell you, her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman that I did not think, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Pie. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't.

Pie. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed: they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, many a younger man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be kinds of women in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Pie. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a may-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Pie. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distresses me! [Exit Quickly and Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or oceanwhelm them all! [Exit Pistol.

Pie. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense, chase a hare; or be a hare; in the city, good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly so; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Pie. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Pie. Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brookes are welcome to me, that overflow such dross.

Bard. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Pie. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance.

Bard. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Pie. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Bard. To say we lose a bag of money here.

Pie. If you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Pie. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Pie. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Pie. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Bard. Sir, if you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Pie. Very well, sir; proceed.

Bard. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name was Ford.

Pie. Well, sir.

Bard. I have long loved her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a certain obsequiousness, unremitting opportunities of her; feed every slight occasion, that could but riggarly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her; but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued her, hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, me, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Pie. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Bard. Never.

Pie. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Bard. Never.

Pie. Of what quality was your love then?

Bard. Like a fair house, built upon another man's foundation; I have let my office, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Pie. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Bard. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Pie. O, sir!

Bard. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooling, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Pie. Would it apply well to the rehemency of your afection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Menthinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Bard. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to
her with any detection in my hand, my desires had
instance and argument to commend themselves; i
could drive her then from the ward of her parity,
her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand
other her defences, which now are too strongly em
battled against by her that saith, sir John? 
Fed. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your
money; next, give me your hand and last, as I am a
gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.
Fed. I am good, sir.
Fed. Master Brook, I say you shall.
Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.
Fed. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you
shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell
you,) by her own appointment; even as you came
in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from
me. I say, I shall be with her between ten and ele-
ven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her
husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night;
you shall know how I speed.
Ford. I am bless in your acquaintance. Do you
know Ford, sir? 
Fad. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know
him not—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they
say, the jealous wittily know hath names of mo-
ney; for which his wife seems to me well de-
fenseless; but now, sir John, we are in the cuckoldly
regress, and therefore have our harvest-home.
Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you
might avoid him, if you saw him.
Fad. Hang him, mechanical suit better rogue;
I will scare him out of his wife; I will save him
with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meter o'er
the cuckold's horns; master Brook, thou shalt
know it was the dog that thrusts the person, and
then thou shalt lie with his wife—come to me soon at
night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his
style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a
knave and cuckold—come to me soon at night.
[Exit Ford. }
[Exit Ford.

**SCENE III.**—Windsor Park.

**Enter Calus and Rugby.**

Calus. Jack Rugby!  
Rug. Sir.
Calus. Vat is de clock, Jack?  
Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh pro-
mised to meet.
Calus. By gar, he has save his soul, bat he is no
come: he has pray his Bible vell, dat he is no
come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if
he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship
would kill him, if he came.
Calus. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will
kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you
how I will kill him.
Rug. Please, sir, I cannot fence.
Calus. Villainy, take your rapier.  
Rug. Forbear; here's company.

**Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.**

Host. 'Hes she, belly doctor.
Shal. Save you, master doctor Calus.
Page. Now, good master doctor!  
Nay, save you, sir; good-morrow, master doctor.
Calus. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee fain, to see
thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there;
to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse,
thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethni-
opian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What
says my Macalopus? my talon? my heart of elder?
ha! is he dead, belly Stale? is he dead?
Calus. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of
the world; he is not shew his face.

Host. Then art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector
Grievous, call these knaves away.

Host. I pray you, bear witness that I have stay
six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no
come.

Host. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is
a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you
should fight, you go against the hair of your pro-
fessions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Whipsnade, you have yourself been
a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Host. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be
old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my
finger lictors to make one: though we are justices,
and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have
some salt of our youth in us: we are the sons of
women, master Page.

Page. Tis true, master Shallow.
Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master
doctor Calus, I am come to fetch you home. I am
sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a
wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself a
wise and patient churchman: you must go with me,
master doctor.

Host. Farewell, guest justice!—A word, monsieur
Mack-water.

Calus. Mack-water! vat is dat?

Page. Mack-water, in our English tongue, is va-
rol, bully.

Calus. By gar, then I have such much mack-water
as de Englishman:—Scurry Jack-dog priest! by
gar, we will cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.
Calus. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee sinners.

Calus. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-
claw me; for, by gar, me will have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Calus. Me tank you for dat.

Page. Mack-water, bully. —But first, master
guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender,
go you through the town from Frogmore.

[Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?
Host. He is there: see what humour he be in;
and I will bring the doctor about by the fields
will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Sten. Addien, good master doctor.

Ervain Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Calus. By gar, me will kille de priest; for he speak
for a Jack-an-ape to Arme Page.

Host. Well, but, thou, seethe thy im-
patience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about
the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring
thee there, mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Page.

I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French l'physican.

Caius. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Caius. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with me.

Slen. 0, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It is a dear, so, by his weapons—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verere will you not meet a me?

Page. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Page. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogn-cob, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. 'Diable!—Jack Rugby, mine Host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Shal. As I am a christians soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? is am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no: he gives me the proverbs and the no-proverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so:—

Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your spirits are whole, and left burnt sack the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn—Follow me, lady of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. 0, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. To shallow rivers, to whose feet
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our puds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow.

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:
When as I sat in Panlyon,
And a thousand vagram posies.

Sim. Yoender he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Page. He's welcome:

To shallow rivers, to whose feet.

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Page. No weapons, sir: This comes my master

Shall. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamerust from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Your grace, this most revend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?
Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you? Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home? Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were here, they would marry. Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, sir, and of other husbands. Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock? Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the devils his name is my husband had of him: What do you call your knight's a me, sirrah? Rob. Sir John Falstaff!

Ford. Sir John Falstaff! Mrs. Page. If, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between his good man and he... is your wife at home, indeed? Ford. Indeed, she is. Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [Ereunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford. This Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep: be hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon, will shoot point blank, and score the pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her full motion and advantage and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the world. Ford and Page walk. Ford. Falstaff's boy with her—Good points—they are laid, and every wife does her villainy to their own. I will take him, then torture my wife, plant the borrowed veil of modesty from the seeming mistress Page, divulge I age myself for a secure and wise Acton, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. (Court strikes,) The clock gives me the cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff; I shall be too, and praised for this, than mocked: for it is as positive and the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Canary, and Ruby.

Shal. PAGE. Acc. Well met, master Ford. Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me. Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford. Nost. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with them. Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin slender, and this day we shall have our answer. Nost. I hope you have your good will, father Page. Page. You have master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Canary. Ay, by gar: and de maid is love a mee, my wrrah—quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks boldly, he smells April and May: he will carry; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poles; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. So to shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not by way of possession.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page, and my cousin slender.

Shal. Well, fare you well— we shall have the freew wheeling at master Page's. [Ereunt Shallow and Slender.

Cain. Go home, John Rugby: I come anon. [Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Exit Host.

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentle? All. Hearken, you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.


Enter Servants, with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, so I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side. Mrs. Page. You will do it? Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack direction: He gone, and come when you are called. [Ereunt servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket; what news with you? Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us? Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here: and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Rob. Mrs. Ford. Do so—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hisse me. [Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pimpoms;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition; O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John! Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would not be made and were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady. Mrs. Ford. Your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Mrs. Ford. The court of France show me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-vallant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. Mrs. Ford. A plain kerschief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courteuse; and the firm fixture of
Act 3. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to carry Falstaff:—you dissembling knight!


Re-enter Servants. Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, now you drudge, bring them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I desire it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing. Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! luck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too; it shall appear.

[Execut Servants with the basket.]

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out; I warrant we'll unkenel the fox. Let me stop this way first:—

So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. Truth. [Exit Page.—Upright, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit. Exeunt. This is a very fantastical humours and jealou- sies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Execut Evans, Page, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this? Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of wast'ring; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousies till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have our tricks with him. His disolute disease will scarce oblige this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, by peace:—you use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay: I must bear it.

Even. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment! Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies. Page. Fie, fie! am I not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.
Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page; I suffer for it.
Shal. You suffer for a good conscience: your wife is an honest a 'woman, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.
Mistress Page. Hygar, I see 'ts an honest woman.
Ford. Well—it promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.
Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you—to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a binding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?
Ford. Any thing.
Shal. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.
Page. If there be one or two, I shall make a debt.
Shal. In your teeth for shame.
Ford. I pray you go, master Page.
Page. I pray you now, rememberance to-morrow on the longy knife, mine host.
Shal. That's a good—by gar, on all my heart.
Page. A leavy knife; to have his gibes and his merrickies. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE IV.**—A Room in Page's House.

**Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.**

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan. 
Anne. Alas! how then? 
Fent. Why, these must be thyself. 
Anne. Of that object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gald' with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me,— My riots past, my wild societies: And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible; should love thee, but as a property. 
Anne. May be, he tells you true. [Come! 
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to Alboit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I would thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'ts the very riches of thyself That now I aim at. 
Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir; If opportunity and humbliest suit Cannot attain it, why then,—I work you hither. [They converse apart. 

**Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.**

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinman shall speak for himself.
Shal. I'll make a shaft or a bolt out:—ad, 'tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not dismay'd.
Shal. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that—but that I am afraid.
Quick. Hark ye; master Shallow would speak a word with you. 
Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's £6, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults. [Aside. Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! 

**Exit.**

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, missus. 
Shel. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hast a father! 
Shel. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell you Anne the jest, how my father stole two green out of a pen, good uncle. 
Shel. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you. 
Shel. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentleman.
Shal. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.
Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pound jointure.
Shal. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.
Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. 
Anne. Now, master Slender. 
Shel. Now, good mistress Anne. 
Anne. What is your will? 
Shel. What is your will? 
Anne. I say, your will! That's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.
Shel. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me? 
Shel. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy master his done! They can tell you how things go, better than I can I You may ask your father; here he comes.

**Enter Page and Mistress Page.**

Page. Now, master Slender;—love him, daughter Anne. 
Anne. Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus will to hammy my house; I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Shel. Now, master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Shel. Sir, will you hear me? 
Shel. No, good master Fenton. 
Page. Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; I— Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton. 
[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender. 

Quick. Speak to mistress Page. 

Quick. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perform, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will. 
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me yond' fool. 
Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband. 
Quick. That's my master, master doctor. 
Anne. Alas. I had rather be set quick 't the earth, And be set to death with turips. 
Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy; My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected; 
Shal. Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in; 
Shel. Her father will be angry. 
[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne. 

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan, fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Shallow had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them. Well, I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack it? 
[Exit. 

**Exit.**
SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. (go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in. [Exit Bardolph.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd and give them to a dog for a new gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen ½ the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity for my mistress, that the men were as deep as hell, I should own. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll none pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph.]—How now?

Quick. Mistress, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford I have had ford enough. I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine; I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Nay, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. She, master Brook; but the peaking cozened her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual tempest of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his dissipation, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, sacks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knives, his hinds, were called forth by him, and their mistress mistress, there being none of them to clothe, the clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the inanimate knave should have searched it; or, on dauling he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an Intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bibbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking waters that frettet their own green: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that: that am as subject to heat, as butter: a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is more desperate; you importune her, master Brook.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to your appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and to have baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet be to what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[Exit.}
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Strand.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

William. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous man, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I am with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school; Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Sir Hugh. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Mrs. Page. Blessing of his heart.

Sir Hugh. Mrs. Page, sir, we are to meet to-day at four at the stables in your house about the measures which we have to take for the lord Mayor's progresses next week.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, I have some questions in your presence.

Sir Hugh. Do, Mrs. Page; I am at your service.

Mrs. Page. Come on, strag'! hold up your head; answer your master, he not afraid.

William. William, how many men is in house?

Sir Hugh. Two.

Mrs. Page. So,—I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 's o's house.

Sir Hugh. Once your settlings. What is fair, William?

William. Fisher.

Quick. Unlocks! there are fairer things than posies. oars.

Mrs. Page. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is lapsis, William?

William. A stone.

Mrs. Page. And what is a stone, William?

William. A pebble.

Mrs. Page. No, it is lapsis; I pray you remember in your prain.

William. Lapis.

Mrs. Page. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

William. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and he thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hae, hae.

Mrs. Page. Nominativo, big, bag, bag—pray you, mark: gravidas, bajas: Well, what is your accusative case now?

William. Accusativo, bice.

Mrs. Page. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; Accusativo, bag, bag, bag. Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Mrs. Page. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the vocative case, William?

William. O—nominativo, O.

Mrs. Page. Remember, William, vocative is, caro.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Mrs. Page. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Mrs. Page. What is your genitive case plural, William?

William. Genitive case?

Mrs. Page. Ay.

William. Genitivo, —horum, barren, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Mrs. Page. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to kick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum—see upon you!

Mrs. Page. 'Oman, art thou lunatic? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creature as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. I'ryther, hold thy peace.

Mrs. Page. Show me now, William, some declensions of thy pronouns.

Mrs. Page. Will, Forsooth, I have forgot.

Mrs. Page. It is in, in, and, if you forget your kis, your kee, and your es, you must be preaches. Good night, and play go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Mrs. Page. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suffrance; I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accompaniments, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He is a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What hoo, gossip Ford! what hoo?

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, some but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly:—Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. [Aside.] Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Ford. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lumes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rattle against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffet himself on the forehead, crying Peer-en, peer-en! that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tamesness, civility, and patience, to this his disturber he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swear, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to his husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from the courtiers, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own fowry.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly ashamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[Re-enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. No, I'll come no more I' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Also, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Falstaff. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding pieces. Creep into the klin-hole.

Mrs. Ford. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such
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places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir. Unless you go out disguised, — Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I fear me! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as tall as he is; and there's thrush'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John!

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page end, I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford: he swears, she's a witch; for she is my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards! Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness. In he; and he talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll trust that: for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[Exit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do. Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act, that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the death! [Exit.

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

[Exit.

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Calus, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unmoil me again? — Set down the basket, villain: — Somebody call my wife: — You, youth in a basket, come out here! — 0, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gling, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be ashamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching. Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pincioned. Eva. Why, this is lunacies! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir: — Come hither, mistresse Ford; mistress Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. I'll shuck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a felon's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek: for,

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, who is as good as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's lenmen. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page? come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a queen, an old cozening queen? Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch; you hang you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband — good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.


Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trall, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[Exit Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not: he beat him most unprofitfully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in few-
simple, with ease and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him thus?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to escape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unenviable fate of sharing the same body, and be any further afflicted, we two will still be the masters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Host. Sir, the tierman's desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English: [to Bardolph.] Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll cause them; they have had my horse a week; I have turned away my other guests; they must come off; I'll see them come. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. This one of the past discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Fardene me, wife, henceforth do what you will; I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness: now dost thou honour In him that was late an heretic. [stand, As firm as faith.]

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Ford. Do not as extreme in submission, As extreme in opposition; But let our plot go forward, let our wives Yet once again, to make us publick sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. That is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. If we send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight, he, she, he'll never come.

Ford. You see, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously beaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terror in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Device but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. This is an old tale gone, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns; And there he blest the tree, and takes the cattle; And makes milk-kine yield blood, and shakes a

In a most hideous and dreadful manner: 'chain You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know, These operats from idle-headed eid.

Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear In darkness of night to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marty, this is our device;

That Fairstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this wise: When you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus:

Nan Pendar, pray daughter, and my little son, And three or four of more of their growth, we'll dress like urchins, ushers, and fairies, green and white, With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, And paint their fingers, and their hands; upon a sudden, As Fairstaff, she, and I, and twenty, let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some diffused song: upon their sight, To two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all ring about him, and

And fancy like, to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred patha he dares to tread, In shape profound.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound, And burn him with their tapers.

Page. That the truth being known, We'll all present ourselves; disborn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Host. I'll speak to the children their behaviours, and I will be like a jack an-opens also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them

Page. Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the

Finely attired in a robe of white. [fairies.

Page. That still will I go buy,—and in that time Shall master Blunder steal my Nan away. [And

And mark her at Eton.—Go, send to Fairstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook: He'll tell me all his purposes; sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-

Page. Let us about it; it is admirable pleasures, and very honest knaverys.

Page. Mrs. Ford. Go, mistress Ford; Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

Mrs. Ford. I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. Though he marry with so well land'd, a mean idiot; And be my husband best of all affects: The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick skin; speak, breathe, discuss; biff, short, quick, snap.

Simple. Sir, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Fairstaff from master Blunder.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new; Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophagius unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simple. There's an old women, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be no bold as stay, sir, I come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call,—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy high military station, thou thou there? It is this host, thine Episcopale, calls.

[Exit.] How now, mine host?
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Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman; Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fye! privacy? fye!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman, even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; What would she vail her wet withal?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slenor, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spoke with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slenor of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, now, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Leche; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship; I shall make my master glad with these tiding. [Exit Simple.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, there that was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage! Host. Where be your horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in the slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain! do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Ev. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Ev. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine, come, to town, tells me, there is three cousins, Germans, that has cozened all the honourable lads, of Maldenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes andouting-stocks; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Dr. Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarterre?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful, come.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But It Is tell-a-me, dat you make great preparation for a duke de Ivanmary: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de courtesans know to come: I tell you for good-will.

[Exit.

Host. Hye and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exeunt Host and Bardolph.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop my dressing, throw other men's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forsook myself at primrose. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is as blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tellst thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be appalled for the witch of Brentford, and if that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me up the stocks, the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say something. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together? One of you does not serve heaten well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I must to the field of business.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose. And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee a pose, a hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will give over all.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you with the dear love I bear to fair, Anne Page; Whd, mutually, hath answered my affection (So far forth as herself might be her choicer, Even to my wish! I have a letter from her of such contents as you will wonder at; The whither whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested. Without the show of both:—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest [Showing the letter. I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host! To-night at horse's back, just 'twixt twelve and three, Miss my sweet Nan present the fairest queen: [one, The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded. Away with Sir Slender, and with him to Eton Immediately to marry; she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasting of their minds, And at the deansery, where a priest attends, Straight make a journey: to that house they'll come. She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor;—Now thus it rests. E
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Prythee, no more prating—go:—I'll hold this is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears—hold up your head, and mince. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter Ford.

Ford. How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Heres's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Fal. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you. He beat me grievously, in the chimney. For in his despair, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd garden peas, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hands.

Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch 'em the castle-door, and light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a say-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, woman: she cries budget; and by that we know one another.

Shall. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget? The white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. That is light; light spirits will become it well. Heaven, prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Calus.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green, when she see your face, she'll cut off her hair by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the park: we two must go together.

Ford. Can any now rat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Calus. My husband will not rejoin so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.]

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit-hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such l ewdsters, and their levity.

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come, come; trib, trib.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minstrel draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me. Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; and in some others, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god, drew in the temptation of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast:—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on it, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fittest, I think, to the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to pass my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black sent?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves; hall kissing-comfits, and snow erings; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shoot them both. [Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page, Come is come, with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brist-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ides to myself, my shoulders for the feller of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true man, I will not. [Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Page. Away, away. [They run off.

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me dammed, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire he would never else cross me thus.
Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moon-shine revelers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.

Cricket. And, with the maids as blue as bilberry.

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Pist. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die: I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

Evans. Where's Péde?—Go you, and where you find a maid, That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fantasy; Sleep she as soundly as the lady's curfew; But those as sleep, and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and QUICK. About, about; [shins.]

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out: Strike good luck, pinches, on every sacred room; That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit; Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm, and every precious flower: Each fair installment, coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blessed!

And slight, meadow fairies, look, you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: The expression that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-green than all the field to see; And, Hong sui gul mid y pense, write, In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white: Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee; Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

A way; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock, Our dance of custom, round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set: And twain below-warms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! Jest he and his country, to make a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend, And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire? [They burn him with their tapers.]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh! QUICK. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you light him, I'll pinch him to your time.

Evans. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fye on wanton fancy! Fye on lust and luxury! Lust is but a bloody fire, Kindled with unchaste desire, And in heaven's arms aspire, As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. Pinch him, fairies, mutually! Pinch him for his villainy: Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about, Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Siender another way, and takes off a fairy in white. Ford comes on, and is taken by Falstaff. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd too well the woods, to scamp our meaning. Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn? Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair fokes Become the forest better than the town? Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buckbasket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck: we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the gulliness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the forsyth into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time we were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Sir John is not good to give putter; your pottle is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough, to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and methergins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel! Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you

Ford. But, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

E 2
Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends; 
For you, my fair lord, I'll give you my hand. 
Page. Woe be to honest, knight, thou shalt eat no banquet to-night at my house: where I will desire thee to break my wife, that now lounges at those 
fires, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctor doubts that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [Aside]

Kater Slender.


to him, I make the best in Gloucestershire know not; would I were hanged, la, else
Page. Of what, sir?

I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great ruberry boy. If it had not been for the witch, I would have spared him, or he should have avenged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, I would have never ate, and I'm a post-master's boy.
Page. Why, this is your own fault. I did not tell you, how you should know your daughter by her garments.

I went to her in white, and cry'd upon, and she cry'd harder, as Anne and I had appointed and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

John. Master blender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. Fie, fie, I am vexed at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. This George, he be not angry, I know of your purpose; turned my daughter into green, and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the医生ery, and there married.

Kater Caius.

Caius. Were I mistress Page? By gar, I am controls; I ha' married wen gowns, a boy on part, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page by gar, I am controls.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green? 
Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Aside Caius. This is strange! Who hath got the right
Page. My heart misgives me! Here comes master
Fenton.

Kater Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Amor. Father! good father! good my mother pardon!

Page. Mistresse, how chance you went not with master Fenton? 

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, madam?

Ford. You do abuse her; bear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The true is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so close, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy, that she hath committed. And this do I, in the name of craft, Of disobedience, or undutious title, Since thrown she doth evitate and shun A thousand living-rooms cursed hours.

Ford. And not an ass'd, here is no remedy — In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Ford. I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.


What cannot be eschew'd, must be embraced.

Ford. When night dogs run, all sorts of deers are chased.

Ford. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding. 

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. — Master Fenton, heaven give you many, many merry days!—

Ford. Sir John, to master Brook ye shall hold your word; For he, to-morrow, shall be with mistress Ford.

[Exeunt.

TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Oriana, Duke of Illyria.

Sebastian, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A new captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, 

Clown, 

a gentleman attending on the Duke.

Sir Toby, Bass, sir of Olivia.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, steward to Olivia.

SCENE,—A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Curtis, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die—
That strain again:—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon the gillyflower of evening,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no more;

Tablin. servants to Olivia.

Clown, 

Olivia, a rich Countess.

Viola, in Love with the Duke.

Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Is not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou! That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receivest as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy, That it alone is high fantastical.

Car. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Ford. What, Curtis?

Ford. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she pur'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was a drought of wonder, yet a part;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But, like a cloisteress, she will walked
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich, golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king—
A way before me to sweet beds of lovers;
Love-thoughts like rich, when canopied with bowers.

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.
Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drowned.—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
[Chance.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most providest in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold,
Might sworn escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Where to thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Vio. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
 Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
In the protection of his son, her brother, [her
 Who was so foolish, for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the company
 And sight of men.
Vio. O, that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
If I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Vio. That were hard to compass; Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Both of a golden frame, and an essay
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I' ll pay thee bounteously,
Concealing it from all; and be my heart,
For such disguise as, happy, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And spend him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thine silence to my wit.

Cap. Fie you your eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.
Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
The death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an
enemy to life.

Mar. Where's the truth, sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer
than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too; and an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you;
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish
knight, that you brought in one night here, to be
her woore.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
violet-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and,
but that he is quite还好, he's a gift of a coward to ally
the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among
the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
abstrackters; that I am so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my
thor, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a
coystrill, that will not drink to my niece, till his
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What,
wench? Castilliano-vulgo! for here comes Sir An-
drew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir A. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch
Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew?

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. I am so of him. Who are they?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

Mar. Her name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, from
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undert keher
in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?
Act I.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Violan in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; be hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Ces. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. I am incessant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duk. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Cur. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you whilst aloof.—(Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gaze unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till you have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duk. Be clamorous, and in as many wise. Rather than the unprofited return. [Then]

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall be some time will we act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duk. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall set belts thy happy years; That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubricious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, thrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair: Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best, When least in company. —Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best.

To woo your lady: yet, [Aside,] A peaceful, careful strife! Who'd win, won, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenient answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary? Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your folly.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents. Are you resolute then for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Sir To. Do, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Exit.}
Clo. Aplt, in good faith; very apl! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace be with you then. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady! Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna; that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any remedy is better than no remedy, is but patched; virtue that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that mends, is but patched with virtue: If that this sample syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, where is the man that can do it? As there is no such cuckold, but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Sir. I rile them take you away.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, Cucullus non fictum monstrum: that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool. Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me. Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll hide your proof.


Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better wit.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! sir Toby will be worn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio? Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more, brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fool's names.

Oli. You, are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you decree cannon-bullets; There is no slander in an allow fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest worst of all!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you. Oli. From the count Orsino, sir? Mar. I know not madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay? Mar. Sir Toby, madam. Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madam; as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cран with brains, for how he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin? Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman? Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, set? Oli. Good Sir Toby.

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he? Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit. Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him. Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my cozi; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you; I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's forti'd against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me. Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he? Mal. Why, of mankind. Oli. What manner of man? Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. What personage, and years, is he? Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentle-woman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit. Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Act 2.

from the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to com it. Good beauties, let me sustaine no scorn; I am not compleisse, even to the least sinister usage.

Oft. When thou samest love, thou? 0, such love Could be but recompen'd, though you were crowned The nonpareil of beauty.

Oft. How does he love me?

Oft. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oft. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suspect him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divined, free, learn'd, and valiant, And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him: He might have took his answer long ago.

Oft. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, Would not understand it.

Oft. Why, what would you?

Oft. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write letters and cancel them with secret love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gospy of the air Crone, praise, and range, Ophelia! If you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oft. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oft. (to you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send me no more; Unless, perchance, you came to me again, To shake me by the hand. Fare you well! I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Oft. I am no need post, lady; keep your purse. My master, not myself, lacks recompen'se; Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love; And let your fervour, like my master's, be placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oft. What is your parentage?

Almost fortunes; yet my state is well, I am a gentleman. —I'll be sworn thou art; Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! Unless the master were the man. —How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections, With an invisible and subtle stealth, Takes him in, and seizes him. Well, let it be— What, no, Malvolio! —

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oft. Run after that same peevish messenger, The countyn man: he left this ring behind him, Would 1, or not; tell him, 'T'll none of it. Dissemble not to flatter with his lord, Nor bring him up with hopes; I am not for him If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Oft. I do know not what: and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

And. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my star shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, per-
hapa, destimper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

And. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is more extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but, you, Sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

And. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overbear believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair; she is drowned already, Sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

And. Pardon me, sir; your bad entertainment. Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive your servant's trouble. And. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of mine. I am bound to the countess Orsino's court: farewell.

And. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Sir; you will very shortly see there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so.

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stowing for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that fews it. [Exit.

Viola. I left no ring with her; What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charmed her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, that, sure, she methought, here was another tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's! why, he sent her none.

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the princes bad to hers.

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we; such as we are made of, such we be. How will thisfalsefide? My master loves her dearly; and I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to do so on me.

What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thrills, that poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir Toby. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and discolored surgeons, thou know'st.

Sir Andrew. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be a bed after midnight, is to be up like a hare.

Sir Toby. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can; To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir Andrew. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking

Sir Toby. This art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marinell, say! I'll have a stoup of wine! [Exit.

Enter Clown.

Sir Andrew. Here comes the fool, I'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir Toby. Welcome ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious sloining last night, when thou spokest of Pigromitius, of the Varjians passing the equinoctial of Quebeus; 'twas very good, I'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clown. I did impetecas thy gratification; for Malvolio's nose is no whiskip: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir Andrew. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir Toby. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir Andrew. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give an—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love song.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming.

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further pretty sneaking;

Journey end in lovers' meeting.

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir Andrew. Excellent good, I' faith.

Sir Toby. Good, good.

Clown. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:

Present mirth with present laughter.

That's to come, is still unsure:

In delay there lies no beauty:

Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir Andrew. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby. A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew. Very sweet and contagious, I' faith.

Sir Toby. To hear by the nose, it is dulcit in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance in deed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir Andrew. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. Ey' lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew. Most certain: let our catch be, Thou knowest.
Chor. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight! I shall be constrain'd not to call thee knave, knight. 
Sir And. "Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, hold thy peace.

Chor. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Tis not, I faith! Come, begin.

They sing a catch.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catter-wauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
Sir To. My lady's a Catalan, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Yoga-Harmy, and Their worry or will be seen. Am I not consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley, lady! I here dwell a man in Banglow, lady, lady!

Chor. Heshow rape, the knight's in admirable fouling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 
Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December. 

[Screening.]

Mar. For the love o'Jtie, peace.

Rodr. Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gaggle like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an, a house of your lady's house, that you squeak out your catters' catchs without any mitigation or reason? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?
Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catchs.

Sneeck up.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she Harbour's you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorder. If you can separate yourself and your misdeemours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby. 

Chor. His eyes do show his days are almost done.
Mal. Is't even so?
Sir To. But I will never die. 

Chor. Sir Toby, they give you lie.
Mal. This is such credit to you.
Sir To. Shall I bid him go? 

Chor. What? Come, then. 
Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not? 

Mal. O no, no, no, you dare not.
Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Doit thou think, because thou art as virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 

Chor. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot this month too.

Sir To. Thou'st the night. Go, sir, rub your chain with chains.—A stope of wine, Maria! Mal. Mistress Mary, if you praid my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

Mal. Go shew your ears.

Sir And. "Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do not: I will write thee a challenge: or I will deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Sir And. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not quell him into a tayword, and make him a common recrea-

Scenes and devices.

Act 2.
in the sweetrange of it, remember me:
for, such as I am, all true lovers are;
unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
save, in the constant image of the pure
That is below'd—How dost thou like this tune?
Fio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thrown.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life, though young, though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?
Fio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Fio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
Fio. About your years, my lord.
"Thy faith?""Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman
An elder than herself; so wears she to him, take
So aways she level in his husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unform
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.
Fio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy eyes the younger rather than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses; whose flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Fio. And so they are, my lord, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!
Re-enter Carlo and Cloten.
Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
[night—
The splinters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maidens, who weave their thread
With use to chant it; it is sily sooth,
[bones,
And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir?

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in such company let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am stain by a fair cruel maid.
My strand of white, stuck all with yew,
O, pursue it;
My part of death no one so true
Irid share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be srown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand and sevencight eyes to see,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, sir, I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and
the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opeal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing—Farewell. [Exit Cloten.
Duke. Let all the rest give place.—[Exit Carlo and Cloten.

[Exeunt Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, signal Fabian.
Faub. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be lided to death with melancholy.
SIR TOBY. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly racially sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
Faub. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here
SIR TOBY. To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we will foul him black and blue.—Shall we not, sir Andrew?
SIR ANDREW. As we do not, it is pity of our lives.

[Enter Maria.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain—How now, my nettle of India?
MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves] Lie thou there; [throws down a letter] for here comes the tart that must be caught with tickling. [Exit Maria.

[Enter Malvolio.

Mal. This but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be over my house and upon my head. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?
Sir To. [Here's an over-weening rogue!]

Fak. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets out his advanced parts!-

Sir And. 'tis night, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!—

Sir And. Plait his hair, pistols him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the straehy rooted and the woman of the wardrobe.

Sir To. Fle on him, Jeezel!—

Fak. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my study—

Sir To. For a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye?

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch-ed velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fak. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a decent travel or regard of persons, kindred places, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinman Toby?

Sir To. Bolts and shackles?—

Fak. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obstinate start, make out for him! I brown the while; and, per-chance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Antony approaches; court's there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?—

Fak. Though our silence be drawn from us with care, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an anxious regard of control. Sir To. and does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your care, give me this prerogative of speech. —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must wound your drunkenness. Sir To. Out, scab!—

Fak. Nay, patience, or we break the allusions of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight:—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. Dear, dear, dear!—

Sir And. I knew 'twas 1; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?—[Taking up the letter.]

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humour inti-mate reading aloud to him:

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very Cs, her Us, and her Ts; and thus makes the her great Ps. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her Cs, her Us, and her Ts: Why that?—

Mal. [reads.] To the unknown beloved, this, and my true, to the unknown beloved,—By very leave, wax—Soft!—and the impression her Lucreece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fak. Why, my mother, liver and all. Mal. [reads.] Love knows, I love:—But who?

Lips do not move, but move.

No man must know. What follows?—the numbers altered! No man must know. If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!—

Mal. I may eyewaxed, where I adore:—

But silence, like a Lucreece knife,
With bloodstains stroke my heart doth gore;—

M, O, A, I, stab away my life.

Fak. A fantastic riddle!
Act 3.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
Sir And. Or 'o mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and becaste by both? Sir And. I'faith, or I either.
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.
Mr. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis the colour she abors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she de-
test; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, fol-
low me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excel-
 lent devil of wit!
Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman?
Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beg-
gar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.
Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sen-
tence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!
Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that daily nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.
Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.
Vio. Why, man?
Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to daily with that word, might make my sister wanton: but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.
Vio. Thy reason, man?
Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
Vio. Warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.
Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?
Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no fool; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pitchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.
Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.
Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress; I think, I saw your wisdom there.
Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, sent him by low stockings, 'tis a colour.
Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? 

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.
Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
Vio. I understand, sir; 'tis well begg'd.
Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begg-
ing but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my wisdom: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.]
Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
'Sir, you must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Sir And. And you, sir.
Vio. Et vous aussi! votre serviteur.
Sir And. I am, sir, you are: and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance:
But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.
Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady; but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—
I'll get 'em all three ready.

Ol. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.
Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Ol. My servant, sir! I was never merry world, since lowly fleeting was called compliment: You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.

Ol. Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Ol. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:

Ol. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to sollicit that, Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Ol. Give me leave, I beseech you; I did send
After the last assignment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force the best you, in a shamefaced cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Ol. Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And haited it with all the unmuzled thoughts

...
That tyrannical heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a beechen.
My heart, my peasant! No, let me hear you speak.

He. I will try.

If. That's a degree to love.
He. No, not a grain; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That you have been with those who know you best.
Oth. What, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.
0 world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a peer, how much the better.
'Tis a fair before the rain, then the show off. [Sings or sings a bit]
If, afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
Those live your way, due weavers.

He. Then we say good grace,
And good disposition 'twere your ladyship
If you nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OD. Nay, I pray thee, tell me, what then think'st of me.
If. That you do think, you are not what you are.
OD. If I think so, I think the same of you.
If. Then think you right? I am not what I am.
OD. For that same reason, I will have you here.
If. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might, for now I am your food.
OD. O, what a deal of sorrow looks beautiful
And in which I am angry and in love.
A madness, a gall of the soul, is more soon
Than love that was so soon hid: love's night is
Come, a thought of the spring. [moon.
My madness, sorrow, truth, and every thing,
I love thee not; that maketh all thy pride,
Now, not, not, reason, can my passion hide.
Do not exact thy reasons from this close,
For, that I saw, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thou with reason fiercer;
Love might not come, but given unsought, is better.
If. By my conscience I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none.
Sure means be, or, save I alone,
And so advise, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

If. Yet one again: for thou, perhaps, may'st
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir And. Hero, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Why reason, dear reason, give thy reasons?
Sir And. Sir By reason you must yield your reasons, sir. Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favour to the counte's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I can't (I' faith.
Sir To. Did she see thee while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

If. You have been a great argument of love in her favour.

Sir And. Night! will you make an ass o' me? [Fam. I will prove it legimine, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
Sir To. Too? They have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

If. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your conscience, to put five in your heart, and brain
Insine in your liver! You should then have accounted her; and with some excellent jests, fine new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was rankled: the double gift of this opportunity, you let time wash off, and you are now carried into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless

you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And be't any way, it must be with valour; for the policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. I challenge the count's suit, and will have none but him; but him in eleven pieces; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Sir And. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

If. Sir To. I will write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou should him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Wace in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though you write with a goose-pen, no matter; About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cabalistic: Go. [Exit Sir Andrew.

Sir And. This is a dear maskin's to you, sir Toby.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Now, then, I cannot bear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Sir And. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliter it.

Sir To. I'll not leave me then; and by all means
On the youth to an answer. I think oxen
And wainrops cannot hate them together. For Andrew, if he were open, and you find so much blood in his letter, as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Sir And. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest won of nine conge.

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me, you gull Malvolio is turned beadsman, a very tenagoen: for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, and not believe such impossible passages of grromess. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?
Maria. Poor. Most virulently; like a pedant that keeps a secret in. I have shot him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurting things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

*Sir. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you are your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And so I do not love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn me, one to a longer review)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts: which to a stranger,
Untamed, and unfriendled, often prove
Rough and insupportable; my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
Act 3. TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns Are shuffled off with some current pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town? Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your own.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. "Would you pardon me? I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, against the count his galleys, I did some service: of such note, indeed, That were I't en'hen, it would scarce be answer'd. Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people. Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my In this; 1 will tell you. [Enter Eleazer. Eleazer is best to lodge: I will bespeak our det, lodging, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know. With viewing of the town; there shall have you. Seb. Why? your purse? Ant. Happy, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir. Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an

Ant. To the Elephant. [Exeunt.

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come; How shall I meet him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or bor, I speak too loud. [row'd.

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes; Where is Malvolio?—

Mar. He's coming, madam: But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.


He does nothing but smile; your ladyship Were best have guard about you, if he come; For, sure, the man is tainted in his wit.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?—


Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad; This does make me obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true somet is: Please one, and please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou man? what is the matter with thee? Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be execut'd. I think, we do know the sweet Rosalind hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here be comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone. And laid mine honour too unchary out: There's something in me, that reproves my fault; But such a strong, strong, point fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Fab. With the same baviour that your passion

Go on my master's griefs.

[Enter New Clyde and sirs.]

Fab. Here we are with your niece: give them way, till you take leave, and presently after him.

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Fab. With the same baviour that your passion

Go on my master's griefs.
even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposer that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a viraqo. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the nobly.

Sir And. Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarcely hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in his fence, I'd have seen him dammed ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perturbation of souls: Marry, Ill ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse [to Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better beheld him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking off: therefore draw, for the supportance of your vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack a man of. [Aside.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by any duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oaths. [Drama.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [Drama. Ant. Put up your sword: If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing. Sir To. You, sir? what are you? Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To Antonio. Vio. Pray, put up your sword, if you please. [To Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man: do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Ursino. You do mistake me, sir; 1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him, sir, and know him well. Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money Vio. What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Let that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindesses That I have done for you. I know of none; Nor know I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man Than byying valiant, babbling drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our friail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves! 0 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, for your sake. Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here, I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death; Relev'd him with such sanctity of love,— And to his image, which methought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion. 1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away. Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god! Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame,— In nature there's no blemish, but the mind; None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind: Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil Are empty trunks, o'er-flourish'd by the devil. 1 Off. The man grows mad: away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[Exeunt Officers with Antonio. Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself; so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such, and so, In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: O, if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in neediness, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and best him. Sir To. Do, call him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not.— [Exit. Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Cl. Oh, say so, and so be it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Cla. Well, I'll do it at once, and I will dissemble myself in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fit enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Cla. Bosom dies, sir Toby: for so the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a nonce of King Gerould, That, that is, to fall in, and be a master parson: For what is that, but that I am, and is, but is?

Sir To. Sir, to him, sir Topas.

Cla. What, how, I say,—Peace in this prison!—Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good man.

[To a inner chamber.] Who calls there?—

[Cla. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Sir To. Sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Cla. Out, hyperbolical sir! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, sir Topas.

Cla. Why, it hath box-windows, transparent as barricades, and the clear stories towards the south-south are as lustrious as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Cla. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Cla. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more punished, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Cla. This house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Cla. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild fowl?—

Cla. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Cla. What think'st thou of his opinion?

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Cla. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou despoilst the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Cla. Sir Topas, sir Topas.

Sir To. My most excellent sir Topas!—

Cla. Nay, I am for all waters.

Cla. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown; he sees thee not.

Cla. No, he told him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in
Act 4.  TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

French. Sir Toby and Maria.

1 Cl. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool.—

1 Cl. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool.

1 Cl. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

1 Cl. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Fool, an ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

1 Cl. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

1 Cl. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

1 Cl. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, as if you can to face me out of my wits.

1 Cl. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas.—

1 Cl. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen—I will, sir; I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say—

1 Cl. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well as in my wits as any man in Illyria.

1 Cl. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir?

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

1 Cl. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

1 Cl. Nay, I'll never believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requisite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

1 Cl. I am gone, sir; And anon, sir, I'll be with you again.

In a trice, Like to the old vises, Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath, Cries, ah, ha! to the devil: Like a mad lad, Pure thy nails, and, Adieu, Goodman Drivel. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all ordinary, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take, and give back, affairs, and their despachat, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As, I believe, she does: there's something in't, That is deceitable. But here comes the lady.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry by: there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith;

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace: He shall conceal it,

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note

What time we will our celebration keep

According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And

Make you more so shines,

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

1 Cl. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

1 Cl. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends.

1 Cl. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow, seagoing?

1 Cl. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

1 Cl. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

1 Cl. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

1 Cl. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold in both.

1 Cl. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

1 Cl. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

1 Cl. Possible, secundo tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplic, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am
here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my beauty further.

Oth. Marry, sir, fain would your bounty, till I came again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think your bounty is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Ant. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; yet, when I saw it last, it was besmirched As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A while he was engag'd in battle for: The clear, unclouded, and upright soul With such scathing grapple did he make With the most noble bottoms of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of less, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the mat- I Off, Orio, this is that Antonio, [ter?]

That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Can- And this is he, that did the Tiger board, [dy; When your young nephew Titus lost his leg Here in the streets, of desperate shame, and state, In private bridle did we apprehend him. Fis. Sir did we kindness, sir; drew on my side; But find he is not strange amongst us; I know not what Woes, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! these salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, When thou, in terms of bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies? 

Off. Orio, noble sir, Be pleased that I shew off these names you give Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, [me; Though, I confess, one bone and ground, enough, Orio's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ungrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's entagl'd and foamy mouth Did run this crew, past his name: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning, [Not meaning to partake with me in danger, Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would witn; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Fis. How can this be? 

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months be- (No interval, not a minute's vacancy.) [fore, Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oth. What would my lord, but that he may not Wherewith Orio was made so serviceable? [have, Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. 

Fis. Madame?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oth. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord.

Fis. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me. Oth. If it be sought to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear, As singing after music. Still so cruel? 

Duke.

Oth. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perseverance? you uncivil lady, To throw such unspecious alliteration. My soul the faithful's offers breath'd out, That ever devotion tender'd! What shall I do? 

Oth. Even what it please my lord, that shall be- come.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill that I love; a savage jealousy, That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That was your true place in your favour, Live you, the marble-besmeared tyrant, still! But this your minion, whom, I know, you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly Will I will tear out of that cruel eye, Where that be set crowning in his heart's spite.— Come boy, with me; my thoughts are rife in mis- chief; I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Fis. And I, most jocund, up, and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Oth. Where goes Cesario?

Fis. After him I love, More than I love these eyes, more than my life, More, by all means, than e'er I shall love wife: If I do slight, you witnesses above, Punish my life, for taking of my love! Oth. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled! Fis. Who does beguile you? who does you wrong? 

Oth. Have they forgot thyself? Is it so long?— Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.


Oth. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay. Duke. Husband? Fis. Ay, husband, can be that deny? 

Duke. Her husband, sirrah.

Fis. No, my lord, not I. 

Oth. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear, That makes thee strange the propriety; Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up; Be that thou know'st, and art, and then art As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father! Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold (though lately we intended To keep in darkness, what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know, Tho' makes pass between this youth and me. 

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love, Conformed by mutual joiner of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Sacrificed by interchange of rings of yours; And all the ceremony of this compact Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my house, a revel has been two hours [grave, Duke. O, thou dissembling cab! what will thou When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? [be, Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow. That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet, Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. Fis. My lord, I do protest.—

Oth. O, do not swear; Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oth. What's the matter? 

Sir And. He has broke his head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody concox com. for the love of God, you help: I had rather than forty pound, I went home. 

Oth. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil in printing.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Old's liftings, here he is —You break
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do by sir Toby.

But why to me? I never hurt you; You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody cocoomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody cocoomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown. Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more; But he be in it, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you? Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, not.

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight l' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this ha-vock with them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be for the rest.

Sir To. Will you help? an an ass-head, and a cocoomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kins; But, had it been the brother of my blood, — [man; I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. A face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio? Ant. How have you made division of yourself? — An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? Oli. Most wonderful! Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor have I any more than be the one, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd: — Of charity, what kin are you to me? — [To Viola. What countryman is mine? what parentage? Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us,

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad, Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola! Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow. Seb. And so had mine. Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished, indeed, his mortal act, That day that made my sister thirteen years. Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both, But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune do continue, and jump, That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help I was preserve'd, to serve this noble count; All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: — [To Viola.

But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid; Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd, You are both, as to both, a man and a man.

Duke. Be not sma'nd; right noble is his blood. — If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck: Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times. — [To Viola.

Thou never should'st love woman like to me. Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul, As doth that oracle continent, the fire That severs day from night. Duke. Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore, Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action, Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit, A gentleman, and follower of my lady's. Oli. He shall enrich him. — Fetch Malvolio And yet, alas, now I remember me, [hither: They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. Re-enter Clown, with a letter. A most extracting frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.— How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered. Oli. Open it, and read it. Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: — By the Lord, madam,— Oli. How now! art thou mad? Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow war.

Oli. Prythee, read i'thy right wits. Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess; and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. — [To Fabian. Fab. [reads.] By the Lord, madam, you rule me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that was produced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please, I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio. Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam. Duke. This savours not much of distraction. Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. — [Exeunt Fabian. My lord, so please you, these things further thought To think you as well a sister as a wife, [on, One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost. Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. — Your master quits you; [To Viola.] and, for your service done him So much against the mettle of your sex, So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Yer, master's mistress. Oli. A sister? — you are she. Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio. Duke. Is this the madman?
Oh. Ay, my lord, this same
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oh. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase:
Or say, 'tis not your soul, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then.
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Made me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you.
These proceedings, in which several of the world
Pur in Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obdient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious gags, and gull,
That o'er invention pleas'd on? tell me why,

Oh. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confess, much like the character.
First told me, then was mad; then can't in mind,
And in such sorrows which here were press'd upon them in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content.
This practice hath most treacherously past upon them. But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Then shall be both the plaintiff and the judge
The thins own cause.

Mal. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wander'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Not this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and unaccountable part.
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, as Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
Now with a sportive maitre it was fellow'd;
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oh. Alas, poor fool! bow have they baffled thee?
Clo. Why, some are born great, some acheive greatness,
And some have greatness thrown upon them.
I was one, sir, in this interlude: one sir Topas, sir;
But that's all one. — By the hard, fool, I am not mad. — But do you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? or you smile not, he's gag'd. And thus the whirling of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oh. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us all the world yet;
When that is known and golden time conveys,
A solemn combination shall be made,
Of our dear souls. — Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come! For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exit.

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
Gainst love and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
With two-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

MEASURE FOR MEASUREMENT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Vincentio, Duke of Vienna.
Angelo, deputy to the Duke's absence.
Escalus, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the perpetuation.
Claudio, a young gentleman.
Leon, a fantaskick.
Two other fine gentlemen.
Varrius, a gentleman, second to the Duke.
Procot.
Thomas, Peter.
Two Friars.
A Justice.
Elbow, a simple constable.

Froth, a foolish gentleman.
Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorson, an executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolve prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved by Claudio.
Francisco, a sum.
Mistress Over-done, a bond.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Which hand in hand to speak and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in.
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Tell hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

Ah! an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul.
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;

[Exit.

Oh. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
Gainst love and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
With two-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ha, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escl. If any in Vienna be of worth
To add to such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes. Ang. Always obedient to your grace’s will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
The sight whereof doth fill the observer.
Fully unfold Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, ’twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch’d,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scrapul of her excellence,
But, like a thirly goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my praise in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full self;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Esclusus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary;
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp’d upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven’d and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion’d
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As that our owning shall be; and that it shalloys,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well;
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give you your hand;
I’ll privily away: I love the people,
But I do not like to stage to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and even vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escl. I lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you! Fare you well. [Exit Esclusus.

Ang. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have: but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. ’Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw toge-
And we may soon our satisfaction have [ther,
Touching that point.

Escl. I’ll wait upon your honour. [Exit Esclusus.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king
of Hungary’s.

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou wilt conclude like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raved.

1 Gent. By that vile commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: There’s not a soldier
of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast
where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy: as for example; Thou thyself art
a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers
between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there between the lists
and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou ant good vel-
et; thou art a three-pil’d piece, I warrant thee:
I had as lief be of an English kersey, as be pil’d, as thou art pil’d, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech; I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong; have
I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art
tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation
comes: I have purchased: many diseases under
her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

3 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and, I think, thou wilt have
Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me:
but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. No, I would not say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatika?

Bawd. Well, well; there’s one ronder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who’s that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that’s Claudio, signor Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! ’tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, ’tis so: I saw him ar-
rested: saw him carried away; and, which is more,
within these three days his head’s to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after this foolishing, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting
madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. I hope, in time, it may be he promised to me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something
near to the speech we have to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the pro-
clamation.

Lucio. Away; let’s go learn the truth of it.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with po-
very, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Cla. Vender man is carried to prison.

Des. What has he done?

Cla. A woman.

Des. But what's his offence?

Cla. Stealing for trouts in a peculiar river.

Des. Tell me, sir, is there a mould with eel by him?

Cla. No; but that’s a windpipe by him.

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Clown. What proclamation, man?

Des. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pulled down.

Cla. And what shall become of those in the city?

Des. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgFER put in for them.

Des. But shall all our houses of worship in the suburbs be pulled down?

Cla. To the ground, mistress.

Des. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Des. Come; fear not you; good counsellors lack no solicits though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I will be your tapster still.

Clown. There will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your coat almost out in the service, you will be considered.


Des. Come: comes singer Claudio, led by the present to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Prevent, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Follow, why dost thou show me this to the world?

Pre. I see it not in evil disposition, but from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thuis can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.

The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;—

On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, Liberty As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use,

Turns to restraint: Our nature doth resist,

And when we overstep the bounds of reason,

A th' evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet to say the truth, I had as lief have the forfeit as freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of what offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lewdness?

Claud. Call it so.

Pre. Proof or bond, you must go.

Claud. Nay, word, good friend,—Lucio, a word with you. [Take him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good—

Is lechery to look so after?

Lucio. That stands it with me. Upon a true,

I got possession of Julietta's bed; [contract;

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack of outward word, and this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dover.

Remaining in the covert of her friends;

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Thus, if it be done for you. But if chances,

The stealth of our mutual entertainment,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness

Or whether that the body public be

A horse wherein the governor doth ride,

We neither in the seat, that's ever well.

He can command, let it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his conscience that fills it up,

I stagger in:—But this new governor

A man of musty, reek'd with years, and

Which have, like unsoil'd armor, hung by the

So long, that nineteen scabbards have gone round,

And none of them been worn: and, for a name,

No longer than the drawer and neglected act

Freshly on me—his surry, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so

Ticke on thy shoulders, that a nut-maid, if she be

In love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

Pre. Why, Lucio, Lucio, do me this kind service;

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself mercy him:

I have a heart but hope in that: for proper youth

There is a prose and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And with her words convert the wick.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition: so for the enjoying of thy life, he would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost a gift of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought:

Believe not that the dribling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

To make me wretched than the time and ends

Of burning youth.

May your grace speak of it?

Fri. Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life removed,

And with a noble promise to bring back,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo;

A man of stricture, and firm abstinance;

My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travel'd to Poland;

For so I have strum'd it in the common ear,

And so it receiv'd:—Now, pious sir,

You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord. [Exit.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most hating

(The needful buds and curbs for head-strong steeds,)

Which for no fourteen years have suffer'd let sleep;

Even like an over-grown lion in a cage,

That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threatening twigs of birth,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For want of no food; in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd, than feared: so our dearest

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;

And liberty plucks justice by the nose.

The hearder is the nurse, and quite abstir

Does all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace.

Duke. To unloose this tied-up justice, when you please;

And do no more dreadful would have seem'd

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful

Stow 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
ACT I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Twould be my tyranny to strike and call them For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done, When evil deeds have their permisive pass, And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my I have on Angelo impotency of the office, [father] Who may, in the ambusc of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never in the sight, To do it slander: And to behold his sway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pray thee, Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a man: for this action, At our more leisure shall I render you; Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone: Henceforward shall we see, If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Nursery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges? 

Frans. Are not these enough? 

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more; But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare. 

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! 

Isab. Who's that which calls? 

Frans. It is a man's voice: (gentle Isabella, Turn you the key, and know his business of him: You may, I may not; you are yet unworn: When you have wov'd, you must not speak with, But in the presence of the prioresse: [men Then, if you speak, you must not show your face; Or, if you show your face, you must not speak. He calls again; I pray you answer me. [Erit Francisca. 

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who's that which calls? 

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. A child, virgin, if you be; as those cheek- roses Proclaim you are no less: Can you so steal me, As being me to the sight of Isabella, A novice of this place, and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio? 

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask; The rather, for I now must make you know I am that Isabella, and his sister. 

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets Not to be weary with you, he's in prison. [you. 

Isab. Woe me! for what? 

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks: He hath got his friend with child. 

Isab. Sir, make me not your story. 

Lucio. It is true. 

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest, Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so: I hold you as a thing enky'd, andainted! By your renunciation, an immortal spirit; And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a saint. 

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me. 

Lucio. Do not believe it. Frowen and truth, is thus: 

Your brother with this lover have embrac'd: As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time, That from the seeseness the bare fellow brings To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full thith and husbandry. 

Isab. Have you any such child by him?—My cousin 

Lucio. Is she your cousin? [Juliet? 

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maid change their By vain though apt affection. 

She is. 

Isab. O, let him marry her! 

Lucio. This is the point. The duke is very strangely gone from hence; Here many gentlemen, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn By those that know the very nerves of state, His giving out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design. Upon his place, And with full line of his authority, He swears lord Angelo: a man, whose blood Is very snow-broth; one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense; But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the cafe and fast. He (to give fear to use and liberty, Which have, for long, run by the hideous law, As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act, Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit: be arrest him on it; And follows close the rigour of the statute, To make him an example; all hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo: And that's my pith Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother. 

Isab. Doth he so seek his life? 

Lucio. Has censur'd him already; and, as I hear, the provost hath A warrant for his execution. 

Isab. Alas! what power admits of in 

To do him good? 

Lucio. Assay the power you have. 

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,— 

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors, 

And make us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo, And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, All their petitions are as freely theirs 

As they themselves would owe them. 

Isab. I'll see what I can do. 

Lucio. But, speedily. 

Isab. I will about it straight; 

No longer stay but to give the mother Notice of my affair: I'll presently tell you: 

Commend me to your brother: soon at night I'll send him certain word of my success. 

Lucio. I take my leave of you. 

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law, Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, And let it keep one shape, till custom make it Their perch, and not their terror. 

Escal. Ay, but yet Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentle- Whom I would save, had a most noble father. Let but your honour know, (Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,) That, in the working of your own intentions, One time to have with a friend, in the wisdom of their office To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full thith and husbandry. 

Isab. Have you any such child by him?—My cousin 

Lucio. Is she your cousin? [Juliet? 

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maid change their By vain though apt affection. 

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Lucio. Our doubts are traitors, 

And make us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo, And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, All their petitions are as freely theirs 

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No longer stay but to give the mother Notice of my affair: I'll presently tell you: 

Commend me to your brother: soon at night I'll send him certain word of my success. 

Lucio. I take my leave of you. 

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.]


The jewel that we find, we steep and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We treat upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extensively offer your assistance,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that deserve him, do so offend,
Let me own judgment patterns out my death,
And I will make your grace in partial. Sir, he must die.

As. Do it as your wisdom will.

Q. Where is the provost?

As. Here, if it like your honour.

Q. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning
Using him his confessor, let him be prepared,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

As. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fail: [all]
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Q. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
In a common-wool, that do nothing but use
The promises in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

As. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Q. If it be your honour, I am the poor
 Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do
Lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before
Your good honour two notorious benefactors.

As. Benefactors! Well, but benefactors are they,
that are not malefactors?

Q. If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are but precise villains they are, that I
am sure of; and void of all profession in the world,
that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Q. Do so: What quality are they of? Elbow
in your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

As. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Q. What are you, sir?

Esc. He, sir, a tapster, sir; parcell-bayed; one
That serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was,
as they say, pinn'd down in the suburbs; and now
She professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very
ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
And after, for better reason.

Esc. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom I thank heaven, is an
honest woman.

Q. Then dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman candidly given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness
then.

Esc. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but
as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Q. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Before these various here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Esc. Do you hear how he misplaces?

(To Angelo.)

Q. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing
(saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd
prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at
that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish,
a dish of some three-pence; your honour have
seen such dish here; they are not China dishes, but
very good dishes.

Esc. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Q. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin: you are
therefore not answerable to the point: As I say,
this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and
being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for
prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said,
not of a pin, this very woman, this very rest,
least, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very
honestly; for, as you know, master Froth, I could
not give you three-pence again.

Esc. No, indeed.

Q. Sir, I beg of you then, if you be remember'd,
the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Q. Very, very well! I telling you then, if you
be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one,
were just sure of the thing you wow't, unless they
kept very good diet, as I told you.

Esc. All this is true.

Q. Well then.

Esc. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the
purpose,—What was done to Elbow's wife, that
he hath cause to complain of? Come me to
what was done to her.

Q. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Q. Sir, but you shall come to, by your
honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master
Froth's case; a man of fortune, bound a year;
his father died at Halloowma, master Froth?

Froth. All-hooden eve.

Q. Very well: I hope here be truths; He,
sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas
in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have
a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room,
and a clear day.

Q. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Froth. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause.

Q. Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Esc. I think no less: Good morrow to your
lordship.

[Exit Angelo.

Q. Now, sir, come on; What was done to
Elbow's wife, once more?

Q. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Esc. I beseech you, sir, ask him: what this man
did to my wife.

Q. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Esc. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Q. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's
face, sir; master Froth, look upon his honour: 'tis
for a good purpose: Dost your honour mark
his face?

Esc. Ay, sir, very well.

Q. I beseech you, mark it: well.

Esc. Well, I do so.

Q. Dost your honour see any harm in his face?

Esc. Why, no.

Q. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the
worst thing about him; (good then;) if his face
be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth
do the constable's wife any harm? I would know
that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right: Constable, what say
you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected
house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his
mistress is a respected woman.

Q. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more
respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Variety, thou liest: thou liest, wicked variety:
this time is yet to come, that she was ever respected,
with man, woman, or child.

Q. Sir, she was respected with him before
married with her.

Elb. The wiser he here? Justice, or In-
iquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou califf! O thou variety! O thou
wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I
was married to her? If ever I was respected with
me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou
wicked Hannah, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have expected it.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it; What 'st your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked calfiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offenses in him, that I would discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:- They do you wrong to put you so oft upon: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it? Escal. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for a little some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [Exit Elbow.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful; Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe;

Put yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he

To die for it—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not

Why dost thou ask again?

[Order]

Prov. Lest I might be too rash;

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spair'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some moru fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,

Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you, the furnicatrice be remov'd,

For she has needful, but not lavish, means;

Such shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! 

Ang. Stay a little while.—[To Isab.] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,

Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,

And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, Twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter? Ich. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I drew it, let be his fault, and not my brother.

Proc. Heaven give thee moving graces:
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the act of it.
Why, every fault's a condemn'd, 'ere it be done:
Men were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the act.

Ang. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then—Heaven keep your honour

Luc. [To Ichab.] Giv'n not o'er so to him
Again, treat him:
Knew down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold—If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it
To him, I say,

Ichb. Must be needs die?

Ang. Maidens, no remedy.

Ichb. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy,
Ang. I will not do.

Ichb. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Ichb. But might what you don't, and do the world no
wrong.

If so your venoms were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentence'd: 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Ang. Too late? why, no, I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, I believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputy sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them when they have lost the grace,
As being too decayed:
If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Ichb. I would to heaven I had your patience,
And you were Isabel? should it then be thus?
No! I would tell what 'were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucb. Ay, for him: there's the vein. [Aside.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Ichb. Aha! aha!

Ang. Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And that might the bargain best have touch'd,
Found out the remould, how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man now made.

Ang. Do you content, fair maid?
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Ichb. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of seasons; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister [you]
To our gross selves? (Good, good my lord, bethink
Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Lucb. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
has slept:
Those many had not dare'd to do that evil,
If they should meet that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remnants new current,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do as the carrión does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary? [eno, enon]
With our evils there? O, O, O, O,
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her folly, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Neither to their folly their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [hero]
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
When saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter Angelo, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you are. [Prov.]
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. 

Prov. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Juliet. Fair one, of the sin you carry,

Duke. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on. 

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than
Juliet. I do confess, and repent it, father. [his
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

And I, I do repent, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

There rest.

Duke. Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I bring with instruction to him,—
Grace go with you! Bene dicede! [Exit.
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That resipes me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words:
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yes, my gravity,
Wherein let no man hear me I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plum'e,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench away from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.
O heavens! Why does my blood thus must to my heart:
Making both it unable for itself,
And disposing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that sows;
Come all to help him, and will stain the air
By which he should revive:—and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Omit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yes.

Isab. When I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fye, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their savoy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poise you quickly,
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As that he hath stain'd?

Isab. I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accomplish.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this—
I, now the voice of the recited law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin, To save this brother’s life?

I ask. Please you to do’s, I’ll take it as a peril to my soul, It is no sin at all, but charity. Anon. That I do beg this, at peril of your soul, Were equal prize of sin and charity.

I ask. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit, If you see sin, I’ll make it my mourn prayer To have it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answer.

Nay, but hear me: Your sense parures not mine; either you are ignorant, Or seem so, craftily; and that’s not good. I ask. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright, When it doth tax itself; as these black marks Precise an ensnared beauty ten times louder Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me; to be received plain, I’ll speak more gross. Your brother is to die.

I ask. So.

And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Admit me other way to save his life, (As I subscribe not that, nor any other, But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister, Being his heir as any of your issue, Whose credit with the judge, or own great place, Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-binding law; and that there were No earthly means to save him, but that either You must lay down the treasures of your body To this supposed, or else let him suffer. What would you do?

I ask. As much for my poor brother, as myself. The sum of it is, to save him, and of terms of death, The impression of keen whips I’d wear as rubies, And strip myself to death, as to a bed. That listening I have been sick for, ere I’d yield My body up to shame.

Then must your brother die.

And were the chimerer way! Better it were, a brother died at once, Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should scale for him.

Were you not then as cruel as the sentence That you have slander’d so?

I ask. I gommyny in ransom, and free pardon, And I two houses; lawful mercy is Nothing akin to foul redemption.

You seem’d of late to make the law a tyrant; And rather prove’d the sliding of your brother A mortisment than a vice.

I ask. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out, To have what we’d have, we speak not what we mean: I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

We are all frail.

If not a feedary, but only he, Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Nay, women are frail too.

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves; Which are so easy broke as they make forms. When he alone would break this would create man In proving by them. Nay, call us ten times frail; For we are soft as our complections are, And credulous to false prints.

I think it well; And from this testimony of your own sex, (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold:— I do arrest your words; he that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you’re none; if you be one, (as you are well express’d

By all external warrants; show it now, lay putting on the destined livery.

I ask. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Anon. Plainly conceive, I love you.

My brother did love Julie, and you tell me, That he shall die for it.

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

I ask. Know, your virtue hath a licence in’t, With, with an extricest’d thrust, I’ll tell the world Aedon, what man thou art.

Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoil’d name, the austereness of my life, My vouch against you, and my place I the state, Will so your accusation outweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report, And smell of calumny. I have begun; And now I give my sensual race the rein: For the consent to my sharp peril, Lay all by nicety, and prolixities blushed, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother By yielding up thy body to my will; Yet thy wantonness shall his death draw out To lingering suffrance: answer me to-morrow, or, by the affection that now guides me more, I’ll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, Say what you can, my false overween your true.

To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this, Who would believe me? () perish! mouths. By his sister should her body stoop To such abhor’d pollution. Then Isabel, live chast, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I’ll not be caught yet of Angelo’s interest, And fit his mind to death, for his soul’s rest.

Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from forclt

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine, But only hope. I live, and am present to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing.

I ask. My brother did love her; he would keep a breath thou art (Served to all the skry influences.) That dost this habitation, where thou keep’st; Hourly afflicts: merely thou art death’s friend; For him thou labour’st by the approach to death. And yet, thou run’st toward him still: Thou art a noble; For all the accommodations that thou bear’st, Are nurst’d by baseness: Thou art by no mean For thou dost fear the soft and tender fort
Of a poor worm! Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou owest provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast is, still thou striev'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingota bows,
Thou beart's thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
Thou more pollutes with thy processions
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
Nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the aims
Of paizied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thoughst neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Cloud. I humbly thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Cloud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signor, here's
Duke. Proval, a word with you. [your sister.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

Cloud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, [deed intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed:
To-morrow you set on.

Isab. Is there no remedy?

Cloud. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Isab. But is there any?

Cloud. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll importune it, that will free your life,
But feter you till death.

Cloud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Cloud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would back your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Cloud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Ist thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And sit seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Cloud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I but die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride;
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settling wise and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His still within being cast, he would appear
As peace as deep as hell.

Cloud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning liver of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
His princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Cloud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Cloud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cloud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Cloud. Yes,—Has he affections in him, [row.
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose;
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Cloud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fix'd?—O, Isabel! !

Isab. What says my brother?

Cloud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Cloud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain things
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible
The nearest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, aching, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas! 

Cloud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?

Cloud. Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Repleve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Cloud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fye, fye, fye! 

Cloud. Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

[Going.

Cloud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke: Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you; the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfuous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a white.

Duke. [To Claudio, aside.] Son, I have overheard your sister and your sister's brother; Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that grant, which he is very glad to receive; I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will one to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there; Farewell.

[Exeunt Claudio.

Ru-nder Provost.

Prov. a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone! Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no less shall touch her by my company.

Prov. in good time.

[Exeunt Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his, shall I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother.

Isab. I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo? If ever be return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advancings; to the love I have in deepness and my readiness presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightnessly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, by peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was assailed to her by oath, and the nuptial appurtenances hanged him with the spirit of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befell to the present place! This the free and noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, he was left to the tender mercy of his own Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but releats not. Isab. Let not this be true; let us make this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But bow out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and were it not so, you are not only your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the cure of the first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to steed up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself, give him the vent of his might; he may compel him to her recomposition; and here, this is your brother, and your untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the deslims of the benefit defends the deceit from reproach. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Hast you speedily to Angelo; for this night he entertaineth his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the mosted grange resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort; Fare you well, good father.

[Exit severally.

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will lose your money, the men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink browne and white bastard.

Duke. 0, heavens! what stuff is here?

Elb. Thou art merry, 0, Artful dog, of two mewris, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a fur'd gown to keep him warm; and fur'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Isab. Come your way, sir;—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What effects will this man make you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too; sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, with which he is sent to the death, to death.

Duke. Fye, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou canst be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back, With the tears of Fools? For this, say to them! From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So thy tears are bought? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove
Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Else his rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes to him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir. Clo. I say comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or is the trick of it.

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? I'll?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is here in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your pow'der'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or not?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprison- ment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Command me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go, to kennel, Pompey, go: [Exeunt Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any? Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. But he does well in it.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lecheroy would do no harm in him: something too crabbled that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extrip it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How is the duke made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:— Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his nature is confused against that. I know he to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty:—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunken of that, that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawal.

Duke. What, I pray thee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be a villain.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledges with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I trust you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it he honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more: or you imagine too sartorial an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenerit agent will unpeople this province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-saves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would have other to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pray thee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat
M. I. art

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accommodated a miserable wench: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucia's information against me; mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence — let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison: tie to; no bawd in the world shall be suffered [Escal and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow! let him be furnish'd with diverses, and have all charitable preparation; if my brother were not by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this fair hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whom are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is to use it for my time; I am a brother [now of gracious order, late come from the see, in special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad 't the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in it. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowshipss accursed; much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day news; I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was be given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister messages from his judges, but most willingly submits himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme of my patience; but all my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed — justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the strictness of his principles, how will he become himself? wherein, if he chance to fall, he hath sentenced himself.

Exit. I am going to visit the prisoners; I dare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

Escal. Escalus and Provost. He, who the sword of heaven will bear, Should be as holy as severe; Pattern in himself an example; and strong, Grace to stand, and virtue go; More nor less to others paying, Than by self-offences weighing, Shame to him, whose cruel striking K'ts for faults of his own liking! Twice treble shame on Angelo, To weed my vice, and let his grow' — O what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side! How may likeness, made in crimes, Making practice on the times, Draw with idle spiders' strings Most pomeous and substantial things! Craft against vice I must apply: With Angelo to night shall lie His old betrothed, but despised; So disguise shall, by the disguised, Pay with falsehood false exacting, And perform an old contracting. — [Exit]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Room in Mariana's House.

Mariana discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the worm:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but cold in vein,
Cold in vein.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away; Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hast often still'd my bewailing discontent. — [Exit Boy.

Enter Duke.

Duke. I cry you mercy, sir; and well would wish You had not found me here so musical — Let me excuse me, and believe me so; — My mirth it much displeas'd, but please'd my woe.

Duke. It goes: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm. I pray you, tell me, have any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I do constantly believe you: — The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. — [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy? — Isab. He hath a garden circumstanced with brick, Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planted gate, That makes his opening with this bigger key: This other door command a little door, Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise to call on him, Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way? —

Isab. I have taken a cue and wary note upon;
Act 4. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 

With whispering and most guilty diligence, 
In action all of precept, he did show me 
The way twice o'er. 

Duke. Are there no other tokens 
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance? 
Isab. No, none, but only a repair 'tis dark; 
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay 
Can be but brief: for I have made him know, 
I have a servant comes with me along, 
That stands upon me; whose persuasion is, 
I come about my brother. 

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth! 

Re-enter Mariana. 

I pray you be acquainted with this maid; 
She comes to do you good. 
Isab. I do desire the like. 

Duke. Do you persuade yourself, that I respect you? 

Marti. Good friar, I know you do; and have 
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand, 
Who hath a story ready for your ears: 
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste; 
The vipers' night approaches. 

Marti. Will you please you walk aside? 

[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella. 

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false. 

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report (eyes 
R外出! these false and most contrarious guests. 
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scopes of wit 
Make thee the father of their idle dream, 
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How 
agreed? 

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella. 

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, 
If you advise it. 

Duke. It is not my consent, 
But my intreaty too. 

Isab. When you depart from him, but, soft and low, 
Remember now my brother. 

Marti. Fear me not. 

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all: 
He is your husband on a pre-contract; 
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin; 
Sith that the justice of your title to him 
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go: 
Our corn's to reap, for yet our thite's to sow. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison. 

Enter Provost and Clown. 

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head? 

Cl. If the man be a bachelor, sir; I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head; and I cannot cut off a woman's head. 

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your guines; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unplied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd. 

Cl. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful bawd, if I might be good to receive some instruction from my fellow partner. 

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there? 

Enter Abhorson. 

Abhor. Do you call, sir? 

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd. 

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fye upon him, he will discredit our mystery. 

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. 

Exeunt. 

Cl. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery? 

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery. 

Cl. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and you have entered, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine. 

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery. 

Cl. Proof. 

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 

Re-enter Provost. 

Prov. Are you agreed? 

Cl. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness. 

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock. 

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 

Cl. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. 

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:—[Exeunt Clown and Abhorson. 

One has my pitty; not a jot the other, 
Being a murderer, though he were my brother. 

Enter Claudio. 

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? 

[labour 

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake. 

Prov. Who can do good on him? 

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? 

Knocking within. 

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[Exit Claudio. 

By and by— 

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, 
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father. 

Enter Duke. 

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night [late? 

Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of 

Prov. None, since the curb rung. 

Duke. 

Prov. No. 

Duke. They will then, er't be long. 

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio? 

Duke. There's some in hope. 

Prov. It is a bitter deputy. 

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd 

With the stroke and line of his great justice; 
He doth with holy abstinence subdue 
That in himself, which he spurs on his power 
To qualify in others: were he meat'd 
With that which he corrects, then were he ty-

rannous: But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[Knocking within.—Provost goes out. 

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when 

G 2
The steed of youth is the friend of men.
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd
With haste, and seems to chide, and shakes and strokes.
That wounds the unerring poet with these
Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.
Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Approves me. What must I l[d?] up?
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudius yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You'll hear more ere morning. Happy,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we;
Beside, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Proved the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.
Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudius's pardon.
Mess. 

For which the pardoner himself is in
Hence hath observed his quick enmity,
When it is borne in high authority
When vice makes money, money so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?
Prov. I told you; Lord Angelo, believe, thinking
Me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unprompted speech, strangely: for his
hath not used it before.
Duke. Pray you, let's hear.
Prov. [Reads.] Whosoever you may have in the contrary, let Claudius be executed by fire of the clock,
and, in the afternoon, Barnardine; for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudius's head sent me by five.
Let this be duly performed: with a thought, that more depends on it than we must not deliver.
Thus fall not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.
What say you to this, sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?
Prov. He is a learned man; but here named up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.
Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him?
Prov. His friends and means were too weak, to move him to execution; and showed him a seeming warrant for it: he hath not moved him at all.
Duke. Be he borne himself penitent in prison?
Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.
Duke. Hath he borne himself penitent in prison?

A man that apprehends death no more dreadful, than dying steep: careless, reck-
less, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.
Duke. He wants advice.
Prov. And he is at a loss, or else he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often advised him to leave the Duke to execute him, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: he hath not moved him at all.

Duke. Mine of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguilles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudius, where here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than An-
gelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. I'll see, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty,
Duke. But the delay which I am to make my case as Claudius', to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the word of mine order, I warrant you, if you may, and may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head
borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.
Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course is common. If any thing fail to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.
Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?
Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.
Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke doth execute the justice of your holding?
Prov. But what likelihood is in that?
Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I view fearful, that neither my coat, inte-
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SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clown. 

For I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were

MESURES FOR MEASUREMENT.

Act 4.
Act 4.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine! -

Barnar. [Within.] Who's there? Who's o' your threats! Who makes that noise there? What are you? Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Fray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fit to advise. Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father! Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how basely you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare my soul, or they shall beat out my brains with billets; I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go. [you,

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, sir,

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do the prisoner?

Duke. A captive, unprepared, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, Then this morning of a cruel fever

One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudia's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This repose, till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudia?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently; the hour draws on

Predicted by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudia? To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in secret cells.

Both Barnardine and Claudia: Ere twice

The sun hath made his journal going to The under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.

Duke. Now will I write letters to Angelo,—

The provost, he shall bear them,—whose con- Shall witness to him, I am near at home; [tents And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publickly: him I'll desire To meet at the consecrated font, To issue out in安东尼奥: A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and weal-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours. I'll make all speed.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel!—She's come to know, if yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good fortune, To make her heavenly comforts of despair When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel; from the His head is off, and sent to Angelo. [world; Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close pa- tience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudia! Wretched Isabel! Injurious world! Most damned Angelo! Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot: Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark what I say; which you shall find By every syllable, a faithful verity: The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your One of our convent, and his confessor, [eyes; Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go; And you shall have your bosom on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

Isab. This letter then to Friar Peter give;

Tis that he sent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariiana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours, I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wed you with this letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course.—Who's here.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be pa- tient: I am faint to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my health fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the
duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I love thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports: but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou hast him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, sir, d'ye think I was fain to swear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fainer than honest. Best be said.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end; if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most unseem and distracted manner: His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why he meet them at the gait, and te-deliver our authorities there.

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any grave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints: and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes I'the morn, I'll call at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir; fare you well. [Exit.]

Ang. Good night.—[narr.]

This deed unshames me quite, makes me unprogeny: And dull to all proceedings. A daughter'd maid! And by an eminient body, that enforced the law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares have none:

For my authority bears a credible blight, That I particularly scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather. He should have been.

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might, in the times to come, have taken revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [Giving letters.]

Though sometimes you do debunk from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, and tell him where I stay; give the like notice To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Gratus.

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate: But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exit Varrius.

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath; I would say the truth: but to accuse him, That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it; He says, to tell full purpose.

Mard. Be said it by him. Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic, That it's better to sweet end.

Mard. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit.

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not find you; Twice have the trumpets sounded it.

The generous and gravest citizens Have bent the gates, and very near upon

The duke is enquiring, therefore hence, away. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A publick Place near the City Gate.

Mariana (voted,) Isabella, and Peter, of a distance. Enter at opposite doors: Duke, Varrius, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you. Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thank, Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it.

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves with characters of brass A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time, And raze of oblivion. Give me your hand, Sir Peter, and let me see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favour that keep within.—Come, Escalus; You must walk by us on our other hand; And good supporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward. F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and be heard before him.

Isab. Justice, I royal duke! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object, Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice
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Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief: Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice! Reveal yourself to him. O, worthy duke, you bid me seek redemption of the devil: Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being belied, or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother, Cut off by course of justice! Isab. It. By course of justice? Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak: That Angelo’s forecast; is it not strange? That Angelo’s a murderer; isn’t it strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgin-violator; Is it not strange, and strange? Duke. Nay, ten times strange. Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo, Than this is all as true as it is strange: Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth To the end of reckoning. Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul, She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I judge, she tells the truth, as thou believest: There is another comfort from this world, That thou neglect me not, with that opinion, That I am touch’d with madness; make not it impossible That which but seems unlike: ’tis not impossible But one, the wicked’st ruffian on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute, As Angelo; even so may Angelo, In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince, If he be less, he’s nothing; but he’s more, Had I more name for sadness. Duke. By mine honesty, If she be mad, as I believe no other, Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, Such a dependency of thing on thing, As I, I heard in madness. Isab. O, gracious duke, Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason For inequality; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear, where it seems hid; And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad, Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, [you say] Considering it was upon the act of fornication To lose his head; condemn’d by Angelo: I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother. One Lucio As then the messenger:—

Lucio. That’s I, an’t like your grace: I came to her from Claudio, and desir’d her To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo, For her poor brother’s pardon. That’s he, indeed. Duke. You were not bid to speak. Lucio. No, my good lord; Nor wish’d to hold my peace. Duke. I wish you now then: Pray you, take note of it: and when you have A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then be perfect. Isab. I warrant your honour. Duke. The warrant’s for yourself; take heed to it. Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale. Lucio. Right. Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. To this pernicious caitiff deputy. Duke. That’s somewhat madly spoken.
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mitlimiter member,
That flings them up, and mult the man's worth and credit,
Compact with her that's gone! think't thou, thy
oath;  

[men.
Though they would sweat down each particular
fulishment against his worth, and credit,
That's so well in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
but with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd—

[Their mother firm that set them on;
Let him be sent for.
F. Pater. Would he be here, my lord; for be
indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And be may fetch him.


And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Decis'd whether these slanderous words
Were spoken by this friar, or by her private
friend.

Escalus. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[Exit Duke.
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
That friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. This is a monstrous woman—honest in nothing,
but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escalus. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: we shall find
this friar a notable fellow,

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escalus. Call that same Isabel here once again;
[to an Attendant.] I would speak with her: I pray
you, take a man, give me leave to question; you shall
see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escalus. Nay you.

Lucio. Very, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess: perchance,
publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers with Isabel; the Duke in the
Friar's habit, and Provost.

Escalus. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

[Enter Come on mistress: [To Isabel.] Here's a
gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of;
here with the provost.

Duke. In very good time: speak not you to him,
till we call upon you.

Lucio. Morn.

Escalus. Come, sir; Did you set these women on
to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escalus. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
provost

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne;—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escalus. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
speaking.

[Enter.
I look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor soul,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox

Escalus. What is your redress? Is the duke gone?

Duke. Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
While your own case comes to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this he I spoke of.

Escalus. Why, thou unrevenged and unhallowed friar?

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Ist' not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain? And then to glance from him to the duke himself; To tax him with injustice? Take him hence; To the rack with him.—We'll touze you joint by joint, But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust? Duke. Be not so hot; = the duke Death, I will so stretch this linger of mine, than he. Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial: My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, With hearing be my eye, and bubble, Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults; But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark. Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison. Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior? Is this the man that you did tell us of? [Lucio. Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither good-man bale-pate: Do you know me? Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke. Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke? Duke. Most notedly, sir. Lucio. Do you deny so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him: and much more, much worse. Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches? Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself. [To Lucio. Lucio! How the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses. Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison: Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more:—A way with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companions. [The Provost leaves hands on the Duke. Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile. Ang. What! will he resist? I will help him, Lucio. Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir. Why, you hald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox for you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will it not off? [Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a Duke. First provost, let me bail these gentle three:— Sneak not away, sir; [to Lucio.] for the friar and you Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him. Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging. Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— To Escalus. We'll borrow place of him,—Sir, by your leave: [To Angelo. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscoverible, When I perceive, your grace, like power divine, Hath load his own miseries: Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession; Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is the grace I beg. 

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—Say, what dost thou e'er contracted to this woman? Ang. I was, my lord.
Act 5

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother I'd. I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intents;
And must be buried as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no sub-
Intents but merely thoughts.

Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.

Proe. This is another prisoner, that I said,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head.
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[Duke. If he be like your brother, [to Isabella.] for his sake
Is be pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But stfer time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick mind in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your evil quit you well;
Look that you love your wife: her worth, worth
I find an apt remission in myself. 

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;
You, sirrah, [to Lucio.] that knew me for a fool,
A coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a rascal;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may,
but I had rather it would please you, I might be
whip'd.

Proe. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after,—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made
you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me,
in making me a cuckold.

Proe. I won mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a pock, my lord, is press'd to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Proe. Smandering a prince deserves it.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confesse'd her, and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
There's more behind, that is more gratulat[e. [exit:

Proe. Whipp'd, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;

The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much import's your good;
Whereeto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.}
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence, favourite to
Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise
of Don Pedro.
Leonato, governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, followers of Don John.
Conrade, Verges, two foolish officers.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Leon. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it. Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty virtue, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

 Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits was hailing off, and now is the old man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easy possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, uncle.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthazar and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.
Brew. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her? Law. Signior Benedick, no; for them were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it fall, Benedick! we may guess by this you are, being a man. Truly, this was the gentleman—ha! happy lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Brew. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Brew. Signior Benedick, you will be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.
Brew. What, my dear lady Despatch! are you yet living.

Brew. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meat to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Brew. Then is courtesy a turncoat—but it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Brew. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious sufferer. I thank God, and my cold brain, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Brew. For your ladyship's sake in that mind, I some gentlewoman or other shall weep a profession scratched face.

Brew. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Brew. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Brew. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Brew. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuance: But keep your way of God's name! I have done.

Brew. You always end with a jester's trick; I know you of old.

Brew. Signior Leonato. This is the sum of all: Leonato—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrify, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn—let me bid you welcome, my lord; being committed to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. What is your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.


Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?
Brew. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my customs, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment. Brew. Why, faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her: that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her. Brew. The first I thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Brew. Would you buy her, that you inquire after Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel? [her? Brew. You must put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flushing Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall I make you, to go in a song?
Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

D. Pedro. I can see without spectacles, and I see no other grace. There's her company, who were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husbands; have you?
Claud. I do not scare trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Ierio would be my wife.

D. Pedro. Is it to come to this, I' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, I' faith an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Reciter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?
Brew. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Brew. Ye see, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:

—He is in love. With who?—now that is your business. Why, thou short: his answer is:

—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.
Brew. Like the old tale, my lord; "it is not so, nor was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worth it.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.


D. Pedro. And, by my two faiths and truths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Brew. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Then wast ever an obstinate heretic in a compitute of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Brew. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that a woman brought me up, I list not to hear thaine thanks: but that I will have a Rebecca winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible herald, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die; I do wash with love.

Brew. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love; prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, put out mine eyes with a hallowed-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Brew. If I do hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

D. John. This is the sum of all:
Brew. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick hear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely mangled in such great letters as they write, Here is good horse to hire, let them signify under my sign,—Here you may see Benedick the married man.
Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

Leon. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.  

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.  

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the handsomely. I am going to a banquet, Benedick; repair to Leonato's; command me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.  

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and, I will commit you

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house.  

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend,  

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of that discourse is some time guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly based on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you.  

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.  

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,  

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.  

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?  

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only.  

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?  

[Exeunt Claud.  

O my lord,  

When you went onward on this ended action,  

I had been loosed with a soldier's eye,  

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  

Than to drive liking to the name of love:  

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  

Come the strong and soft and delicate desires,  

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.  

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  

And tire the hearer with a book of words:  

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;  

And I will break with her, and with her father,  

And thou shalt have: Was't not to this end,  

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story.  

D. Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,  

That know love's grief by his complexion!  

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  

I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.  

D. Pedro. What hath the bridge much broader  

Than the flood?  

The fairest grant is the necessity:  

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;  

And to fit thee with theremedies, I know,  

We shall have revelling to-night;  

I will assume thy part in some disguise,  

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;  

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  

And take her hearing prisoner with the force  

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  

Then, after, to her father will I break;  

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:  

In practice let us put it presently.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE I. — Another Room in Leonato's House.  

Enter Don John and Conrade.  

Con. What the goujere, my lord! why are you  

thus out of measure sad?  

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion  

that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without  

limit.  

Con. You should hear reason.  

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing  

bringeth it?  

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suf- 

ferance.  

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou  

say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about  

to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.  

I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I  
have cause, while at no man's least; even when  
I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure;  
sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's  
business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no  
man in his humour.  

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show  
of this, till you may do it without controulment.  

You have of late stood out against your brother,  

and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where  

it is impossible you should take true root, but by  
the fair weather that you make yourself: it is  
needful that you frame the season for your own  
harvest.  

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge,  

than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood  
to be disin'd of all, than to fashion a carriage  
to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be  
said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied  
that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted  
with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog:  
therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage:  
If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my  
liberty, I would indulge me; but liking, I mean:  
and no man, by the season, let me be that I am,  
and seek not to alter me.  

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?  

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.  

Who comes here? What news, Borachio?  

Enter Borachio.  

Borachio. I came yonder from a great supper; the  
prince, your brother, is royally entertained by  
Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an  
intended marriage.  

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths  
himself to unquietness?  

Borachio. marry, it is your brother's right hand.  

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?  

Borachio. Even he.  

D. John. A proper sure! And who and who?  

which way doth he?  

Borachio. marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir  
of Leonato.  

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How come you to tell me this?  

Borachio. Being entertained for a performer, as I was  
smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and  
Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt  
myself behind a door; and, there I heard it agreed  
upon, that the prince should woo Hero for him-
well, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start up behind the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and well assist me?

Ces. To the death, my lord.

D. John. So do the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Ces. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. Now truly that gentleman looks I never can see him, but I am heart-burned on hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He was an excellent man, that were made just in the mid way between him and Benedick: there was no man so good natured, and the other, too like my lady's absent son, over more tawdry.

Leon. The hour half singer Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in singer Benedick's face. —

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my truth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt! I shall lesson God's sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curt cow short horns: but to a cow too curt she sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no horn.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath me beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlement woman? I lie that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even he sixpence in earnest of the beard, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Ant. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maid: so deliver I up my speeches, and away to Saint Vincent for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [to Hero.] I trust, you will be relieved by your father.

Beat. You, faith! it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, Sir, as it please you; but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, Farewell, Sir, as it please you.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clog of wayward marri. No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren: and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

D. Pedro. Let that fault be in the music, cousin, if you be not woad in good time. If the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, let the dress, and wedding, and repeating, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and nasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancienetj; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have said not 1, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the thing is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signal of Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill—unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up to your eye; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? to me, maria, you are: grace will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the Hundred merry Tales:—Well, this was signified Benedick that said so.

Ant. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what's he?
Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanderers: none had the power in matchmaking him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me. 

Borachio. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partidge! wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Musick within.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. I think it is a very good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. There execut all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudia.]

Don. John. Sure, my brother is anonious on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Borachio. And that is Claudia: I know him by his bearing.

Don. John. Are you not signior Benedick?

Claudia. You know me well; I am he.

Don. John. Signior, I would have you not bear my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudia. I know no such marriage.

Don. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Borachio. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

Don. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio, and Claudia.]

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudia?

Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claudia. No, I will not go with you.

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count? What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudia. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drayer; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claudia. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. How? now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole you money, and you'll be the post.

Claudia. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into every corner. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry—yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not narrowly traced: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Don. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?
Cleon. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither mad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orator and a lawyer. And if I know: thou canst far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved value, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to honour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with you: and whatsoever comes of that, be wise, and be not to love gods. (Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.)

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Horace.

Don. John. It is so; the count Claudia shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Hor. Bora, yes, my lord, but I can cross it.

Don. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes afterward his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Hor. Bora. Not honestly, my lord: but so covertly that no man may appear in me.

Don. John. Show me briefly how.

Hor. Bora, I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-maid of the Hero.


Hor. Bora, I can, at any unreasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber.

Don. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Hor. Bora. The passion of that lies in you to tempe. Go to you the prince your brother; I have a match in him; he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudia (whose estimation do you mightly hold up) to a contumelious state, such a one as Hero. Bora, What proof shall I make of that?

Don. John. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudia, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato; Look you for any other issue?

Don. John. Only to desire them, I will endeavour anything.

Hor. Bora. Go then, and find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudia, alone; tell them, that you know that Hero loves you; intreat a kind and a visit from the prince and Claudia, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match: and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be ceased with the sense of a maid.—That you shall believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; bear me call Margaret, Hero; bear Margaret term me Horacio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wed- ding; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear surpassing truth of Hero's displeasure, that justice shall be call'd assurance, and all the pre- paration overthrown.

Don. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and the fee to a thousand ducats.

Hor. Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Don. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Benedick. What news?

Boy. The count Claudia is dead.

Benedick. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act 2.

I. Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of damps so dull and doleful:
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Claud. Ha!—no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: And, lord, I pray thee, had his voice bode no mischief? I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [to Claudio.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we shall have it at the lady Hero’s chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit Balthazar and musick.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me to to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits. [Aside.] I do never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is’t possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. ’Faith, like enough.

Leon. O Glov., how now! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. Now, how prye you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta’en the Infection; hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that’s her torment.

Claud. ’Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she’ll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit: for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yes, thoug, I love him, I should.

H.
Much Ado About Nothing.

Act 3.

Scene 1.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, ran thee into the parliour?—Then shall i find my cousin Benedick Proposing with the Prince and Claudio.

Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is of such a strain, that thou and they be passing busy. And bid her steal into the preacher bower, Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter:—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that in purity Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our purpose: This is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I’ll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this affair up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice:—of this matter Is little Claudio’s crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest singing is to see the fish Cut with her golden cory; the silver wren, And gravity devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now...
Act 3.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Is touched on the doubling coveret:
Pear you not my part of the piece?

_Hero._ Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

_[Exit Hero and Ursula._

_Beatrice advances._

_Beat._ What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

_Leon._ Stand I condescend for pride and scorn so much?

_Consume._ Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

_No glory lives behind the back of such.

_And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

_Tarn._ I am a world of love to thy loving hand;

_If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

_For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reporting._

_[Exit._

_SCENE II._—A Room in Leonato’s House.

_Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and

_Leon._ D. Pedro, I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then I go toward Arragon.

_Claude._ I’ll bring you thither, my lord, if you’ll vouchsafe me.

_D._ Pedro._ Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid’s bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; his heart, as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

_Bene._ Gallants, I am not as I have been.

_Leon._ So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

_Claude._ I hope, he be in love.

_D._ Pedro._ Hang him, truant; there’s no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch’d with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

_Bene._ I have the tooth-ach.

_D._ Pedro._ Draw it.

_Bene._ Hang it!

_Claud._ You must hang it first, and draw it after wards.

_D._ Pedro._ What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

_Leon._ Where is but a humour, or a worm?

_Bene._ Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

_Claud._ Yet say I, he is in love.

_D._ Pedro._ There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises. I had him this morning, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

_Claud._ If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o’ mornings; What should that bode?

_D._ Pedro._ Hath any man seen him at the barber’s?

_Claud._ No, but the barber’s man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

_Leon._ Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

_D._ Pedro._ Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

_Claud._ That’s as much as to say, The sweet youth’s in love.

_D._ Pedro._ The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

_Claud._ And when was he wont to wash his face?

_D._ Pedro._ Yes, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

_Claud._ Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into another country, and now governed by stops.

_D._ Pedro._ Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him:

_Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

_Claud._ Nay, but I know who loves him.
SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true? 

Verg. Yes, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. We'll, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desarted man in the court? 

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blesst thee with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable, 

Dogb. You have; I know it would be your answer; and then the hour favours it; why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when the e is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrins men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand? 

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. He will not stand when he is hidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise with them; you are to set, for, for the watch to bubble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

3 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

3 Watch. How if they will not? 

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

3 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for each kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

3 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him? 

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, the stronger pitch will be defied; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

3 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear? 

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it bales, will never answer a calf when it bales.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one not, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch is a most noble and no mean, and it is an office to stay a man against his will.

Verg. 'By your lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night.
an there be any matter of weighty chances, call up
me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and
good-night, till morrow.
2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let
us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and
then all to-bed.
Borachio. Well, sir; sword more, honest neighbours: I
pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for
the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a
great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech
you.
[Exit Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.
Bora. What! Conrade,-
Watch. Peace, sir, not.
[Aside.
Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.
Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought,
there would a scab follow.
Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and
now forward with thy tale.
Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-
house, for it drizzles rain and I will, like a true
drunkard, utter all to thee.
Watch. [aside] Some treason, masters: yet
stand close.
Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don
John a thousand ducats.
Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so
dear?
Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possi-
bile any villainy should be so rich; for when rich
villainy has need of poor ones, poor ones may
make what price they will.
Con. I wonder at it.
Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirn'd: Thou
knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or
a cloak, is nothing to a man.
Con. Yes, it is apparel.
Bora. I mean, the fashion.
Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.
Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the
fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief
this fashion is?
Watch. I know that Deformed: he has been a
wile thief this seven years; he goes up and down
like a gentleman: I remember his name.
Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?
Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.
Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed
thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all
the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and
thirty? sometime, fash'n them like Pharaoh's
soldiers in parading; sometime, like god
Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime,
like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-
 eaten tapestry, where his codec-piece seems as masy
as this club?
Con. All this I see; 'nd see, that the fashion
wears out more apparel than the man: But art not
thou thyself giddied with the fashion too, that
thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of
the fashion?
Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-
night woord Margaret, the lady Hero's gentle-
woman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at
her window, bid me come; I saw her thousand
times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should
first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my
master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my
master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this
amidst a tender.
Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?
Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio;
but the devil my master knew she was Margaret;
and partly by his oath, which first possessed them,
partly by the dark night, which did deceive them,
but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any
slander that Don John had made, away went Clau-
dio himself; where he would meet her as he was
appointed, next morning at the temple, and there,
before the whole congregation, shame her with
what he saw over-night, and send her home again
without a husband.
1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.
2 Watch. Call up the right master Constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece
of lechery that ever was known in the common-
wealth.
1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I
know him, he wears a lock.
Con. Masters, masters.
2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth,
I warrant you.
Con. Masters,—
1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us
obey you to go with us.
Bora. We are likely to prove a goodly commodi-
dy, being taken up of these men's bills.
Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you.
Come, we'll obey you.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.
Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.
Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice,
and desire her to rise.
Urs. I will, lady.
Hero. And bid her come hither.
Urs. Well.
[Exit Ursula.
Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabatbo were
better.
Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I
warrant, your cousin will say so.
Hero. My cousin's fool, and thou art another:
I'll wear none but this.
Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if
the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's
a most rare fashion, I think. I saw the duchess
of Milam's gown, that they praise so.
Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.
Marg. By my troth it's but a night gown in
respect of your's: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and
laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-
sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish
tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excel-
 lent fashion, yours is worth ten on's.
Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart
is exceeding heavy!
Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a
man.

Hero. Fye upon thee! art not ashamed?
Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably?
Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not
your lord honourable without marriage? I think,
you would have me say, saving your husband
is none, this thinking do not wrest true speaking,
I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—
the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be
the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise
'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice
else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.
Beatrice. Good morrow, coz.
Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.
Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick
tone? do you? I am out of all other tune, methinks.
Marg. Clap us into—Light o' love: that goes
without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
Beat. Yes, Light o' love, with your heels—then
if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he
shall lack no barns.
Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that
with my heels.
Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time
you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—
hey ho!
Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.
Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's
no more sailing by the star.
Beat. What means the fool, troo?  
MARG. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire! 
Beat. Why gives the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume. 
MARG. I am stuffed, counsel, I cannot smell. 
Beat. And stuffed! there's goodly catch. 
MARG. Three. 
Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you preached an apprehension? 
MARG. Ever since you left it: dost not my wit become more rare? 
Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. My my troth, I am sick. 
MARG. Get you some of this distillled Carduus florescentis, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm. 
Beat. There thou pritch a herb with a thistle. 
MARG. Benedictus why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus. 
MARG. Moral? no, by my troth; I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love, may, by lady, I am not such a fool to think what I just; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, if I would think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedictus was such another, and now is he become a man: aware he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat with out grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes, as other women do. 
Beat. What is this that thy tongue keeps? 
MARG. Not a false gallop. 
Re-enter Ursula.  

CRA. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedict, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church. 
Beat. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt. 

Scene V.—Another Room in Leonato's House. 

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges. 

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour? 
Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that doth concern you nearly. 
Brie. Brief, I pray you; for you see 'tis a busy time with me. 
Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir. 
Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir. 
Dogb. It is, my good friends? 
Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows. 
Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I. 
Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: polaxes, neighbour Verges. 
Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious. 
Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. 
Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha! 
Dogb. Yes, and 'twere a thousand times more 'twas for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to bear it. 
Verg. And so am I. 
Leon. I would fain know what you have to say. 
Dogb. It is, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have 'ten a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina. 
Dogb. A good old man, sir; be he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, my Faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind, and the soul, my Faith, sir; by my truth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshiped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour! 
Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you. 
Dogb. Gifts, that God give. 
Leon. I must leave you. 
Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two or three persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 
Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am new in great haste, as it may appear unto you. 
Dogb. It shall be sufficiency. 
Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well. 

Enter a Messenger. 

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 
Leon. I will wait upon them: I am ready. 

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger. 

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Saccado, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the guest: we are now to examine these men. 
Verg. And we must do it wisely. 
Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [touching his forehead] shall drive some of them to a woman: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the goal. [Exeunt.] 

ACT IV. 

Scene I.—The Inside of a Church. 

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedict, Hero, and Beatrice, &c. 

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards. 
Frier. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady? 
Claud. No. 
Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry? 
Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count? 
Hero. I do. 
Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment, you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it. 
Claud. Know you any, Hero? 
Hero. None, my lord. 
Frier. Know you any, count? 
Leon. I dare make his answer, none. 
Frier. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! ha! 
Claud. Stand thee by, friar,—Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul [leave; Give me this maid, your daughter. 
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me. 
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift? 
Don. What! Nothing, unless you render her again. 
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thinking. There, Leonato, take her back again:—[solemnly] Give not this rotten orange to your friend: She's but the sign and semblance of her honour: Behold, how like a maid she blushes here! 0, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood, as modest evidence, To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: She shows the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, Not slit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof Have furnish'd the report of this youth, And made defeat of her virginity,-

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her, You'll sit and shame me as a husband, And so excommunicate the forehand sin: No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large; But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Rashful sincerity, and comely love. Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you? Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against You seem'd to me as Diana in her orb; [it: As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown; But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pampier's animals That rage in savage sensuality. Hero. And may I ever doth speak so wide? Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak? I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about The world as a friend to a common state. Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true. O God

Claud. Leonato, stand I here? Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother? Is this the face Hero's? Are our eyes our own? Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord? Claud. Let me but move one quest to your daughter; By that fatherly and kindly power That you have in your command over her. Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child. Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset! What kind of cатегичall'ing you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name. Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot, but Hero's virtue. Why was he talk'd with till midnight out at your window, betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this. Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden? Leonato, I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fye, fye! they are Not to be nam'd my lord, not to be spoke of; There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hast thou been, If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But as they were, most foul, most fair! farewell, Thou pure simplicity, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gone.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hero swoons. Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down? D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come Smother her spirits up. [thus to light, [Enter Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio. Bene. How doth the lady? Friar. I think, I shall do, uncle;— Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedict— Friar! Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand! Death is the best cover for her shame, That may be wish'd for. Beat. How now, cousin Hero? Friar. Have comfort, lady. Leon. But thou look up? Friar. Yea: Wherefore should she not? Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny The story that is printed in her blood? Do not live, Hero; do not one thine eyes: For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die, Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames, Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches, Strike at thy life. Grie'ed I, had I but one? Child I for that at frugal nature's frame? O, one too many! For thee! Why had I one? Why ever wast thou not! Why dost thou live? Why had I not with charitable hand, Took up a beggar's issue at my gate; Who smirched thus, and withered with inanity, I might have said, No part of it was thine. This shame derives itself from unknown loans But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on; mine so much, That I myself was to myself not mine Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her clean again; And salt too little, which may season give To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient: For my part I am so attir'd in wonder, I know not what to say. Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied! Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night? Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. Leon. Confir'm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made, Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron! Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie? Who lov'd? one! so, that, avowing of her foulness, Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let herdie.

Friar. Hear me a little; For I have only been silent so long, And given you this commendable fortune, By noting of the lady, I have mark'd A thousand blushing apparitions start Into her face; a thousand innocent shames In angel whiteness bear away those blushed; And in her eye there hath apparry'd a fire, To burn the errors that these princes hold Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool; Trust not my reading, nor my observations, Which with experimental seal doth warrant The tenour of my book; trust not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here Under some bitting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be; Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left, Is, that she will not add to her damnation A sin of perjury; she not denies it; Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse That which appears in proper nakedness? Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of? Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know If I know more of any man alive, Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant, Let all my sins lack mercy!—(1) my father, Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesterday
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Frie. This is some strange misprision in the prince.

Beat. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And of their wisdom be misled in this,
They think in us as in the plow’s bastard,
Whose spirits steal in frames of villains.

Lest I know not, if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour.

The possession of them shall well hear it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so cut up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad wife nor any misfortune ended,
But they shall find, aw’ard to such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Frie. Peace a while, and let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And whate’er which is this she charge beoord:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family’s old monument
Hang mournful epistles, and do all sites
That appertain unto a burial.

Lest What shall become of this? What will this do?

Frie. Marry, this well carried, shall on her behalf
Change danger to remorse; that is some good,
But not for that, dream I on this strange course.
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accord’d,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused,
Of every必要 For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack’d and lost,
Why, then we rock the value, then we find
The virtu, that possession would not show us
While it was ours, so will it fare with Claudius:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel’d in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into his love, eyes, and thoughts of her,
Shall be as lost; and to him she made, when
She shall be found indeed, then shall be mourn’d,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accurs’d her;
Not though he thought her accursation true;
Let this be so, and demi but not success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be lov’d false,
The supposition of the lady’s death
Will quench the wonder of her insamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best betts her wound’d reputation.)
For she is serious and religious.
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Beat. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudius,
You may advise him, I will shew this
As secretly, and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Louv. The smallest twine may lend the curve.

Frie. This well consented: presently away;
For to strange shores strangely they strain the
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, it is prolong’d; have patience, and

[Enter Friar, Hero, and Leonato.

Beat. Lady Beatrice, have you kept all this while?

Beat. Yes, and will weep while longer.

Beat. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Beat. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is

Beat. How much might the man deserve of me that would right her?

Beat. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Beat. Nay, a man do it.

Beat. In a man’s office, but not your’s.

Beat. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not it
Were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not:
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing — I am sorry for my cousin.

Beat. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Beat. I will swear by it, that you love me; and

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Beat. That it may be deemed to that can be devised to it

Beat. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why them, God forgive me!

Beat. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have made me in a happy hour; I was

Beat. It was a present I loved you in;

Beat. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Beat. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudius.

Beat. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Beat. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. Our wills and our thoughts are here; — There is

Beat. Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Beat. Good Sirs; We’ll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than

Beat. Claudius thine enemy!

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ambition, scorned, disdained my kinsman? — That I were a man! — What’s he in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, manifold and monstrous calumny, I am here: — There is no love in you — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Beat. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Beat. We’ll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than

Beat. Claudius thine enemy!

Beat. He is not approved in the height a villain, that hath ambition, scorned, disdained my kinsman? — That I were a man! — What’s he in hand, until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, manifold and monstrous calumny, I am here: — There is no love in you — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

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Beat. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Beat. We’ll be friends first.
your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and, so farewell.  

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**—A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Comrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole disassembly appeared? 

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton! 

Sexton. Which be the malcontents? 

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner. 

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine. 

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable. 

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. 

What is your name, friend? 

Bora. Borachio. 

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah? 

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade. 

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade. 

—Masters, do you serve God? 

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope. 

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God;—and write God first; for God defend but God should go, let it be such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. 

How answer you for yourselves? 

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none. 

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves. 

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none. 

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none? 

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers. 

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain. 

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain. 

Bora. Master constable,— 

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee. 

Sexton. What does the law say him you say else? 

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully. 

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed. 

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is. 

Sexton. What else, fellow? 

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her. 

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this. 

Sexton. What else? 

2 Watch. This is all. 

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very words you heard, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. 

[Exeunt.]

Dogb. Come, let them h—h summoned. 

Verg. Let them be in band. 

Con. Off, coxcomb! 

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him come before the prince, officer, coxcomb.— 

Come, blind them:—Thou naughty varlet! 

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass. 

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me a line, as but, master, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good so much, as will arise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had masses; and one that hath few gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass! 

[Exeunt.]

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.**—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

**Ant.** If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; 
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief 
Against yourself. 

**Leon.** I pray thee, cease thy counsel, 
Which falls into mine ears as profitless 
As water in a sieve: give me no counsel; 
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, 
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. 
Bring me a father, that so 'lors his child, 
Whose joy of her is overweigh'd like mine, 
And bid him speak of patience. 
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, 
And let it answer every strain for strain; 
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, 
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: 
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard: 
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should 
go groan; 
Patch grief with provers; make misfortune drunk 
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, 
And I of him will gather patience. 
But there is no such man: For, brother, men 
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief 
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, 
Their counsel turns to passion, which before 
Would give preceptual medicine to rage, 
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, 
Charm aching and angry words; 
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience 
To those that wring under the load of sorrow; 
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, 
To be so moral, when he shall endure 
The like high passion; therefore give me no counsel: 
My griefs cry louder than advertisement. 
[Exeunt.]

**Ant.** Therein do men from children nothing 
Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleshy and 
For there was never yet philosopher, 
[Blood; 
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently; 
However they have writ the style of gods, 
And made a pish at chance and sufferance. 
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself: 
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too. 
Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay, I will do 
My soul doth tell me, Hero is believed: 
[Exeunt. 
Ant. Good day to both of you. 
Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleshy and 
For there was never yet philosopher, 
[Blood; 
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently; 
However they have writ the style of gods, 
And made a pish at chance and sufferance. 
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself: 
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

**Ant.** Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily. 
**D. Pedro.** Good den, good den. 
**Claud.** Good day to both of you. 
**Leon.** Hear you, my lords,— 
**D. Pedro.** We have some haste, Leonato. 
**Leon.** Some? haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one. 
[Exeunt. 
**D. Pedro.** Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old 
**Ant.** If he could right himself with quarrelling, 
Some of us would lie low. 
**Claud.** Who wrongs him?


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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act 3.

Lord. They, when she was wrong me: then doonavary,

That, now, marry, be'fore, I marry thee?

Marry, be'fore, look upon thy sword,

I fear they not, now.

And marry, be'fore, how art thou, my son?

Is there, my love, not in my sword?

Snow, thou, thou art, never then, and well at

Is there the dart, nor a flaw?

And, under privilege of age, so bung

What have I done, how, or what would do,

Were I also, know, to thee, thine head,

How art thy sword, mine innocent child, and that,

And, with grey hairs, and brows of many days,

I say, then hath been that innocent child,

That till her heart hath gone through, and through her heart.

And she is buried with her ancestors,

In a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of her, framed by thy villainy.

Clown. By your leave.

Lord. Thy friend, Claudio, thing, I say.


Lord. My lord, my lord,

I'll have it on his body, if he dare,

Being to his noble use, and his active practice.

His lay of youth, and brisk of lost head.

Lord. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Lord. Come, come, boy, come, follow me, sir boy;

I will have you from your fouling fence.

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;

Boys, aye, aye, hang, Jacks, vile keepers.

Lord. Brother Antonio.

And. Hold you content; What man, I know not;

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scrapes,

Scambling, out-facing, foolish, mongering boys,

That lie, and clog, and flout, deprave and slander,

On either hand, and every harlot's hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt thee: content, if they hurt,

And this is all.

Lord. But, brother Antonio.

And. Come, 'tis no matter.

Do not meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake

Your patience.

My heart is sorry for thy daughter's death;

But, on my honour, thou was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Lord. My lord, my lord,

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Lord. No?

Brother, away — I will be heard —

And shall.

Or some of us will smart for it.

[Exit Leonato and Antonio.]

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior; You are almost covered with the drops of love.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth. 

D. Pedro. Leo'mato and his brother; What think'th

Then had we fought; I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

But, in a fair quarrel there is no true valour:

I came to seek you both.

They were up and down to seek you;

For we are high proof of worth, and would have

It be a pleasant. What more on your parts?

What more on your parts, draw, to please us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks

Pleasure, I pray you.

Claud. What courage, man! What though care

Killed a cat, you must be niggardly in th' toil care.

Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and

you charge it against me — I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this

last was but a taffy.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and

more. I think, he be as gay indeed.

Claud. If he be, he know how to turn his gibes.

B. What! Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God beaves me from a challenge!

B. You are a villain — I jest not — I will make it go good how you dare, with what you dare,

Serve me right, or I will pro

treat your cowardice. You have killed a sly wench,

And her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have

good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I thank thee; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not care

Much, I will have thine other foot, my knife's hatchet. Shall I not

find a woodcock too?

B. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit;

True, says she, a fine little one: No, said I, a great

Well; Right, says she, a great good one. Nay, said I, a good well; Just, said she, if hurts no body. Nay,

said I, the gentleman is wise; Certain, said she, a wise gentleman, said I, in a wise kind. That I believe, said she, for he shew a thing to me on Monday night, which he foresaw on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.

This was a fortune in my favor, a par

ticular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yes, that she did; but yet, for all that,

an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he went to the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick the married man?

D. Ped. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind;

I will leave you now to your gospel-like humour;

You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many kindnesses, I thank you: I must conclude your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Jack beard, there, be and I shall meet; and till them, peace be with him.

[Exit Benedick.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll war

rant for the love of Leo'mato.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.
D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with
Conrade and Borachio.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. Poor old fool, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall net you high; she shall follow you, as you are a courting hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one! Borachio.

Claud. Hearten after their officers, my lord! D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have beiled a lady: thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves all.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done: thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly was pack'd in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have received even your very eyes: what you have laid to their charge shall follow, I have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her; my villainy they have upon record: which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood? Claud. I have drunk poison, whilsts he uttered it. D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this? Bora. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. But, is composed and framed of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. Bora. But, sir, you master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes: That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him. Which of these is he? [me. Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath to Mine innocent child? [last kill'd Bora. Yes, even I alone. Leon. No, not so, villain; thou belyst at' thyself: Here stand a pair of honourable men, And they had life. Thou hast killed them: Record it with thy high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you beheth you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sign'd I not, But in mistakeing.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any weight That hell' ungeth to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible; but I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here How innocently I died; and, if your love Can labour aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing to it her bones; sing it to-night:— To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us; Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir, Your over kindness doth wring tears from me! I do entreat your offer and compose For henceforth of poor Claudius. [sings. Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your com- To-night I take my leave. This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong. Hid't to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me; But always hath been just and virtuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be setteth down; and, moreover, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains. Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you. Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation! Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee. Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. (God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God pro- nimit it.) Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch. Leon. Untill to-morrow morning, lords, farewell. Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to- D. Pedro. We will not fail. [sorrow. Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero. [Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudius. Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, des- serve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act 5.

Much ado has never come over me, why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bell. They will as soon as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Mons. And your's as blunt as the turner's tools, which hit, but hurt not.

Bell. A most eased wit, Margaret, it will not hurt me, and yet, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bawds.

Mons. Give me the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Beat. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maid's.

Mons. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, I think, hath both love. [Exit Margaret.

Beat. And therefore will come.

The god of love;

[Slaning.

That sits above,

And know me, and know me,

Now pitiful I deserve...

I mean, in hearing; but in loving-Leander the good swimmer, I saw the first employments of praise, and it being full of the commonplace com-

pact-men, whose names yet run smoothly in the

even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poet and, in love.

Mons. I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can show it in rhyme; that here lies:

Death, in guardian of her wrongs, gave her frame which never dies:

So the fifty, that died whilst absented.

Love to death with glorious form.

Shall there be none upon the tomb,

[affixit it.

Praying her when I am dumb...

Now, men, wind, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night;

Those that slay thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of wrongs,

Knew about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our wight;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Hymning, hopefully.

Grave, yea, and yind your dead;

Tell doubly be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!

Yeastly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the sext of th'ambassado, round about

Dapples the drowsy cast with spots of gray:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several work.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Ihymen, now with luckier issue speed,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who acc-
cus'd her.

Upon the error that you heard debated:

How Mulianus saved some faults for them; Although against her will, as it appears In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Beat. And so am I, being else by faith enforce'd To call young Claudio to a reproof for it.
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar, And to the chapel let us presently. Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice? Beat. I will confess to that name; [Unmasking.] What is your will? Bene. Do not you love me? Beat. No, no more than reason. Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, Have been deceiv'd; for they swore you did. Beat Do not you love me? Bene. No, no more than reason. Bene. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me. Bene. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me. Bene. 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me? Bene. No, truly, but in friendly recompense. Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman. Claud. And here he sworn upon; that he loves For here's a paper, written in his hand, [her] A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice. Hero. And here's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick. Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity. Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption. Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [Kissing her.] D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man? Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wits-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: in brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin. Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee. Bene. Come, come, we are friends;—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels. Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards. [sick.— Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play music, Prince, thou art said; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn. Enter a Messenger. Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina. Bene. Think not, friar, I desire him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [Dance. [Exeunt
Theseus, Duke of Athens.  
Egeus, father to Hermia.  
Lysander,  in love with Hermia.  
Demetrius,  Phileas, master of the revels in Theseus's service.  
Nightingale, a carpenter.  
Snow, the falconer.  
Bottom, the weaver.  
Flute, the bellows-mender.  
Snout, the baker.  
Starveling, the tailor.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.  
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.  
Helen, in love with Demetrius.

SCENE.—Athena, and a Wood not far from it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.  
Egeus, father to Hermia.  
Lysander,  in love with Hermia.  
Demetrius,  Phileas, master of the revels in Theseus's service.  
Nightingale, a carpenter.  
Snow, the falconer.  
Bottom, the weaver.  
Flute, the bellows-mender.  
Snout, the baker.  
Starveling, the tailor.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.  
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.  
Helen, in love with Demetrius.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athena. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Phileas, and Attendants.

For, now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days have
Since the witchcraft of your magic pow'r
Turned me, and made me Duke of Athens;
And, in the name of the new-gained title,
I pay this visit to my dear Athena.

Hippolyta, I would thee with my word,
And, in the name of the new-gained title,
I pay this visit to my dear Athena.

Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!  
Hermia. Thank you, good Egeus! What's the news with thee?

Ful of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.  —My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her dyne,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Then hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love:
And real'd the impression of her fancy.
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Kisses, caresses, pageants, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharmon'd youth:
With cunning hast thou flout'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness,—And, my gracious duke,
Be it to she will not hear before thy grace.

Egeus. Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

This is the question, sir.  If my daughter
Entreat your father's grace to do this marriage;

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.
And what is mine my love shall render him;  
And she is mine; and all my right of her  
I entrate unto Demetrius.

_Lys._ I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well posses'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fair rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all the rest of joys can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia;  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
My story to Neseus I'll make known,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.  
These I, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius that I too have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(When by no means we may consent)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.  
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial; and confide with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.  
_Ege._ With duty, and desire, we follow you.  

_Lys._ How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

_Her._ How chance the roses there do fade so fast?  
_Belike_ for want of rain; which I could well  
Betray them from the temper of the Helene's eyes.  
_Lys._ Ah me! for ought that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood;  
Or _O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to love!_  
_Lys._ Or else misgiv'd, in respect of years;  
_O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!_  
_Lys._ Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:  
_Her._ O hell! to choose love by another's eye!  
_Lys._ Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, a momentary dream;  
As bright as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;  
No such bright things come to our elevation.  
_Her._ If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross;  
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sights,  
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

_Lys._ A good persuasion; therefore, hear me  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
_Hermia._ Of great revenue, and she hath no child;  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us: if thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee last night,  
To do observance to a mourn of May.  
There will I stay for thee.

_Her._ My good Lysander!  
I do entreat thee by Cupid's sweetest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prosper loves;  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke;—  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow night will I meet with thee.

_Lys._ Keep promise, love; Look, here comes Helena.

_Enter Helena._

_Hel._ God speed fair Helena! Whither away?  
_Her._ Call ye me fair? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair: _O happy fair!_  
Your eyes are a lode-star, and your tongue's sweet  
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear.  
[Air When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching; _O, were favour so!_  
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
O, teach me how you look; and with what art  
You away the motion of Demetrius' heart.  
_Her._ I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.  
_Hel._ 0, to that which frowns would teach my smiles  
such skill!  
_Her._ I give him curses, yet he gives me love.  
_Hel._ 0, that my prayers could such affection move.  
_Her._ The more I hate, the more he follows me.  
_Hel._ The more I love, the more he hateth me.  
_Her._ His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.  
_Hel._ None, but your beauty; _Would that fault were mine!_  
_Her._ Take comfort; he no more shall see my face:  
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—  
Before the time I did Lysander see,  
Seem'd Athens a paradise to me.  
_O_ Then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!  
_Lys._ Helena, to you our minds we will unfold:  
To-morrow night when Phæbe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)  
Through Athen's gates have we devis'd to steal.  
And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:  
And thence from Athens, turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and strange companions.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food, till to-morrow deep midnight.  
[Exit Herm.]

_Lys._ I will, my Hermia.—Helena adieu:  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!  
[Exit Lys.]

_Hel._ How happy some, o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, dotting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities,  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity,  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;  
And therefore is love's absence bettered.  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd,  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;  
For ere Demetrius look'd on her, in Lysander's eye,  
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;  
And when this half some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's skill.  
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, Let him roar again.

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

But. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more Shoreness but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

But. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

But. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and these, I think will play bare-faced. But masters, here are your parts. And I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to come thither by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile out of the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

But. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscurely, and courageously. Take pains, be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

But. Enough; hold, or cut bow strings. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at our door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale, Through bush, through brier, Over rock, over rye, Through flood, through fire, I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the woodcocks' wings; And I serve the fairy queen, To dew her orbs upon the green. The cowslips tall at her pensioners be; In their gold coats spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favours, In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dew drops here, And hang a pear in every cowslip's ear. Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone. Our queen is up, all our elves come here anon. Puck. The king doth keep his revels here tonight; Take heed, the queen come not within his sight. For Oberon is passing fierce and wrathful, Because she sought his former attendant, hath A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king; She never had so sweet a changeling. And jealous Oberon would have the child And his father, and his nurse, and his train, to trace the forest wild. But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy! And now they never meet in grove, or green, By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen, But they do square; that all their elves, for fear, Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.
Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he?
That fright the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And sometimes at the housewife churn: And sometimes make the drink to bear no harm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Fuck,
You vex their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are you not he?

Puck. Thou speakest droll.
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fit and beam of mischievous Nile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bun, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quadril hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and niecee and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But now, now, Puck.

Fai. And here my mistress:—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.—Enter Oberon, at one door, with his train, and Titania, at another, with here.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence; I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanion; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shade of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and venering love
To amorous Hillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

Obe. But, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buxin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
to give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Going on my pranks, and taking up my sport?
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glistening
night
From Puck, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Jigle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paven fountain, or by rough brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every small cleave, and cast them so proud,
That they have overborne their continent:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
But with this store empty in doth see,
And cows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For want of tread, are distinguishtable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governers of floods,
Fails in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hyacinth, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds:
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveliness, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now known, are this:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then: It lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my chamberlack.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side:
And sat with me upon Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty grace and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb, then rich with my young
squire)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch new flap, and return a name:
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perciball, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

Obe. If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us:
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom:
Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania and her train.]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou rememberst
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Utering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil by her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,) Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throne by the west;
And loo'sd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidsen call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees;
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes:
[Exeunt Puck.]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing then she wak'd, she makes use upon,
( Be it on lady, knavish, or cow, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape.)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I must take it, from her heart,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I say myself,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helen, following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lyndard, and fair Irina?
The one I say, the other the swain.
They have been here, they were here in this wood,
And here am I; and wood is good wood,
because I cannot meet with Helen.
Hence, get thee gone, and find me no more.

Dem. Do I speak fair? I speak fair? O, indeed,
I do not in pure truth.

Full. Then do not,
I cannot love you.

Dem. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your slave;

Dem. The more you beat me, I am sworn on you
Like me but as your enterprise, mark me,
Nay, love me, lose me; only give me leave,
Worthy as I am, to follow you.

Full. What wert worse place, or beg in your love,
And yet a place of worse fortune with me.

Dem. To be as used as you use your dogs.

Dem. To not too much the hatred of my spirit
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Full. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. When do not I love you too much,
To leave the care, and care of you,
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the propriety of night,
And the discourse of waking,
With the real worth of your majesty.

Full. Your verse is in my privilege for that.
It is not sick, when I do see your face,

Dem. I am not sick, I am not the night.
Nor death this wood and world of man;
For you in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am sick?

Dem. I ran from this, and hid me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the sound of wild beasts.

Full. The wily with me, such a heart as you,
But when you will, the arrow shall be hang'd.

Dem. Lame bow and Dandies.

Full. To love parasites from the ground,
And make me love as from the sound of wild beasts.

Dem. I will not, such a parasite as you,
But I will do thee mischief in the wood.

Full. Ay, in the wood, in the wood, the field.
You do me wrong.

Dem. Your wrongs do set a scandal on my heart,
We cannot live for love, as men may do.
We should be used, and were not made to woo.
I'll lose thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand, I love so well.

Exeunt Dem. and Hel.

Ose. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove,
Then shall by him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Retruer Fick.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.
Fick. Ay, there it is.

I pey thee, give me it.
I have a bawd wherein the wind the my bees blowes,
Where on lips and the noddling violet grows;
Whose over-canopied with lust a woodbine,
Which sett moss roses, and lace with those;
There leaves Tisania, some time of the night,
I'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Heed wide enough to wear a fasty in
And with the juice of this, I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thin of some of it, and sett through this grove.
A sweet is best, and looking in love with it.
With a disdainful youth on his eyes:
But do it, when the next thing he copy
May he the lady? Then shall know the man
For the Athenian garrisons be in love with on.
I feel it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love.
And lock those me meet me ere the first cock crow.
Fick. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a round, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to keep canker in the musk-rose heads;
Some, war with rear-court for their heather wings;
To make my small elves chase; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Them to their caresses, and into base.

SONG.

1. Fair, you spotted rookers, with double tongue,
Through hedge-banks, do not soar
Never, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come out near our fairy queen.

Chor. Philomel, with melody,
Sing to our sweet ladybird,
Lullaby, lullaby, cede, lullaby,
Never harm, be ever warm,
Come, our baby sing and play,
So, good night, with being.

II. 2. Fair, wearing spiders, come and have
Hence, you long-beard'd epioneris, hence
Fiddle-bits, approach near;
Worms, nor scratch, do us no offence.

Chor. Philomel, with melody.

2. Fair, hence, away; now all is well;
One, auntie, and sentiment.

[Auxil. Fairies. Titania asleep.—

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Strengthen the flower on Titania's eye-brows.
Do for thy true love take;
Love and languish for the sake,
Be it owner, or cut, or eat.
For, or hear with bewildered hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When they shall not, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.

Enter Lyander and Hermia.

Ly. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
And speak truth, I have forgot our way
Wood. We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. He it so, I, Lyander, find you out a bed,
For upon this bank will rest my head.
Ly. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one truth.
Her. Nay, good I, Lyander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Ly. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meanest instruments for conference.
I, mean that my heart unto yours is knit.
So that but one heart we can make of it,
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath,
So then be two bosoms, and a single truth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lyander liddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia means to say, Lyander lied.
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency;
Good time, or well, or wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perchance I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that too many mortal errors might be
Should, of another, therefore he abus'd! [Exit.
Lys. She sees not Hermia -- Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.
Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpents from my breast!
Ah me, for pity! -- what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent sat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey! --
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, am I wise? am I wise? or am I mad?
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No? -- then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. -- The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal! This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince, --
Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?
Bot. Think'st thou things in this compact of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'nkle, a parious fear.

Star. We must not leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords: and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a dangerous thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a wild lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the like effect, -- Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. --

12
If you think I come hither as a dream, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are: and there's, indeed, let him name his name: and tell them plainly, he is being the Jokum.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber, for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snow. Doth the moon shine that night we play our part?

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to prevent, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber: for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snow. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some planter, or some becom, or some rough-earth about him, to signify wall; or let him have in his hand that long and through that grass Busy Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin, when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cu.

Knaves Puck behind.

Puck. What hemen home-opens have we swaggaring here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyramus. O flowers of amore, o sweet Valentines,

Quin. Odeoms, odeums.

Pyramus. O deoh oodeums oodeums.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, bark, a voice! stay thou here while I,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit. Puck. A stranger Pyramus than ever play'd here!

[Aside. — Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and to see what it is to come to the wall.

This. Most rudious Pyramus, most lily white of hue;

Of clime like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly jovial, and the most lovable Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Night's tomb.

Quin. Nimmus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your parts at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past: it is, never fire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

This. O — As true as truest horse, that yet would honest men swear.

Pyramus. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thing:

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Fray masters! fly, masters! help! —[Erewhon Crows.

Puck. I' ll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.

Through bag, through bush, through brake, through brier; sometimes a horse I' ll be, sometimes a hound;

A horse, a head, a hand, sometimes a fire:

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, bound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. —[Exit.

But. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snowball.

Snow. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

But. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom; bless thee! thou art translated.

[Exit. But. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Song.

The sweet cock, so black of hue,
With orange-humming bill,
The throat with his note so true,
The warm with little quill;

This. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[Waking.

Bot. The flinch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cocke grey,
Whose note Full many a sombre dark
And darts out answer, say —

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cock, never so?

This. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,

So is mine eye embrailed to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason, and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

This. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

This. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

These shall remain here, whether thou wilt or no:

I am a spirit of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do learn thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fauries to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

And, if I may change the mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go—

Pea-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fair. Ready. and I.

2 Fair, and I.

4 Fair. Where shall we go?

This. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman: Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes:

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries:

The honey bag from the humble-bees, and,

For night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pick the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, eves, and do him courteous.

1 Fair. Hall, mortal!

2 Fair. Hall!

4 Fair. Hall!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily;—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.
Act 3.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squall, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Murr. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef had forgot his lines in the summer of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Titus. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity. Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit? What night-rule now about this haunted grove? Puck. His mistress with a monster is in love, Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanics, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were brought together to rehearse a play Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skinned of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Porsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake; When I did him at this advantage take, An ass's nowl I fixed on his head; Anon, his Thiseus must be answered, And forth my mimick comes: When they him spy, As wild glee that the creeping Fowler eye, Or russet-patched choughs, many in sort, Rising and cawing at the gun's report Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky; So at his sight, away his fellows fly: And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls; He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong.

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong: For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch; Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things I led them on in this distracted fear, [catch. And left sweet Pyramus translated there; When in that moment (so it came to pass) Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass. Obe. This falls outbetter than I could devise. But hast thou yet catch'd the Athenian's eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do? Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too;— And the Athenian woman by his side; That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. That is the woman, but not this the man. Dem. O, why rebuke you him that love you so? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Herm. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse. If thou hast slain Lyander in his sleep, Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep, And kill me too. The sun was not so true unto the day, As he to me: Would he have stol'n away From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon, This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon May turn through another creeps, and so displease Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes. It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him; So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So shall the murder'd look; and so should I, Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty: Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, As wonder in her glittering sphere. Her. What's this to my Ly'ramus, here or here? Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me? Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds. Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slayn him then? Hencorefore be never number'd among men! Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake; Bust thou have look'd upon him, being awake, And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch! Could not a worm, an adder, do so much? An adder did it; for with doubler tongue Than thing, thou serpent, never adder stung. Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood I am not guilty of Ly'sander's blood; Nor is he dead, for sure that I can tell. Her. I pray thee, tell me then, tell me then that he is well. Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore? Her. A privilege, never to see me more,— And from thy hated presence part I so: See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Wood.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein: Here, therefore, for while I will remain. So sorrow; love's doth in her heart grow For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe; Which now, in some slight measure it will pay, If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite, And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight: Of thy misprision must perforce enforce The truth which thou turn'dst, and not a false turn'dt true. Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one love's holding truth, A million fall, confounding oath on oath. Obe. Alas! a word too much! doth sooner than the wind, And Helena of Athens look thou find: All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear. But some illusion see thou bring her here; I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear. Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go; Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit. Obe. Flower of this purple die, Hit with Cupid's archery, Sink in apple of his eye! When his love he doth espy, Let her shine as gloriously As the Venus of the sky; When thou wak'st, if she be by, Beg of her for remedy. [Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band, Helena is here at hand, And the youth mistook by me, Pleading for a lover's fee; Shall we the fair pageant see? Lord, what fools these mortals be! Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make, Will cause Demetrius to awake. Puck. There will two at once, woo one; That must needs be sport alone; And those things do best please me, That befit preposterously.
Enter Lyndaner and Helena.

**Ly.** Why should you think, that I should vow
Scorn and discretion never come in tears.
Loch, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
Heav'ns know these things in me seem scorn to you,
Heaven know these things in me seem faith, to prove them true?

**Hel.** You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth is truth, O do thy heart lay To this averse Helena's? Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Weigh both as light as tales.

**Ly.** I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

**Hel.** Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

**Ly.** Desperate love her, and he loves not me.

**Dem.** (awakening.) O Helena, goddess, nymph, per- fest, divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare this eye? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those blazing cherries, tempting grow! That pure concealed white, high Taurine snow,
Fane'd with the rose, and brightening, grew,
When thou hast up thy hand, O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this soul of bliss!

**Hel.** O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent To make me mad, and make not Lyndaner.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me so much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so,
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, in so sure, you hate me with your hearts.

And now both rivals, to mock Helena,
A trim expost, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your discretion! love, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin; and enter
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

**Ly.** You are unkind, Demetrius: be not so;
For you love Helena: this, you know, I know;
And here, with good will, with all my heart,
In Helena's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

**Dem.** Lyndaner, keep thy Helena; I will none:
If ever I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourning;
And yours to Helena it hence return'd,
There to remain.

**Hel.** Helena, it is not so.

**Dem.** Disparage not the faith thou dost not know.
Let, so thy peril, thou say it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Exit Helena.

**Ly.** Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function taketh,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Then are not by mine eye, Lyndaner, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? (to go?

**Ly.** Why should she stay, whom love doth press
**Her.** Love that love could press Lyndaner from my side?

**Ly.** Lyndaner's love, that would not let him hide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
The eye, with every ray and eye of light;
What seekst thou there? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

**Her.** You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

**Hel.** Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Jovian Helena! most ungrateful maid!
I have conceived thee; have you conceived these contriv'd To bait me with this foul delusion?
Is it all the counsel that we two have shard?
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
I have been, and shall be, a base-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence.
We, Helena, like two artificial gods,
Hath not the same respect. Both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted; But yet a union in partition.
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like costs in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not madly
Our sort, as well as yours, should dance this part for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

**Her.** I am amazed at your passionate words
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

**Ly.** She of the first, whom I did leave in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,) To call me goddes, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial! Wherefore speaks he this?
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyndaner
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, far smooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by yon attack?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hang upon love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

**Her.** I understand not what you mean by this.

**Ly.** Ay, do, perceiver, counterfeit and looks,
Make mews upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which you can best excuse, signifying it once.

**Ly.** Stay, gentle Helena, bear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

**Hel.** O excellent!

**Dem.** Sweet, do not scorn her so.

**Ly.** If she cannot entertain, I can compel.

**Hel.** Thou cannot compel no more than she entertain;
Thy threats won no more strength, than her weak Helena, I lose thee; by my life I do; [prayers— I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

**Dem.** I say, I love thee more than he can love;

**Ly.** To-day so with draw, and prove it too.

**Dem.** Quick, come.—

**Her.** Lyndaner, whereto tends all this?

**Ly.** Away, you Ethiope!

**Dem.** No, no, sir—he will seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow; But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

**Ly.** Hang off, thou cat, thou burro: vile thing

**Hel.** Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

**Her.** Why are you grown so rude? what change
Sweet love! [in this

**Ly.** Thy love? out, thou Tartar, out! Out, lost, mad, madman! hatred potion, hence!

**Hel.** Do you not jest?

**Ly.** Ye, booth; and so do you

**Ly.** Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt him, strike him, kill
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lovd me; yet, since night you left me.
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Being certain, truester; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my heart's love from him?

Hel. Fine, I'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatiencing answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I see, methinks, that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him—and are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak?
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen.
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Her. Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you; save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follows you: for love, I follow you;
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me To strike me, spur me, may, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly hence,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind
Her. What, with Lysander?

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She will out-wit you when she won't have it;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little;—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minims, of hindering knot-grass make;
You beast, you acon.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
The man shall have his mace again, and all shall be well. [Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending : Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thou down upon this flowery bed. While I thy amiable cheeks do court, And stich much roses in thy sleek smooth head, And make thy brows fair with thy own gentle joy. But, Where’s thy Peas-blossom? Peas. Ready. But. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where’s your mock-sieur Cobweb? Cob. Ready. But. Monseur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overthrown with a honey-bag, sigher.—Where’s your monsieur Mustard-seed? Must. Ready. But. Give me your neck, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur. Must. What is your will? But. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cava- lore Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber’s, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvelling hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch. Tit. What, wilt then hear some music, my lord? But. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the song and the bonde. Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou dost not eat. But. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Metheinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow. Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel’s board, and fetch thee new nuts. But. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an expiration of sleep come upon me. Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, Gentilly entwist,—the female isy so Enrings the barty fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Ow. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity. For meeting her of late, behind the wood, seeking sweet savours for this hateful fruit, I did upbrand her, and fall out with her; For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty florettes’ eyes, Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she, in mild terms, begg’d my patience, I then did ask of her her changing child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To be brought to mybower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes. And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
Act 4.  

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.

From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night’s accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a day
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wist want to be;
[Touching her eyes with an herb.
See, as thou wist want to see;
Dian’s bud o’er Cupid’s flower.
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I had sworn with an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Tita. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth
Sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak’st, with thine own
Tits of eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, musick. [Still musick. Come, my queen, and sport with me.
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be,
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Declare Duke Theseus triumphant, and
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall the praises of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night’s shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Serene than the wandering of the star.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [Exeunt.
[Horns sound within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.
The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform’d,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go——
Despatch, I say, and find out your master.——
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain’s top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hipp. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bled the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem’d all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew’d, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With rope: with the sweeping dew;
Crook-knee’d and dew-lap’d like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneful
Was never heard to do, nor cheer’d with horn,
In Crete in sitting in Theseus’ day.
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, my daughter; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar’s Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. The no doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rites of May; and, hearing of the dream,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
Horns, and shadé within. Demetrius, Lysander,
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. The good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Ly. Pardon, my lord.
[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Ly. My lord, I shall reply amazely,
Half’sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,——
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)——
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law upon his head—
They would have stol’n away, they would, Demetrius.——
Thereby to have defeated you and me:——
True, you, of your wife; and, me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helena, in their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow’d them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth’d ere I saw Hermia:
But, like In sickness, did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will bear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is long worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We’ll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta. [Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.
Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Hipp. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
Hel. So, methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Hel. Yea; and my father.
Hipp. And Hippolyta.
Ly. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: let’s follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dream. [Exeunt.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

But, when my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, Most fair Pyramus.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the thiner! Starveling! God’s my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man
to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he
go about to expound this dream. Methought I was
there is no man can see what. Methought I was,
and methought I had,—but Man is but a patched
fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had.
The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man
hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his
tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what
my dream was. I will get Peter (Unlece to write a
ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing
it in the largest place, to shapes, and invention,
and adventure, to make it more gracious, I shall
sing it to her death.

[Exeunt Quince, Elise, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he
come home yet?

Wife. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Fin. If he be come not, the play is marred: It
goes not forward, death it.

Quin. It is not possible you have not a man in
all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Fin. No he hath simply the best wit of any
handyman left in Athens.

Quin. Yes, and the best person too, and he is
a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Fin. You must use your patience; a paramour is,
God bless us, a thing of thought.

Enter Song.

Song. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
more married; if our sport had gone forward, we
had all a made more.

Fin. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
sixpence a-day during the time; he could not have
been a day; an he the duke had not given him
sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
hanged; he would have deserved it; sixpence a day
in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Quin. Where are these ladies? where are these
hearts?

Wife. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most
happy hour!

Fin. Masters, I am to discourse wonders—but
ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true
Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it
fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Fin. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you,
is, that the duke hath dined; took your apparel to
gether; good strings to your beards, new ribbons
to your pampas; meet presently at the palace;
every man look o'er his part, for, the short and
the long is, our play is preferred in any case; let
Thisby have clean linen; and let not Lysander,
that plays the lion, pate his nails, for they shall hang
out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors,
est no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter
swearings, and we do not doubt, but to hear them
say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words;
away; go, away.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An Apartment in
the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and
Attendants.

Hipp. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers
speak of.

This. More strange than true. I never may be
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The imagistics, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman, the lover, all as frantic,
New Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Both glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Is, as the Developed man's, to shape the brave,
And so to air nothing a local habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination:
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy:
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear?

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More winsome than fancy's image,
And grows to something of great constancy:
But, however, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! I joy, and fresh days of love,
Adorn your hearts! More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Thee. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
Who is on hand? I think you have a play up,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philo. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what assassination have you for this
evening?

What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philo. There is a brief, how many sports are
up.

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Aside to Theseus.]

The. [Aside.] The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung.

By an Athenian string to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
in glory of my kinman Heracles.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Icareus, late devoted in the galleys.
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Tis a brieve of some young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philos. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long.

Theseus. What makes it tedious? for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Philos. I saw rehearsed, the most confus'd
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philos. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,
Which never laboured in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And for nothing, nothing in the world:
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies. [Exit Pyramus and Thisbe.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ergrown,
And duty in his service perishing. [thing.

The. The, why gentle sweet, you shall see no such
Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periodic in the midst sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sassy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.

If we do come and content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.
The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Igs. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue,
like a child on a recorder; 'a sound, but not in
government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain:
nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next?
Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
"This man, with lime and edged jest, doth present
"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
sunder:
"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are the
"To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
"Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
"By moon-shine did they lover's bladders scor'd.
"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did seare away, or rather did affright
"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle stain:
"Whereas with blade, with bloody blam'de blade,
"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
"And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
"Let Lion, Moon-shine, Wall, and lovers twain,
"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[Exeunt Prol. Thisebe, Lion, and Moon-shine.
The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
many does.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth behove,
"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
"And such a wall as I would have you think,
"That had in it a cromy'd hole, or chink,
"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
"Did whisper often very secretly. [show
"This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
"That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
"And this the cranys is, right and sinister,
"Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."
The. You would desire line and hair to speak
better.

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim, look'd night! O night with hue
so black!
"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!-

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
"That stand'st between her father's ground and mine

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
"Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne.
"Wall holds up his fingers.
"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well.
"But what see I? No Thisebe do I see. [for this!
"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
"Curtse thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,
should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving
me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to
spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you!—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisebe.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my
"For parting my fair Pyramus, and me [means,
"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think.
Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
"And like Limander am I trusty still. [grace;
This. "A I like Helen, till the gates I kill.
Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus, was so true.
This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall.
This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninus's tomb meet me straightway?"
[Exeunt.

This. "To the moon, tide death, I come without
Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharge'd so;
"And, being done, thus wall away do go."

[Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisebe.

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, then we may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in a moon and a lion.

[unit: lion and moonshine.]

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear The smallest moonbeams: moose that creeps on
May now, purchase, both quake and tremble here.

"When Lion rough in wildest rage doth rear.
The Lion, the crescent, and his horns are invi-
cible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present,"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head. The Lion, the crescent, and his horns are invis-
able within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;"

"Myself the man 'tis moon do seem to be."
The Lion, the crescent, which is the least of all the rest, the man should be put into the lantern: How is it
else the man 'tis the moon.

Dem. He dare not come there for the candle for, you see, it is already in moss.

Hip. I am aware of this moon: Would he
be chang'd?
The Lion, the crescent, is the least, but yet, in courtesy, in all
reason, we must stay the time.

Moon. "All that I have to say is, to tell you, that
this thorn-bush, this thorn-bush, and this dog, my
dog."

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence, here comes Thibes.

[unit: thibes.]

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my
Lion. "Oh." [The Lion roars.]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

Hip. Well run, Thibes.

Dem. Well chance, moon. Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

The. Well measured, lion.

[The Lion were Thibes's mantle, and exit.]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Hip. And then the moon vanishes.

[unit: pyramus.]

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;"

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;"

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thibes's sight."

"But stay:—O sprite."

"But mark:—Poor knight,
What dreadful date is here?

"Fies, do you see?"

"How can it be?"

"O death's duck! O dear?"

"Thy mantle good."

"What, staint'd with blood?"

"A phantom, ye furies feel!"

"Is she? I come to make a man look sad;"

"I at thread and thrum;"

"Oual, crush, conclude, and quell."

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,

"Intended to make a man look sad."

Hip. Beata men's heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "It, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?"

Since men vile hosts here disturb'd my dear, Whose name, no name— which was the fairest dama,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer."

"Come, tears, consol'd;"

"Out, sword, and wound"

"The pop of Pyramus:

"Ah, that left pop,"

"Where heart doth hop—"

"This die I, thus, thus, thus."

"Now am I dead."

"Now am I flied;"

"My soul is in the sky:"

"Iongue, how thy light!"

"Moon, take thy light!
"Now die, die, die, die, die."

[Dies.—End Moonshine.]

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man: for he is dead; he
is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover.

Dem. A more will turn the balance, which Py-
ramus, which Thibes, is the better. Lys. She has spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, widdler.—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise;

"What is this, my moon? Quite dumb?"

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes."

"These lily brows,"

"This cherry nose,"

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,"

"Are gone, are gone;"

"Lovers, make moon!

"His eyes were green as leeks."

"O sisters three,"

"Come, come to me,"

"With hands as pale as milk;"

"Lay them in gore,"

"Since you have shore

"With shear's his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word—"

"Come, trusty sword;"

"Come, blinding Pyramus, imbrace;"

"And farewell, friends;"

"Thus Thibes ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies.]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

But, No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergamasque dance, between two of our company.

The. The No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garer, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, go, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone. [Here a dance of Clowns. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn, As much as we this night have over-watch'd. This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels, and new jollity. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf bewails the moon; Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, All with weary task fordone. Now the wasted brands do glow, Whilst the scratch-owl, scratching loud, Puts the wretch, that lies in woe, In remembrance of a proud. Now it is the time of night, That the graves, all gaping wide, Every one lets forth his sprite, Long in the church-way paths to glide: And we fairies, that do run By the triple Hecat's team, From the presence of the sun, Following darkness like a dream, Now are frolick; not a mouse Shall disturb this hallow'd house: I am sent, with broom, before, To sweep the dust behind the door. Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train. 

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light, By the dead and drowsy fire: Every elf, and fairy sprite, Hop as light as bird from brier; And this ditty, after me,

Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote: To each word a warbling note, Hand in hand, with fairy grace, Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, and DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day, Through this house each fairy stray. To the best bride-bed will we, Which by us shall blessed be; And the issue there create, Ever shall be fortunate. So shall all the couples three Ever true in loving be; And the goods of nature's hand Shall not in their issue stand; Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar, Nor mark prodigious, such as are Despised in nativity, Shall upon their children be.— With this field-dew consecrate, Every fairy take his gait; And each several chamber bless, Through this palace with sweet peace: E'er shall it in safety rest, And the owner of it blessed.

Trip away, Make no stay: Meet me all by break of day. [Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train. Puck. If my shadows be offended, Think but this, (and all is mended,) That you have but slumber'd here, While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend; If you pardon, we will mend. And, as I am an honest Puck, If we haveewraten you Not to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long: Else the Puck a liar call. So, good night unto you all, Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. [Exeunt.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre.
Biron, Longaville, Dumain, Boyet, Lords, attending on the King.
Don Adrian de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, a curate.
Holofernes, a schoolmaster.
Dull, a constable.
Costard, a clown.

Moth, page to Armado.
A Forester.
Princess of France.
Rosaline, Maris, Katharine, Jacquenetta, a country wench.
Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

Se:—Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regist'red upon our brazen tombs, And then grace us in the disgrace of death; When, spite of cormorant devouring time, The endearment of this present breath may buy That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
And make us heirs of all eternity. [Exeunt, Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are, That war against your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force: Navarre shall be the wonder of the world; Our court shall be a little Academe, Still and contemplative in living art. You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, Have sworn for three years' term to live with me, My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes, That are recorded in this schedule here; Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names; That his own hand may strike his honour down, That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.
Long. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sweeping frost, That bites the first green leaves of spring. Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing? What should I joy in an absence, and die? At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in Naves new-fangled shows; But like of each thing, that in season grows.

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate. King. Well, sit you out go home, Biron; adieu! Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay.

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more, Than for that angel knowledge you can say, Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore, And hide the penance of each three years' day. Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strictest degree I'll write my name. King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame.

Biron. [Aside.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.

And hath this been proclaimed? Four days ago.

Long. Let's see the penalty.

[Reads.] On pain of losing her tongue.


Biron. A dangerous law against gentility. [Reads.] Item, If any man be so bold as to think in the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, yourself must break; For well you know, here comes in embassy The French King's daughter, with yourself to speak.

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,— About surrender-up of Aquitain To her decept's, sick, and bedridden father; Therefore this article is made in vain, Or vainly comes the admird princes hither. King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite unadvised.

Biron. No study evermore is over-shot; While it doth study to have what it would, It doth forget to do the thing it should. And when it hath the thing it hunteth most, Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this de- She must lie here on mere necessity. [creep.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn Three thousand times within this three years' space; For every man with his affects is born; Not by might master'd, but by special grace If I break faith, this word shall speak for me, I am forsworn on mere necessity. So to the laws at large I write my name; [Subscrib.

And, he that breaks them in the least degree, Stands in alatteder of eternal shame: Suggestions are to others, as to me: But, I believe, although I seem so lost I am the last that will last keep this; But break faith, this word shall speak for me.

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted With a refined traveller of Spain; A man that propos'd the world's new fashion planted, That hath a mint of phrases in his brain One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony; A man of compliments, whom the right and wrong Have chose as emperor of their mutiny
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight.
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie.
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Love, perchance the swarm, and he, shall be our
And, so to study, three years is but short. [sport;
Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.
Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow; What would't?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempt thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in
God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant
us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?
Long. To hear weekly, sir, and to laugh moderate;
or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merrines.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it, I, was taken
with the manner.
Biron. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all
these three: I was seen with her in the manor
house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken
following her into the park; which, put together,
is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for
the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak
to a woman: for the form,—in some form.
Biron. For the following, sir?
Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And
God defend the right!
King. Will you hear this letter with attention?
Biron. As we would hear an oracle.
Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
after the world's words. [Reads.] Great deputy, the melkin's viceregent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—
Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.
King. So it is.
Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is,
in telling true, but so, so.
King. Peace.
Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not
fight!
King. No words.
Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.
King. So it is, besieg'd with skirl-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk.
The time when? About the sixth hour: when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is gleaped thy park. Then for the place where: where I, mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that dreweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to this word,—it standeth north-west and east, by east from the very corner of thy curiously-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,
Cost. Me.
King. —that unletter'd small-knowing soul,
Cost. Me.
King. —that shallow vessel,
Cost. Still me.
King. —which, as I remember, hight Costard,
Cost. O me.
King. —sorted and consort'd, contrary to thy
established proclaimed edict and continuance
with,—with, O with—but with this I passon to say no more.
Cost. With a wench.
King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a
female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a
woman. Him I (for my ever esteemed duty pricks me)
have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by
thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good
repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.
Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony
Dull.
King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel
dcall, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swains,) I
keep her as a vessel of thy love's fury; and shall, at
the least of thy sweet wishes, bring her to trial. Thine,
in all compliments of doved and heart-burning host of
duty, Don Adriano de Armado.
Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but
the best that ever I heard.
King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah,
what say you to this?
Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.
King. Did you hear the proclamation?
Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but
little of the marking of it.
King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment,
to be taken with a wench.
Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken
with a damosel.
King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.
Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was
a virgin.
King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed
virgin.
Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was
taken with a maid.
King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.
Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You
shall fast a week with bran and water.
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton
and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—
[Exeunt.]
Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.
Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I
was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a
true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Armado's House.
Enter Armado and Moth.
Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.
Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same
good thing; dear imp.
Moth. No, no, O lord, sir, no.
Arm. How canst thou part sadness and mel-
ancholy, my tender juvenile?
Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the work-
ing, my true senior.
Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?
Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?
Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent
epithetos, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

**Act I.**

**Love's Labours Lost.**

**Love.** And I, tough senior, as an appertaining to thy candid praise, which we may name tough.

**Art.** Pretty, and apt.

**Love.** How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt, or I apt, and my saying pretty?

**Art.** They pretty, because little. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

**Art.** And therefore apt, because quick.

**Love.** Speak you this in my praise, master?

**Art.** I like your kindling praise.

**Love.** I will praise an eel with the same praise.

**Art.** What? that an eel is ingenious?

**Love.** That an eel is quick.

**Art.** I do say, then. Art quick in answers: Thou hast not-clouded my blood.

**Love.** I am answered, sir.

**Art.** I love not to be crossed.

**Love.** He speaks the more contrary, crossing love not him.

**Art.** I have promised to study three years with the duke.

**Love.** You may do it in an hour, sir.

**Art.** Impassibly.

**Love.** How many is one thrice told?

**Art.** I am ill at reckoning, it fits not the spirit of a tapster.

**Art.** You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

**Love.** I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

**Art.** Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of ducceas amounts to.

**Love.** It doth amount to one more than two.

**Art.** Which the base vulgar do call, three.

**Love.** True.

**Art.** Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

**Love.** Here is three years studied, one you will scarce win, and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will not tell you.

**Art.** A most fine figure!

**Art.** To prove you a cipher. [Aside.]

**Art.** I will hereupon confess, I am in love and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the honour of affection would deliver me from the reproach thought of it, I would take desire prisoners, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outwear my expected compliments. How long, boy? What great men have been in love?

**Art.** Hercules, master.

**Love.** Most sweet Hercules!—more authority, doth he have more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

**Art.** Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.

**Art.** Or well knit Sampson! strong jointed Sampson. I desist thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying praises. It is love, and I am in love too.—What was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

**Art.** A woman, master.

**Love.** Of what complexion?

**Art.** Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

**Art.** Tell me precisely of what complexion?

**Art.** Of the sea-water green, sir.

**Love.** Is that one of the four complexions?

**Art.** As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

**Art.** Green, indeed; is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

**Love.** It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

**Art.** My love is most immaculate white and red.

**Art.** Most morose thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

**Love.** Define, define, well-educated infant.

**Art.** My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

**Love.** Sweet invocation of a child: most pretty, and pathetical!

**Art.** If she be made of white and red, Moth. Her faults will never be known.

**Art.** For blest cheeks by faults are bred, and tears by pale-white shown:

**Love.** Then, if she fast, or to be blamed,

**Art.** By this you shall not know.

**Love.** For still her cheeks possesses the same,

**Art.** Which nature she doth owe.

**Art.** A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

**Love.** Is there not a bawd, boy, of the King and the Hoggart.

**Art.** The world was very guilty of such a bawd some three ages since; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the time.

**Art.** I will have the subject newly writ over, that I may example my digression by some mighty proper sing-song, for I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

**Art.** To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than this.

**Love.** Ah, say, sing.

**Art.** Forbear till this company be past.

**Enter** Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

**Dull.** Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard thus; for never you must have him take no delight, no no peace; but 's must fast three days a week.

**Love.** For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

**Art.** I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

**Dull.** Good night, sir.

**Dull.** I will visit thee at the lodge.

**Love.** That's hereby.

**Love.** I know where it is situate.

**Dull.** Lord, how wise you are!

**Love.** I will tell thee wonders.

**Dull.** With that face?

**Love.** I love thee.

**Dull.** Do you say, you know, sir?

**Dull.** And so farewell.

**Love.** Fair weather after you!

**Dull.** Come, Jaquenetta, away.

**Love.** Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences are thou shall be pardoned.

**Dull.** Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

**Love.** Thou shall be heavily punished.

**Dull.** I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

**Dull.** Take away this villain; shut him up.

**Dull.** Lord, how wise you are!

**Love.** Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

**Dull.** No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shouldst keep time.

**Love.** Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

**Dull.** What shall some see?

**Dull.** Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look to. Nay, it is not for princes to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

**Dull.** I renew Moth and Costard.

**Dull.** I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is base, guided by her foot, which is base, doth tread. I shall be forewarned (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love!
**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.—Another part of the same. A Pavilion, and Tents at a distance.**

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

**Boyet.** Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits; consider who the king your father sends; to whom he sends; and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem; To parley with the sole inheritor Of that fair jewel, which may o'ere, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight Than Aqualia; a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, Which did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you. [mean.

**Prin.** Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chappen's tongues: I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be count'd wise In spending your wit in the prize of mine. But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Loth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Will pay full pain study shall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his court; Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Lord, we have heard you so much, that we cannot do with out your good advice as our best-moving fair solicitor. Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, On serious business, craving quick despatch, Imports personal conference with his grace. Hast, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-visag'd eunuchs, his high will. **Boyet.** Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

**Prin.** All pride is willing pride, and your's is so.—Who are the votaries, my loving lords, That are now fellows with this virtuous duke? 1 Lord. Longaville is one. **Prin.** Know you the man? 2 Lord. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast, Between lord Perigot and the beauituous heir Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized, In Normandy, say I this Longaville: A man of sovereign parts he esteem'd; Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well. The only sill of his fair virtue's gloss, (If strong enough, though but slight the roll,) Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still'lls It should none spare that come within his power. **Prin.** Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so? 3 Lord. They say so most, that most his humour's know.

**Prin.** Such short-lived's wit do wither as they grow. Who are the rest? 4 Lord. The young Dumaín, a well-accomplish'd youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd: Most power may go to most hand, for I am living ill; For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. I saw him at the duke Alençon's once; And much too little of the gentleness saw, Is my report, to his great worthiness. **Ros.** Another of these students at that time Was there with him: if I have heard a truth, Biron that I call him: but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal: His eye begets occasion for his wit; For every object that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving jest; Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,) Delivers in such apt and gracious words, That aged ears play truant at his tales, And younger hearings are quite ravished; So sweet and volatile is his discourse. **Prin.** God bless my ladies! are they all in love; That every one her own heart garnished With such bedecking ornaments of praise? 5 Lord. Here comes Boyet. **Re-enter Boyet.**

**Prin.** Now, what admittance, lord? **Boyet.** Navarre had notice of your fair approach; And he, and his competitors in state, Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady, Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes here to besiege his court. Than seek a dispensation for his oath, To let you enter his unpeopled house. Here comes Navarre. [The Ladies-mak.

**Enter King, Longaville, Dumaín, Biron, and Attendants.**

**King.** Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. **Prin.** Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too bare to be mine. **King.** You shall be welcome, madam, to my court. **Prin.** I will be welcome then; conduct me thither. **King.** Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath. **Prin.** Our lady keep it well: he'll be forsworn. **King.** Not for the world, fair madam, by my will. **Prin.** Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else. **King.** Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. **Prin.** Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping: 'tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it, to be(1) Hence. But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold; To teach a teacher ill beseech'meth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Gives a paper. **King.** Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. **Prin.** You will the sooner, that I were away For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay. **Biron.** Did not I dance with you in Jibrant once? **Ros.** Did not I dance with you in Jibrant once? **Biron.** I know you did. **Ros.** How needless was it then To ask the question! You must not be so quick. **Biron.** 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions. **Ros.** Twill tire. **Biron.** Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast. **Ros.** Not till I leave the ring in the mire. **Biron.** What time o'day? **Ros.** The hour that fools should ask. **K.**
Love's Labours Lost

Act 2

Scene 1: A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.


Boyel. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyel. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your heart!

Boyel. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Fauconbridge.

Long. No, we are not choicer, I assure you.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyel. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

Boyel. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyel. Katharine, by good hap.

Boyel. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyel. To her will, sir, or so.

Boyel. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyel. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

Scene 2: A man, a woman, a boy.

Mar. That last is Hiron, the merry mad-cap lord.

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyel. And every jest but a word.

Boyel. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyel. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry! [board.

Boyel. Wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: Shall finish the jest?

Boyel. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyel. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Boyel. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentle, agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyel. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,) By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Boyel. With what?

Boyel. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Boyel. Your reason.

Boyel. Why, all his behaviour did make their

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire: His boxer of too great, with you a want impresed:

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;

All serving at his feet did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy; Who, tendering their own worth, from where they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amaze,

That all eyes saw his eye enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Boyel. Come, to our pavilion: lovet is dispand'd.

Boyel. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath dispand'd:

I only have made a month of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Boyel. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakst skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's, grandfather, and learns news of him.

Boyel. Then was Venus like her mother; for her

Looking over is but grim.

Boyel. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Boyel. No.

Boyel. What then, do you see?

Boyel. Ay, our way to be gone,

Boyel. You are too hard for me.

Boyel. [Exit.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

Long. Fair fill the face it covers!

Boyel. And send you many lovers!

Boyel. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, you will then be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate That he will have a hundred thousand crowns; Being the one half of our estate, Disbursed by my father in his will.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) Received that sum; yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand crowns; in sum, of which One part of Aquitain is bound to us, Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unmitigated, We will give up our right in Aquitain, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth, For here doth demand to have repaid An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; To have his title live in Aquitain:

Which we much rather had depart withal, And have by the money by our father lent, Than Aquitain so guided as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make A just reason, against reason, In my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong.

And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unmanly to commit receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you please it, I'll repay it back,

To hold up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word—

Boyel. You can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so. [frame.

Boyel. So please your grace, the packet is not

Where that and other specialties are bound; To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me, at which interview, All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand, As honour, without breach of honour, may Make me a true witness to your honesty.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gate;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart, Though his subjects were no house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Gracie.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires concord your king. Thy own wish I thee in every place! [Exit. King and his train.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Aft, let it blood.

Biron. Would that it do good?

Ros. My physic says I.

Biron. Will you prick with your eye?

Ros. No, gentle, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is That so tame?

Boyel. The heir of Alencon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monstre, fare you well,

Though you be but a woman. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Cancelled— [Singing. Arm. Sweet air—Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Arm. Child, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Moth. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Arm. No, my complete master; but to jog off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but break and away: These are compliments—there are humours; these betray nice wenchers—would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I bad.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, In, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Moth. Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Mumble, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is first from a gun?

Moth. Sweet smoke of rhetoric! [Exit. He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's I shoot thee at the swain.

Arm. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy breast.

Moth. Most rude melancholy valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy Penelope begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no Penelope; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no Penelope, no Penelope, no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. By jove, thou dost enforce laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for Penelope, and the word, Penelope, for a salve.

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not Penelope a salve?

Arm. No page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedent that hath tofore been seen. I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the Penelope.

Moth. I will add the Penelope: say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Cost. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my Penelope.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good Penelope, ending in the goose;

Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat— [Fat. Sir, your pennry worth is good, an your goose be To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and low the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Then call'd you for the Penelope. [Shin.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin. Why call'd you for the Penelope?

Arm. Come hither, come hither:

Moth. Costard, to I for a plantain: Thus came your argument;

Then by two fat Penelope, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Then by two fat Penelope, the goose that you bought:

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till ther be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances; —I smell some Penelope, some goose. In this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enframing thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my pursuer, and I the loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from duration; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing by this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [giving him money.] for the best ward of mine honour, is, regarding my dependents. Moth. follow. [Exit. Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, I will adjudge.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [Exit Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latin word for these earnings; Remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!
why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Birgon.

Birgon. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met. 

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Birgon. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Birgon. O, why, then, three farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank you, sir.

Birgon. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Birgon. (), this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Birgon. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Birgon. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Birgon. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
And Rosaline they call her; ask for her;
And to her white hand they do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guardian: go.

Cost. Guardian,—O sweet guardian! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guardian! I will do it, sir, in print.—

Guardian.—(Exit.)

Birgon. ()!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humours sib,
A very hand, a night-watch constable;
A dissolute pedant over the boy,
Than whom no mortals so magnificent!
This wimpated, whining, parbold, wayward boy;
This sensible jester, giant-swain, Dan Caplet;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all lovers and maconsents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole inspirer, and great general
Of trotting paritiers, O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumber's heap!
What? E'en thus! E'en thus! E'en thus!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch.
But being watch'd that it may still go right:
Nay, to be purjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes:
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argo was her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Caplet will impose for my respect:
Of his allmighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,
Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who'er he was, he shou'd a mounting mind

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coprice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I think my beauty, I am fair that shoot.

Boyet. Whose that, is, he shou'd speak it, the fairest shoot.

For. Upon madam, I shan't, for I don't so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say,

O showers'd! Pride! Not fair? slack for woe.

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sa'd by merit.

Here's my fair lady, in fit for these days:

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow!—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in your shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

The power of danger, and the goodly device
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poison'd blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty,

Only for praise's sake, when they strive to be

Lovers in their lords' loves?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdued a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you don all! Pray you, which is

the head lady?

This shall know her, fellow, by the rest
That have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. That is the best, and the tallest! It is so; truth is true;

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maid's girdles for your waist should

be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Birgon, to one

lady Rosaline.

Prin. (), thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good beayer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

I am bound to serve.—

This letter is misprint, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art fair is most insatiable; true, that thou art beauteous; true itself, that thou art lovely: More fitter than fair, Beautiful than beauteurous; truer than truth itself, have commodification on thy heraldic vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious Copehetus set eye upon the pernicious and unsublime beggar Zenelopho, a sort that weigheth righteously, varch, vid, vid; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (I base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcome: he came, one; saw, two; overcome, three.
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Who came the king? Why did he come to see me? Why did he see me to overcome? To whom came he? To the beggar. Whom came the beggar? Who came to the beggar? The conclusion is victory; on whose side the king's? the captive is enriched; on whose side the beggar's? The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? The king's!—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I enreat thy love? I must. I shall give thee for thy price; for it is thy price; for it is one of thee; for it is one of thee. But, as I am not a chapman, I shall sell thee for thy value. Doth he love thee? Doth he love thee? Doth he love thee? Here, I think, doth he love thee; and here, I think, doth he love thee. Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar.'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey; Submissive fall his princely feet before, And he from forage will incline to play; But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then? Food for his rage, repasture for his den. Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter? [better] What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the [erewhile.] Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it. Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; A phantasm, a Monarch, and one that makes sport To the prince, and his bed. Prin. Thou, fellow, a woman. What gave thee this letter? Cost. I told you; my lord. Prin. To whom shouldst thou give this letter? Cost. From my lord to my lady. Prin. From which lord, to which lady? [mine] Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of To a lady of France, that call'd Rosaline. Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away. Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [Exit Princess and train. Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor? Ros. Shall I teach you to know? Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty. Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off! Boyet. My lady goes to kill horses; but, if thou Hang me by the neck, if horses that year miscarry. Finely put off! Ros. Well then, I am the shooter. Boyet. And who is your deer? Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself; come Finely put on, indeed! [near Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow. [her now. Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it? Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it. Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it; [Singing, Thou canst not hit it, my good man. Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, An I cannot, another can. [Exeunt Ros. and Kath. Cost. By my troth, most true indeed! how both did hit it! [both did hit it. Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A come he? A come he? Let the mark have a 'prick in't, to mete at. If it may Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I faith your hand is out. Cost. Indeed, a must shoot nearer, or he'll never hit the clout. Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in. [the pin. Cost. Then will she get the shot by cleaving Mar. Come, come, you talk greedily, your lips grow foul. [lenege her to bowl. Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; chal- Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night my good fortune. [Exit Boyet and Marla. Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! [wit! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most Incony vulgar When it comes so smooth off, so obscene, as it were, so fit. Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a will swear! — And his page o' other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! Solh, sola! [Shouting within. SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in angua... voided; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of colo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hau'd credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a hau'd credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; scire, as it were, replication, or, rather ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpollished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my hau'd credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a hau'd credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, bis coactus!—O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look! But, omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five

Hol. Dietynna, good man Dull; Dietynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dietynna?

Nath. A little to Phoebus, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more:

And taught not to five weeks, when he came to fives.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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change; for the sun never is but a month old:—

of a decade, that 'twas a pricket that the princess

kill'd. 

Sir Nathaniel, will you bear an extemporary

eral epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to

mer the ignorant, I have called the deer

the pricket. I am come to an accent: let me

the accent: let me supervise the cavalier. Here

are numbers ratified: but, for the elegance,

ility, and golden cadence of poetry, care.

themselves, and why, indeed, but

for smearing out the odorous flowers of

, the jerks of invention? insatiable, is nothing

so doth the bound his master, the ape his keeper.

us poor, and to lose ninety; O more L. 

leads, by adding but one

A rare talent! 

if a talent be a claw, how be claus

by a talent. 

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;

a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,

shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolu-

shions: these are begirt in the trunciile of me

mer, and now, in the worship of poetry, you're

deliver'd upon the meekling of occasion: But the

gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am

thankful for it. 

Let me praise the Lord for you; and so

may my parsleymen; for their sons are well tutor'd

by you, and their daughters profit very greatly

under you; you are a good member of the commen-

twealth. 

Makerei, if their bones be ingenious, they

shall want no instruction if their daughters be

capable, I will put it to them: But, with yep, pur

peace lydygirt, a soul feminine saith me. 

Enter Jaques and Costard. 

God give you good mornow, master person. 

Master person, —good morrow. And if one

should be pierced, which is the one? 

Marry, master schoolmaster, be that is

likely to a haghead. 

Of piercing a haghead: a good lastre of

comit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint,

even enough for a sword; that is, in jest.

Good master person, be so good as read me

this letter, it was given me by Costard, and sent

me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. 

Enter Armado, Peronel, soldi, preus amor, and

Rumio-

as thus. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak

of thee as the traveller doth of Venice


Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and, singing

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this

[Young Prince of France, to the apes and others who had

the accent: let me supervise the cavalier. Here

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under you; you are a good member of the commen-

twealth. 

Makerei, if their bones be ingenious, they

shall want no instruction if their daughters be

capable, I will put it to them: But, with yep, pur

peace lydygirt, a soul feminine saith me. 

Enter Jaques and Costard. 

God give you good mornow, master person. 

Master person, —good morrow. And if one

should be pierced, which is the one? 

Marry, master schoolmaster, be that is

likely to a haghead. 

Of piercing a haghead: a good lastre of

comit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint,

even enough for a sword; that is, in jest.

Good master person, be so good as read me

this letter, it was given me by Costard, and sent

me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. 

Enter Armado, Peronel, soldi, preus amor, and

Rumio-

as thus. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak

of thee as the traveller doth of Venice


Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and, singing

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this

[Young Prince of France, to the apes and others who had

the accent: let me supervise the cavalier. Here

are numbers ratified: but, for the elegance,

ility, and golden cadence of poetry, care.

themselves, and why, indeed, but

for smearing out the odorous flowers of

, the jerks of invention? insatiable, is nothing

so doth the bound his master, the ape his keeper.

us poor, and to lose ninety; O more L. 

leads, by adding but one

A rare talent! 

if a talent be a claw, how be claus

by a talent. 

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;

a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast loaded me with thy bird, bolt under the left lap—[Fairy secrets.]

King. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not.

To those, fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dam that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Then thou, transparent bosom, so bright.
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So riddle thou triumphing in my joy:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how fair dost thou excel!—
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell,
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?—
[Steps aside.]

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!—[Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsorn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjuré, wearing paper.

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!—[Aside.]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perfur'd?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know,—[Aside.]

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of so-
The shrewd beauty's Tyburn that hangs up sim-

plicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet sweet, the empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear and write in prose.
Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton
Disfigure not his slop.[Cupid's hose: Long.

Stay.]

This same shall go. [He reads the sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
[Gaius what the world cannot hold argument.]
Persuade my heart to this false perjur'y?
Vores, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cure all distress in me.
Vores are but breath, and breath a vapour to me:
Then thou, fair sun, which on the earth dost shine,
Exh'ist this vapour vore: in thee is it:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fault is not mine,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?—
Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity:
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend we are much out o' the way.

Enter Dumain, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company!—[Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old Infant
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky, [play:
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More said, more null! O heaven, I have my wish; Dumain transformed: four wood-cocks in a dish.
Dum. O most diviné Kate!

Biron. O most prophané coxcomb!—[Aside.

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!—[Aside.

Biron. By earth she is but corporal: there you
Dum. Her amber hairs for full have amber coted.

Biron. An amber colour'd raven was well noted. [Aside.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [Aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!—

Long. And I had mine.

King. And I mine too, good lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?—[Aside.

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then inclusion
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!—[Aside.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)—

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the muskion air:—
Through the vaulted leaves the wind,
All earth, sky, pain passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might thou and I so!
But alack, my hand is amors,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vore, alack, for youth unmet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forforn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
Jove, and Jove

Dumain. [Advancing.] thy love is far from

That in love's grief desir'd society:
Charity, you may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [advancing.] you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! I says one: O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;—

[To Long.

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To Dumain.

What will Hiron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringing, which such a zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
Hion and I, you both, and for you both did blush.
For all the witch that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
As true we are, at flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face  
Young blood will not obey an old decree;  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsawm.

King. What, did these rent lines show some  
loss of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the  
heavenly Romanize,  
That, a rude and shaggy man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal he d.; and, strucken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obdient breath?  
What sanguinary eye--eighty eyes--  
Dar'se look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty.

King. What seal, what fury bath inspir'd thee  
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; [now  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron;  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!  
Of all compositions the wul'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity;  
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend not thy flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
Eye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs; [blot.  
She passes praise: then praise too short doth  
A woman's beauty, five-score years of beauty,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth vanish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, to the sun, that maketh all things shine!  
King. What, dost thou paint my lady beautiful?  
Biron. Is eybon like her? O wood divine!  
A wife of such wood were felicity,  
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
This man's no eye, he knows not thy beauty;  
If she that learn not of her eye to look:  
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dangers, and the scowl of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt, [light.

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,  
Should cover and disgrace with a false face  
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days:  
For native blood is counted painting now;  
And where no merchandize, that would be low,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.  

Light. Long, since her time, are collars counted  
King. And Ethiopians of their sweet complexion  

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is  
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll send a fair face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.  
[She-

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as  
Dum. I never knew man hold viles stuff so dear.  
Long, since there's thy love in foot, and face  
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die  

Biron. Ah, you whoreess loggerhead, [Cos-

Gull, you, I confess. I confess.  

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool  
To make up the mess;  

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:  
Will these turties be gone?

Dum. I'll not hear.  
Hence, sir; away.  

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
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Dum. Ay, marry, there—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed; Some tricks, some quillots, how to cheat the devil. Dum. Some saline for physic.

O, 'tis more than need— Have at you then, affection's men at arms: Consider, what you first did swear unto:— To fast, to study,—and to see no woman:— Flat and fierce wars against the king's book: Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look? For when would you, my lord, or you, or you, Have found the ground of study's excellence, Without the beauty of a woman's face? From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: They are the ground, the books, the academes, From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire. Why, universal priding prisons up The human spirits in the arteries; As motion, and long during action, tires The sinewy vigour of the traveller, Now, for not looking on a woman's face, You have in that forswn the use of eyes; And study too, the causer of your vow: For where is any author in the world, Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? Learning is but an adjunct to our youth; And where we are, our learning likewise is. Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes, Do we not likewise see our learning there? O, we have made a vow to study, lords; And in that vow we have forswn our books; For when would you, my liege, or you, or you, In leaden contemplation, have found out Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eye Of beauteous tutors have to do with? Other slow arts entirely keep the brain; And therefore finding barren practisers, Scarcely show a harvest of their heavy toil; But love, first learned in a lady's eyes, Lives not alone immersed in the brain; But with the motion of all elements, Courses as swift as thought in every power; And gives to every power a double power, Above their functions and their offices. It adds a precious seeing to the eye; A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind; A lover's ear will hear the lowest voice, When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd; Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible, Than are the tender horns of cocked snails; Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste: For, when love's servitor, is not love, Still climbing trees in the Hesperides Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical, As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair; And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony. Never durst poet touch a pen to write, Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs; O, then his lines would ravish savage ears, And plant in tyrants mild humility. From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: They sparkle still the right Promethean fire; The books, the arts, the women, That show, contain, and nourish all the world; Else, none at all in outh proves excellent: Then fools you were these women to forsware; Or, keeping what is said, you still prove fools. For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love; Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men; Or for men's sake, the authors of these women; Or women's sake, by whom we are made men; Let us lose our oaths, to find ourselves, Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths: It is religion to be thus forsware: For charity itself fulfils the law; And who can sever love from charity?

**King.** Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field! [lords, Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, Pell-mell, down with them! but be first adv'd, In conflict that you get the sun of them. Long. Now, lords, to plain-dealing, lay these gloves by: Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France? King. And win them too: therefore let us devise Some entertainment for them in their tents. Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon Hee will with his book resolve the cause, Such as the shortness of the time can shape; For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours, Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. A way, away! no time shall be omitted, That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Alons! Alons!—sow'd cockle reap't no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenchers may prove plagues to men forsware; If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.** Another part of the same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impiety, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tamquam te; His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as they were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Take out his table book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insocable and point-devoid companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, t, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, half; neighbour, vocation, neibour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) It insinuathem me of insanie; Ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for bene: Priasian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

**Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.**

Nath. Videoque quis venit?

Hol. Videro, et gaudio.

Arm. Chirra! [To Moth.]

Hol. Quera, chirra, non sirrath?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside. Coas. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinum, thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [to Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Arm. Yes, yes: I think you see the horn-book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?
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Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.
Moth. Ha, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You bear his learning.
Hol. Quelle, you, thou conceant?—Thou shalt all roundly by the five vowels, if you repeat them: or the fifth, if 1.
Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i,—
Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it:

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venus of wit; snap, snap, quick and home! it rejoceth my intellect: true wit.
Hol. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.
Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?—Moth. Horns.
Hol. Then dispence like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Land me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circumcissa: A gig of cuckold's horn!

Coold. An I had but one penny in the world, they should have it to buy ginger bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny pursue of wit, these pigeons-egg of discretion. O, so the heavens were so pleased, thus thou wast but my bastered! what a joyful father would'st thou make me! Go to, thou hast it ad dauntful, at the fingers' ends, as they say, Hol. Writ in Latin; danc for us now.
Arm. Artists, personam; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?
Hol. Or, menu, the hill.
Arm. At such an pleasure, for the mountain.
Hol. I do, same question.
Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pastimes, in the posteriorities of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.
Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, engraunt, and measurable for the afternoon; the word is well cult'd, choose sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.
Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, thou, remember thou courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other imperious and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too:—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, that the present grace of his great good will sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my consent, with my mustard: but, sweet heart, let that pass. All the world, I recollect no fable; some certain special honours it pleases his greatness to impart to Armando, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all his,—but, sweet heart, I do implore severity,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curious and your sweet self; your recreation and meddle. First, going out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, ye shall present before her the nine worthies. Sir, ye shall give her some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrious, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I assure you, sir, for, Past our fair goddess of the ground, I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs. O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter! 

Pris. Any thing like?

Moth. In the letters; nothing in the praise.

Pris. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.


Kath. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your 

for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.
Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for so unusual a conceit.
Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience his, you may cry: well done, Hercules! once more crasheth the snake! that is the way to make an audience gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies:—
Hol. I will play three myself.
Arm. Thrice-worthye gentleman! 
Arm. Shall I tell you a thing? 
Hol. We attend.
Arm. We will have, if this fudge not, an antick.

I beseech you, follow.
Hol. Pst, good man Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.
Dull. Nor understood none neither.
Hol. Alas! we will employ thee.
Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the rabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavillion.

Enter the Princess, Katherine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Pris. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart. In fairings come thus plentifully in. A lady yield'sh arms with dancers! Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Ras. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Pris. Nothing, but this? yes, as much love in this as any other thing. As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ras. That was the way to make his god head; For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ras. You'll never be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.
Kath. Of all her melancholy, sad, and heavy: And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she died:
Ras. Thus shall the world be fill'd with want: for a sister world lives long.
Ras. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. 
Ras. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in muff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Ras. Look, what you do, you do it still 't the dark.
Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.
Ras. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
[for me.
Kath. You weigh me not;—O, that's you care not
Ras. Much you care for. Past care is still past care.
Pris. Well banded both; a set of wit well play'd.
Ras. But Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it?
Kath. Who sent it? I would, you knew?
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too, As were the prints of the fairer goddess of the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Pris. Any thing like? 

Moth. In the letters; nothing in the praise.
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My red dominoical, my golden letter: O, that your face was not so full of O's! 

Kath. Ay, might I not as well have put them in the eye? 

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain? 

Kath. Madam, this glove. 

Prin. And did he not send you twain? 

Kath. Yes, madam; and thus. 

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover; 
A huge translation of hypocrisy, 
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity. 

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa. 

The letter was so long, by half a moon; 
[Exeunt. 

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart, 
The chain were longer, and the letter short? 

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part. 

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so. 

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so. 

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go. 

O, that I knew he were but in by the week! 

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek; 

And wait the season, and observe the times, 
And spend his prodigal wits in baseless rhymes; 

And shape his service wholly to my behests! 

And make him proud to make me proud that jests! 

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state, 

That he should be my fool, and I his fate. 

Prin. Pray, how soon, so surety caught, when they are catch'd, 

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd. 

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school; 

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool. 

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess, 

As gravity's revolt to wantonness. 

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note, 

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote; 

Since all the power thereof it doth apply, 

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity. 

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face. 

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace? 

Prin. Thy news, Boyet? 

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!— 

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are 
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd, 
Armed in argu'ments; you'll be beguiled. 
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; 
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence. 

Prin Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they, that charge their breath against us? say, scot, say. 

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour: 
When, lo! to interrupt my purpose'd rest, 
Toward that shade I might behold beheld 
The king and his companions: warily 
I stole into a neighbour thicket by, 
And overheard what you shall overhear; 
That by and by, your purpose will be here. 
Their herald is a pretty knavish page, 
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage: 
Action, and accent, did they teach him there; 
Thus must thou speak, and thus they body hear: 
And ever and anon they made a double, 
Presence majestical would put him out; 
For, quoth the king, An angel shall thou see; 
Yet fear not thus, he speaks audaciously.

The boy reply'd, An angel is not evil: I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil. 

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder. 

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder. 
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore, 
A better speech was never spoken before: 
Another with his finger and his thumb, 
Crying Then we will not, come we may will come: 
The third he caper'd, and cried, All goes well: 
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. 

With that, they all did tumble on the ground, 
With such a zealous laughter, so profound, 
None of their solemn appearances. 
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears. 

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us? 

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd 

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess, 
Their purpose is, to parie, to court, and dance: 
And every one his love-feat will advance 
Into his several mistress; which they'll know 
By favours, or by words, which they did bestow. 

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be 

task'd:— 
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd; 

And not a mask shall man be under grace, 

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face— 

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear; 
And then the king will court thee for his dear; 

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine; 
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline. 

For, and change your favours too; so shall your loves 

Woo contrary, deceive'd by these removes. 

Ros. Command then; wear the favours most in sight. 

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent? 

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs: 
They do it but in mocking merriment; 

And mock for mock is only my intent. 

Their several counsels they unbosom shall 
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal, 

Upon the next occasion that we meet, 

With visages ridiculous, to talk and greet. 

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to? 

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot: 

Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace: 

But, while 'tis spoken, each turn away her face. 

Boyet. Why, that contumacy will kill the speaker's heart, 

And quite divorce his memory from his part. 

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt, 
The rest will never come in, if he be out. 

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'ethrown; 

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own. 

So shall we stay, mocking intended game; 

And they will mock'd, depart away with shame. 

[Trumpets sound within. 

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. 

[The ladies mask. 

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian sottis, and mask'd; MOTH, MUSICIANS, and ATTENDANTS. 

Moth. All hail the richest boundles on the earth! 

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata. 

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest damaue. 

[The ladies turn their backs to him. 

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views! 

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes. 

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! 

Out— 

Boyet. True; out, indeed. 

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits vouch— 
Not to behold— 

Biron. Once to behold, rogue. 

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes, —with your sun-beamed eyes. 

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet, 
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes. 

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out. 

Biron. Is this your perfection? be gone, you rogue. 

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, boyet? 

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will 

That some plain man recount their purposes: 
Know what they would. 

Boyet. What would you with the princess? 

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation. 

Ros. What would they, say they? 

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Bogey. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles,

To find a measure with her on this grass.

Bogey. They say that they have measured many miles,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. Tell her, we have measured by weary steps.

Bogey. She bears herself,

Of how many weary steps,

Are number’d in the travel of one mile.

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for

Our duty is so rich, so infinite;

That we may do it still without comptain.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. No face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Messuage are clearer, to do as such clouds do:

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

[These clouds removed’d, upon our waitry eye.

Ros. A thousand petitioners! beg a greater matter:

Then now request’t but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.

Biron. That did not make this begging be not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then: may, you must do it soon.

MUSICK plays.

Not yet:—no dance,—thus change I like the King.

Will you not dance? How come you, thus estrang’d?

[change’d.

Ros. You took the moon at fall; but now she’s King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by force of change.

We’ll not be nice: take hands,—we will not

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends.

Countess. Sweet hearts! and do the measure end.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your King.

Ros. Your absence only. [company?

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let’s hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas’d with that.

[They converse apart.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one swallow:

With them.

Priam. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is

Biron. Nay then, two treys, [an if you grow so Methelin, wort, and malmsye:—Well run, dice!

There’s half a dozen sweets.

Priam. Seventh sweet, adieu! Since you can cog, I’ll play no more with you. Biron. Cog? Cog! is in secret.

Priam. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grieve’st my gall.


Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a Man. Name it.

[work]

Dum. Fair lady. Say you so? Fair lord,—Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, As much in private, and I’ll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. First by reason I quickly; sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your

And would afford my speechless visor half. [mask

Kath. Yea. what, the Dutchman;—la not veal

Long. A calf, fair lady?—a calf?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let’s part the word.

Kath. No, I’ll not be your half;

Take all, and wear it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you but yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chase lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[They converse apart.

Bogey. The tongues of mocking wenches are as

Is a the razor’s edge invisible,

[keep

Cuttin’ a smaller hair than may be seen.

Above the sense of sense; so sensible [widths.

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

In the air, than wind doth break off.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scott.

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple

[Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Musket, and Attendants.

Priam. Twenty attleus, my fairen Moscovites.—Are the rest of the company of wonder’d at?

Bogey. Tapers they are, with your sweet breath puff’d out.

[Fat, fat.

Ros. We’ll like-will visors they have; gross, gross,

[Proverty in wit, king’s-poor; fast.

Priam. O poverty in wit, king’s-poor; what’s this; or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

[Or, 0! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping, pite of a good word.

Biron. Did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dauin was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Dauin. Good sir, I would say no more, for I saw

And bow you, what be call’d me?

Priam. Quain, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Priam. O! we are well, better vices have worn plain statuts.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Priam. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dauin is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Bogey. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear: immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for no man can ever be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Priam. Will they return?

Bogey. They will, they will, God knews, and make for joy, though they are low blows.

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair, Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. [stood


Bogey. Do, be, madam, for it is not rose, but Dismaisk’d, their damask sweet committishion, shown, Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Priam. Arvant, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shape? For then be a Great damask, if by me you’ll be advis’d.

Let’s mock them still, as well known, as disguised let us complain to them what fools we were here, Disguis’d like Moscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their yellow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should presentum to us?
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at
hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[Exeunt Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.]

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
To show their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the
princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one
word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[Exit.]

Biron. This fellow's stuck up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when God doth please;
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassells, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
He can carve too, and lipt: Why, this is he,
That kis'd a woman's hand in courtesy; 
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nie,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meely; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet;
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A bluster on his sweet tongue, with my
That put Armado's page out of his part! [heart.

Enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline,
Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou,
Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day!
Prin. Fair. In all, hall is, is, as I conceive.
King. Rose, to my speech, with what words you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your
vows;
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provok;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should
have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's truth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torrents though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, wov'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in dosolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant
A mess of Russians left us but of late. [game;
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
The gallants, full of courtesy, and of state.
Roiz. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted here with four
In Russian habit; here they stood an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
Their grace, and goodly, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wisest things seem foolish, and most wondrous but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
[eye,—
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. O, I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visor? why de-
mand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous
case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now
downright.

Dumce. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. A marry, my lord? Why looks your high-
ness sad?

Ros. Help, hold my brows! he'll swoon! Why
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Biron. Bruele me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor yet no more in Russian boots walk.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Thy name my joy; and I am not a peer,
But by this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows)
Have blown me full of maggots ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russe lines, and honest kersey noes;
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
'I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, Lord have mercy on us, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and cut it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
[Exeunt.]

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that see?
Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall I, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression
Some fair excuse:
Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was, and were you well advis'd?

Prin. I was, fair madam.

King. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

Ros. This I may tell thee; I then did respect
When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, so.

Pria. Peace, peace, forbear; your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. I love you, sir; and break this oath of mine. Peace, peace, forbear, I have therefore broken it.

Pria. What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

King. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear. As precious as my sight, and did value me

Pria. Above all worlds, astounding thee. Moreover,

King. That he would wound me, or else die my love.

Pria. Did give thee joy of him! the noble lord

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my truth,

I never saw that lady such an oath.

Pria. My honour you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this; but take it, sir; again,

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;

I know her by the jewel on her brow.

Pria. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

And lord Leven, I thank him, is my dear—

What will you have me, or your part again?

Pria. Neither of either; I remit both in am.

I saw the truth out;—Here was a come-on,

Knowing aforehand of our movement,

To make it like a briskness come—

Some carry-tale, some please man, some slight story,

[Dick. Some mumble-words, some treacherous knight.

That seemed his cheek in years; and knows the

To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed—

Told our intents before: would once deposed,

These fair masques, and then them we,

Following the sense, would best the sign of her.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn in well, and error.

Much upon this it is—And might not you,

To Boyet. Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do you not know my lady's foot by this squire,

To speak with her as a Company, and Cell.

And stand between her lack, sir, and the air,

Here's a treacher, jesting merrily.

You put our page out, i.e. you areallow'd;

Like when you well, a smash shall be your showed.

You love upon me, do yon? there's an eye.

Wounds like a learen sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. I.e. he is taking straight! I Peace; I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit; thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three

Cost. No, sir; but it is rare fine.

For every one parent three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,

It is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you; we,

What we know what.

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—

Biron. It is not nine.

Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil

It doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for

Cost. O Lord, sir, if you pity you should get

Your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the purities themselves, the

actor, sir, will show with, until it doth amount; for

my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect

one man, o'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir,

Biron. Art thou one of the wretches?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of

Pompion the great; for mine own part, I know

not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand

for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take

some course.

[Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not

approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis

our policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his

King. I say, they shall not come.

Pria. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you

That speak best pleasees, that doth least know how:

Where seal strives to content, and the contents

Else in the seal of them which it presents;

Their forms confounded makes most form in mirth:

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Amaunted, I implore so much experience

of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of

words.

[Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.

Pria. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you it?

Pria. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. He doth not; one, my fair, sweet, honest monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain; but we will put it, as they say, ut fortuna della guerra. Will you the peace of mind, most royal complement?

[Exit Armado.

King. Here's like to be a good presence of wor-

thies: He presents Hector of Troy, the swain,

Pompion the great; the parish curate, Alexander;

Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Ma-

chabees.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,

These will be sure to change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is fire in the first show.

Arm. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the bragart, the hedges.

priet, the fool, and the boy—

Abate a throw at morum; and the whole world again,

[fein.

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

[Scene brought for the King, Princes, &

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter Costard arm'd, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Biron. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,

Biron. With ibbard's head on knee.

Pompey. Well said, old mocker; I must needs he

friends with the then.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey survannd the big—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey survannd the great

That of a field, a large and shield, did make my

for to swoon.

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance:

And lay his handes before the legs of this sweet love

of France.

[done.

If your ladyship would say, The 3r Pompey, I had

Pria. (Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was

perfect: I made a little fault in it.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves

the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I hold, I was the world's

commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'cathexen pain declares, that I am Allsander.
Boyle. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it bears the stamp of thy knight.
Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender.
Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in this world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:
Boyle. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Allsander. Pompey the great,
Cott. Your servant, and Costard.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Allsander.

Cost. O, sir, [to Nath.] you have overthrown Allsander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-lax: he will he the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and dear to speak! I run away for shame, Allsander. [Nath. retires.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insoucious, and a very good bowler; but, for Allsander, alas, you see, 'twas a little o'parted:—but there are worthies a-coming will speak their minds in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH, arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp.
Biron. I hold Cerberus, that three-headed dog.

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrirmp, nus;
Thus did he strange serpents in his manus:
Quoniam, he seemed in minority;
Ergo, I cannot love his apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit MOTH.] Hol. Judas, I am—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not, Iscariot, sir—

Judas I am, yeilded Machabeous.

Dum. Judas. Machabeous clipt, is plain Judas.
Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd?

Hol. Judas, I am—

[Dum. The more shame for you, Judges.]


Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

[Biron. We follow, as was hanged on an old man. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Dum. The head of a dogkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyle. The pommel of Caesar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a finch.

Biron. St. George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lend.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance. Biron. False: we have given thee faces. Boyle. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyle. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay? Dum. For their heads.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude, give it him!—

Judas, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle; not humble.
Boyle. If it light the conqueror; it grows dark, he may stumble. [baited!] Prin. Alas, poor Machabuous, how hath he been Enter Armado, arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms. Dumb. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyle. But is this Hector? Dumb. This Hector was not so clean-tembered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyle. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This Hector will not change.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace be with thee.

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the hilt of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea

From worn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

That mint.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten sweet churchyard; not in that place:
when he breath'd, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [to the Princess.] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[Biron whispers Costard.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyle. Loves thee by the mouth of Pompey that is dead.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector for surmount'd Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone;

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,

The poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou inform me among potentates?

Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaque-netta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead.

Dumb. Most rare Pompey!

Boyle. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the bones of the burn'd:

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. Why reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go Woodward for pance.

Boyle. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore
name, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a
wear next his heart, for a favour.

Enter Mercédès.

Mrs. God save you, madam! 'Prin. Wishes grace, Mercédès;
But that these interrupt our merriment.
Mrs. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
'Prin. Mrs. Even so; my tale to tell.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.
Aria. For mine own part, I breathe free breath
I have seen the day of the return of these little
hole of discretion, and I will right myself of
soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.

'Prin. How fares your majesty?

Biron. Hasty, prepare; I shall away to-might.

'Prin. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay,

'Prin. Prepare, I say—I thank you, gracious
For all your fair endeavours: and entreat, [lords,
Out of a new-and soul, that you vouchsafe
in your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits.
If over-bodily, we have borne ourselves
in the converse of breath, your gentleness
Who quality of it, shall, three powers of thy lord!
A beaty heart bears not an humble tongue
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.

Mercédès. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of happiness:
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate;
And though the mourning bow of progeny
Furished with the terrors of the haughty kind,
The body suit which fate it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
Presuming that it proceed, since, and my friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

'Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. If I were in plain words best please the ear of
grief,
And by those badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
Half much deform'd as, fashioning our humour
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd so ridiculous—
As if we did in specious of the dead;
All warren as a child, skipping, and talon;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Various in subjects in the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravitas,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours; for is it not in me, in us,
By being false for ever to be true;
To those that make us both, fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.
Mrs. We home, Mercédès; shall much more
Long. So did our looks. [than jest

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Biron. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjurd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do such, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
To some faron and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There will I till the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insensible life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If fruits, and fruits, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
And this my body, full of the blossoms of
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kneeling thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My wontful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation;
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thee do deny, let our hands part;
Neither inlaid in the other's heart:
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
With my heart, I wish to thee love three
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye:
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But in that world of faults and passions;

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

[needy;

Kath. A wife /.—A heard, fair health, and ho-
With this, or more than this, I wish to thee love
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord—a twelvemonth and a
day
I'll may, in words that smooth face'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I will give you some.
Dum. I preserve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mer. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Maria. But is it not enough for you to be looking?
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding words;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your will:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And there withal, to work upon my love
(Without the which I am not to be won.)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With the fiercest, to endow your letters, full of love.
To enforce the painsed impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be; it is impossible:

[death

Biron. Of birth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibe
spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
This, for the wenching bear you give to fools
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Des'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Act 5.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Will hear your idle scorns, continue them, And I will have you, and that fault withal; But, if they will not, throw away that spirit, And I shall find you empty of that fault, Right joyful of your reformation. 

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, beati what will beai, I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital. 

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [To the King. 

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooring doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy Might well have made us sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a And then 'twill end. That's too long for a play. 

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,— 

Prin. Was not that Hector? 

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy. 

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show. 

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so. 

Arm. Holla; approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I. 

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue, And lady-smokes all silver white,

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, Do paint the meadows with delight, The cuckoo then, on every tree, Mocks married men, for thus sings he, Cuckoo: Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

II. 

When shepherds pipe on oatens straws, And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks, When turtles tread, and rocks, and daws, And maidsens bleach their summer smocks, The cuckoo then, on every tree, Mocks married men, for thus sings he, Cuckoo; Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

III. 

Winter. When violets hang by the wall, And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears logs into the hall, And milk comes frozen home in pail, When blood is nipp'd, and vayse be foul, Then nightly sings the starling owl, To-who: Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV. 

When all aloud the wind doth blow, And coughing dromes the parson's sars, And birds sit brooding in the snow, And Marian's note looks red and raw, When roasted crabs hiss in the bawl, Then nightly sings the starling owl, To-who: Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. 

[Exeunt.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice. Prince of Morocco, 
Prince of Arragon. 
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice. Bassanio, his friend. 
Salano, Salarino, 
Gratiano, Lorenzo, in love with Jessica. 
Shylock, a Jew, Tubal, his friend. 
Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.

SCENE,—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salano.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad, It wearies me; you say, it wearies you; But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a want-wit sadness makes me, That I have much ado to know myself. 

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean; There, where your argosies with portly sail,— Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood, Or, as it were, the pagesant of the sea,— Do overpeer the petty traffickers, That curt'sy to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings. 

Sali. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Flicking the grass, to know where sits the wind; Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads; And every object, that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt, Would make me sad. 

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague, when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

[Exit.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act I.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Valling her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not behark me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which, being avoided but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spirits on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And even now worth nothing! Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I ye my thought.
That such a thing, behan'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why then you are in love.
Ant. Fye, fye!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad.
Because you are not merry; and there as easy.
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry.
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Nature both fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore creep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper:
And they cry out of such vicious aspect,
That they will make thee smile in their own way; in smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Roderigo, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.
Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. We are glad to have said till I had made you merry,
If warbler friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good-morrow, my good lords.
Grat. (Good signors both, when shall we laugh?)
Salar. When you grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

[Aside Salarino and Salandim.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,
We two will lose you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Grat. I will not fail you.
Salar. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world; Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Salar. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter; but let sadness come;
And let me liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Swell his high top lower than her ribs,
Sleep when he wake's, and creep into the jandscape
By being pesed? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
Though thou art one of men, whose vigour
Do cream and mantle, like a standing poud;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Owen;
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That there fore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,
merry fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion,—
Many a word's enough, and then farewell while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner;
And life.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Grat. Thanks, I'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[Aside Gratiano and Lorenzo.
Ant. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.
more than in all Venice. His reasons are
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
you shall seek all day ere you find them; and,
when you have them, they are not worth the search.
Ant. I tell you, now, why it is this same:
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How I have disabled mine estate,
by something showing a more than the port
Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, that I may be fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unbar the all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd.
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
I do unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In school-days, when I had lost one last,
I shott his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To do me other forth; and by venturing both,
I oft found both; I argue this childhood proof.
Because what follows is pure Innocence,
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstances;
And should I doubt, you do me much the wrong.
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That my knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and rather than that word,
Of whose virtue, of whose name, I was shorn, her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is Portia; nothing undeserved
To Cato's daughter, Bruttus' Portia.
Nor have I this written ignorant of worth
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Act I. MERCHANT OF VENICE

Which makes her seat of Belmont: Colescho's strand,
And many famous come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, I had but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That shall be racy, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a
weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
eries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are: And yet, forasmuch as they are as
sick, that surfeth with too much, as they that starve
with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore,
to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner
by white hairs, but want and poverty lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men rich; for who that is not idle, could have
a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easy
teach twenty what were good to be done, than be
one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.
The profit of any thing, is the good from the blood; but a hot
temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is
madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good coun-
sel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the
fault of the day, nor of the age: What would
choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor
refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daugh-
ter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard,
Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse
none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations; there-
fore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these
three cases, is a good divine; a good divine, that
chooses his meaning, chooses you; will, no doubt,
ever be chosen by any rightly, but one who you
shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in
your rich blood, when you think of these princely suitors
that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou
namest them, I will describe them; and according
to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth no-
things but talk of his horse; and he makes it a
great approbation to his own good parts, that he
can shoe himself: I am much afraid, my lady his
mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but rown; as who should
say, An if you will not, have me, choose: he hears
merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove
the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being
so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had
rather he married a death's head with a bone in
his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me
from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur
Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass
for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than
the county Palatine: and his thrift of rowing, is
more than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man:
if its throstdising, he falls straight a capering: he will
fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him,
I should marry twenty husbands: If he would de-
spise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me
madly, I shall never require him: Therefore, you
and I, shall swear to forego, the young baron of
England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he
understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come
into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth
in the English. He is a proper man's picture:
But, alas! I cannot converse with a dumb show.
How oddly he is rued! I think, he bought his
doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bon-
net in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. Why think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour?

Por. That he had a neighbourhood charity in him;
for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman,
and swore he would pay him again, when he was
able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety,
and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke
of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is
sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is
drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a
man; and when he is worst, he is little better than
a beast and the rest fail: for that he fell, I hope,
shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose
the right casket, you should refuse to perform your
father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee,
set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary
casket: for, if the devil be within, and that tempta-
tion without, I know he will choose it. I will do
any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sultan.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of
these lords; they have acquainted me with their de-
terminations: which is indeed, to return to their
home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless
you may be won by some other sort than your fa-
ther's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylia, I will die
as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the
manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel
of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one
among them but I dote on his very absence, and I
pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, madam, in your father's
time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came
hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so
was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever
my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving
a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him
worthy of thy praise. How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam,
to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come
from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings
word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so
good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I
should be glad of his approach: If he have the con-
dition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I
had rather he shrowd me than woo me.

Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut
the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A publick Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats.—well.

Bass. As Y. 5.

Shy. For three months.—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall
be bound.

L 2
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act 1.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you stand me? Will you please me? Shall I hear your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, And Antonio bound.

Bass. Shall I have answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in exigency: he hath an urgent bond in Triptich, another in his house, a third stronger upon the Rialto; he hath a third at Messer, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be lead-rods, water-roles, water-thales, and lead-thales; there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient.

Three thousand ducats—i think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may, and, that I may be assured, I will betheath my money with Antonio.

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to small part; to eat of the habitations which your propright, the Natives, composed the diet. You may propose to me with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so forwarding; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who's he here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is a singular Antonio.

Shy. He is a singular Antonio. He hath for a publisher he

Antonio. I hate him for he is a Christian! [looks

Shy. But more, for that, in how simplicity,

Antonio. How lends out money gratis, and brings down

Shy. The rate of assure here with us in Venice.

Antonio. If I can catch him once, I mean, pittance; and

Shy. Well, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Antonio. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails.

Shy. Even there where merchants most do congregate,

Antonio. On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Shy. Which he cares interest: Cursed be my tribe,

Antonio. If I forgive him?

Shy. Shylock, do you bear?

Antonio. I am debauched of my peace more: And, by the near guess of my memory,

Shy. I cannot instantly raise up the cross

Antonio. Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?

Shy. Turn a wealth. How is thy trade now?

Antonio. I will furnish me; But soft, how many months

Shy. Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signor.

Antonio. Your worship was the last man in our month.

Shy. Shylock, albeit he neither lend nor borrow,

Antonio. By taking, nor by giving of excess.

Shy. Yet, to supply the rape [rape] wants of my friend,

Antonio. He seemeth a custom:—to he yet possessed,

Shy. How much would you?

Antonio. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Shy. And for three months?

Antonio. And to be paid again, three months, you told me so.

Shy. Well then, you bond; and, let me see,—But hear you:

Antonio. Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,

Shy. Unprofitable advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob gran'd his uncle Laban's sheep,

Antonio. This Jacob from our holy Abraham was

Shy. To his wife mother wrought in his behalf

Antonio. The third possessor: ay, he was the third.

Antonio. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would

Antonio. Direct interest; mark what Jacob did.

Shy. When Laban and himself were compen'd, d.

Shy. That all the maimings which were strack'd, and

Antonio. Should fall, as Jacob's hire: the ewes, being rank,

Shy. In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

Antonio. And when the work of generation was

Shy. Between them were in his covenanted art.

Antonio. The astful shepherd pledged me certain wands,

Shy. And, in the doings of the deed of kind,

Antonio. He stuck them up before the first-some ewes;

Shy. Who, at the time of birth, did in the morning light;

Antonio. Vast, colour'd lamb's, and those were Jacob's.

Shy. This was a way to thrife, and he was blest;

Antonio. And thine is blessing, if men steal it not.

Shy. And the foregoing venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd

Antonio. A thing not in his power to bring the world for;

Shy. But a way, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven

Antonio. Was this inserted to make interest good?

Shy. Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Antonio. I make it breed as fast:

Shy. But note me, signior.

Antonio. Mark you this, Bassano,

Shy. This devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

Antonio. An evil soul, providence, a prowling wight,

Shy. Like a villain with a smiling cheek;

Antonio. A badly apple rotten at the heart;

Shy. O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Antonio. Three thousand ducats,—tis a good round sum.

Shy. Three months from twelve, then let me see the

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be behelden to you?

Shy. This Antonio, and his two men, in time and off,

Antonio. In the Rialto you have rated me.

Shy. About my monies, and my usances

Antonio. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:

Shy. For ever I keep in the hedge of the devil, or who;

Antonio. You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

Shylock. And spurt upon my Jewish gaberdine,

Antonio. And all for use of that which is mine own

Shylock. Well, in the now—I must you need my help

Antonio. Go to them; you come to me, and you say,

Shylock. And we would have monies; You say so;

Antonio. You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

Shylock. And foot me, as you spurn a stranger

Antonio. I am not held; monies is your suit.

Antonio. What should I say to you?—Should I not say,

Shylock. Hath a dog money? is it possible

Antonio. A can lend three thousand ducats? or

Shylock. Shall I lend low, and in a bondman's key,

Antonio. With 'bated breath, and whispering humpiness.

Shylock. Say this,—Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last:

Antonio. You said me such a day; another time.

Shylock. You called me—dog: and for these courtesies

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again.

Shylock. To speak, I say again, to speak,

Antonio. If thou wilt lend me this money, lend it not

Shylock. As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take

Antonio. A breed for barren metal of his friend?)

Shylock. I bid rather to thine enemy;

Antonio. Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face

Shylock. Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you aston;

Antonio. I would be friends with you, and have your love;

Shylock. Forget the shame, that you have stain'd me with,

Antonio. Supply thy present wants, and take no doot

Shylock. Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:

Antonio. This is kind I offer.

Shylock. And this were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show:—

Antonio. Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Shylock. Your single bond: and, in a merry sport.

Antonio. If you give me not, in such a bond,

Shylock. In such a piece, such sum, or sums, as are

Antonio. Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Shylock. Be nominated for an equal pound;

Antonio. Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

Shylock. In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,

Shylock. And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Antonio. Ye shall not seal to such a bond for me,

Shylock. I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Act 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it; Within the ten months, that's a month before This bond expires, I do expect return Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are, Whose own hard dealings teach them suspect The thoughts of others! Fray you, tell me this: If he should break his day, what should I gain By the execution of the forfeit? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of muttons, beets, or goats. I say, To buy his favour, I extend this friendship; If he would take it, so; if not, I die. And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond. Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's; Give him direction for this merry bond, And I will go and purchase the ducats straight; See to my house, left in the fearful guard Of an untruthy knave; and presently I will be with you. [Exit.

Ant. Hee thee, gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind. Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind. Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay, My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun, The red-whit'd rags, in which I walk, Bring me the fairest creature northward born, Whose Phæbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine. I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear, The best regarded virgins of our clime Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hne, Except to turn it in the thoughts, the will, of thee. Per. In terms of choice I am not solely led By nice direction of a maiden's eyes: Besides, the lottery of my destiny Bars me the right of voluntary choosing: But, if my father had not scattered me, And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself His wife, who wins me by that means I told you, Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair, As any complett I have look'd on yet, For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you; Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets, o try my fortune. By this similit, That slew the Sophy, and a Persan prince, That won three fields of Sultan Sulymam,— I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look, Out-brave the heart, most daring on the earth, Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear, Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, To win thee, lady: But, alas the while! If Herecules, and Lichas, play at the Which is the better man, the greater throw May turn by fortune from the weaker hand: So is Alcides beaten by his page, And Bellerophon by Abdon leading me, Miss that which one unworthier may attain, And die with grieving.

Per. You must take your chance; As other not attempt to choose at all; Or swear, before you choose;—if you choose wrong, Never to speak to lady afterward In way of marriage; therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [Cornets.

To make me blest, or cursed'ut among men. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Lau. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot, to steal honest Launcelot; or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away; My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; a scorn running with thy heels: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; viva! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Laun- celot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something and had a thing to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel, and runs; then, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Lau. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true be- gotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel bed, knows me not:—I will try con- spiracies with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Lau. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning; then, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house. Gob. By God's souldes, 'twill be as hard a way to it, as can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Lau. Talk you of young master Launcelot?— Mark me now; [aside.] now will I raise the wa- ters,—Talk you of young master Launcelot? Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Lau. Well, let his father know what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Lau. But I pray you ergo, old man, ergo, I be- seech you; talk you of young master Launcelot? Gob. Talk Launcelot, an't please your master-ship.

Lau. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (ac- cording to fates and destined destinies, and old and oldy say- ings, the sister three, and such branches of learning, is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of our house, and not my very prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father? Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gen-
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preteriment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The fellow of a poor gentleman.

Lest. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out—give him a lively

More guarded than his fellows: I see it done.

Lest. Father, in so—I cannot get a service, no;

— I have never a tongue in my head.—Well! (lunking on his pedis.) If any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth deliver to wear upon a book—I shall have good fortune; to go, here's a simple life: here's a small table of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maid's, is a simple coming in to one man: and then, to 'scapes drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this year.—Father, come, I'll take my leave of these Jews in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exit Launcelot and Old Gobbo. Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,— For money, which is my trade, for fruit, I do fear, and some adventure. My best esteem'd acquaintance: blest thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exit Leonardo.

Bass. Signior Bassanio,

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it. Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must:—But hear thee, Gratiano; Thou art wild, too rude, and bold of voice:— Parts, that being happy, haply might be happy; And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Somehow too liberal:—pray thee take pain To aisy with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild bea, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, [viour, And lose my hopes.

Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and sue but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad aestas To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not page By what we do to-night. [me

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirith, for we have friends That purpose merriment: But fare you well, I have some business.

Gra. I am to Lorenzo, and the rest; But we will visit you at supper-time. [Re-enter

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so; Our house is hell, and thou, a very devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?  
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;  
There are measures I would propound:  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house: I am right loath to go;  
There is some ill brewing of my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.  
Lau. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master  
doth expect your approbation.  
Shy. So do I this.  
Lau. And they have conspired together,—I  
will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,  
then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a  
bleeding on Black-mondays last, at six o'clock the  
morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday  
was four year in the afternoon.  
Shy. What; are there masques? Hear you me,  
Jessica:  
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wyck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head out at the public street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say, I will come.  
Lau. I will go before, sir.—  
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess's eye.  
[Exit Lau.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagard's offising, biff?  
Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.  
Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge  
Small-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
[feeder,  
More than the wild cat; drone, and night  
Therefore I part with him; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately;  
Do, as I bid you,  
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.  
[Exit.  
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross,  
I have a father, you a daughter, last.  
[Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.  
Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.  
Grat. This is the pent-house, under which Lo-  
Desid'rs'd us to make stand.  
Salar. His hour is almost past.  
Grat. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour;  
For lovers ever run before the clock.  
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!  
Grat. That ever holds: who pisseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unkind fire  
That hid us pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a yonner, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed bark puts from her native hay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd rine, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggarded by the strumpet wind!  
[Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-  
after.  
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jer:—He! who's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty.
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Law. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, I have discovered: is my love, indeed; For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Law. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
Jes. Here, catch this casket! it is worth the palme.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty blots that themselves commit,
For if they could, 'twould spoil himself to blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Law. Descend, for you must be my trench-beaver.
Jes. What, must I hold a candie to my shame?
They in themselves, good enough, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.
Law. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stand for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I am determined, and will play myself
With some more decent, and be with you straight.

[Exit from above.

Law. Now, by my head, a Gentle, and no Jew.
Law. Drowst me, but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be prais'd as my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—No, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit, with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gen. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fye, fye, tiranions! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go abroad.
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gen. I am glad so't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Mer. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears.—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carrieth:—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
The third, good lead, with burning all as bloudly:—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, in these words:
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.
Mer. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dress;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgins hue?
Who can desire her, with a mind so true?
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand;
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Then let no man compare thee with another:
Though not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak dissembling of myself.
As much as she deserves.—Ah, by, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth one, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hesperian deserts, and the rasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through Gates now,
For princes to come view fair Portia;
The wily king of Sewa whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no less
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
It didn't like the company of Bassanio's
Aim at her, and we will shift our estimation,
'Ta think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her crotchets in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immurr'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?—
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gift
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamp'd in gold; but that's insipid upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [He unlocks the golden casket.
Mer. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

All that glitters is not gold,
Often have you heard that say'd:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded bonds do worms in dud.
If you been as wise as we are, sir,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inser'd.
Fare you well; your quit to cold.

Gold, indeed: and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.
Por. Signior! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exeunt.
Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;
Let all of his complexion choose me to. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along:
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew with cutters rais'd the
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his unfortunate fortunes.
Besides, Antonio certifi'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Satan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my daughter!—
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian duties!—
Justice! the law! my duties, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!—
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!
I would the whole world were destroyed,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salar. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.
Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
To carry fresh news; he would shew me
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jesu's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostens of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Satan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embrazed heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath 'en his oatb,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that whereof I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

A flourish of cornets. bustling noise.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear, That safe returns to have his worthiness self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath: I know you are a fairer, ere I give, or hazard. What says the golden chest? ha! let me see—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire. What many men desire.—That many may be meant For fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learn'd more than the fond eye doth teach; Which prises not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desires:
And well said too; For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume To wear an undeserved ligature.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new garnish'd? Well, but to my choice;
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock mine heart.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me, and that I should read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prince? are my desires no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this; Seven times tried this judgement, That did never choose amiss: Some there be, that shadows kiss: Such have but a shadow's bliss: There are fools alive, I was Silver'd o'er, and so was this. Take what wish you well to bed, I will ever be your head: So begone, sir, you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear By the time I linger'd that comes before
With one fool's head I came to woo, But I go away with two— Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath, Patiently to hear my wife. [Exeunt Arragon and Train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth. O these deliberate fools! when they do choose, They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy— Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate A young Venetian, a maid that comes before To signify the approaching of his lord: From whom he bringeth sensible regrets; To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath, Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet, To show how costly summer was at hand, As this fore-noon; when comes before
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.]
Scene 1.-Venice. A Street.

Enter Salamano and Iachimo.

Sal. Now, what news on the stage?

Iac. Why, yet I think you should have heard, that Antonio has a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas: the goodwives, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and scarce, where the waves of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sal. I would she were as lively gossiping in that, as she is to make her neighbours believe the west for the death of a third husband last it is true, without any steps of probability, or crossing the plain highway of truth, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, is that I had a very good enough to keep his name company.

Ant. Come, the last stop.

Sal. Ha, what say'st thou? Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Ant. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Let me say my prayers, lest the devil arniss my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

Shy. How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Sal. Why, you know, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Shy. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taking that made the wings she would not. Why is not Salancco, for his own part, known the lords she fled'd from, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Ant. I will stand for it.

Shy. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Sal. My own flesh and blood to rebuke!

Ant. But upon it, old carriose; rebuke it at these years.

Sal. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood. Shy. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between joy and joyy: more between thy bloods, than there is between red wine and rhinehul. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have any loss at sea or no? Shy. Why, there have another bad match, a bankrupt, a doggish, who dare scarce show his head on the fairs, a beggar, that used to come so strong upon the mart; let him look to his bond; he was to call me usurer; let him look to his bond he was to lend money for a Christian covering; let him break to his bond.

Ant. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, he will not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gowns, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same diseases, healed with the same medicines, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you oust us out of our own country, we will be as miserable as you; if you can hurt us, we will revenge. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what's his你会教义? revenge. The villainy, you teach me,

I willexecute it and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

I'll be a Servant.

Shy. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matchless, unless the devil himself turn Jew. Let us go, and be, as I say, and be a servant.
Act 3.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
But I have had it, and I feel no pain.
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon those shoulders, left so long unknown
To be the dowry of a second head.
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beautiful, scar'd
Yelling an Indian beauty: in this
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor will I take any from this gold man
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-eyed jealousy.
O love, be moderate, alay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Musick, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fzt; and fancy dies
In the erudate where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell. Ding, dong, dong, bell.

All.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least their
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. 
I saw in law, what plea so taint'd and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obaucres the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
They have no vices desperate to hid me;
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules. How drowning Mars?
Who, inward search'd, have lives white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune fails to you,
Be content, and seek no more.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave:

Kissing her.

I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gaz'in in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, three fair lady, stand I, even so:
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: thought for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich.

That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, living, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of love
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; and happier than this,
Now not to sell, but dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king,
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours.
Is my command; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen over myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring,
What steel the colour from Bassanio's heart.
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse
With these his uncle's death, and this report
I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. A sweet Portia.

Revere a few of the uncommon words,
That ever blotted paper (gentle lady),
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his more enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The writer as the body of my state,
And every word in it a gaging wound,
Leasing life-blood. But as it true, saliero?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripoli, from Mexico, and England,
From India and Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadless touch
Of merchant-marrying rocks?

Per. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take 

A creature, that did best the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He was the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impugn the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the king of Venice.
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the various plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

When I was with him, I have heard him
To Teboursuc, to Tysoe, to Chios, and I wear
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I, my lord, if I
Still am thy friend, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Per. Is it your dear friend, that is in trouble

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than that draws a breath in Italy.

Per. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Per. What more?

Pay me six thousand, and defece the bond;
Double six thousand, and then thatre, that
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go to me with church, and call me wife
And I will have money to send to a friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debts twenty times over;
When you have paid them, bring your goods along
My mad Venosa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maidens and widows. Come away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding day
And so become the mercy of our house.
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act 3.

Gentlemen, my ships have all miscarried; my creditors grow cruel; my estate is very low; my bond to the Jews is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, for your pleasure, if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O, love, dispatch all business, and be gone. Bass. I have your good leave to go away; I will make haste: but, till I come again, No bed shall ever guilty of my stay, No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him; Tell not me of mercy:
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. I'll hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Then call'd me dog, before thou hast a cause: But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
That naughts gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak these words.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit.]

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeit to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
Will make it victual, if it be desired.
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Kinsmen and losses have so frightened me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike sanity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of your lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,

Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts; and happy hours, attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica. [Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endearments of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagine'd speed
Unto the transect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exeunt.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think with what ease we lack.
With what skill we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Whom I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men should swear on; I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Por. Why, shall we turn to men?

Ner. Fye! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my worthy, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sons of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore,
Art that I saw with my eyes, and heard with my ears: 

There was none that despised his works to the latter end; all his ways were right in his sight. 

And what hope is there, that I pray thee? 

Love, marry you may possibly hope that your father gave you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter, if that were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the son of my mother should be visited upon me. 

Love, truly then I fear you are dammed both by falsehood of your mother; then when I show myself, your father, I shall espouse thee, your mother; well, you are gone both ways. 

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian. 

Love, truly the more to blame he was; we were Christians enough before as many could come, by another. This making of Christ's will raise the price of hopes; if we grow to love pot-caters, we shall not shortly have a farther on the money for memory. 

Enter Lorenzo. 

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Lourencolet, what you say, here he comes. 

Love. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Lourenclet, if you thus get me with base persons. 

Jes. To be sure, Lourencolet and I are out to see me flate, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter, and he says, we are no good member of the mammal creation. 

Love. In converting Jews to Christianity, you raise the price of pot. 

Love. I shall answer better to the commonwealth, then you see the getting up of the negro's belly; the estate is with child by you, Lourencolet. 

Jes. Sire, sir, my lord, the More should be more than reason, but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for. 

Love. How very few can play upon the word! I think, the bond grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and Lourencolet grew commendable in none but partakers—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. 

Lourencolet. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs. 

Love. Goodly love, what a wit snapper are you? then bid them prepare dinner. 

Love. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word. 

Love. Will you cover them, sir? 

Love. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty. 

Love. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray you, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to the fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 

Lourencolet. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as honourable and comely shall govern. 

[Exit Lourencolet. 

Love. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! This was his youth, this is his memory. 

An army of good words; And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garinish'd like him, that for a tricksy word lepied the matter. 

How cheat'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife? 

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet, The lord Bassanio should be in his memory. 

For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; 

And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. 

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Fortunia one, must be something else.

Paw'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her faces. 

Love. Even such a husband. 

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 

Love, marry you may possibly hope that your father gave you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter. 

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach. 

Love. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; 

Then, however thou speakest, many other things I shall digest it. 

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt. 

ACT IV. 

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice. 

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Solano, and others. 

Duke. What, is Antonio here? 

Act. Ready, so please your grace. 

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an 

slamy adversary, an inhuman wretch 

Unceaspable of pity, void and empty 

From any dram of mercy. 

And. I have heard. 

Voy grace hath tawn great parts to qualify 

His rigorous course; but since he stands obdine, 

And that no lawfull means can carry me 

Out of his enemy's reach, I do oppose 

My patience to his fury; and I am arm'd 

With a right courageous spirit, 

The very tyranny and rage of his. 

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court. 

Shake. He's ready at the door, he comes, my lord. 

Enter Shylock. 

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. 

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think too, 

That thou art bound to this fashion of thy malice 

To the last hour of act; and then, 'ts thought, 

They'll show thy mercy and remorse, more strange 

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty 

And where thou now exact'st the penalty, 

(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh.) 

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, 

But touch'd with human gentleness and love, 

Forgive a melody of the principal; 

Glance an eye of pity on his losses, 

That have of late so hudd'ed on his back; 

Enough to press a royal merchant down, 

And proc't commendation of his state 

From being a bankrupt, and of all grains of flight, 

From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never tryst 

To offices of tender courtesy. 

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. 

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purport; 

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, 

To have the due and forfeit of my bond: 

If you deny it, let the danger light 

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. 

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive 

Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that. 

But, say, it is my honour; Is it not so? 

What if my house be troubled with a rat? 

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats 

To have it ban'd? What, are you answered yet? 

Some men there are, love not a gapping pig; 

Some, that are mad, if they beheld a cat; 

And others, when the bagpipe sings it the noise, 

Cannot contain their urine, for affection. 

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood 

Of man and woman, and punishes the grace 

For your answer. 

As there is no firm reason to be render'd, 

Why he cannot abide a gapping pig? 

Why he, a harmless necessary cat? 

Why he, a swelling bagpipe but of force 

Must yield to such inevitable shame, 

As to offend, himself being offended; 

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing, I bear Antonio, that I follow thus. A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd? Bass. There is no answer, thou stinking man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty. Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer. Bass. Do not think I can kill the things they do not love? Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice? Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew: You may as well go stand upon the beach, And bid the main flood bathe his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven; You may as well do any thing most hard, As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?) His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you, Make no more offers, use no further means, But, with all brief and plain committance, Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will. Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six. Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were but as like each other, as each part, I would not draw them, I would have my bond. Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none? What judgment shalt I dare, doing none? You have among you many a purchase'd slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules, You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you, Let them die, or be free, marry them to your daughters? Why speak they under burdens? let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their ablutions Be season'd with such viands? You will answer, The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you; The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it; If you deny me, yje upon your law! There is no force in the desire of revenge: I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it? Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court, Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day. Salar. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua. Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger. Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood. Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me: You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio, Than to live still, and write mine epitaph. Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk. Duke. Came you from I'aduna, from Bellario? Ner. From both, my lord; Bellario greeets your grace. [Presents a letter. Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? Shy. To whet the forreftice from that bankrupt there. Grat. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can, I, not the hangman's axe, bear half the krenness Of thy sharp edge, Shy. No, none: thou hast whet enough to make. Grat. O, be thou dam'd, inexorable dog! And for thy life let justice be accurs'd. Thou mak'st the devil's quarrel: does your faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thry currist spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter, Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, And, while thou layst in thy unhallow'd dam, Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolfsish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous. Shy. Till thou canst rai1 the seal from off my bond, Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall To cureless ruin,—I stand here for law. Duke. The letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learned doctor to our court:— Where is he? Ner. He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you'll admit him. Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you, Go give him courteous conduct to this place.— Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. [Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand, that, At the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that the meaning of your letter, which was almost of a thousand words, did first come into my head, it furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of yeers be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptence, whose tribal shall better publish his commendation. Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes: And here, I take it, is the doctor come.— Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws. Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario? Por. I did, my lord. Duke. You are welcome: take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court? Por. I am informed throughly of the cause: Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew? Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. Por. Is your name Shylock? Shy. Shylock is my name. Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law Cannot improperly your suit do allow. You stand within his danger, do you not? [To Antonio. Ant. Ay, so he says. Por. Do you confess the bond? Ant. I do. Por. Then must the Jew be merciful. Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that. Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It dropeth, as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd; It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes: "His mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The crowned monarch better than his crown; His scepter shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptred sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show like God's, When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this— That in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
When I said below, this suit court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Sly. My deeds upon my head; I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is it a complete discharge of the money?

Sly. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
That you may know my faith and reputation.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once to the law to your authority;
To do great right and justice, to discover,
And teach this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state, it cannot be.

O, a Daniel come to judgment: I see, a Daniel
Young judge, how do you honest there?

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Sly. Here's, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Strick, there's thirty thousand offer'd

Sly. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven
Should I perjury upon my soul?

Por. Not for Venice

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
A lawfully by this the law does him
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the left ventricle of his heart—He merciful;
Take these two bonds, but me tear the bond.

Sly. Where it is paid according to the tenour—
It doth not cost you money, but me tear the bond.

Por. You know the law, your exposure
Hath been most sound: I change you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Preferred by my supreme lord,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond. And
Most heartily I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your house for his knife, sir.
A noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
It is a presentation to the person
Which have appear'd due upon the bond.

Por. It is a very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks?
Por. Therefore, lay by your house.

Por. Ay, his breast
So says the bond: Dost it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Sly. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge.

To stop his wounds, lest he be drove to death.

Sly. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Sly. No, nor is it there.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say.

Por. And but little; I am arm'd, and well prov'd
Of your hard, Shylock! fare you well!

Durst not that I am fallen to this for you:
For here's a fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
For she is rich in money, and in health,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty, from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Por. Command me to your house to-morrow:
Tell, in the process of Antonio's end,

Sly. How, I lov'd you, speak I meant in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Sly. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
And she, as she was in heaven, so she could
Entreat the judge to change this cruel Jew.

Por. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unequitable house.

Sly. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter,
Would any of the stock of Harragas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

Por. We strike time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh it shall be:
The law awards it, and the law doth give it.

Sly. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.

Por. The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Sly. Most learned judge—A sentence; come, now.

Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.

Por. This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
That is thy right, take them, pay the pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Sly. O, upright judge—Mark, Jew;—O learned
Sly. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
Por. As thou waggiest justice, so shall I;

Sly. Shall I have justice, more than thou desirest,


Sly. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Por. Here is the money.

Por. Soft.

Por. The Jew shall have all justice—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Por. An upright judge, a learned judge.

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Por. No blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or division of the twentieth part.

Por. One poor scruple: nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,

Por. Thou diet, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Sly. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew:

Por. Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Verily, with the Jew posses' take thy forfeitures.

Sly. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Por. Have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Por. He shall have mercy and justice, and his bond.

Por. A Daniel, still say: a second Daniel—

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Por. Why then, the devil give him good of it!

Por. Why no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

Por. The law hath yet another held on you
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee; grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
For thrice have I stood against the doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the other half. I will call them both voices.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
There was contrivance against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Duke. Beg thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's command.

[spirit.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
Pardon thee life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Par. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that;
You cannot take my house, when you do take the prop.
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Par. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Duke. Offer gratis; nothing else; for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more; for that this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant.
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Par. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Par. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Inchristening, thou shalt have two god-
fathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more.
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Par. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Adria,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves not you.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman.
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I am and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Par. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, kind Sir, how I should do, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dever sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Trollus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sight'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Ureassaid lay that night.

Jes.

In such a night,
Did Thise fearfully o'erstrip the dew
And saw the floor's shadow o'er himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor.

In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wond her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes.

In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Helen.

In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes.

And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Jes.

And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and forgo it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in solitary of the night?
Steph. A friend? I know, you, friend? Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress wlll) before the break of day
Be here at Belmont, she doth stray about,
But is in her prayers and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor.

Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

Lor. Sweet soul, master yet returns?
Steph. He is not, nor we have not heard from
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of our house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Soda, soda, we ha, he, soda, sola !

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Soda ! did, you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave bawling, man; here.

Laun. Soda! where be here?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his born full of good news; my master
will be here ere morning.

[Exit. Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

Yet no matter : Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your musick forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
How will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears: soft all the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thickest inwitd with Pattines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony in immortal souls
But unable, doth make a bode of decay
Groos closely close in it, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches piece your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am not merry, when I hear sweet musick.

[Music.

Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
Which is the hot condition of their blood; [loude,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or the air of musick touch their ears.
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick. Therefore, the poet
Did feign the Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:
The great air of musick touch their ears.
Now is not more'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, staggarems, and spoils;
The musick of his spirit are dull as midnight,
And his affections dark as Erebus.

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams?
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Upon the main, of which it is itself.

Ner. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestraws that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crew doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
And be not heard, he would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season's use are
To their right praise, and true perfection...—
Peace, how! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd !

[Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

[Exit. Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which we beg, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor [Museic ceases.

Por. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight
It looks a little paler: 'Tis a day.

[Exit. Enter Bassando, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Fol-

loms.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes.
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be lighted
By the man, this is Antorio, [friend—
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
Por, as I hear, he was much bound for you. [him,
And. No more than I was well acquitted of.
Act 3.

**MERCHANDT OF VENICE.**

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Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house: It must appear in other ways than words, Therefore desist: I want this breathing. [Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.]

Gran. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong; In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk: Would he have gelt that had in his part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter? Gran. About a hoop of gold, a pauly ring
That he did give my ring I have, Not, no my body, nor my husband's bed: Know him I shall, I am well sure of it: Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus; If you do me, if I be left alone, Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own, I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd, How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Por. Well, do you so: let not me take him then; For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong: And, in hearing of these many friends, I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes, Wherein I see myself.

Por. Mark you but that In both my eyes he doubly sees himself: In each eye one: swear by your double self, And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me: Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear, I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my ring to his wife; Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, [To Portia.]

Por. Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again, My soul upon the forfeit, if it work no harm: Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this; And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassiano; swear to keep this ring, In writing, as the rest.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor! Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassiano; For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ant. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk, In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gran. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways In summer, when so very wet; What! are we cuckolds, ere we have dise'd it? Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd. Here is a letter, read it at your leisure; It comes from Padua, from Bassanio: There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor: Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you, And but even now return'd; I have not wet Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome; And I have better news in store for you, Than you expect: unsceal this letter soon; There you shall find, three of your argosies Are richly come to hasten your sudden; You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not? Gran. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it, Unless he lists to be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow; When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and For here I read for certain, that my ships Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo? My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Act 1.

Scene I.—An Orchard, near Oliver’s House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me; By v'ly, but a poor thou- sand and a crook of an and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home un- kept; For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired, but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dungs-

Hi, are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the some- thing that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lives, mines my gratuity with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me: and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adm. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Good mor, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oll. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oll. What mar you then, sir? Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oll. Nay, sir, be better employ’d, and taught awhile. Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat hunks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury

AND charge us there upon interogatories, And we will answer all things faithfully. That’s all the use it be; The first intelligence, That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is, Whether till the next night she had rather stay: Or go to bed now, being: two hours to day? Humbled as I come, I should wish it dark, That I were couching with the doctor’s clerk. Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing So sure, as keeping safe Nerissa’s ring.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, living in exile.

Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.

Jaques, a Lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

Le Beau, a courier attending upon Frederick.

Charles, his brother.

Oliver, 

Adam, a servant to Oliver.

Touchstone, a clown.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver’s House; afterwards, partly in the Warden’s Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

Oll. (Know you where you are, sir?)

Orl. O, sir, very well here in your orchard.

Oll. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows y’u my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers between us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oll. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oll. Will thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father: and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begetteth villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other hand fill my chest with thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adm. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father’s remembrance, be at accord.

Oll. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me, a testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oll. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your father till I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oll. Yet you with him, you old dog.

Orl. What say you to my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

Oll. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me.
I will physick your ranknes, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hollas, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Denn. Calls your worship? Oll. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me? Denn. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunately desires to see you. Oll. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]—'Twill be a good way; and to morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. Oll. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court? Cha. There's nothing at the court, sir; but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oll. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? Cha. No, sir, I can tell you; but when she is banished, if she have a daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and serves for a servant, in the household, as his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oll. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England; they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oll. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that my younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from the attempt, or break such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oll. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou dost break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mighty grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath 'ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak, he sends not one so young and so villainous this day living anybody. But he; but should I denominate him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. In heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him my payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.

Oll. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamemaker: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned to handle noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show thee more than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught thy love to take the father's mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to take part in thy love.

Celia. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perchance, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth, I will, coz, and devise sports to let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I pray thee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor in further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the boastful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. Troth, when one makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'd.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: some gifts in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Celia. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither; but nature's; and perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits. How now, wit? whither wander you?

Wit. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was nought: now, I'll stand to...
is, the panniers were mangled, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight furry.

Col. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, master; now unrnissuate your wisdom.

Tush. Stand you both forth now stroke your chins, and swear by your beards, that I am a knave.

Col. By my beard, if we had them, those are.

Tush. Were they ever yours, if I may judge by your voice? Unless I were a knave, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not fur-

Col. It's you, who let them mean so?

Tush. One that old Frederick, your father, loves, and that your father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him! you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Tush. The more pity, that fools may not speak wholly, what wise men do foolishly.

Col. By my truth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit, that fools have, was slumbered; the little fancy, that wise men have, makes a great show.

Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Col. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. They shall we be new-images.

Col. All the better; we shall be the more mar-

Ros. Jean, Monsieur Le Beau! What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Ros. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Tush. Or as the destinies decree.

Col. Well said; that was laid on with a truce.

Tush. Nay, if I keep not my true.

Ros. Then thou hast thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Le Beau. The beginning, that is dead and bu-

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

Col. I could match this beginning, with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; —

Ros. With bills on their necks, — Be it known to all men by three particulars, —

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he bave the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with wonder.

Ros. Alas! —

Tush. But what is the sport, mondeur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Alas! this, that I speak of.

Tush. Thus men may grow wise every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Col. By this, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken muscle in his sides? is there yet another doth upon tib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Col. Wonder, sure, they are coming: I let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Comes on; since the youth will not be entreated, let one present him for his assurance.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Col. Also, he is too young: yet he looks suc-

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can see you, there is much odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; too if you can move him.

Col. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [Duke F. goes apart.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Col. Attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Col. No, fair princess; he is the general chal-

Ros. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of youth.

Col. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew your self with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this at-

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misapplied: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Col. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be pulled, there is but one shame that was never gracious; if killed, but one death that is willing to be: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better sup-

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Col. And mine to oke out her's.

Ros. Fear you wait. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Col. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Col. Ready, sir; but he will hath it in a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuad

Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.

Ros. The excellent young man.

Col. The thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Charles is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Ros. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well used.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles is borne out.

Ros. What is thy name, young man?
ACT I.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Orel. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world is too full of thy father honourable; But I did find he still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; 'tis a gallant youth; I would, thou hadst told me of another father. [Exeunt Duke Fred. Privy, and Le Beau

Cel. Were I my father cox, would I do this?

Orel. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I known before this young man his son, Should I have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. —Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love,

But truly, as ye have exceeded promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. [Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me; on 'tis the value of such with fortune;

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. —Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orel. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands Is but a quintain, a more lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would: —Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemie.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you: —Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orel. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place; you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love;

Yet such is now the duke's condition,

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,

More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orel. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by

manners;

But yet, Indeed, the shorter is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here deserv'd by his usurging uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke

 Hath taken displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on the other life, his witless gain the lady

Will suddenly break forth. —Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orel. I rest much bounden to you: —fare you well! [Exit Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother: —

But heavenly Rosalind! —

SCENE II. —A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind: —Cupid have mercy! —Not a word?

Ros. No, not once thrown at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, I'll make my promise.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be tainted with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father: O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. —But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Cel. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Ros. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. —Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despacht you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if thou be'st found

So near our publick court as twenty miles,

Thou dost for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,

(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn,

Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself: —

Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom:

So was I when your highness banish'd him;

Treason is not inherited, my lord:

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake, Else had she with her father ranc'd along. 
Col. I did not then entreat to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and your own remorse; I was well meaning then to value her, But now I know her, if she be a traitor, Why so am I, we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together; And when we rose, she went, like unto swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable. 
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and she smoothens, Her very chance, and her patience, Speak we be smother'd shall we part, sweet girl? Yes, let my father work another heir. Therefore devise with me, how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us: And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out: For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee. 
Ros. Why, whither shall we go? 
Col. To seek my uncle. 
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel far so far? Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. God in yourself, and your bashful attire, And with a kind of warmth smirch my face; The like do you, so shall we pass along, And never stir impsanta. 
Ros. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant curtey on my thigh, A bear-spear in my hand: and in my heart Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,) We'll have a swashing and a martial outside: As many other manly cowards have, That do offscorn it with their semblances. 
Col. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man? 
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page, And therefore, look you call me, Ganymede. But what will you be call'd? 
Col. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Aliena. 
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The envish fool out of your father's court? Would not be not a comfort to our travel? 
Col. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together; Delight in the fairest time, and our match. To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight: Now go we in content, To liberty, and not to banishment. 

ACT II. 

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke Sebastian, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my comates, and brothers in arms, Hath not the custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The penalty of sin, the envious world, And shrillish chiding of the winter's wind; Which when it blows and blows upon my body, I ven titl I shirk with cold, I smile, and say,— This is no lighter: these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity! Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel to his head; And this our life, exempt from publick haunts, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. 

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 

Duke S. Come, let us thus, as we shall go and kill us venison? And yet it trims me, the poor dappled flock, Being native burghers of this desert city,— Should, in their own confines, with forkcd heads Hang their round branches gourd. 

Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques greives at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than in your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself, Did steal behind him, as besidely along Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood; To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunters' aim had taken a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heeds not such groans, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting; and the big round tears Cour'd one another down his innocent nose In pitious chuse: and thus the halcyon fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears. 

Duke S. But what said Jaques? 

Ami. He doth not moralize this spectacle: 

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes. First, for his weeping in the needless stream; Poor deer, quoth he, them maketh a testament As woodchips do, giving 'em over of more: To that which had too much: Then, being alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; The right, quoth he: this misery doth part The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques, Sweep on, you fat and greedy cowards: 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look Upon these flour and broken bones before? Thus most invectively he pierce through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we Are all a herd, father, son, brother, sister, Worse, To fright the animals, and so kill them up, In their assign'd and native dwelling place. 

2 Duke S. And, if you did leave him in this contempla- tion; We did, my lord, weeping, and cried: Upon the sobbing deer. 

Duke S. Show me the place; I love to come in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter. 

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. 

[Exeunt.]}
SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them? It cannot be: some villains of my court Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The Duke frowns on her attendants of his chamber, Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early, They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roysthul clown, at whom so Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing, [off Hesperia, the princess gentlewoman Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard Your daughter and her cousin much commend The parts and graces of the wrestler That did but lately fill the slenary Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant If he be absent, bring his brother to me; [hither I'll make him find him: do this suddenly; And let not search and inquisition quail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there? Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gen-" tle master, O, my sweet master, O you memory Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fain to overcome The lony priser of the humorous day? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours; your master, a true master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it! Adam. What, why the master?—Adam. O unhappy youth, Come not within these doors; within this roof The enemy of all your graces lives; Your brother—no, no brother; yet do: Yet not the son:—I will not call him son— Of him I was about to call his father.— Hath heard your praises; and this night he means To burn the lodging where you use to lie, And you within it: if he fail of that, He will have other means to cut you off; I overheard him, and his practices. This is no place, this house is but a butchery; Adieu, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go? Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food? Or, with a base and bolsterous sword, enforce A thievish living on the common road? This I must not, no, no brother; yet do: Yet this I will not do, do how I can; I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother. Adam. Go not, go not: I have five hundred crowns The thirsty hire I say'd under your father, Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse, When service should in my old limbs lie lame, And which is more, I find it in your own; Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed, Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; All this I give you; be ye my servant: Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty: For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; Nor did not with unashamed forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you; I'll do the service of a younger man In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears The constant service of the youthful sword! When service sweat for duty, not for meed! Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweat, but for promotion; And having that, do choke their service. Even with the having: it is not so with thee. But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossom yield, In lieu of thy leaves and branches: But come thy ways, we'll go along together; And ere we have thy youthful wages spent, We'll light upon some settled low content. Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee, To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. From seventeen years till now almost fourscore Here lived I, but now live here no more. At seventeen years many their fortunes seek: But at fourscore, it is too late a week; Yet fortune cannot compensate me better, Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boys' clothes; Celia drest like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits! Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena. Orl. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further. Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden. Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was so pretty, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content. Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still. Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now. Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine, (As sure I think did never man love so,) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been, or must do, to thy fantasy? Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten. Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily: If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever I did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd: Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearying thy heart in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd: Or if thou hast not broke from company, Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd: O Thebe, Phoebe! [Exit Silvius.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of my wond, I have by hard adventure found mine own. Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was
in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a night to Jane Smale, and I redding myself kissing her in the same, the cow’s dogs that her pretty chipp’d hands had milk’d; and I remember the woeing of a pinched instead of her; from whom I took two eods, and, giving love they’t again, said with weeping tears: Wear these for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ros. Thou speakest wiser, than thou art ware of, Touch. Nay, I shall never be ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

ros. Job’s! Job’s!: this shepherd’s passion is much upon my fashion.

touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, If he for gold will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

Touch. Helen! you, clown! 

ros. Peace, peace, peace! he’s not thy kinsman.

ros. Good even to you, friend.

cor. Who calls?

touch. Your better, sir.

cor. Else are they very wretched.

ros. Peace, I say—

good even to you, friend.

cor. Here’s a clown, and to you all.

ros. I pray thee, shepherd, if that love, or gold, Can in this desert place buy entertainment. Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed: Here’s a young maid, with travel much oppress’d, And faints for success.

cor. Fair sir, I pity her. And wish for her sake, more than for mine own; My fortunes were more able to relieve her: But I am shepherd to another man, And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze; My master is of churchly disposition, And little recks to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitality. Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed, Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now, My reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture [proverb].

cor. That young swain that you saw here but Thee little cares for buying any thing.

ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place, And willingly could waste my time in it.

cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold: Go with me; if you like, upon report, The cell, the provident, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exit.] 

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the Greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?

Under the Greenwood tree, under the Greenwood tree,
My lady loves to lie with me.

Jaq. More, more, I pray thee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pray thee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs: More, I pray thee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call me, only another stanza.

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. I know not how you request it to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I think any man, I’ll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dogs apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he rends me the beggars thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Jaq. Well, I’ll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree: he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who shall ambition shun, [All together here.]

And love to live & the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither,

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I’ll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in des-pite of my invention.

Ami. And I’ll sing it.

Jaq. The same.

If it do come to pass,

That any man turns ass,

Leaving his wealth and can,

A stichborn well to please,

Distribute, distribute,

Here shall he see,

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What’s that distribute?

Jaq. ‘Tis a (reck Invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I’ll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I’ll fall against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I’ll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar’d. [Exit severally.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for new-near! I lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little; this unhappiness you will not find anything; I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm’s end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look’d cheerily; and I will be with thee quoth Adam, with thee, and always of thee, unmovedly: thou hast not yet told me any thing to do.

Jaq. More, more, I pray thee, more.

Ami. Under the Greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?

Under the Greenwood tree, under the Greenwood tree,
My lady loves to lie with me.

Duke S. I wish he be transform’d into a beast; For I can no way find him like a man.

I. Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jats, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discoursed in the spheres—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life
is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 
What! you look merrily.
Jaq. A worthy fool! I met a fool 'tis the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who led him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And ral'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet we were fools.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his pocket,
And looking on it with jux'te-lustre views,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine:
And, after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And, so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.
When I did hear
The mob cry with mirth and mirth:
My lungs began to crowd like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
And look upon his dial—Oh! a fool
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a nearer
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, there where bell's have knock'd to church.
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. Thus it is.
It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
With a great lankness of the time,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
Most they must laugh:—And why, sir, must they so?
The wind is on the mountain, and the sun:
To that fool doth very wisely apply
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the sanguinary glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the fool body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fye on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous, fair sin, in chiding
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin:
As sensual as the brutish sing itself;—
And all the embossed sores, and head'd evils,
That thou with licentiousness hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea?
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city woman bears
The title of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can see in, and say, that is mean her,
When such a one as she, is such her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the measure of his speech?
There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Wy then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Uncleam'd of any man,—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. A worthy fool! Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shall not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress?
Or else a rustic despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath taken from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lost and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where belts have knock'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Orl. Then, forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a wise child,
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort! [exit.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the just In fair round belly with goodround limb, [stc; With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances, And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon; With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side; His youthful flow how well set, a world too wide For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, Turning again towards child-like treble, pipes. And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness, and mere oblivion; Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

**Enter Orlando, with Adam.**

**Duke S.** Welcome: Set down your venerable And let him feed. [barden.]

**Orl.** I thank you most for him. Adam. So had you need; I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

**Duke S.** Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you As yet, to question you about your fortunes — give us some mustard: and, good counsel, sing: Amsens singa. SONG.

I. Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou dost not blow so nigh As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because they art not seen, Although they breathe so rude. Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly! Most friendship is felicity, most loving more fully: Thou, heigh, heigh, the holly! This life is most jolly.

II. Present, present, thou bitter sky, That dost not blow so nigh As brother forget
d THough thou the waters warp, Thy singing is not sorry.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! are we.

**Duke S.** If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,— As you have whipter'd faithfully, you were: And as mine eye doth his engiess witness Most truly limited, and living in your face,— He truly welcome bither: I am the duke, That lov'd your father: The residue of your for. Go to my cave and tell me. — (Good old man, [true. Thou art right welcome as thy master is; Support him by the arm. Give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exit.**

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.**

**Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.**

**Duke F.** Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be: But were I not the better part made mercy, I should not seek an absent argument Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it: First, the young boy, where is that boy's pantaloon? Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living, Within this two remon, or turn thou no more To seek a living in our territory. Thy lands, and all, and all that thou dost call thine, Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands; Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth, Of what we think against thee.

**Ol.** O, that thy highness knew my heart in this: I never lov'd my brother in my life.

**Duke F.** More villain thou. — Well, push him out And let no officers, of such a nature as of doors: Make an extent upon his house and lands: Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exit.**

**SCENE II.—The Forest.**

**Enter Orlando, with a paper.**

**Orl.** Hang there my verse, in witness of my love and truth, thou, thrice crowned queen of my love With the same eye, from thy pale space above, Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway, O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books, And in their bark's my thoughts 'I char character; That every leaf, which in this forest looks: Shall see thy virtue witnessed every where. Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree, The fair, the chase, and unexpressive she. [Exit.**

**Enter Corin and Touchstone.**

**Cor.** And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

**Gra.** Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? —

**Cor.** Nor, truly.

**Touc.** Then thou art damned. —

**Cor.** Nay, I hope —

**Touc.** Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-rosed apple, Sir.

**Cor.** For not being at court? Your reason.

**Touc.** Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, thou hast not mannerly hands; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation; Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. —

**Cor.** Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are not so generous in the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

**Touc.** Instance, briefly; come, instance.

**Cor.** Why, we are still handling our eyes; and their felis, you know, are greasy.

**Touc.** Why do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a maunton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say, come. —

**Cor.** No, no, our hands are hard.

**Touc.** Your tips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

**Cor.** And they are often t'ari'd over the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss thay? The courtiers' hands are perfumed with civet.

**Touc.** Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in middle moist meat piece of flesh! Indeed! I learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar: the very uneclenly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

**Cor.** Had you not coolly a wit for me; I'll rest.

**Touc.** Witt thou rest damn'd? God help thee,
shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of all that pride is, to see my eyes graze, and my lamb suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have not shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the mind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest liv'd
Are but black Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinner, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool! Touch. For a taste:
If a hard do lack a bind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the cat will after kind,
So be, sure, will Rosalind.
Without garments, liv'd,
So must slander Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to earn with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourset wind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He thatsweetest Rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll grapp' it with you, and then I shall graff' it with you. Then it will be the best tree in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the mediocr.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unpunish'd? No!
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his errant pilgrimage:
That the stretching of a span
Bucket in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
Tend the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence's end.
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore here a nature charg'd
Terry with souls and suffering.
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature present'st distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart:
Cleopatra's majesty:
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By every eye popular'd
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the toucher dearest prize'd;
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homely of love you have wearied your parishioners with, and many a threat, how patience, good people.

Cel. How now! back friends,—Shepherd, go off a little.—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; to bed with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrabbage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Ay, yes, I heard them all, and more too: for some of them had in them more feet than the verses, would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and curd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-thymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my compulsion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doubt and lose it with a devil? then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the mediocr.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Cel. What manner of man is he of God's making? What manner of man is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wreather's heel, and thy heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'll faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando.

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doubt and homework? What did he when thou saw'st him? What art thou? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee?
As You Like It

Act 3.

and when shall then see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cec. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, or, and, no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But dost thou know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he doth now be blemished?

Cec. It is as easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover ... but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. Call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cec. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cec. There he lay, stretch'd along, like a wound-ed knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cec. Cry, obstil! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O monstrous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cec. I would ung my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of time.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cec. You bring me out — Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. Tis he: blink by, and note him.

[Ceils and Rosalind retire.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Cec. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you for your company; fain, fain, I did, with you.

Ros. And so desire we may be better strangers.

Cec. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love's musty leaves in their barks.

Ros. Or pr'ythee, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name? She is.

Cec. I do not like her name.

Ros. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Cec. What statute is she of? Or, just as high as my heart.

Ros. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and could them out of rings?

Cec. If I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atlanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will range against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Cec. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Cec. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. For truth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Cec. He is drest in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Cec. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good signior love.

Cec. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[Exit Jaques. — Cecils and Rosalind come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, foresters?
Act 3.  

**AS YOU LIKE IT.** 175

garter'd, your bonnet unbound, your sleeve unbut- 
toned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you 
demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no 
such man; you are rather point-device in your 
accomplishments; as loving yourself, than seeming 
the lover of others.

Orrl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee 
believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her 
that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is 
apt to do, than to confound and she does: that is one of 
the points in the which women still give the lie to 
their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he 
that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind 
named me in that same manner.

Orrl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of 
Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes 
speak?

Orrl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how 
much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, 
dear, I as well a dark house and a whip, as mad- 
men do: and the reason why they are not so pu- 
nished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, 
that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess 
concerning it by love.

Orrl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to 
imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him 
every day to woo me: At which time would I, 
being a most moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, 
changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, 
apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of 
smiles; for every passion something, and for no 
passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for 
of the most part cattle of this colour: would now like 
him, now loath him; then entertain him, then for- 
swear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; 
than have his hyde and humour of love, to a living humour of 
madness; which was, to for- 
swear the full stream of the world, and to live in a 
nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; 
and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver 
as clean as a sound sheep's heart; that there shall not 
be one spot of love in't.

Orrl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, 
by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest 
you live: Will you go?

Orrl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, 
sister, will you go? [Excus'd.

**SCENE III.**

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques at a dis- 
tance, observing them.

**Touch.** Come apart, good Audrey; I will fetch 
up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I 
the man yet? Dost my simple feature content you?

**And.** Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

**Touch.** I am here with thee and thy goats, as the 
most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the 
Goths.

**Aud.** O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove 
in a thatch'd house! [Aside.

**Touch.** When a man's verses cannot be under- 
stood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the for- 
feet upon his understanding, it strikes a man more 
dead than a cold herring in a little room:— 
Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

**Aud.** I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest 
indeed, and word? Is it a true thing?

**Touch.** No, truly; for the truest poetry is the 
most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and 
what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, 
they do feign.

**Aud.** Do you wish then, that the gods had made 
me poetical?

**Touch.** I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me, thou 
art honest; and, if thou wert a poet, I might have 
some hope thou didst feign.

**Aud.** Would you not have me honest?

**Touch.** No, truly, unless thou weresthird-favour'd; 
for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a 
sauce to sugar.

**Jaq.** A material fool! [Aside.

**Aud.** Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray 
the gods make me honest.

**Touch.** Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a 
fool slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

**Aud.** I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I 
am foul.

**Touch.** Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! 
slutishness may come hereafter. But be it as it 
may be, I will marry thee, and to that end, I have 
been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next 
village; who hath promised to meet me in this place 
of the forest, and to couple us.

**Jaques.** I would have that before getting. [Aside.

**Aud.** Well, the gods give us joy.

**Touch.** Amen. A man may, if he were of a fear- 
ful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have 
no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn- 
beats. But, though the gods are so odious, they are 
necessary. It is said,—Many a 
man knows no end of his goods: right: many a 
man has good horns, and knows no end of them. 
Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his 
own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men 
alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as 
big as the rascal. Is the single man therefore 
blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worse than 
than a village, so is the forehead of a married man 
more honourable than the bare-brow of a bachelor. 
and by how much defence is better than no skill, 
by so much is a born more precious than to want.

**Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.**

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you 
are well met: Will you despatch us here under this 
tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

**Sir Oli.** Is there none here to give the woman the 
news? 

**Touch.** I will not take her in gift of any man.

**Sir Oli.** Then, she must be given, or the mar- 
riage is not lawful.

**Jaq.** [Discovering himself:] Proceed, proceed; 
I'll give her.

**Touch.** Good even, good master What ye call? 

How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'did 
you for your last company: I am very glad to see 
you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay, pray, be 
covered.

**Jaq.** Will you be married, motley? 

**Touch.** As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his 
curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his de-
sires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be 
nibbling.

**Jaq.** And will you, being a man of your breeding, 
be married under a bush, like a beggar? (get you 
to the church, and have a good priest that can tell you 
what marriage is: this fellow will but join you to- 
gather as they join walnuts: then one of you will 
prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, 
warb, warb.

**Touch.** I am not in the mind but I were better 
to be married of him than of another: for he is not 
like to marry me well; and not being well married, it 
will be a good excuse for me hereafter to weep to 
my wife. [Aside.

**Jaq.** Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. 

**Touch.** Come, sweet Audrey; 

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. 

Farewell, good master Oliver!
Not—O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,
Leave me not bet'wix thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Old. 'Tis no matter, so you fain fantastical know
Of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ces. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Rosalind. Do, I pray thee; but yet have the grace to consider,
that tears do not become a man.

Ces. But have I not cause to weep?

Rosalind. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ces. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Ces. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his knees are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Ces. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of every bosom beared.

Ces. I have bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a man of winter's sisterhood knows not more religiously; the very eye of constancy is in them.

Rosalind. But how shall he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Ces. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Ces. He is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concise as a cover'd gout, or a worm eaten out.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Ces. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Ces. Was is not is, besides, the oath of a lover is stronger than the word of a tapster: they are both the confessors of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good a birth as he could laugh; and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Ces. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, and the words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, a swab, the heart of his lover; as a puny titter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his stiff like a noble pose, but all's broken, but you, youth mounts, and folly guides. —Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherd,
That was his mistress.

Ces. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
So hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rosalind. O, come let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love;
He that has but this sight, and you shall say,
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Say that I am not; but say not so: [To Phebe: In bitterness, The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, [hard,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Phoebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
That honest men are the frailty and least things,
Who shut their coward gates on amities,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; [thee;
Now I can wound, now I can kill.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

That show the wound mine eye hath made in thee
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impression
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darts at thee, cause thee not to
Not, nor I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

O dear Phoebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh check the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That live with keen arrows mean.

Phoebe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
Afflict me with thy mock's, pity me not; [comes,
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Rosalind. And pr'ythee, pray you, [Adressing:] Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed.)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children?
To think of such, thine own bite ails thee;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her:
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees
And thank heaven, failing, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
When I can see you; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
For he will, being foul to be a scoffers.
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phoebe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had as I were near you chide, than this man was.

Rosalind. He's fair in love with her foolishness,
And she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sorne her with bitter words.— Why look you so upon me?

Phoebe. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am false than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my tale at the rafles, olives, here harm not my house.
Will you go, sister? —Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister,—Shepherds, look on him better.
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
Come could not so in'sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.]
ACT IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Pho. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of
might;
Who even in that look'd not at first sight?
Sil. Sweet Shephe,-
Pho. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Shephe, pity me.
Pho. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterminated.
Pho. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Pho. Silvius, why was the time wasted?
That I should think it a most plentiful crop
To clean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest rep's: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Pho. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That I shall think it a most plentiful crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest rep's: lose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Pho. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish toy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
Were both of them present, and all that hear,
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well;
But was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parces as I did, would have gone near
To make love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and mine hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, worn'd at me;
And, marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt hear it: Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Pho. be with, all my heart.
Pho. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius.
Exeunt.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which
is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor
the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's,
which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor
the lover's, which is also; but it is a melancholy
of mine own, compounded of many sim-
plies, extracted from many objects: and, indeed,
the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which
often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous
sadness.
Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great
reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own
lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much,
and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor
hands.
Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had
rather have a fool to make me merry, than expe-
rience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.
Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!
Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in
blank verse.
Orl. Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you
lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the bene-
fits of your own country: be out of love with your
nativity, and call not chide God for making you that
counterface you are, or I will scarce think you
have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlan-
do! where have you been all this while? You a
lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never
come in my sight more.
Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of
my promise.
Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and
break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute
in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that
Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I war-
rant him heart-whole.
Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.
Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in
my sight; I had as lief be woor of a snail.
Orl. Of a snail?—
Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly,
he carries his house on his head; a better jointure,
I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he
brings his desert with him.
Orl. What's that?
Ros. Why, horns! which such as you are fain to
be beholden to your wives for: but he comes
armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of
his wife.
Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind
is virtuous.
Ros. And I am your Rosalind.
Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a
Rosalind of a better leer than you.
Ros. Cme, woo me, woo me; for now I am in
a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—
What would you say to me now, an I were your
very very Rosalind?
Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.
Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when
you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might
take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when
they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking
(God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to
kiss.
Orl. How if the kiss be denied?
Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there
begins new matter.
Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved
mistress?
Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mis-
tress; or I should think my honesty rainer than
my wit.
Orl. What, of my suit?

N
Res. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your unit. Am I not your Rosalind?

Ori. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Res. Wait, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Ori. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Res. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time was never man, and it died in his own person, sidetick, in a love-trouble. Titus had his brains dashed out with a Turcian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the partial marry, and this man would have lived many a fair year, though here had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the familiar chroniclers of that age found it was—\( \text{...} \)

Res. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Ori. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Res. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more comely position; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Ori. Then love me, Rosalind.

Res. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Ori. And wilt thou have me?

Res. Ay, and twenty such.

Ori. What say'st thou?

Res. Do not good?

Ori. I hope so.

Res. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry you my hand, Orlando:

What do you say, sister?

Ori. Pray thee, marry us.

Col. I cannot say the words.

Res. You must begin,—Will you, Orlando,—

Col. Go to,—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Ori. I will.

Res. Ay, but when?

Res. Then you must say,—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ori. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Res. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Or-

lands; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hem; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I'll weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do, when I am disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Ori. But will my Rosalind do so?

Res. By my life, she will do as I do.

Ori. O, but she is wise.

Res. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a sudden open, and it will out at the case-

ments, shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Ori. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Will, whether wilt?

Res. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Ori. And what wilt could wit have to excuse that?

Res. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you. You hadn't take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she is bred into a feign.

Ori. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thes.

Res. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours; I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Res. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would please; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less,—that flatterer tongue of yours won me,—lis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour.

Ori. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Res. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, you shall find as much behind you as I am in here—I'll tell you the most pathetical break promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the grosser breed of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Ori. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: No, adieu.

Res. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Addio!

[Exit Orlando.

Col. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose in your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Res. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, thou dost not know how many fathoms deep I am in love! But it e'en must be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Col. Or, rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Res. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness: that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, is the blind judge, so deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Alisse: I cannot be out of the sight of Or-

lando: I'll go and a shadow, and sigh till be come.

Col. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques, and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Ro-

man conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.

H ave you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lords. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it:—'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall we have, that killed the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then show my home;

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall

The rest shall
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ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Marthast, my beast, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 's she; he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold. Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William. Will. Good even good to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy face, nay, prythee, be covered. How oft are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age! Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: What born i' the forest hence?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God:—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good—and yet it is not; it is but so. Art thou

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: 'The fruit doth think it were wise, but the wise man knows him if to be a fruit.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he cast into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. Do you love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have; it is a figure in rhetoric, that, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that, &c. is he; now you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which lie, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clowns, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish company of this female,—which in the common is,—women, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou periahast; or, to thy better understanding, dist; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will have thee periphrased and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. By, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[Exit.

Enter Cotia.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend.

[Exit.}

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo you and, wooing, she should love you? or will you perchance to seek another?

Orl. Neither call the godliness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with her, so and so, that she loves me, consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my comment. Let your wedding be to-morrow; this hour will I inscribe the duke, and all his consented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena: for, look you, here comes my Rosalind. Orl. God give you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Rosal. O, my dear triniando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Rosal. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosal. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited so soon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosal. O, I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden, but the flight of two riffs, and Cesario's threnosical brag of— I come, saw, and overcame! For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; so sooner looked, but they loved; so sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but
Act 5. AS YOU LIKE IT.

they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater extem than may in some little measure, I thing, procure me, to you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not dangerous. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Alena, shall you marry her?—I know into what straits of fortune the heart is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your yes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakes the woman in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Phoe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I write to you. Ros. I care not, if I have; it is my study, To seem deep-thought and ungentile to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you. Phoe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love. Silv. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phoebe. Phoe. And I for Ganymede. Orl. And I for Rosalind. Ros. And I for no woman. Silv. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phoebe. Phoe. And I for Ganymede. Orl. And I for Rosalind. Ros. And I for no woman. Silv. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phoebe. Phoe. And so am I for Ganymede. Orl. And so am I for Rosalind. Ros. And so am I for no woman. Phoe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [To Rosalind. Silv. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Phoe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you? Phoe. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear. Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [to Silvius] if I can:—I would love you, [to Phoebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [to Phoebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [to Orlando] if ever I satisfied man.—And you shall be married to-morrow: I will content you, [to Silvius] if what pleases you you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow:— As you [to Orlando] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [to Phoebe] love Phoebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.


SCENE III.—The same. Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. And I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.


2 Page. We are for you: sit the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into roundly, without hawking, or splitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only preludes to a bad voice?

2 Page. I faith, I'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsys on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonzero,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding! a ding,
Sweet lover love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonzero,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This earl they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonzero,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonzero;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; And God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?
Oft. 1 sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I 1 kingdom to give
With her.

Rosalind. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

[To Orlando.]

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Rosalind. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

[Phebe.]

Phebe. That will I, I should die the hour after.
Rosalind. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.
Rosalind. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing;
even.
Rosalind. We promis'd to make all this matter keep your word, O duke, to give your daughter—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter—
Kneele in this place, that I may swear it:—else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, if she refuse me: and henceforth I go,
To make these doubts an event.

[Exit Rosalind and Cells.

Duke. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Rosalind. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:—
Yet, my good lord, this boy is forest-born:
And had been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Audrey. Touchstone, I do find a rare fellow, my lord; he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke. He uses his folly like a walking horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia.

Still music.

Hymen. Then is there worth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her.
You, brought her forth:—
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Rosalind. If there be truth in sight, you are my Duke. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Rosalind. I'll have no father, if you be not he—

Duke. I'll have no husband, if you be not he—

To Orlando.

Audrey. Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events!
Here's eight that must take hands,
This in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true events.
You and you cross shall part:

To Orlando and Rosalind.

You and you are heart in heart,

To Oliver and Celia.

You to Phebe to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
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You and you are sure together,
[To Touchstone and Audrey.
As the winter to foul weather.
While a wealdlock hyrum ever sung,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great June's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis hymns peoples every town;
High wealdlock then be honoured;
Honour, high honour and renown, To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me; Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To Silvius.

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word I am the second son of old sir Rowland, [for two That bring these tidings to this fair assembly: Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wild wood he came; Where, meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise, and from the world. His crown bequeathing to his banlish'd brother, And all their lands restor'd to them again That were with him exil'd: This to be true, I do engage my life.

Parl. Welcome, young man: Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding: To one, his lands with held: and to the other, A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this for, let us do those ends That here were well begun, and well begot: And after, every of this happy number, [with us, That have endur'd shrewd days and nights Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity, And fall into our rustic revelry:

Play, music—and you brides and bridgrooms all, With measure heasp'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you The duke hath put on a religious life, [rightly. And thrown into neglect the pompous court? [Jaq. de B. He hath. Jaq. To him will I; out of these convertites There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.— You to your former honour I bequeath: [To Duke. Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it— You [to Orlando] to a love, that your true faith doth merit: — You [to Oliver] to your land, and love, and great alliance— [bed. — You [to Silvius] to a long and well deserved And you [to Touchstone] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months virtu'd.—So to your pleasures; I am for other than for dancing measures. Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. Jaq. To see no pastime, by what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exeunt. Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, And we do trust they'll end, in true delights. A dance.

EPilogue.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; And I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defled not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breathes, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Roussillon.
Lafuè, an old lord.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine rear.

Steward, Clown, A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the Widow.
Violenta, 3 neighbours and friends to the Widow.
Mariana, Lords, attending on the King: Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French and Florentine.

SCENE,—partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Roussillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafuè, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, none of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.
ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Act I.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Lea. He hath abandoned his physician, madam; and, whose practice he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, O, that bad! how and a passage 'tis whose skill would have been a great, a blissful remedy; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be his interest.

Lea. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Lea. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and, mourningly, he was thought enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Bar. What is it, my good lord, the king language of?

Lea. A flatula, my lord.

Bar. I heard not of it before.

Lea. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?—My life, there is some interest to my looking over. I have these hopes of her good, that her education promiseth; her dispositions she inheriteth, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an understanding is, there's power. Where there are commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traits too; in her they are the better for their simplicity; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Lea. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. The best brine a maiden can season her harrow in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrow takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more! lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Lea. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess is not humane.

Bar. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Lea. How understand we that?

Count. Bo thou bless, Bertram! and succeed thy issue! thy present virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy good-natured Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friends Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never ta'd for speech. What heaven more will, That these may furnish, and my prayers pluck down. Fail on thy head! Farewell,—my lord.

'Tis an unsundry'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Bar. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

End Countess.

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, (to Helena.) be servants to his grace: Be comfortable to your mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Lea. Farewell, pretty lady! You must hold the credit of his other. (Exit Bertram and Lefau.

Hel. I), were that all!—I think not on my father:

And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star, And, in adoring it, he is so above me, In his bright radiance and cold splendour, light.

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind, that would be mated by the lion.

Must I be young, as when never I was pretty, though a plague.

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table; heat, too capable Of every form, and triumph of his looks

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here

Rater Paroles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake
And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these bad'ns 'd evil sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtuous neatly bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superficial folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. Bless you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Marguerite, to be a virgin, was a stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barracade it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. And our virginity, and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some way to resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, woman, and man.

Hel. Bless your own virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quickl' be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city, it is not politic in the common-wealth of nature, to preserve virginity. I am of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin gct, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being never lost, is never lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. Love's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendsness against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the heath, so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot choose but lose cry's: but with't within ten years it will make itself nice of the ridiculous increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, Ill, to like him that never it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request, not beauty; the goose of an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear not now: Your dare is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek. Amen your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a
ASS'LL WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it? Hel. Not my virginity yet. There shall your master have a thousand loves, a mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a trairress, and a dear; His humble ambition, and his humility, His jarring concord, and his discord duet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms, That blinking 'rump and mistress, and a friend shall he— God send him well! The court's a learning place;—and he is one— Par. What one, I'th faith? Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity. Par. So it's running away. Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And show what we alone must think; which never Returns us thanks. Enter a Page. Page. Monsieur Paroles, my lord calls for you. [Exit Page. Par. Little Helen, farewell! if I can remember the war, I will ask thee of thee at court. Hel. Monsieur Paroles, you were born under a charitable star. Par. Under Mars, I. Hel. The day of my birth, and under Mars, Par. Why under Mars? Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars. Par. When he was predominant. Hel. I think, rather. Par. Why think you so? Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight. Par. That's for advantage. Hel. It warms you, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well. Hel. With effects of full businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely; I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand all the tricks of the world; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell. Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. What power is it, which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kiss like native things. Impossible be strange attempts, to those That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose, What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit. SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending. King. The Florentines and Senoes are by the king of England, Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war. 1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir. King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it A certainty, youch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; where either dearst friend Prejudicates the business; and would seem To have us make denial. 2 Lord. His love and wisdom, Approvd to your majesty, may plead For ampiest credence. King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part. 2 Lord. It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and explicit. King. What's he comes here? Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Paroles. 1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, my good lord, Young Bertram. King. Youth, thou art't thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris. Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's. King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father, and myself, in friendship First try'd our soldierish! He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Disciplled of the bravest: he lasted long; But on us both did haggis age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your godfathers: In his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may jest, Till their own scorn return to them unsnoted, Ere they can hide their levity in honour. So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and, at this time, His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him He us'd as creatures of another place; And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them seem'd and them, and them, in their poor praise he humbled: Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times: [now Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them But goes backward. Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts, that on his tomb; So in approv'd lives not his epitaph, As in your royal speech. King. 'Would I were with him? He would al- ways say, (Methinks, I hear him now: his plausive words He scatter'd not in ears, but graven them To grow there, and, to bear.—Let me not live, Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out,—let me not live, quoth he, After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive sense All but new things disdain; whose judgements are More fathers of their garments:—whose constancies are—This he wish'd I, after him, do after him wish too, Since I nor war, nor honey, can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hve, To give some labourers room. 2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir. They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first. King. I fill a place, I know.—How long ist, Since the physician at your father's died? He was much fam'd.
Scene III.—Revelation. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Count. I will now hear what you say of this gentlewoman.

Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then would our woman's modesty, and make the seal of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Set you gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my sorrow, that I do not, for, I know, you lack not felly to commit them, and ought have shewn enough to make such knaves yours.

Cler. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Cler. 'Tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, label the woman and we will so do we may.

Count. With these needs be a beggar?

Cler. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Cler. In her case, and mine own. Service is no heritage, and for my think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have some of my body; for, they say, boors are blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Cler. My body, madam, requires it: I am driven out by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Cler. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Cler. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Cler. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have none, when I am married.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Cler. You are shallow, madam; 'tis great friends;

For the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a wary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to kill the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend; ere, be, that knows my wife, is my friend, if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Harbon the puritan, and did Param the papist, know their hearts were severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll, steale, together, like any deer, I thee hark on.

Count. What then is your friend, and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men all true shall find;
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir. I'll talk with you more anon.

Swift. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; I Helen I mean.

Cler. Was this fair face the count, quoth she,

[Staging.

Why the Grecians sacked Troy,
Told done, done told,
Till this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Cler. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a parrying off the song: 'Would did would serve the world so all the year, we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman if I were the person (I do rest, quoth a': am I we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, I would need the lottery well; a man may draw his heart cold, he be placed as he please.

Count. You'll be gone, sir, and as do I command you?

Swift. That man should be at a woman's command, and we'll do it;—I have heard, he be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen.

[Exit Clown.

Count. Well, now.

Swift. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Robin, do her father bequeath her to me? and she herself, without other advantage, may I freely make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and who shall be paid her, she'll demand.

Swift. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears: she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger now. Her matter is, she loves, your son Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference between their two estates; I have, no god, that would not extend his might, only that he were less lovely: Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterwards. This she delivered in the most bitter manner; that I should not hear a virgin's claim in which I hold my duty, speedily to acquaint you with; silence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Swift. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tettering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. I pray you, leave me stand this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Helen. Stew. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
We are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
By our own hands, in times of days for more.
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.
Heaven, is it your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.
All's that ends well.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the number of those
That were enombwed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You never oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care: —
God's mercy, maiden! does it curr thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That seeks not the finding that he you finds,
The many-colur'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? —that you are my daughter?

Hel. I say, I am your mother

Count. That I am not.

Hel. The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note with my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother! or were you both our mother?
I would not care for it, he would receive it. [th?]
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, you are daugther, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter,

Hel. God shield you, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So striove upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your melanctoly; your
Salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross.
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclametion of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behauiours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tis thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, isn't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, fowarst: however, I charge thee,
And I will then shall work in me for thine avail,
To teach me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress! I love my son?

Count. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath Im't a hond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appearance.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before him heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son: —

My friends were poor, but honest: so's my love;
Be not offended; it hurts not him,
That he is lodge'd of me, I adore him not
By any token of presumtuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I am in vain that hope
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And yet to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore him not
By any token of presumtuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I am in vain that hope

The sun, that looks upon your worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour elts a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of loving,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, till your Dian
Was both herself and love; 0 then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not the finding that he you finds,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true. Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescr:ptions
Of rare and power'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general soveretignty: and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note; amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereby
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this,
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
You might prevail: that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy, be sanctified [honour
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-look life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe it?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and

Mans, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt;
Be gone to-morrow: and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords; taking
leave for the Florentine war ; Bertram, Parolles, and
Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike prin-
ciples
[well—
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, fare-
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both:

1 Lords. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, our grace cannot be: and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords
Whether I live or die, you own the cause
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher stay
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but lose it on the way
The bravestuest questian shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty.

King. These gifts of Italy, take heed of them; They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand, beware of being captives.
Before you served.

Bec. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. - Come hither to me.

[The King rises to a comch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind.

Par. The lost his family the spark.

C Lord. What move brave wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Bar. I am commanded here, and keep a coilt with,

Two young, and the next year, and, I see early.

Par, O on the mind stand to it, boy, steal away betimes.

Bar. I shall stay here the forerun to a smoke; 
Creating my shoes on the plain masonry,

Tell honour he bought up, and no sword worn.

But one to dance with! By heaven, 'twill steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Comment it, count.

2 Lord. I am your necessary; and so farewell.

Bar, I grow to you, and our parties is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet reverse Paroles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good spurs and reins, a word, good metals.
You shall find to the regiment of the Spinali, one

Captains, with his cincture, an emblem of valor

Here on his minister church; it was this very sword

Entomitted it say to him, I live; and observe

His reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. More than one from this notice! [Read Lords.] What will you do?

Bar. Stay; the king.

[Seeing him rise.

Par. Use a more spurious ceremony to the noble lords, you the restrained yourself within the laps

Of too cold an advice; be more expressive to them

For they wear themselves in the cap of the time

There, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move

Under the influence of the most remote speeches;

And though the devil lend the measure, such as to be

Followed after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Bar. And I will do so.

Par. Worthies fellows; and like to prove most

sinewy sword-smen.

[Read Bertram and Paroles.

Enter Lafc.}

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [kneeling;] for me and for

my tiddings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you

Had knew'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and

That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, and

Pak'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across.

But, my good lord, 'tis thus! Will you be cured

Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,

My noble grapes, an of my royal fox.

Come, I have the three in them. I have the

Medicine, That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,

With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is (You) to arouse king Pepin, nay,

To give Great Charlemain a pen in his hand,

And write to her a love-letter.

King. Who's here is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she; My lord, there's one arrived,

If you will see her—now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and cunntz, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her

[For that is her demand] and know her business?

Those, laugh with me at.

King. Now, good Lafc.

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,

By wondering how thou took at't.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafc.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafc, with Liitiena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This base hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears. I am Creusa's uncle,

That dare leave two together: fare you well.

[Exit.]

King. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

Had he made store up, as a tripe eye

Baffled for seven years; and two, more dear; I have to

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that main grant cause where I'm in the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When the most learned doctors leave us;

And the congregation college have concluded

That labouuring art can never ransom nature

From her inward blemish, — I say we must not

Stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope

To procure our post-cure malady

To empiricks; or to dissever

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past same we deem.

Here's my duty then shall pay me, for my pains

I will no more enforce mine office on you;

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less to call'd grateful.

Then thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,

As one near death to those that wish him live;

But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Her. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest against remedy.

Her. If the greatest works is barbarous,

Of these them by the weakest minister;

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes. Great floods have

From simple sources; and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Of expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it hits.

Where most is collected, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind

maid.

Theys paines, not w'dst, must by thyself be paid;

Profits, not took, requite thanks for their reward.

Her. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.

It is not so with him that all things knews,
Act 2.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

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cannot make a leg, put off its cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, if they'd say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair; that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Whereto your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Thib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, as a pittance for May-day, as the trail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the puddin' to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to it: Ask me, if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir, there's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, sir, is very seqent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I never had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, sir, I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir, Why, there's not service well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give I Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to your kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Here is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknowable.

Par. Why, tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artist—

Par. So I did; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows—

Par. Right, so I say.
Lea. That gave him out memorable.
Par. Why, there's to say I too.
Lea. Not to be helped.
Par. Right as 'twere a man assured of an
End. Life, and sure death.
Lea. Just, you say well, so would I have said.
Lea. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing,
you shall read it in. — What do you call it?
Lea. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthy
actor.
Par. That's it I would have said: the very same.
Lea. Why, your dolphin is not faster: sure me
I speak in respect.
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is
the brief and the terrors of it; and he is of a most
fascinators spirit, that will not acknowledge it to
be the —
Lea. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Lea. In a most weak
Par. And double minister, great power, great
transcendence which should, indeed, give us
a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of
the king, as to be —
Lea. Generally thankful.

Baker King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it you say well. Here
comes the king.
Lea. Laustic, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a
maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my hand:
Why, he's able to lend her a carnate.
Par. Merry du Fiamnger! Is not this Helena?
Lea. Fare well, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
End all.

Silk, my preserver, by thy patient's side.
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Then hast repeated, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Baker several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
pore.
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing.
For whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make
Those had power to choose, and they none to for

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mis-
Fall, when love please — marry, to each, but one!
Lea. I'd give bay Curial, and his furniture,
My brother's name were broken at those boys',
And write so little heard.

King. Forsee them well: Not one of those, but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen. [Aside, to Heaven.]

Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest.
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks, thus whisper me.
We blush, that thou should'st choose: but, he refused?
Let the white death still on thy cheek for ever:
We'll never come again there.

King. Make choice: and, see,
Who shews thy love, shews all his love in me.

Hel. Now Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that most high,
Do I return, Sir, why bear my suit? I
Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is made.
Lea. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
away;

Hæ. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes easy to see above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

Hel. No better, if you please.

King. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.
Lea. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of
men, we should send them to the Turk, to make
sumachs.
Hel. Be not afraid to a Lord that thy hand
should take;
I'll now one you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairest fortune, if you ever wed!
Lea. Those boys are boys of ice, 'twill none
have: ever sure, they are bastards to the English;
the Frenchmen never get them.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Lea. There's one grace yet, — I am sure thy fa-
ther drank wine; — But if thou best not an son, I
am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee al-
ready.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [to Bertram] but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into thy guiding power. — This is the man.
King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's

Ber. My wife, my legs? I shall beseech thy
highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The birth of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Then know'st thou she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Much of her former raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdains't in her, the
which
I can build up.
Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together.
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: if he be
All that is virous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so;
That young widow, when virtue's work is proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions will, and virtue none,
It is a dropped honour: good alone
Is good without a name: vileness so:
The fame by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair,
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-gem; the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou have not like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
In her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do's.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st

Ber. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am
Let the rest go.

King. My honour at the stake which to defeat,
I must with such my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackie up
My love, and her desert: that canst not dream.
We, posessing in her defective scale,
All's Well that Ends Well

Act 2.

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Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation, in your honour, and mine.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave:

[Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurril, old, filthy, scurril lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any authority! an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more piper to dance; I would have of—I'll beat him, an I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafc.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou gather up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honours, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat him: methinks, thou art a gentle face, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and a tramp of an army: thou didst make the most offensive and contemptuous gesture of thy hand. I took him at his first assuming upon the scene, and I had a good purpose of him. So farewell! I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits than your master's foot; to the wars! and I'll to the wars of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an I could but meet him again.

[Exit.]

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have not bed her.

Par. What! what, sweet heart?—[sworn]

Ber. O my Patrois, they have married me—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits than your master's foot; to the wars! and I'll to the wars of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an I could but meet him again.

[Exit.]

Enter Bertram.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a match for my master. The tread of thy hand, and the hammers, about thee, did manifestly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I am now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I see through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good sir; every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall bear it.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it's proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may sry, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. However, my lord, you do me most insupportable vexation, in your honour, and mine.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave:
SCENE IV.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well? Cla. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry; but yet she is not well; but she is given; she's very well, and wants nothing. (The world; but yet she is not well. Hel. If she be very well, what does she all, that she's not very well? Cla. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things. Hel. What two things? (To. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God sends her quickly.)

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady! Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes. Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How goes my old lady? Cla. So that you had her wrinkles, and her money, I would she did as you say. Par. Why, I say nothing. Cla. Marry, you are the lower man; for many a man's pleasure shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your life, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave. Cla. You should have said, sir, before a knave than a knave; that is, before me then a knave, this had been truth, sir.

Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee. Cla. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, I thank, and well fed—Madam, my lord will go away tonight. A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and right of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge: Hot pass it off by a compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is stewed with sweets, Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour over-flow with joy, And pleasure draw the brain. Hel. What's his will else? Par. That you will take your instant leave the king, And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need. Hel. What more commands be? Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure. Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will. Par. I shall report it so. Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Lafau and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Ye, my lord, and of very valiant approbation. Laf. You have it from his own deliverance. Ber. And by other warranted testimony. Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a busting.

Then I assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Hel. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour: and my state: that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [To Bertram.] Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his taller? Par. Sir? Ber. I know him well! Ay, sir; he, is a good workman, a very good tailor. Laf. Is he gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.] Par. She is. Ber. Will she away to-night? Par. As you'll have her. Ber. I have writ my letters, cackled my treasure. Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,—And, ere I do begin,—Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that has three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothing so, may be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain. Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur? Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure. Laf. You have made shift to run into 's boots and spurs all, like him that leaped into the castard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer yourself for your residence. Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord. Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe me, the sweetest care can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their nature.—Farewell, monsieur; I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him? Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helena, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shown itself, at the first view; To you that know them not. This to my mother:—

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so Let me leave you to your wisdom. Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant. Ber. Come, come, more of that.

Hel. With true obsequience seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go.

Hel. My state is very great: Farewell, sir; his home Ber. Pray, sir, your pardon.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended by two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more thistles after. 1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opponent. Duke. Therefore we marshall much, our cousin France Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers. 2 Lord. Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a council frames By self-unable motion: therefore dare not Say what I think of it; since I have found Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail. As often as I guess'd. Duke. Be it his pleasure. 2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our na- ture, That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day, Come here for physic. Duke. Welcome shall they be; And all the honors, that can fly from us, Shall on them settle. You know your places well; When better fall, for your avails they fell. To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Coun- tess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing: mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are not like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here? Clo. Even that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [Reads.] I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she has recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, but not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it, before the report come. If there be breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, To fly the favours of so good a king; To pluck his indignation on thy head, By the mistreating of a maid too virtuous For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing too; that's the loss of men, though 'tis the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam. Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone. 2 Gen. Do not say so. Count. This is a true report. — Pray you, gentle- men,— I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me un'to:— Where is my son, I pray you? 2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence: We met him thitherward; from thence we came, And, after some despatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my pass- port. [Reads.] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.

This is a dreadful sentence. Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam; And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains. Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou rob'st me of a moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child—Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam. 3 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't, The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims. Count. Return you thither? 1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. Hel. [Reads.] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter. Count. Find you that there? Hel. Ay, madam. 1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, happily, Which his heart was not consenting to. Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she, and she deserves it.
That twenty each rude boys might lend upon,
And call her honesty, mercy. Who was with
I was a servant only, and a gentleman [him].
Whom I have sometimes known.
Com. Follies, was not it?
I cas. Ay, my good lady, he.
Com. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked
My son corrupts a well-derived nature.
With this inducement.
I cas. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Com. You are welcome, gentleman.
I must correct you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword cannot win
The honour that he loses: more I'll detain you
To write to bent along.
We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Com. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
When do you make

Hel. Till I have made me, I know well, in France.
Nothing in France, and he has no
Then shall have none, Recollect, none in France,
Then hast thou again. Four lords! In
Then all the game from the country place.
Those tender lands of thine to the event
Of the same bearing was: and it is it!
That drive thee from the sporting court, where thine
What shot at or in country chase, so were.
Of smoky morn. (If you meet messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still piercing air,
Sóme with passion, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the earth, that do hold him to it: And,
take him not, are not the cause.
His death was so affected in war, we were,
I met the raven lest when he rear'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better were
That all the swallows, which house o'er,
Were gone at once. No, come thou home, Ross.
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it losses all. I will be gone.
My going here is it, their holdeth them since
Shall I hang him so? no, my lord; although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And death of all, I will be good.
That all a summer may report my sight. To
To that the summer may report my sight, To
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and
Great in our hope; say our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
With strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth:
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress.

Sir, this very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, draper of love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Recollon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the tender of her?
Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilgrim.

**Wid.** I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

**Hel.** To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmeres lodge, I do beseech you?

**Wid.** At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

**Hel.** Is this the way?

**Wid.** Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troopes come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

**Wid.** Is it yourself?

**Hel.** If you shall please so, pilgrim.

**Wid.** I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

**Wid.** You came, I think, from France?

**Hel.** I did so.

**Wid.** Here you shall see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

**Hel.** His name, I pray you?

**Dis.** The count Roussillon; Know you such a one?

**Hel.** But by the ear, that hears most nobly of

His face I know not. [him]

Whatsoever he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking: Think you it is so?

**Hel.** Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

**Dis.** There is a gentleman, that serves the count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

**Hel.** What's his name?

**Dis.** Monsieur Parolles.

**Hel.** O, I believe with him.

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

**Dis.** A lass, poor lady!

*Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife

Of a detesting lord.

**Wid.** A right good creature: Wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do

A consider'd turn, if she please'd.

(Being her)

How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

He does, indeed;

And breaks with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

**Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, Bertram, and Parolles.**

**Mar.** The gods forbid else!

**Wid.** So, now they come—:

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That Escalus.

**Hel.** Which is the Frenchman?

**Dis.** He; That with the plume: *tis a most gallant fellow; I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,

He were much goodlier: *is not a handsome gentleman?

**Hel.** I like him well. [knav.]

**Dis.** *Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same

That leads them to these places; were I his lady,

I'd poison that vile rascal.

**Hel.** Which is he?

**Dis.** That jack-anaples with scarrs: Why is he melancholy?

**Hel.** Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

**Par.** Lose our drum; well.

**Mar.** He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.

**Wid.** Marry, hang you!

**Mar.** And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier! [Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers.

**Wid.** The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents

There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,

Already at my house.

**Hel.** I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking,

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

**Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.**

1 **Lord.** Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 **Lord.** If your lordship find him not a hindering,

Hold me no more in your respect.

1 **Lord.** On my life, my lord, a bubble.

2 **Ber.** Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 **Lord.** Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct

Knowledge, and not by any malice, but to speak of him

As my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an

Infinite and endless liar, an hourly-promise-breaker,

The owner of no one good quality worthy your

Lordship's entertainment.

2 **Lord.** It were fit you knew him: lest, reposing,

Too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might,

At some great and trusty business, in a main danger,

Fall you.

2 **Ber.** I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 **Lord.** None better than to let him fetch off his

Drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 **Lord.** I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguery of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents: He but your lordship present at his examination; if he be a promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 **Lord.** O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

**Enter Parolles.**

1 **Lord.** O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

2 **Ber.** How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your private: I'll promis

2 **Lord.** A pox on't, let it go: *tis but a drum.—

Par. But a drum! *is but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend your own soldiers.

2 **Lord.** That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

2 **Ber.** Well, we cannot greatly commend our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.
Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or his face.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his master, his service, his adherence, and, go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit; if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilettamente, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, then: the valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water;—not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than not to.

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously does address himself unto you?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make him some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord I saw: when his disguise and he is parted, turn again; what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship; I'll leave me. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you the last I spoke of.

[To himself.] But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, and found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, by this same coxcomb that we have the wind, that I had letters which she did re-send; and this is all I have done: She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well Nothing acquainted with these business; [born, And would not put my reputation now in any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, by the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Erry bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have shew'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help this night, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down hisMountain siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it, Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, However repeated after.

Wid. The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter. In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Here's an object, I will pursue; To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how shall put his hand To that time and place, with this deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musicks of all sorts, and songs composed To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us, To chuse him from our eaves; for he persists, As if his life lay on.

Hel. Then, when to-night, Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act; Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact: But let's about it. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He come can no other way but, by this hedge: come, if you freely upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

2 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

2 Lord. But what illness, wooley hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

2 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers in adversarial entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fable, not to know what we speak to one another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabbles enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolies.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. If any tongue is too fool-hardy: but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of its creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside.]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I go in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a batter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Babazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in straitest.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to draw my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom. 1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it. 1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's:

[Alarum within.

1 Lord. Thrice movens, cargo, cargo, cargo. Alt. Cargo, cargo, willenda par corbo, cargo. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes. [They seize him and blindfold him.]

1 Sold. Boskos thronimo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muakos' regiment. And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 Sold. Boskos vanwado:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: Kerdolpho. Detake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom. Par. Oh! 1 Sold. Myska resania dulche.

1 Lord. Oscorb diochus voltovora.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life. Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which you will do at last. 1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully? Par. If I do not, damn me.

[Exit with Parolles guarded.

Come on, thou art granted space.

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him Till we do hear from them. [muffled, 2 Sold. Captain, I will. 1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:— Inform that. 2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana. 1 Sold. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light up your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got. Dia. She then was honest. Ber. So should you be.

Dia. My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that! I prythee, do not strive against my vows: I was committed to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us, Till we serve you: but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our hareness.

Ber. How have I sworn? Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth; But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by, But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you? this has no holding, To swear by him whom I protest to love, oaths That I will work against him: Therefore, your Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it; Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy; And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts, That you do charge men with: Stand no more off, But give thyself unto my sick desires, Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs, That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring. Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power To give it from me. Dia. Will you not, my lord? Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world In me to lose.

Dia. My honour's such a ring: My chastity's the jewel of our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion honour on my part, Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine, And I'll be hid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window; I'll order take, my mother shall not hear. Nor will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them, When back again this ring shall be deliver'd And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring! that, what in time proceeds, 
May taken to the future our past deeds. 
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won. 
A wife of me, and that there my hope be done.

Act II. Scene iii. 

A Heaven on earth I have won, by going love. 
[Exit.]

Dich. For which live long to thank both heaven and me! 
You may so in the end——

My mother told me just how he would won, 
As if she sat in his heart: she says, all men 
Have the like object: he had sworn to marry me, 
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll be with him, When he is crowned. Since Frenchmen are no breed, 
Marry that witt, I'll live and die a maid: 
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin 
To come in, that would unjealously win. [Exit.]

SCENE iii.—The Florentine Camp. 

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three 
Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there 
is something in it that stings his nature; for, on 
the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon 
him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a 
baby.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting 
displeasure of the king, who had even toned 
his beauty to sing-happiness to him. I will tell 
you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with 
you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and 
I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman 
his own presence, of a most chaste renown; and 
this night he flatters his will in the spoit of her 
honour: he hath given her his moon-ball ring, and 
thinks himself made in the unacheate composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we 
are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in 
the common course of all treasons, we still see them 
reveal themselves, till they attain to their abberred 
ends: so be, that in this action contrives against 
his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflow's himself.

Is it not mean court-martial in us, to be 
trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall 
thence have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight: for he is dicted 
to be here.

1 Lord. That approaches space: I would gladly 
have him see his company anatomized; that he 
so curiously might see he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he 
come; for his presence must be the whip of the 
other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what bear you of those 
words?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Reussillon do then? will 
he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not 
altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid sir! so should I be a 
great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, 
 fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage 
to Saint Jacques le grand; which holy undertaking, 
with most austere sanctimony, the accomplished 
and reverend, it is no wonder of her nature became 
as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a 
gown of her last breath, and now she sings in 
heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justifi'd?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own let-
ters; which makes her story true, even to the point 
of her death; her death itself, which could not be 
eluded, was faithful well confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, 
point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am beauty sorry, that he'll be glad of 
this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us 
comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And mightily, some other times, we 
drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that 
his vassal hath here acquired for him, shall at 
home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, 
good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, 
if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes 
would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our 
virtues——

Enter a Servant. 

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom 
he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will 
next morning for France. The duke hath offered 
him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful 
there, if they were more than they can command.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's 
tarniss. Here's his lordship now. How now, my 
lord, is it not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen business-
as, a month's length; a piece, by an abstract of 
success: I have con'gred with the duke, done my 
orders with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned 
for her; written to my mother, I am returning; 
toasted my convey: and, between these main 
parcels of despatch, effected many nicer deeds; 
the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended 
yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and 
this morning your departure hence, it requires 
 haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing 
to bear of it hereafter: shall we have this dia-
lologue between the fool and the soldier?——Come, 
bring forth this counterfeit module; he has de-
crived me, I've a double-meaning module; 
have in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserted it, 
marking his spur so long. How does he carry 
himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the 
stocks carry him. Hut to answer you as you would 
be understood; he reeks like a wench that had 
shod her milk: he hath confessed himself to Mor-
gan, whom he supposed to be a friar, from the time 
of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of 
his setting in the stocks: And what think you he 
hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be 
read to his face: if your lordship be in's, as I be-
lieve you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Paroles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled; he can say 
nothing of me: bash! bash!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes! [Porto tortuoso.]

2 Lord. He calls for the tortures; what will you 
say without making answer?

Par. I will confess what I know without con-
straint; if ye pinch me like a paste, I can say no 
more.

1 Lord. Base chimures.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 199

Act 4.

1 Lord. Robilindo the malcontent.
2 Sold. You are a meritorious general: our general
3 bids you answer to what I shall ask you out
4 of other.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.
1 Sold. First demand of him how many horse the
5 duke is strong. What say you to that?
6 Par. Five or six thousand; but too weak and
7 unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and
8 the commanders very poor, upon my reputation
9 and credit, and as I hope to live.
1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
9 Par. I'll take the sacrament o' the, how and
10 which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave
11 is this?

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monis-
2 Ser Par. The gallant militarist, (that was his
3 own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war
4 in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape
5 of his dagger.
6 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keep-
7 ing his sword clean; nor believe he can have every
8 thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down.
2 Par. Five or six thousand, I said, I will say true,
or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.
1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
2 Par. But I com on him no thanks for't, in the
3 nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down.
2 Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth,
3 the rogue, a precious poor.
4 Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are
5 a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this pre-
6 sent time, I would live true. Let me see: Spurio a
7 hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Coramius so
8 many, Jacques so many; Gualtair, Cosmo, Lodowick,
9 and (fartly,) two hundred fifty each: mine own com-
10 pany, Chipher, Vaumond, Bentil, two hundred and
11 fifty each: six that the muster-file, rotten and
12 sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thou-
13 sand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow
14 from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves
to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?
1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. De-
2 mand of him my conditions, and what credit I have
3 with the duke.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand
4 of him, whether one Captain Dumnain be the camp,
a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke,
5 what his condition is in war; or whether he thinks,
it were not possible, with well-
6 weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What
7 say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particu-
8 lar of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.
1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumnain?
2 Par. I know him: he was a bastard's prentice
3 in Paris, whence he was whipped for getting the
4 sheriff's foot out of his child; a dumb innocent, that
could not say him, nay.

[Dumnain lifts up his hand in anger.
Berr. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though
1 I know, his brains are forfeit to the next
2 title that falls.
1 Sold. Well, is this the captain in the duke of Flo-
3 rence's camp?
2 Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.
1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear
2 of your lordship anion.
1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?
2 Par. The duke knows him for no other but a
3 poor officer of mine: and write to me this other day,
to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his
4 letter in my pocket.
5 Sir. Marry, we'll search.
6 Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it
7 is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other
8 letters, in my tent.
1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it
9 to you? 1 Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.
2 Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
3 Lord. Excellently.
4 Sold. Dian. The count's a fool, and full of
gold.
5 Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an
6 advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one
7 Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count
8 Roussillon, one foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very
9 rustic: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest
1 in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young
2 count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy: who is a
3 whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry
4 finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!
1 Sold. When he sweats oaths, bid him drop gold,
2 and take it;
3 After he scores, he never pays the score:
4 Half won, is match well made; match, and well
5 make it.
6 He never pays after debts, take it before;
7 And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
8 Men are to well with, boys are not to kiss;
9 For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
10 Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
11 Thrice, as he vow'd to thee in this.

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whirled through the army, with
this rhyme in his forehead.
1 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the
2 manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could not make anything before but a cat,
1 and now he's a cat to me.
1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we
2 shall be fain to hang you.
3 Par. My life, in any case: not that I am
4 afraid to die; but that, my offences being many,
5 I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me
6 live, sir, in a dungeon, 'the stocks, or any where,
7 so I may live.
1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you con-
8 fess freely; therefore, once more to this captain
9 Dumnain: You have answered to his reputation
10 with the duke, and to his valour: What is his ho-
11 nesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;
1 for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He
2 professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them,
3 he is stronger to Hercules. He will lie, sir, with
4 such volubility, that you would think truth were a
5 fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be
6 swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm,
7 save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know
8 his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but
9 little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every
10 thing that an honest man should not have; what
11 an honest man should have, he has nothing.
1 Lord. I beg you to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A
1 pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.
1 Sold. What say you to his expertise in war?
2 Par. Edith, sir, he has led the drum before the
3 English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—
4 and more of his soldiers I know not; except, in
5 that country, he had the honour to be the officer at
6 a place there; and, upon my soul, to instruct for the
7 doubling of files; I would do the man what honour
8 I can, but of this I am not certain.
1 Lord. He hath out-villainied villainy so far, that
9 the rarity recreates him a boy; but, for all that,
10 he's a cat still.
1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price,
I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revo-
10 Par. Sir, for a quarter d'ecu he will sell the fee-

simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Du-
m-in ?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me ?

3 Sold. What's he do?

Far. Even a name of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is upon the earth; any lackey; marily, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Far. Your Highness, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Far. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[Aside.]

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorisly discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly hold, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must die. Come, husskemin, off with his head.

Far. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death !

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Turning him.]

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Far. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

3 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lucre ? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the consent you write to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? and if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

1 Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't.

Far. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but a man's name had received much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

1 Sold. Yet am I thankful! if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall, simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braw,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
[=gray.]
That every brawgall shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword; cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safe in shame! being fool'd, by folly thrive:
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, I'll show you... One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'tis whose throne, 'tis needful; E'er I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office.
Dead also, as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place We must now convey. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,

My husband lies him home; where, heaven aid—
And by the leave of my goodlord the king, [ing.]
We will go to, before our welcome. 1696.

Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nay you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dover,
As it hath hated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But 0 strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so I ast doth play
With them, for that which is this away:
But more of this hereafter: — You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Diana. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fate's the crown:
What'er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snip-taffins fellow there; whose villainous sullenness, worse than have made all the unblacked and doogy youth of a nation in his colour; your daughter-in-
law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had promise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest grama of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. Twas a good lady, twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salates, ere we light on such another. More a thought of it.

Hel. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salat, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are none-herbs.

Hel. I am no great Neubuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knife or a fowl?

Hel. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Hel. I would coven the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Hel. And I would give his wife my bubble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Hel. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Hel. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Hel. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his prince will be better in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Hel. The black prince, sir, alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not for to suggest thee from thy master thou art least; serve him still.
Act V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir

Gent. And you, sir.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence removed last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wild. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well; yet; Yet, Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit,— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon;

Whither I am going. I told you.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which I presume, shall remain upon your face, But rather make you thank your pains for it: I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er comes more.—We must to horse again;— Go, go, provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Paroles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, If it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may: for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to his lordship. [Exit Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Clo. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to put away napes now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?
There's a great deal for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends, I am for other business.

Sir, I beseech your honour, to bear me one single word.

[Exit]

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha'it; save your word.

[Exit]

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Can't my passion: give you my hand: How does your drum?

For 0 my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Wast I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

For. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. That upon thee, brave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? once brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. Strain, inquire further after me. I had talk of you last night; though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go on.

For. I praise thee for you. [Exit.]

SCENE III. — The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Mincipe. Enter King, Countess, Lafau, Lords, Gentlemen, guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done 'tis the blaze of youth; When cold and fire, too strong for reason's force, (Persever it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shew.

This I must say, — But first I beg my pardon. — The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive! Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humble, could mistreat.

King. Frusing what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither.

[Exeunt Gentleman, &c.]

We are repeat'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition. — Let him not ask our pardon: The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury The increasing objects of his approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him: So 'tis our will he should.

God. I shall, my liege.

[Exit Gentleman.]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

[Exit]

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For then may'st see a sun-shine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams I owe my words give way: so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repeated blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top: For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees That fainting sense and noiseless foot of time. Steals we can effect them: You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admirably, my liege: at first I lack'd my choice upon her, eke my heart

Dare make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye infusing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour;

Save their fair colour, or express'd it stoen: Extended or contracted all proportions, To a most hideous object: Thence it came, That she, whom all men praise'd, and whom myself, Since have lost, have loved, in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well escut:'d; That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: But love, that comes too late.

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence, Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults Many a piece of serious thing have borne, Not knowing them, until we know their grave: Off our displeasures, to ourselves unjust, Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust: Our own love was crying to see what's done, While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon. Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Maidin. The main concerns are bad: and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage day.

Count. Which better than the first, o dear heaven, bless!

Or, 0, they meet in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Once on, my son, in whom my house's name Must be digested, give a favour from you, To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come. — By my old beard, And every hair that's not, Helen, that's dead, Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this, The last that e'er I took her leave at court, I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Here it was not.

King. Now, pray, let me see it: for mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it. — This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, I told her, if her fortunes changed, Necessary to help, that by this token I would relieve her; Had you that craft, to reave her Of what should stand her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign, However it pleases you to take it so, The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life, I have seen her wear it; and she reckond't it At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.

Flaxman says it was from a castamen thrown me, Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought I stood ingag'd; but when I had subscrib'd To more of her fortune, and informed her, I could not answer in that course of honour, As she had made the overture, she cancell'd In heavy satisfaction, and would never Receive the ring again.

King. Pituys himself, That knows the time and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature's mystery more science, Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whole fortune in it was. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her: she call'd the saint to surety, That she would never put it from her finger,
Act 5.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, (Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Highly unseasonable: If I should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so:
And yet I know not:—thou didest hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
eyes myself, could win me more:
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.

[Guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was: [Exit Bertram, guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Which I would fain present to your grace;
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are fix'd to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stol'd from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies: otherwise a seduc-
ter, flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and tell him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafawndah.

To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady, was forcibly snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry,—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?
Ber. Do they think so much upon your
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord. wife?

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's own vow, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,

That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [to Bertram.] comes too short
For my daughter, you are no bond for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate crea-
ture,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
Love, and more noble thoughts, prove her:
Let a nobler thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to tell me,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your ho-

Than in my thought it lies! [nour,
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he do think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushest, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that same ring
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:—
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she had; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's list.
Are motives of more fancy: and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient; You, that turn'd o' a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,) Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger. [late.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you throw it him Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
Is this the man you speak of? Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,) By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Post. So please your majesty, my master hath been a handsome gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Post. I warrant, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Post. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Post. He loved her, sir, and loved her most.

King. At these o'clock in the morning, and no more.

What an equivocal companion is this?

Post. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty master.

Dio. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Post. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Post. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of matrimony, and of houses, and of fortune, and I know not what: yet I was in that company with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would deserve me ill to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Those have spake o'er already, unless thou canst say they are married. But these are too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.

This ring, thou say, was yours?

Dio. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dio. It was not given me, nor did I not buy it.

King. Who sold it you?

Dio. None. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it them?

Dio. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dio. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dio. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her; and with him.

I saw these two in a place where they badest this ring;

This dish within this hour. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dio. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

Dio. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dio. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear so.

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am so trusted, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Dio points to Lafi.]

King. She does abuse our ears, to prison with her.

Dio. Good mother, fetch my ball.—Stay, royal sir;

[Rosal Widow

The jewels, that owns the ring, is sent for, And he shall satisfy me. But for this lord, Who hath abused me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him He knows himself my bed he hath defiled; And at that time he got his wife with child; Dead though she be, she deceives young one faith; So there's my riddle, time, that's dead, is quick; And now behold the meaning.

Rosal Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exercit

Pogna together, or solve the riddles?

Hel. No, my good lord;' 

'Tis but the shadow of a wish you see, 

The name, and not the thing.

Post. Both, both; O, pardon!

Dio. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found her wonderful kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter: This it says, When from my fingers can get this ring, And are by me well child, etc. This is done Will you be mine, now you are doubly won? 

Dio. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, 

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes swell councillor, I shall weep soon—Good Town Councillor, I need one a handkerchief. So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee; Let thy courtesies alone, they are not true men.

King. Let us from point to point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—

If thou hast't not a fresh unrooted flower,

[Flourish

[Exit Diana.

Choose thee thy husband, and I'll pay thy dowery. For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid, 

They kept't a wife herself, thyself a maid. 

Of that and all the progress, more and less, 

Sincerely more leisure shall express; 

All yet seems well; and, if it end so sweet, 

The better past, more welcome is the sweet. 

[Flourish

[Advancing.]

The king's a beggar, now the play is done. 

All is well ended, if this suit be made, 

That you express content; which we will pay, 

With herbs to please you, day crowding day: 

Jure by your patience then, and yours my guest: 

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. 

[Exit]
INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alcove on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll please you, in faith. Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue! Sly. Y'are a baggage; the stocks are no nooks: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueroor. Therefore, paucus pallabris; let the world side: Sesas.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy; Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee, Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirsdborough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Enter Hostess on the ground and falls asleep.

Wind hooms. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriam,—the poor cur is embossed, And couple Clower with the deep-mouth'd brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale, This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.— What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, With a great supper, and alms and fruits For the pox's sake, sir, to the bone! A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes, Would not the beggar then forget himself? 1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose. [wak'd. 2 Hun. It would 'scem strange unto him when he Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:— Carry him gently to my fairest chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures. Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters, And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet Procure me musick ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound, And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, And, with a low submissive reverence, Say,—What is it your honour will command? Let one attend him with a silver bason, Full of rose-water, and beastow'd with flowers; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands? Some one be ready with a costly suit, And ask him what apparel he will wear; Another tell him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease. Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick; And, when he says he is,—say, that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs; It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part, As he shall think, by our true diligence, He is no less than what we say he is:

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him; And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds. Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds—

[Exit Servant.

Belleke, some noble gentleman: that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Srv. An it please your honour, Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember. Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:— 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well: I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd. 1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true,—thou didst it excellent. Well, you are come to me in happy time; The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play straight:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lost, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play.)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sir,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain our- selves.

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery.
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them set nothing that may be afforded.

[Enter Servant and Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady;
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,) He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies.
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And will he not your honours? even his command:
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses.

And with declining head into his bosom—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twelve seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and leathern beggar:
And if the boy hath not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which being cast away, shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Exit Servant.

I know, the boy will well swarf the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate their over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Scene II. A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

Sly is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ever, and other apperancees. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will'lt please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Or will'lt please your honour taste of these conserves?

[To-day.]

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear
Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship; I never drank sack in my life; and you give me any conserves, give me conserve of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear: I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor more shoes than feet in them; sometimes, more feet than shoes; or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cleanse this idle humour in your house.

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not

I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath,
by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat wife-Winiflet, if she know me not: If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for she ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom.

What, I am not bestraffed:—Here's—

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 Serv. This, this it is that makes your servants dzoop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As befits hence to your strange lunacy.
0, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject low dreams;
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck,
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we'll bestrew the ground
Or wilt thou ride? we'll bear thee in a chariot,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks to soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the wak'rin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breasted eagles, flier, feter than the toe.

3 Serv. Dost thou lose pictures? we will fetch them straight.

Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cupid, naked in sedges by the main,
Which seem to move and waft with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee lo, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surrump'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done,

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roam's through a thorny wood:
Scratching with legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady fair more beautiful
Than was in love in this waming night.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.

Wilt'lt have our lady thither to convey,
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Wilt'lt please your mightiness to wait your hands?

Sly. Vestvans present an ever, bason, and napkin
O, how to joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that one more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. The fairest years I ever in a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Ye say, ye knew but what you were.

Sly. The fifteen years I ever in a goodly nap.
And did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber, you knew, ye were beaten out of door; and rail upon the hostess of the house; and say, you would present her at the feet,

Because she brought some juggs and no seald quarts.

Sometimes you would call out for Cleavy Hacket.
Act 1.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
Serv. Ay, sir; but you know no house, nor no such maid.

Sly. Nor no such men, as you have reck'n'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Beppy Pimpornell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

Sly. I think thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Alive madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. Joan, Joan, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd and slept
Above some three or four years, and more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me.
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much:—Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, and the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed;
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again;
I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congall'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commodity a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: It is more pleasing stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, nadam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit down.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A publick Place.
Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy:
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most truly, to support our friends and all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Hath shown me, for my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
Specially to virtue: may it be achieve'd,
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow pool, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd;
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the mechanicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Grampiers, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Bianello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.
Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To part her rather: She's too rough for me.

There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, [to Bap.] is it your will
To make a state of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Maties, mad! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wish, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. Frankly, I will do it; let it be known,
Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime towards.
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. We said, master; mum! and gazey your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee, the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty jest! 'tis best
Putfinger in the eyé—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc.  [Aside.]  Hark, Tranio! I thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? some such as, that our good will effect.
Blanca's grief.

Ger. Why, will you swear her up, Signior Baptista, for this kind of hell, And hang the pensive kissing tongue: 

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved. —
Go in, Blanca.  [Exit Blanca.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight In such her losses, and her inventor. Schoolmasters will keep I within my house. Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio, Or signior Gremio, you, know any such, Prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind, and liberal;
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Blanca.  [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too: May not I? What, shall I be appointed hours: as though, be-
like, I knew not what to take, and what to leave! Ha!

Ger. You may go to the devils' dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is very am I. The, Hortensio, though his father be very rich, any man is so very a feel to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and shame, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be and fellow in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Ger. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry as any other be; some Florentine, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained.— till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to' a farewell, — Sweet Blanca! — Happy man be his done! He that runs fresh, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Ger. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua (to begin his wooing, that would be) truly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Execunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Trans.  [Advancing.]  I pray, sir, tell me, — Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But when I first did idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee, — That art to me as secret, and as dear, As Anna to the queen of Carthage was. —

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl: Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Trans. Master, it is no time to chide you now, Affection is not rated from the heart: Some love thou dost! yea, thou, nought remains but so,—
Redime to captam quan quam minus.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this content;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Trans. Master, you look'd so longly on the maild, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such beauty thou hast! nought remains but so,— That made great love to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand. 

Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how
Her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air; Sacred, and sweet; and this my book! — I

Trans. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, take, sir; If you love the maid, Send thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands —

Her eldest sister is so curt and shrewd, That, till the father rid his hands of her, I must not have a title to so much a name as mine own. And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But that will not be hinder'd, because I
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Trans. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plighted,
Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Trans. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Trans. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid.

That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Trans. Not possible: For who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Luc. Keep house, and keep his book; we'll be his friends: Visit his countrymen, and banquet them? 

Luc. Bassa: content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd heaven and earth,
For man, or master: then it follows thus; — Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should,
And keep the state; and in this we are
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. — Tranio, at once
(incease thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Trans. So had you need.

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient;
Port to your father charg'd me at our parting: —  

Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Blondello.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes? Or you steal' his? or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Put my apparel and my countenance on,

And if I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was assur'd;

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, 'tis a whitt.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

Tran. To faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

[daughter.]

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—

[panies:

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of corn.

When I alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;

To make one among these woosers: If thou ask me

Why,

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.

i Serv. My lord, you nod: you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely:—

Come there any more of it?

Tran. What, a chess? Is but b. grim.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady:

Would 'tis done ere.

SCENE II. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,

My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir, whom should I knock if is there any man has rehoused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

For in a quarrel, since I come for to

shake your master's hand, and to

knock me at this gate,

And rap me well, or I'll knock your knife's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;

I'll try how you can say, 'O, and how it.

He wrings Grumio by the ears.

Gru. Help, masters, help! I my master is mad.


Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—

How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene tratto, may I say.

Hor. Alla Società, bene venuto, Molto honora signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we would compound this quarrel.


This is a lawful cause for me to leave his service.

Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly; and he that is, well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, for high and mighty, to pop out.

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I made the rascal knock upon your gate, and could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—Oh heavens!—Spake you not these words plain,—Sire, knock me at the gate?

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?

And come you now with,—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you;

Hor. Petruchio, the fairest gentleman, I am Grumio's pledge:

Why, this is a heavy chancy 'twixt you and me.

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale Blows you thy viet now, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Here, a little small experience grows. But, in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Hapy to wife, and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home.

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-fav'rd wife?

Though't thank me but a little for my counsel:—

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich,—but thou't too much my friend,

And I'll not come roundly to thee.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, twixt such friends as we,

Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)

Be she as foul as was Florindo's loves and you,

As old as Sybil, and as curt and shrewd

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in me; were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas:

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stept thus far,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

[In,

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous:

Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman,

Her only fault (and that is faults enough),

Is,—that she is intolerably curt.

And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,

That, were my state far worse than it Is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;

For I will board her, though she chide as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptist Minola,

An affable and courteous gentleman:

Her name is Katharina Minola,

Renow'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,

And he knew my deceased father well:—

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the hurm

hurh makes. 'O my word, an she knew him as well

As I do, she would teach you a lawless

a lawful cause

upon him: She may, perhaps, cull him half a score

knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he be

once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you

what, sir,—an a man be he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For to Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehearsed.)
That ever Katharina will be wou'd,
Think I, and not this order hath Baptista ta'en;
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst:
A just cow's milk from the worst.

Her. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Kater Gremio; with him Lucentio disguised, with
books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, be the young folks lay their heads to
gether! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Her. Peace, Gremio; 'tis the rival of my love;
I'll petruchio, stand by a while with you, ha.

Gru. A proper stripping, and an amorous! [They retire.

Gru. O, very well: I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at least;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me.—O'er and beside
Baptista's liberality,
I'll mean in a little largess.—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfumes itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
Lu. What he, sir? I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yes, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gru. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!
Her. Go, sir, mam!—God save you, signior Gremio!
Gru. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you,
Whither are you going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enchant carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Her. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I do wh't be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gru. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.
Her. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll petruchio, stand by a while with you,
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yes, and (perhaps) to marry her, if you very please.
Gru. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be masters, I hear no harm.
Gru. No, sayst me so; friend? What country-
man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lies for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gru. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
But if you have a stomach, tell o'God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[Aside.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think a man of sin can daunt mine ears;
Have I not in my time heard these cursed words?
Have I not heard the sea, past'd with winds,
Hagie like an angry bear, chained with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,
And heaven's artillery in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud thunders, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives her half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chimney in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! bear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he knows none. [Aside.

Gru. Hortensio, hark! This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
How, how, how, yon hag; we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.
Gru. And so we will; provided, that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparell'd; and Bianello.

Tran. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
to the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Gru. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't
[Aside to Tranio.] he you mean?
Tran. He that's the fairest, to be sure.
Gru. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—
Tran. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you
to do?
Pet. Tell me, that chides, sir, at any hand, I
pray,
Pet. I love no chiders, sir;—Biondello, let's
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Tran. Sir, in eight and er you go—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tran. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gru. No; if without more words, you will get
To hear me.
Tran. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gru. But so is not she.
Tran. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gru. For this reason, if you'll know—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Her. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tran. Softly, my masters; If you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though sighing, in hope to be spared alone.
Gru. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him heed; I know, he'll prove a
Jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Her. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever view Baptista's daughter?
Tran. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
Two are famous for a secular lamentation,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Act 2.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules; And let it be more than Alcides' twelve. Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth— That Gentilina shall of you stand unmarried, Her father keeps from all access of suitors; And will not promise her to any man, Until the elder sister first be wed: The younger then is free, and not before. Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man Must steal us all, and me among the rest; An if you break the ice, and do this feat,— Achieve the elder, set the younger free. For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her, Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate. Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do con- And since you do profess to be a suitor, You must do, as we gratify this gentleman, To whom we all rest generally beheld. Tra. Sir, I shall not be slow: in sign whereof, Please ye we may converse this afternoon, And quaff carouses to our mistress' health; And do as adversaries do in law,— Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. Gr. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone. Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so:— Petrucho, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself, To make a bondmaid and a slave of me: That I disdain; but for these other gawds, Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, Yes, all my raiment, to my petticoat; Or, what you will command me, I will do, So well I know my duty to my elders. Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not. Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, I never yet beheld that special face Which I could fancy more than any other. Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio? Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear, I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him. Kath. 0 then, belike, you fancy riches more; You will have Gremio to keep you fair. Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive, You have but jested with me all this while: I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands. Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? Bianca, stand aside—poor girl! she weeps: Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. For shame, thou biding of a devilish spirit, Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee. When did she cross thee with a bitter word? Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [Exit Bianca.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see, She is your treasure, she must have a husband; I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day, And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell. Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep, Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Katharina.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I? But who comes here?—Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician, and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books. Kath. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptist. Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen! Pet. And you, good sir! Fray, have you not a daughter Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous? Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina. Kath. You see too brilliant, go to. Bap. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.— I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit, Her affability, and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,— Am bold to show myself a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eye the witness Of that report which I so oft have heard. And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine, [Presenting Hortensio. Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant: Accept of him, or else you do wrong; His name is Licio, born in Mantua. Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake: But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know, Sir, is not for your turn, nor for my grief. Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her; Or else you like not of my company. Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find. Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name? Pet. Petruchio is my name: Antonio's son, A man well known throughout all Italy. Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake. Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too: Baccare! you are marvellous forward. Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be dignified. Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To expatiate like this kindness of my heart, that have been more kindly beheld to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [Presenting Lucentio.] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service. Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio. —But, gentle sir, [to Tranio.] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming? Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the elder sister; This liberty is all that I request, That upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome amongst the rest who, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great. Bap. Lucento, name your whences, I pray? Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio. Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir,—
Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[Enter Servant with Hortensio, Luciento, and Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business taketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to you.

You know my father well; and in him, me.

Left solely her to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decrease:

Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her

Of her widowerhood,—be it that she survive me,—

In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let no ingenious man or wise between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

This is—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. What is that nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she prov'd-minded:

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:

So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy gains.

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you; if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingerling;

When with a most impatient devilish spirit,

Frets, call you these? quoth she: I'll fume with them;

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

And sigh'd my poverty, looking through the rate;

While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studi'd to muddle me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;

I love her ten times more than o'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good words—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with me?

Or shall I send my daughter, Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she shall: Why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;

Say, that she frowns: I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll compound her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask her banns, and when she married

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kate. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate.

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cases; and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

The world, thy portrait, and thy bawdy poetry,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belong,)—

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mov'd in good time: let him that mov'd you bither.

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kate. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kate. No such jade, sir, as you, if you me mean.

Pet. Aye, good Kate! I will not burden thee:

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kate. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Should be? should be but a place.

Kate. Well ta'en, and like a hussard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall I buzzard take thee?

Kate. No, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; if faith, you are too angry.

Kate. If I be waipash, best beware my sting.

Pet. You do too, then, to buzzard take thee.

Kate. Ay, if the fool could find where it lies. 

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kate. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kate. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.


Kate. Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

That I'll try.

[Striking him.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you be like again.

Kate. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman:

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.


Kate. What is your crest? a cockcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kate. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kate. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look out.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kate. Had a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?
Pet. • No, not a whit; I find you passing. Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; [teous; For you are pleasant, gentle, true, passing courtly. But slow in speech; yet sweet as spring-time flowers: Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will: Nor thin you’re spoiling me a sparkle; But thou with mildness entertain’st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp? O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig, Is straightly, and slenderly; and brown in hue, As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt. Kath. • Go, fool, and whom thou keep’st com. Pet. Did ever Di(an) so become a grove, [mand. As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate; And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful: Kath. • O, that was £. Pet. Did you study all this goodly speech? Pet. • It is extemperate, from my mother-wit. Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son. Pet. • Is not wise? Kath. • Yes; keep you warm. Pet. • Marty, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bed: This thy part, wherein thou hast consented That thou shall be my wife; thy dowry ‘greed on And, will you, ill you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; For thou sav’st that, whereby my beauty, [Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,) Thou must be married to no man but me; For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate; And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate Cote. Kath. Here comes your father; never make denial, I must and will have Katharine to my wife. Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio. Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio: How speed you with Pet. • My daughter? Bap. • How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible, I should speed amiss. Pet. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in thy Summers? Kath. • Canst thou, daughter? now I promise you have show’d a tender fatherly regard, [you, To wish me wed to one half lunatick; A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, This this was with baths to face the matter out. Pet. Father, ‘tis thus, you yourself and all the world, That talk’d of her, have talk’d amiss of her; If she be curst, it is for policy: For she’s not froward, but modest as the dove; She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; For patience she will prove a second Grissel; And Roman Lucrece for her chastity: And to conclude, we have ‘greed so well together, That this Sunday is the wedding-day. Kath. • I’ll see thee hang’d on Sunday first. Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she’ll see thee hang’d first. Tra. Petru, is your speeding? nay, then, good night our part! [myself; Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for If she and I be pleas’d, what’s that to you? [you? But then I am not to be cast away, That she shall still be curst in company. I tell you, ‘tis incredible to believe How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate! — She hung about my neck • and kiss on kiss She vied so fast, protest ing oath on oath, That in a twinkle she won me to her love. O, you are novices! ‘tis a world to see. How tame, when men and women are alone, A meacoock wratch can make the curstest shrew. — Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice, To buy apparel against the wedding-day: — Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests; I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine. Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your daughter. God send you joy, Petruchio! ‘tis a match. Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses. Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu; I will to Venice, judge ‘gainst thee. We will have rings, and things, and fine array; And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o’ Sunday. [Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina, severally. Gre. Was ever match clapp’d up so suddenly? Bap. Faith, gentlemen, that is how I play a merchant’s And venture madly on a desperate mart. [part, Tra. ‘Twas a commodity lay fretting by you; ‘Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas. Bap. The gain I seek in pamphlet. Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch. But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter: — Now is the day we long have looked for; I am your near neighbour, and was not a merchant. Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess. Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I. Tra. Grey-beard! I love thee more. Gre. But thine doth fray. Skipper, stand back; ’tis age, that nouriseth. Tra. But youth, with ladie’s eyes, that dothournish. Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I’ll compound this strife: ‘Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both, That can assure my daughter greatest dowry, Shall have Bianca’s love. Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her? Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city Is richly furnished with plate and gild; Basins, and世界上最贵的，than this any other. My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry: In ivory cofiers I have stuff’d my crowns; In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints, Costly apparel, tents and canopies. Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss’d with pearl, Valance of Venice gold in needle-work, Pewter and brass, and all things that belong Housekeeping: the housekeeping. I, in my farm, have a hundred milch-kine to the pail, Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, And all this answerable to this point. But you, in yourself I am assured, I must confess; And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers, If, whilst I live, she will be only mine. Tra. That, only, came well in — Sir, list to me, I am your father’s heir, and not a merchant. If I may have your daughter to my wife, I’ll leave her houses three or four as good, Within rich Pis’a walls, as any one Old Signior Gremio hath in Padua. Besides two thousand and ducats by the year, Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. What, have I pinch’d you, signior Gremio? Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year! land! My land amends not to such in all: That she shall have; besides an argosy! That now is lying in Marseilles’ road: — What, have I chock’d you with an argosy — Tra. Gremio, ’tis known, my father hath no less Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses, And twelve tall galleys: these shall assure her, And twice as much, what’s in his coasters’ next. Gre. Nay, I t’wixt offer’d them alone, I have no more; And she can have no more than I have: — If you like me, she shall have me and mine. [world, Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Lu. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you no soon forgot the entertainment
Your sister Katharina gave you withal? [Exit.

But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patience of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prevaricative;
And in two hours you have one hour: Your lecture shall have leisure for much.

Lu. Preposterosus me! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain’d;
Whence it is wrought, or to what end;
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I paus, serve in your harmony.

Lu. Sir, sir, I will not hear these braves of thine.

Bia. Why, gentlemen, you do me wrong.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice; I am no teaching scholar in the schools; I’ll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times. But learn my lessons as I please myself. And, so cut off all strife, here set we down:

Take you my instrument, play you the whiles; His lecture will be done, ere you have ta’n’d.

Lu. You shall have his lecture when I am in tune?

To Bianca.—Hortensio retire.

Bian. That will be never—tune your instrument.

Luc. Where left we last?

Bian. Here, madam—:

Bian. That semina; bic est Sigismia feminam; [Enter Petruchio, with music.]

Bian. Correct them. [Exit.

Lu. But that, as I told you before.—Semina, I am Lucentio.—he eat, you unto Vincentio of Fria;—he supped, and thus to get your love—

His discours, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing.

—Petruchio, in my man Tramio.—regia, bearing my part—colens semia, that we might beguile the old pedant.

Luc. Madam, my instrument’s in tune.

Bian. Let’s hear it:

[Enter Petruchio.

Luc. I try the treble jars.

Bian. Let’s hear it again.

[Prospero plays.

Luc. Split in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can contrive it; Has she as yet?—I know you not; his est Sigismia felix, I trust you not. His est Vincentio? take heed he be not usus—regia, presume not;—colens semia, despeire not.

Bian. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. But all the base.

Bian. The base is right; ‘tis the base knare that jars.

How soon and forward our pedant is! Now, if you love, the knave both court my love; Pedaculus, I’ll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Katharina Was as Jove calam’d so from his grandfather. 

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt; But let it rest. Now, I live, to you—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Bian. You may go walk, (to Lucentio,) and give me leave a while.

Bian. My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait, And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv’d, Our fine musician grows wearisome. [Aside.

To learn the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of art; To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, Must with distemper, and effectually, be

Tham hath been taught by any of my trade: And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago. Have you read the gamut of Lucentio?

Bian. [Aside.] Gamut I am the ground of all accord,

A re, to pleno Hortensio’s passion.

Bian. Still, Bianca, take this for thu, and

C faust, that bears with all affection.

D sol re, our chief, two notes have I.

It is mi, above gius, or 1 do.

Let it rest. Now, I live, to you—

Old fashions please me most; I am not so nice.

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books, And help to dress your sister’s chamber up; You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, we must master, but I must be

[Enters Bianca and Servant.

Bian. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Erie.

Ent. But I have cause to point this pedant; Methinks, he speaks as though he were in love—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble, To cast thy wand’ring eyes on every state, Sense thee, that thou: If once I find thee ranging, Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tramio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Sigismund Lucentio, (to Tramio,) this is the pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married, And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:—

What will be said? if he be mocking still, to wait the heerdgiome, when the priest attends To speak the cereemonial rites of marriage? What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be

To give my hand, opposed against my heart, Unio a mad-brain ruderly, full of spleen, Who would have haste, and means to wed at leisure. I told you, I; he was a translike fool.
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage;
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath wo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—Lo, there is Petruchio's nest,
I'll turn him comely woman.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too; Upon my life, Petruchio means but well, Whatever fortune stays him from his word: Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though:

[Enter Biondello.]

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of.

Bap. If it be new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and see you.

Tra. But, say, what?—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword taken out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the gidders, and like to move in the chine; trobled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spasms, raied with the yellows, past cure of the five, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-leggere, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; whilst, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girl six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of veinre, which hath two letters for her name, stuck in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and The humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foother, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;— Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bion. I am glad he is quaint as he is, and sober as a sheep.

Bap. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bion. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bap. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bion. Petruchio came.

Bap. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Why, by saint James, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.
"TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Act IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Fye, fye, on all tired lades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so wayed? was ever man so rated?

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Grum. Went they not quietly, I should die with a hearty laughing.

Bap. Of all mad matches, never was the like! Loc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly in love.

Grum. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kate.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridgewise wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast:—Lucentio, you shall supply the bridal place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Bap. Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[Exeunt.]

Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Bapstata, Hortensio, Grumio, and Tranio.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your advice; I know, you think to dine with me to-day, I pray you be not too hearty! nor yet so very glad to drink cheer; But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before I might come:— Make it no wonder; if you knew my business, You would entreat me rather go than stay. And, honest company, I thank you all, That you have heeld me with such places, To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife: Dine with my father, drink a health to me; For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tru. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Let me entreat you.

Kath. I am content.

Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay, But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, speak your mind.


Grum. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Pet. Grumio, I will away.

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day: No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way.

Pet. I have the feast, revel and domineer.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:— I am a master of what is mine own:— If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Grum. Obey the bride, you that attend on her:

The feast, revel and domineer.

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves; But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

She must be made a fool, if she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Grum. Obey the bride, you that attend on her:

The feast, revel and domineer.

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves; But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

She must be made a fool, if she had not a spirit to resist.

Kath. I am a master of what is mine own:— If she had not a spirit to resist.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, My household-stuff, my field, my barn, My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing; And above all, stands, touch her whoever dare —

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in the dust.— Grumio.

Draw forth thy weapon, we're best with thievs; Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee.

— Kate.

[Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Grum. Went they not quietly, I should die with a hearty laughing.

Bap. Of all mad matches, never was the like! Loc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly in love.

Grum. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kate.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridgewise wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast:—Lucentio, you shall supply the bridal place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Bap. Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[Exeunt.]
Act 4. Taming of the Shrew.

Curt. All ready; and, therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, what news? I have my horse tied; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How? of their saddles into the dirt; and thereon hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's have no more of that; 'tis good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thin ear.

Curt. Here's Grumio.

Gru. There.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff'd, Walter, Sugar-sop, and the rest, let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtesy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master at the combing-house.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that calles for company to combing-house.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nick. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. Even at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

[Exit Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasan' swain! you whoreson malterhorse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unplunk'd in the heel:

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory.

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in—

[Exit some of the Servants.

Where is the life that tale I told—

[Sings.

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,

[Exeunt Servants.

As he for walks on his way—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot away:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here;—what, ho! Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Strab, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[Exit Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[As he is presented to him.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily—

[Servant lets the water fall.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I—

What is this? mutton?—

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. 1 Serv.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat;

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

You heedless jolthead, and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? 'twill be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

For it engenders choler, planteth anger; And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—

Since, of oursealfs, ourselves are choleric.—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Nact Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.

Nath. [Advancing.]—Peter, didst ever see the like?

Petr. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her; And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Petruchio.
Tr. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully;
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And with a branch to my old bow's bent, he has gall'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to date her, to wake her, to these kites,
That date, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eats no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not.
As with the meat, some ungendered fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the cumbrous keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humors.

She that knows better how to tame a shrew,
New let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [Exeunt.


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.
Tr. Isn't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hon. But to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching. [They stand aside.

Enter Blanca and Lucentio.
Bl. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Lu. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Bl. Read that I profess, the art to love.
Lu. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Bl. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[They retire.

Hon. How do you proceed, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that dare swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tr. More. I assure you, mistress, I am at a loss,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be.
But one that seem to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Kn. Sir, that I am call'd.—Lucentio.
Tr. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca:
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forever love Bianca, and her love for ever.
Hon. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never will I hear more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tr. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Nor ever honor or respect in her I would entertain:
Eye on her! see, how beastly the doth court him.
Hon. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Of three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit Hortensio. Lucentio and Blanca advance.
Tr. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'twas my fortune to a lovest sheet, and so beseech you:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both for the
Tr. Mistress, we have.
Bl. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tr. I'll faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wound and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!—
Tr. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tr. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tr. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master:
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long.——
To tame a shrewed woman, is a skilling tongue.

Enter Bianco, Blundo, running.
Bian. O, master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I espied
An angelic soul coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tr. What is he, Blundo?—
Bian. Master, a mercantile, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Bl. And what of him, Tranio?
Tr. Who be he that doth bestride the cart,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[Exeunt Lucentio and Blanca.

Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God save you, sir!
Tr. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And to Triopio, if tied lend me life.
Tr. What countryman, I pray?—
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tr. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And go to Padua, careless of your life.
Tr. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are said at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him.)
Hath publish'd and proclain'd it openly:
'Is marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclain'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
Ped. Upon grace, and must hereafter suffer them.
Tr. Well, sir, to do you courtesies,
This will I do, and this will I advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been:
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tr. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tr. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bian. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tr. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
Act 4. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg’d:—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tu. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look’d for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage.

Twit. and one Haphtah’s daughter here:
In all these circumstances I’ll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in Petrucho’s House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more the wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggar that came unto my father’s door,
Upon entreatry, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I,—who never knew how to entreat—
Am starv’d for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With cattle kept making, and with bawling fed:
And that which spite me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As ’tis should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
’Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I’prythee, go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so be it wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. ‘Tis passing good; I’prythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil’d?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, it is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

[Beats him.]

That feed’st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.


Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee;
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov’st it not; And all my pains is sorted to no proof—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. ‘Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks:
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petrucho, fie! you are to blame! Come, mistress Kate, I’ll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov’st me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father’s house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken mats, and canopied beds, rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
The persifling, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din’d? ‘Tis the tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

[Aside.]

Har. That will not be in haste. [Aside.]

Pet. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will: I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur’d me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
To the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry cup,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik’st it not.
Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.


O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What’s this? a sleeve? ’tis like a demi-cannon:
What I up and down, care’d like an apple-tart?
Here’s snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slap,
Like to a censer in a barber’s shop:
Why, what, must tailor, call’st thou this? Hor. I see, she’s like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.]

Tui. You bid me make it orderily and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrs, and did; but if you be remember’d,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I’ll none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I never saw a better fashion’d gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tui. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou lea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou —
Bрав’nd in mine own house with a skein of thread —
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
I shall so be-meete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv’st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr’d her gown.

Tui. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Taming of the Shrew.

Act 4

I will not go to-day; And ere I do,
It shall be what 0'clock I say it is.

Her. Why, so I this gallant will command
the sun.


Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,

Not forty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Blundello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your
'Twre good, he were school'd,' 
[boy;

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Blundello,
Now do your duty thronghly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:
Sir (to the Pedant.)

Baptist. I am a man, that doth not know
That this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Softly.

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than 1, sir,—upon some agreement,
I shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For which I cannot be with you here.

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true this is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Baptist. And, sir. Where then do you know
We be affliéd; and such assurance 't'en,
[best,
As shall with either parts agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Flowers have ears, and I have many servants;
Besides, Signior Gremio is heark'n'ing still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
Where doth my father lie; and there, this night;
We'll have the business privately and well;
Send for your daughter by your servant her.
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You'll have to have a thing and tender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well,—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And bow she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fairest gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do mingle heavens with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet.

Whether away or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Aliot thee for his lovely bed-fellow:

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green;
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. I do, good old grand sire; and, whithal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—

That with your strange encounter much amazed me;

My name is call'd—Vincentio: my dwelling—

Pisa:

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentles.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee—my loving father; the sister to my wife, this gentlewoman

Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,

Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may becom

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio: And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is the true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merciment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt Petrucho, Katharina, and Vincentio.

Hor. Well, Petrucho, this hath put me in heart.

Have to my widow; and if she be forward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.

ACT V.


Enter on one side Blondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Blondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore let them run.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back: and then come back to my master: as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Blondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.
Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, my father's bears more toward the market-place; this must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here; and, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What is a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundreds pound to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua;—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances.—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Vin. Why, how now, gentleman! [To Vincentio] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'tis meant to cause somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing Biondello.]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir; I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?—Bion. Nay, sir, I have seen the matter's old master; yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

Bion. Heip, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit, from the window.]

Pet. Prynthe, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire]

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tran. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir?—or, what am you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatian hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tran. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Vin. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Padua;—Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir! Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I know him better since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior, Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name!—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, what is Lucentio, Lucentio?

Ped. Call forth an officer: [Enter one with an Officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol!—Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Vin. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Sweat, if thou darest.

Gre. I, sir, I dare not swear it.

Tran. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoilt, and—Vender he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweetest son? [Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.]

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Gre. Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, sir, come unto the right Vincentio; that have by marriage made thy daughter mine, while counterfeit supposes blest thine eye.

Vin. Here's her packing, with a witness, to deceive us all:

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, that first did and brav'd me in this matter so? But, why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrougeth these miracles. Bianca's love.

Vin. Made me exchange my state with Tranio, while he did bear my countenance in the town: And happily I have arriv'd at last unto the wished haven of my bliss;—What Tranio did, myself enforce'd him to; then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Luc. But do you hear, sir? [To Lucentio.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:

But I will in, to be revenged for this villains.

[Exit.]

Luc. I look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[Exeunt Luc. and Bian.

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.
Petruchio and Katharina advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of
this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, my sir; God forbid—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow Tranio, Blondello, Grumio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree.

And time is it, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overthrown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While this soft self-playing kindness shines—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina.—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house; My husband's soul is close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down; For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio feared his widow.

Pet. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense.

I mean, Hortensio, is afraid of you.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.


Kath. Mistress, how mean you that? Widow. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. Or, this widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Kath. Yes, and now you know what I meant by that.

Pet. Widow, your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate! Widow. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad. [Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How like Gremio these quick-witted folks? Grumio. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you? Bianca. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my busk, And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all. [Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not;

Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curious.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife; And he, whose wife is most obedient To come at first when be doth send for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns! I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound, But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then. Hor. Content.

Pet. Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go, Blondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit. Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Blondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Gremio. Ay, and a kind one too; Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better. Hor. Sirrah, Blondello, go, and entreat my wife To come to me forthwith. [Exit Blondello.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her! Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Blondello.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile, Intolerable, not to be endured! Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; Say I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. Hor. What?

Pet. Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?  Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.  Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:  A way, I say, and bring them hither straight.  [Exit Katharin.a.  Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.  Har. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.  Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life.  An awful rule, and right supremacy; And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.  Harp. Now fair beated thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!  Another dowry to another daughter, For she is chang'd, as she had never been.  Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet; And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.  Re-enter Katharin.a, with Bianca and Widow.  See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives.  As prisoner to her womanly persuasion.—  Katharin.a, that cap of yours becomes you not;  Off with that bangle, throw it under foot.  [Katharin.a pulls off her cap, and throws it down.  Wld. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!  Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?  Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:  The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.  Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.  Pet. Katharin.a, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women, What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.  Wld. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have telling.  Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.  Wld. She shall not.  Pet. I say, she shall:—and first begin with her.  Kath. Fye, fye! unknot that threat'ning unkind brow:  And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads; Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds:  And in no sense is meet or amiable.  A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-seeing, thick, bereft of beauty;  And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  Will design to sip, or touch one drop of it.  Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee.  And for thy maintenance: commits his body To painful labour, both by sea and land;  To watch the night in storms, the day in cold.  While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  And craves no other tribute at thy hands, But love, fair looks, and true obedience:—  Too little payment for so great a debt.  Such duty as the subject owes the prince, Even such, a woman sweth to her husband:  And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  And not obedient to his honest will;  What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  I am astam'd, that women are so simple  To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;  Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  Ump't to toil, and trouble in the world;  But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  Should well agree with our external parts?  Come, come, you froward and unable worms  Making meth' been as big as one of yours,  My heart as great: my reason, ha'ly, more,  To bandy word for word, and sworn for sworn;  But now, I see our lances are but straws;  Our strength as weak, our weakness past compar'.  That seeming to be most, which we least are.  Then vall your stomachs, for it is no boot;  And place your hands below your husband's foot:  In token of which duty, if he please,  My hand is ready, may it do him ease.  Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.  Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad: for thou shalt have.  Fen. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.  Luc. 'Tis a good hearer, when women are forward.  Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:——  We three are married, but you two are sped.  'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white:  [To Lucentio.  And, being a winner, God give you good night!  [Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.  Har. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.  Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so  [Exeunt.
WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, his son.
Camillo,
Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dido,
Another Sicilian lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
officier of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, his son.
Archidamus, a Bohemian lord.
A Mariner.

An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

SCENE—sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

'Cam. 'Beseach you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honor puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attended, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspreakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You took my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the Kent
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar 'o the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unshope the stars; with
Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily, [oaths,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
A doctrine of a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner.
Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks.
How is your prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest then, madam,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lardlings then.
Her. Were not my lord the verier way o' the two?
Pol. We were as twin'd lambs, that did brisk' t
the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of all doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits never been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Hereafter.
Boldly, Not guilty: the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Yet could she had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and these devils: Yet I say,
The chances we have made you do, we'll answer
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request, he would not.
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokst
To better purpose.
Her. Never? 
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when
was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and
make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
longeless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furloong, ere
We'll spur our man an acre. But to the goal—
My last good was, to entreat his stay:
What was my first? It was an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me hav'n; | I long.
Act I. WINTER'S TALE. 227

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we Do seem to be of ours? Pol. If at home, sir, He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter: Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy; My patience, my soldier, statesman, all. He makes a July's day short as December; And, with his varying childishness, cues in me Thoughts that would thickest my blood.

So stands this squire Offic'd with: We two will walk, my lord, And leave you to your graver steps. —Hermione, How thou lov'st us, show us in your brother's wel- lowning. Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap! Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's Apparent to my heart. If you would seek us, We are your's i' th' garden: Shall's attend you there? Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found, Be you beneath the sky—I am angling now, Though you perceive me not how I give line. Go to, go to! [Aside. Observing Polixenes and Hermione. How she holds up the neb, the bill to him! And arms her with the boldness of a wife To her allowing husband! Gone already; Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one. [Exit. O'er Hermione, and Attendants. Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I Play too; but so disgrace'd a part, whose issue Will kiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour Will be my knell. —Go, play, boy, play;—There have been, Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold ere now; And, my poor man there is, even at this present! Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm, That little thinks she has been slue'd in his absence, And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't, While other men gates open'd, As mine, against their will: Should all despair, That have revoluted wives, the tenth of mankind Would hang themselves. Physick fort there is none; It is a bawdy planet, that will strike When'tis in his dominion; 'tis a powerful, think It, From east, west, north, and south; Be it concluded, No barricado for a belly; know it; It will let in and out the enemy, With his hand bagger'd, massy thousand of us Have the disease, and feel not.—How now, boy? Mam. I am like you, they say. Leon. Why, that's some comfort. Cam. Any thing there? Leon. Ay, my good lord. Leon. Go play, Camillo; thou art an honest man. [Exit Camillo. Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold: When you cast out, it still came home. Leon. Didst note it? Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material. Leon. Didst perceive it? They're here with me already; whispering, round. Syc. Sicilia is so for'th: 'Tis far gone, When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo, That he did stay? Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be per- tinent? But so it is, it is not. Was this taken By any understanding pate but thine? For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't, But of the finer natures? by some several, Of head piece extraordinary? lower messes, Perchance are to this business pursu'd:—say. Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most under- stand. Bohemia stays here longer. Ha? Leon. stays here longer. Leon. Ay, but why? Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties Of our most gracious mistress. Leon. Satisfy The entreaties of your mistress? —To satisfy?— Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, With all the nearest things to my heart, as well My chamber-councillors: wherein, priest-like, thou Hast clean'd my bosom. I from thee departed Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd in That in which seems so. Cam. Be it forbid, my lord! Leon. To hide upon't:—Thou art not honest: or If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward; Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted A servant, sitten in my service false, And therein negligent: or else a fool, That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn, And tak'st it in for jest. Cam. My gracious lord, I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; In every one of these no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, fee. Amongst the infinite doings of the world, Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord, If ever I were wilful-negligent, It was my folly; if industriously I play'd the fool, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did. Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord, Are such allow'd infinitries, that honesty Is never free of. But, beseech your grace, Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass By its own visage: if I then deny it, 'Tis none of mine. Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo, (But that's past doubt: you have it, or your eye-glass Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard, (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation Besides not that man, that does not think it,) My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, (Or else be Impudently negative, To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say, My wife a hobbyhorse; deserves a name As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to Before her treth-plaint: say it, and justify it. Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear My sovereign mistress-clouded, so, without My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart, You never spoke what did become you less Than this; which to reiterate, were sin As deep as that, though true. Leon. Is whispering nothing? Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses? Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallable Of breaking honesty;) horning foot on foot? Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift? Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind With the plume and web, but theirs, theirs only, That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing: The covering sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing: My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nus- If this be nothing. [Things
Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and becomes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I know thee;
Proauce thee a gross sout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
With small eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: We say my wife's lier
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Who does infect her?

Why, he, that wears her like her metal
Hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
Their own particular threats,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meager form
Have benched, and rear'd to worship, who may'st
See
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven.
How I am galled,—might it bespoise a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink.
Which draught to me were cordial.

Sir, my lord,
I could do this: and that with no rash potion,
But with a linking dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

If you lov'd thee,

Make thee question, and go not:
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goods, thorns, nettles, taint of wasps.

Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Would I could know 1 of thee?

Could I mean so baneous?

I must believe you, sir; I

do; and will fetch off Bohemia forth:
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first:
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for scaling
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I' ll give no blemish to her honour, none.

As my lord,
Go thence; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at fees, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do not; thou split'st thine own.

I'll do my lord.

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Enter Polixenes.

This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?

Good-day, Camillo.

What is the news? the count?

None rare, my lord.

The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Love to himself: he cannot let him
With customary compliment: when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A tip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
Sees me, to consider what he breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

I dare not know, my lord.

Do you know

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabout:
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your honour displeasances are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

There is a sickness
Which pats some of us in distemper; but,
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

How! caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk!
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman: there the
Clerk-like, experience'd, which no less adorns
The gentrity, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know ought which does be know my nature.

Through to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant conceitment.

I may not answer.

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjoin thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incendancy thou dost guess of harm
Can creep toward me; how near? which way to be prevented, if so be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry, lest, and so good-night.

On, good Camillo.

I am appointed him to murder you.

By whom, Camillo?

By the king.

For what?

He thinks, nay, with all confidence he

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to!—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbid'dly.

Hon, 0, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freakest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril.
When you see; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That ever was heard, or read!

Swear his thought over
By even particular star in heaven: and,
By all their influences, you may as well.
Act 2.

WINTER'S TALE.

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, 
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel shake
The fabric of his fellows;
This foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

PoL. How should this grow? 
Dem. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall ever long润滑油—o' the moon, my lord.
Your followers I will whisper to the business:
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortune to your service, which harebrowne
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemning by the king's own mouth,
His execution sworn. 
[thereon

PoL. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: that she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Posed to him, why, his authors must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of Camillo then suppos'd: I Camillo
Then respect thee as a father; if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid
Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the hoy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past endur'd.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord.

Shall I be your play-fellow? 

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces.—Pray
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows. [nose

2 Lady. The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine prince,
Of these days; and then you'd wanton with us.
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. The wisest wond'rors stir amongst you? Come,
Sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.
She’s an adulteress: I have said, with whom:
Most, she’s a traitor; and Camillo is:
A seducery with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she’s
A bed-sitter, even as bad, as these
That vulgar give bold titles: ay, and privity
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privity to none of this: How will this griev you;
When you shall come to nearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish’d me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You have mistake.

Leoo. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy’s top.—A way with her to prison:
Her hand’s grief’d here, which burns
Worse than tears drown’d: Heseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall instruct you, measure me — and so
The king’s will be perform’d!

Leoo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who let, that goes with me? — Heseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good souls; —
There is more to see: when you shall know,
Your mistress
Has deserv’d prison: then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Add, my lord;
He, who shall speak for her, so now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leoo. Go, do our bidding: hence.

1 Lord. Heseech your highness, call the queen again.

And. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
Prove violence: in the which three great ones
Suffer:
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,— I dare my life lay down, and will not, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless,
’E the eyes of heaven, and to you: — I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

And. If it prove
She’s otherwise, I’ll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I’ll go in couples with her;
Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world, —
Aye, every drem of woman’s flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leoo. Hold your peace.

1 Lord. Good my lord.—
And. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are afraid, and by some putter-on.
That will be damn’d fort: ‘would I knew the
That I would land-dam him: Be the honour-flaw’d,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven.
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they’ll pay fort: by mine honour,
I’ll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather gib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leoo. Cease; no more
You smell this business with a sense so cold.
As is a dead man’s nose: I see’t, and feel’t,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

And. If it be so,
We need no grace to buoy honesty;
There’s not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dashing earth.

Leoo. What! lack I credit?
1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To lose her honour true, than your suspicion:
Be bland’t nor how you might.

Leoo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prepossession
Calls not your counsels: but our spiritual goodness
Imparts this: which — if you (or stultified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Retain as truth, like us: inform yourselves,
We need not have your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on’t, is all
Properly ours.

And. And I wish, my liege,
Your son only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leoo. How could that be?
Elther thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thinkst not better your soul. — Camillo’s flight,
Added to their familiarity.
(Which was as gross as ever touch’d conjecture,
That lack’d sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceed-
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For, in an act of this importance, were
Most pistonous to be mild, — I have dispatch’d in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo’s temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you knew
Of stuff’d sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They shall bear, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leoo. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
That in an act of this importance, were
(Tive rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From this person she should be confin’d;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
He left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick; for this business
Will do us all.

And. (Aside.) To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. — [Exit Leoo.

SCENE II. — The same. The outer Room of a
Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison — call to him.

[Exit an Attendant

Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady! —
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now, good sir,
Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady, —
And she whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment. — Here’s ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! — Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Act 2.

WINTER'S TALE.

Keep. So please you, madam, to put Apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her. 

Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.

Keep. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [Exit Keeper. Here's such ado to make no stain a slave, As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady? Emili. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together: on her frights, and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater,) She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy? Emili. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live; the queen receives Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner, Leses innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn— These dangerous unsafe junes o'the king! beshrew them He must be told on't; and he shall: The office Becomes a woman's best; I'll take'nt upon me: If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister; And never to my red-lock'd anger be The strong tongue of Emilia, Command my best obedience to the queen; If she dare trust me with her little babe, I'll show't the king, and undertake to Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know How he may often at the sight o'the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emili. Most worthy madam, your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue; there is no lady living, So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer; Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design; But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Your board should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it, As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted I shall go good.

Emili. Now be you best for it! I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe, I know not what I shall incur, to pass it, Having no warrant. Paul. You need not fear it, sir: The child was prisoner to the womb; and is, By law and process of great nature, thence Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to The anger of the king; nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen. Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

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

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weak.

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause, She, the adulteress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain; plot-proof: but she I can hooke to me: Say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moleity of my rest Might come to me again.— Who's there? 1 Attenu. My lord? 1 Attenu. Leon. How does the boy? 2 Attenu. He took good rest to-night; 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see, His nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straighten'd, droop'd, took it deepely; Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself; Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And down right languish'd.— I leave thee solely:— go, See how he fares. [Exit Attenu.]—Eye, eye! no thought of him; The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty; And in his parties, his alliance.— Let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter. Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the son of his life? a gracious innocent soul; More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 Attenu. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,— That creeps like shadows by him, and do sing At each of his needless heavings, such as you Nourish the cause of his awakening: I Do come with words as medicinal as true; Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour, That presses him from sleep.


Leon. How?— Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus, I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me, I knew, she would. Ant. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, She should not visit you.

Leon. Paul. From all dishonesty, he can; in this, (Unless he take the course that you have done, Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it, He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear! When she will take the rein, I let her run; But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,— And, I beseech you, hear me, who proceeds Myself your loyal servant, your physician, Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare Less appear so, in comforting your evils, Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen! Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes, First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off; But, first, I'll do my errand.— The good queen, For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter; Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing. [Laying down the Child. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door: 
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you in so entitling me: and no less honest.
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant, 
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Traitors! Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou, dotard, [to Antigonus.] thou art woman-tir'd, unrooted.
By thy name Partible here,—take up the bastard; 
Take up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unremunerable be thy hands, if thou 
That play the princess, by that forced baseness 
Which he has put upon't?
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would you did; then were past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
And. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Not I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he 
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's;
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, 
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
[For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to], once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten, 
And root out, or stone, was sound. 
Leon. A callist,
Of boundless tongue; who late bathed her husband.
And now bezits me!—This brat is none of mine; 
It is the issue of Polixenes;
Hence with it; and, together with the dam, 
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge, 
So like you, 'tis the worse.— Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead, nay, the
v iley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
Not fellow'd there: lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross bag! 
And, lozal, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
And. Hanging all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
Is able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinging'fancy,' something
savour
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, I'll be gone. 
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so.—Farewell: we are gone.
[Exit. 
Leon. This traitor, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A soul so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And let him instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And what thou hast done, and how thyself,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall be cut out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou seest't on thy wife.
And. I did not, sir;
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Cannot bear me in'.
And. Lord, We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
And. Beseech your highness, give us better
And. This horn, that thou hast given for such
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
[As recompense of our dear services,
Fast, as we come,] that you do change this pur-
pose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lend on to some foul issue: We all kneel,
And, with our hands together for each other:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, comfort yourself,
[To Antigonus.]
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Iry Margery, your midwife, there, To save your bastard's life: for he is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey—what will you adven-
ture
To save this brat's life?
And. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: anything possible.
Leon. This shall be possible: No word by this yard, 
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
And. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the
fall.
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-ling'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art lieu tenant to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more merr'y, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture.—
That commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.
And. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more meriti—Come on, poor babe:
Some newfangled spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Waites, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require: and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[Exit, with the Child. 
Leon.
No, I'll not tear
Another's issue.
I Attends. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
WINTER
whose
That's
As

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet; Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report, For most it taught me, the celestial habits, (Methinks, I so should term them,) and the rever-ent of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! [ence How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly It was t' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O, bet's so — As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo, Turn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle, (Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,) Shall the contents discover, something rare, Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh and gracious be the issue! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

Leon. Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Cleo. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce.)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried, The daughter of a king; our wife; and one Of so much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice; which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.— Produce the prisoner.

Ofi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded: Paulina and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Ofi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leonex, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Hermione, I must say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot To say, Not guilty; mine integrity,
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, the open air, before,
I have got strength of limb. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not:—No! 1 lie,
I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour,
(Which I would fain, if I shall be condemned)
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else.
Here to your jealous eyes are witnesses,
I tell you 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Lords. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And to Apollo's name, his oracle.
[Exeunt certain Officers.]

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphi, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of Apollo's priest; and that since then,
You have not dare to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in.'t
Cleom. Dion. All this we swear.

Lords. [Reads.] Hermione is cast, Polixenes
Blameless, Camillo a true subject, Larentes
(though his innocence be truly begotten: and the king
Shall live without an heir, if that is lost, be not
Found.

Lords. Now bless'd be the great Apollo!—
Her. Praise!—

Off. As it is here set down.
Leo. There is no truth at all 't the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leo. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hastening you:—
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.
Leo. How gone?
Serv. Dead.
Leo. Apollos' angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [i.e. Hermione faints.] How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leo. [Aside.] Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover,
—I have too much belief'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
You, Hermione, and Cleomenes and Ladiess, with Hermione.
My great profaneness against thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloodless thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And all'd with honour, to my king's guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glistered
Thorough my rust; and how his piet
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while! O my gentle lady; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too;
I Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for
In leads, or oills? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most woe? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad; indeed: stark mad! for all
Thy bygone follies were but spires of it.
That thou betray'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but: show thee, of a fool, inconsistent,
And damnable ungrateful: not was much,
Though by gone follies have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
Camillo's a true sorrow, Camillo to suck,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death,
But rather a treacherous thought (Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Flemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe the queen, the
queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and venge-
ance for't
Not drop'd down yet.
I Lord. The higher powers forbid!—
Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear: if word,
or oath,
Prevaileth on, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or instre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods,—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not, I beseech you: do not, I beseech you,
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thee I trust not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterness.
I Lord. Say no more;
Hover the business goes, you have made fault
The boldness of your speech. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The reigning fortune: a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart:—What's gone, and what's past
help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you: rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—in, fool, again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Act 3.

WINTER'S TALE.

Leon. Thou diest speak but well,  
When most the truth; which I receive much better.

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:  
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear to  
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there,  
Shall be my recreation: So long as  
Nature shall bear up with this distress,  
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hatch'd you upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the sky look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters, in my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get  
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not  
To the land; 'tis like to be a land of weather:  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart.

Ant. To be so rid o'the business. [Exit.

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead  
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,  
I am a genuine supposition,  
Have made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep, and leave it crying: and, for the babe  
Prythee, call it: for this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my Lord; thou ne'er shall see  
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I was squar'd by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
of King Polixenes, it shall be here hid.  
Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, sped thee well!  
[Laying down the Child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;  
[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,  
And still rest thine. The storm begins:—  
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds: and most accur'd am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell.'
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him let me know it. I'll bring you word of his death.

Scr. That's a good deed: if thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Cam. I will see to't; and you shall help to pull him from the ground.

Scr. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds out.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I.—that please some, try all; both joy and terror;
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impose it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
T'other sixteen years, and leave the growth untir'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To overthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and overwhelm custom: Let me pass
Those sixt years, whose ancient mirth was,
Or what is now receiv'd; I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make
Stale
The glittering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shut up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In half Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son unto the kings, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is an arrangement of time: if this allow
If ever you have spent time worse are now;
If never yet, that time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing: a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country; though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some ally, or I over-ween to think so: which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take with thee the very serviceable place that dost possess, which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, and thee I speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou cal'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be a fresh lamentation. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: but trouble of affairs may be to me unknown. I have, missing, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his remoteness: from whom I have this intelligence; 'tis that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. It might be likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question of this shepherd; from whom, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. I pray thee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I will obey your command, and do to me.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the dewy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o'th' year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they ring!—
Doth set thy pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that thrums-irrama chants,—
With, heigh! with, hey! thy thrush and the jug:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tambling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and in my time, wore three-plie; but now I am out of service:—

But shall I go mourning for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the uncommon budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets: when the kite builds, look to less, my father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my reverent in the silke chest: tinsels, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! A prize!

Enter Clown.

Col. Let me see.—Every 'tren wether tod;
Every toke, every pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn.—What comes the wool to?

Asl. If the springe hold, the cock's mind.
Clo. I cannot do without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound off sugar; five pound of currants; rise.—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my futher hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made four and twenty nosseys for the sheersants; three-man song-nen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must not suffer them; for these are three-man sentences, dates, none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that sir I was born! [Gravelling on the ground.]

Clo. The name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me! I pluck but off these rags: and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am resolved, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel taven from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man? Aut. Was it not rather, a foot-man?

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Clos. [Helping him up.]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh! Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clos. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [picks his pocket;] good sir, softly; you have done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clos. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-ny dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-beaster; then a prince—present servaif; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he index'd in the rogues: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Frig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that's the rogue, that's the rogue.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Holmehome; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of that heart; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman.

Clo. Shall I bring thee the five crowns for my sheep-shearing?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the sheersants to fancy 'em unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And merrily bent the stile-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual needs to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepheardess; but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me; O, pardoner, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Of a prodigal-like prank'd up: But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

Flo. I apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter became a bull, and Mars a Ram; and Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now: Their transformations Were never for a piece of beautey rarer; Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king; One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, With these force'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, daken not The birth o' the beast. Or I'll betake me, my fair, Or not my father's: for I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine: to this I am most constant, That you should be a shepherd's daughter.

Per. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Be merry; gentle; Strange such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are com­ ing: Lift up your countenance; as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial, which We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortunate, you auspicious!
Winter's Tale


For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let's fall
From Dio's waggon! Daffodils,

That bend the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dian,
But sweeter than the linds of Juno's eyes,

Are fairest; there's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
British flowers in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maid's; bold oxtails, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! (1, there I lack,
To make you grandle; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

What? like a cose? 
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not to be chained if—to be buried but
Quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your methinks, I play as I have seen them do! flowers In Whitsunt' pastoral's: sure, this robe of mine Does change my disposition.

What you do,
Still better what is done. When you speak, sweet
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so: so give aims;
Pray see, and if the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
You nothing but that: move still, still so, and own
Your mirth: For each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crows what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you an untaught shepherd;
With whom I might fear, my Doricles,
You would me the false way.

I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose.

But, come; our dance, I pray
Your hand, my Ferdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sword: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Com. He tells her something.

That strakes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clio. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar!
To send her kissing with.

Now, in good time!

Clio. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.

Come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what

[Enter] Fair swain is this, which dances with your daught-

Shrpl. They call him Doricles: and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I hate it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like a son: He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too: for never gait'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances sleekly.
Shrpl. So she does any thing, though I report it,
There should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her; she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at
The door, you would never dance again after a tabor
And pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
Act 4. WINTER'S TALE.

sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten balls, and all men know he longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

CLO. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing, set danc'd, and how he longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; but a month old.

DOR. Bless thee, my boy, and mind the usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleposter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP. 'Tis true, pray buy it.

AUT. Here come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maidens: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: Another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of Two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can't deny you.

MOP. We can both sing it; if thou'rt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, you must go; Where it fits not you to know. D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well, Thou to me thy secrets tell: D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill? D. If to either, thou knowest A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be; M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st thou say, whither?

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; My father and the gentleman are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wench's, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape, Or lace for your cap? My dainty duck, my dear-a? Any silk, any thread, Any toys for your head, Of the new'st, and fin'est, fin'est wear-a? Come to the pedler; Money's a medler, That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[Exit Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves shepherds and herds; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will be pleasant plenty.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too
much foolishly already.– I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let’s see these three of herdsmen.

Sera. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of in the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.


Re-enter Servant, with Two or Rosticks, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then ceasun.

Pol. O, father, you’ll know more of that hereafter.–

Is it not too far gone?—”Tis time to part them.—

He’s simple and tells much. [Aside.]—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran
>sack’d

The pedler’s silken treasure, and have pour’d it
to his acceptance; you have not his go.

And nothing sworn with him: If your last
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizeth not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack’d and lock’d
Up in my heart; which I have given already.
But not deliver’d.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov’d: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove’s down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian’s tooth, or th’ sann’d snow,
That’s boil’d by the northern blasts twice over.

Pol. What follows this? —

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out
Hot, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to’t.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all.

That, were I crown’d the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy: were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge.
More than was ever man’s;—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Flo. Fairly offer’d.

Cass. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; nor mean better;
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain:—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
The virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contact us ’fore these witnesses.

Come, your hand:

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, swain, while, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more:—
It’s her new master grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid [hear]
With age, and altering themes? Can he speak?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Like, or not bed rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Thou best have of his age.

By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unsialful: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which ’tis not fit you know, I must acquit
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know it.

Flo. He shall not.

Per. Fytythe, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; be shall not need to
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, [Strewing himself.

Whom son I dare not call, thou art too base
To be acknowledg’d: I hon a sceptor’s heir,
That thus affect a sceptor book:—Thou old

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
A small fool thou copst with:—O, my heart!

Shep. Flo. I’ll have thy beauty scratch’d with braires, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
[noy.

That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shall,) we’ll bar thee from succession;
Not let a hair of thy blood, no, no, come in,
Far than execulation;—Mark thou my words;—
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
I unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural rituals to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to.

[Exit. Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak: and tell him plainly,
The self same sun, that doth shine upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will’t please you, sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this: Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I’ll queen it no inch further,
But milk my eyes, and weep.

Tut. Why, how now, father?

Shep. Speak, ere thou diest.

I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed of my father's dust,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To when I desire:—[Exit.]

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Besides, no and why so most Hark, this and
That may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

I'll blush you thanks.

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Com. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the kind;
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self: embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer aalteration on mine honour)
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress: (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,) Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

How, Camillo, may this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flö. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess,
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and 

Of every wind that blows.

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight:—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) fore Leontes;
She shall be habit'd, as it becomes her,
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere 't the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flö. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which the shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shoke off, to take another
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loaf's to be: Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affection alters.

One of these is true: I think, affection may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yes, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
Be born another such.

Flö. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
The rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this—

Flö. My prettiest Perdita.—
[For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescribed.

Per.

I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.

Have you done there?

Fls. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have

No hat.—Come, lady, come.—Parrelow, my friend.

Aud. Adieu, sir.

Fls. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Fray you a word.

[They converse apart.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[Aside. Of this escape, and whither they are bound;]

Whereto, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia; for whose sake

I have a woman's longing.

Fls. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-cliff.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Enter Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Aud. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a company of these: such as those is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.

What an exchange has this been, without boot? What a boot is here, what a rush exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of insolvency: steering away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do it; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside.—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Aud. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changing, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cam. Nay, hear me.

Shep. Go to them.

Aud. She be none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and my brother-in-law is breeding into that blood is the grace, and not by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Aud. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aud. Very wisely; puppies! [Aside. Shep. Woe is me to the king; there is that in this farde, will make him scratch his beard.

Aud. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Cam. He must really be at palace.

Aud. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, what white rump are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aud. Your affairs there? what with whom? the condition of that farde, the place of your dwelling, your uncertain, of what you thinking, beholding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Aud. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aud. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but rascals, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them
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for a with ramped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do keep it to the life.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Slep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Clo. A courtier, sir, or no, I am a courtier.

Slep. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my guilt in it the measure of the court? receiveth not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect not on thy baseness, court-contempt? That I be minute, or loose from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pee; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Slep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Slep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Slep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made us these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Slep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picture, there is a thousand.

Aut. The farde1 there? what's the farde1? Wherefore there that box?

Slep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farde, and box, which none must know but the king: and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him. 

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Slep. Why, sir, that?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone abroad a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Slep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what we can make bearable, and with decency bitter: but those that are German to him, though removed fifty years, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a trampender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw cur throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too foul, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear; an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'noteled over with honey, set on the head of a harmless nest; the strand till he be three-quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vite, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, in the hottest day prognostication proveed, shall he be again as brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose names are not to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is abroad, tender you reasons to his grace, and, if he be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stouter bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned and flayed alive.

Aut. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Slep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moieties:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Slep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him to nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others.

Clo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed;
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Whitch you have not redeemed: indeed, paid down More penance, than done trespass: At the last Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blishments in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heireis it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the best companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd?

Paul. I think so.

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Soely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good Say so but seldom. [Now.

Clo. Not at all, good lady; You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd You kindred better.

R 2
Paul. You are one of those, would have him wed again. 

Dian. If you would not so,

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highest fall of issue,
May drop on his kingdom, and devour
Uncertainties. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again.

With a sweet fellow to't.

Paul. There is none worthy, respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have full'd their secret purposes.

For has not the divine Apollo said,
'Tis not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary.
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue.

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Paul. Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,
And left them more rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speakest truth.

No more such wives: therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better wed'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and, on this stage,
Where we offenders now appear,—soul-versed,
Begin, And why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so;

Were I the ghost that walk'd, 'told bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should shrift to bear me: and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine!

Cleo. Sire, very strange,
And all eyes else dead souls.—fear thou no wife, I'll
Have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam.—

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will: give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As she your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
Joy
to see her in your arms.

Paul. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou w'dst us.

Paul. That shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives himself out prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By interest, policy, and accident. What train?

But few.

And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him? 

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy guest
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam; the scene I have almost forgot; (your pardon,
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a crea-
ture,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the real
Of all professors else; make prosetyes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that the human woman,
More worth than thy man; men, that the is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[Enter Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. F'rthyee, no more: thou know'st,
He doth not do me again, when thou'dst of: sure.
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florizel, Perdita, and

Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print my royal token upon
Thine, conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very sly, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! And your fair princes, goodness!—O, alas! I
Lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder,
As you, gracious couple; do: and when I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infamy
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something
seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The gods and waters twist the throne and his
Measure'd to look upon you: whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
WINTER'S TALE

Act 5

(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, Afresh within me; and these thy offices, [sir So rarely kind, are as interpreters. Of my behind-hand slackness — Welcome hither, As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage (At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man, on worth his pains; much less The adventure of her person? 

Flo. Good, my lord, She came from Libya. 

Leon. Where the warlike Simus, That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd! 

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter His tears proclaim'd his, p'ring with her: thence (As prosperous with kind brethren,) we have cross'd, To execute the charge my father gave me, For visiting your highness: My best train I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd; Who for Bohemia bend, to signify Not only my success in Libya, sir, But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety Here, where are we. 

Leon. The blessed gods Purge all infection from our air, whilst you Do climate here! You have a holy father, A graceful gentleman; against whose person, So sacred as it is, I 

For which the heavens, taking angry note, Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd, (As he from heaven merits it,) with you, Worthy his goodness. What might I have been, Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you? 

Enter a Lord. 

Lord. Most noble sir, That which I shall report, will bear no credit, Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, Bostom'd with a warily friendly, me: Desires you to attach his son; who has (His dignity and duty both cast off,) Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter. 


Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him: I speak amazedly; and it becomes My marvel, and my message. To your court While he was hustling, (in the chase, it seems, Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way The father of this seeming lady, and Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young prince. 

Camillo has betray'd me; 

Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now, Endur'd all weathers. 

I say'to his charge; 

He's with the king your father. 

Leon. Who? Camillo? 

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now Has many poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth; Forswear themselves as often as they speak: Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death. 

Per. The heaven sets spiles upon us, will not have Our contract celebrated. 

Leon. You are married? 

Flo. We are not, sir; nor are we like to be; The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: The odds for high and low's alike. 

Leon. Is this the daughter of a king? 

She is, 

When once she is my wife. 

Res. That once, I see, by your good father's Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, [speed Most sorry, you have broken from his liking, Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry, Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, That you might well enjoy her, so. 

Dear, look up: Though fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us, with my father; power no jot Hath she to change our loves. — Beseech you, sir, Remember since you ow'd no more to time Than I do now: with thought of such affections, Step forth mine advocate; at your request, My father will grant precious things, as trifles. 

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-Which he counts but a trifle. 

[tress, Paul. 

Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month Pore your queen died, she was more worth such Than what you look on now. 

Gazes Leon. I thought of her, Even in these looks I made... But your petition Is yet unanswered: I will to your father: Your honour not overthrown by your desires, I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand I now go toward him; therefore follow me, And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—The same. Before the Palace. 

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman. 

Ant. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation? 

Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child. 

And. I would most gladly know the issue of it. 

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business: — But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to fear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. 

Enter another Gentleman. 

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows: The news, Roger. 

Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that bal- lad-makers cannot be able to express it. 

Enter a third Gentleman. 

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, sir? this news, which is so true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir? 

Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proof. The mantle of queen Hermione — her jewel about the neck of it — the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother — the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? 

Gent. No. 

Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, you see, as I spoke. Most sorry, you have broken of this: There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave
of them; for their joy waked in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be kind unto, for their king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, O, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son, in love, which worries be his daughter, with clapping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather beaten coutil of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encomium report to follow it, and undone description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old man still; which will have matter to rebeanse, though credit be worse, and not an ear open; He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much), to justify his life, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his follower?

2 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aides to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. Because of that, that, "not joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declared for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled; She lifted the princess from the sword and busy her in embracing, if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the union of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though it was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confessed, and lamented by the king; how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of course to another; how she did, an alarum! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart was blest. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the world would be well.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

2 Gent. No; the princess hearing of her mother's station, which is in the keeping of Paulina,--a woman, doing, and newly performed by that rare Italian master, Giulio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguilie nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

3 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. She is thither, and with our great men and his; he the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardeil, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-pond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be the child, that she made much such sea and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for bad I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. Clo. You are well met, sir; You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman there; but now, if you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Ant. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born. Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the principal brother, and the prince my sister, called my father, father; and so we went: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Ant. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, for; we must be gentle, now.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to thee, that art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman. Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be never so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and thou wilt be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou'rt not a tall fellow of thy hands.

Ant. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not;—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter Leonato, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, soregir sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd With your Crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Paulina. We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
I have pass’d through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv’d peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Except whatever yet you look’d upon:
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
I only, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock’d, as ever
Still stone mock’d death: behold; and say, ’tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak, first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Paul. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver’s excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv’d now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I would her!
I am ash’m’d: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There’s magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur’d to rememberance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Perd. And give me leave;
And do not say, ’tis superstitious that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. The statue is but newly fix’d, the colour’s
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on:
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce a joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill’d it self much sooner.

Leon. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)
I’d not have show’d it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on’t; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath’d? and that those
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in’t,
As we are mock’d with art.

Paul. I’ll draw the curtain;
My lord’s almost so far transport’d, that
Her look mock’d, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled pleasures of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let’t alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr’d you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever cut out breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The Ruddiness upon her lip is wet
You’ll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Paul. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Leon. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I’ll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you’ll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for ’tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her; strike—

[Musick.

’Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvelous; Come;
I’ll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeemes you.—You perceive, she stirs;
And once and for all, shew’d, from the pedestal;
Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her twice: Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you wou’d her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. 0, she’s warm! [Embracing her.
If this be magic, let it be art
Lawful as eating.

Cam. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she permit to live, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make’t manifest where she has liv’d,
Or, how stol’n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be possible at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother’s blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita. who kneels to Hermione. Her.
You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter’s head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv’d? where liv’st? how found
Thy father’s court? for thou shalt hear, that I—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv’d
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There’s time enough for that;
Let they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. 1, an old turtle;
Will wing his way to some wither’d bough; and there
My mate, that’s never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina,
Thou should’st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match, And made between's by vows. Thou hast found By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your par-
That elder I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,) Is both plain trait to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
I lead us from hence; where we may leisurely:
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were discover'd: hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Selinus, Duke of Ephesus.
Alcione, a merchant of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Ephesus, (twin brothers, and sons to
Alcinoe and Eupanita, but
unknown to each other.

Dromio of Ephesus, (twin brothers, and Attendants

Dromio of Syracuse, (on the two Antipholus's

Balthazar, a merchant.
Angelo, a goldsmith.

A merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

SENE,—Ephesus.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Alcione, Gaoler, Officers, and other

Attendants.

Duke. Proceed, Selinus, to procure my fall,

And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke, Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;

I am not partial, to infringe out laws.

The emnity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
Twist thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:

Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan mart or fairs;

Again, if any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;

Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Duke. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
done, My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracuse, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou depart'st from thy native home?

And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesus.

Duke. A heavier task could not have been im-

Then I to speak my griefs unspeakeable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
'ill utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made

To Ephesus, till my factor's death,
And then care of goods at random left

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself (almost at fainting, under

The pleasing punishment that women bear,

Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the self same inn,

A poor mean woman was deliver'd

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made many motions for our home return:

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.

We came aboard:

A league from Ephesus had we sail'd,

Before the always-obeying deep

Gave any tragick instance of our harm:

But longer did we not retain much hope;

For what obscure light the heavens did grant

Did but convey unto our fearful minds

A doubtful warrant of immediate death;

Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And piteous plaintings of the pretty babies,

That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.

And this it was,—for other means was none.—

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,

And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us:

My wife, more careful for the latter-born,

Had fasten'd him unto a small spar mast,

Such as seafaring men provide for storm's;

To him one of the other twins was bound,

Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,

Fix'd eyes on whom our care was fix'd,

Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;

And floating straight, obedient to the stream,

Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

At length, the sun, gazing upon the earth,

Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;

To one of the

on the
gave
Act I.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

And, by the benefit of his wish'd light, The seas was'd calm, and we discovered Two ships from far making amain to us, Of Corinth that, of Epipaurus this; But ere they came,—O, let me say no more! Gather the sequel by that went before. 

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off For we may pit, than they shall ever know. [so For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues, We were encounter'd by a mighty rock; While being violently borne upon. Our helpful ship was split in the midst, So that, in this unjust divorce of us, Fortune had left to both of us alike What to delight in, what to sorrow for. Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe, Was carried with more speed before the wind; And in our sight they three were taken up By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought. At length, another ship had seiz'd on us; And, knowing whom it was their hap to save, Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests; And would have rest the fishermen of their prey, Had not their bark been very slow of sail, And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss; That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, To tell sad stories of my own mishaps. Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest Since, or of favour to dilate at full, for (for, What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now. 

Ant. The youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, At eighteen years became inquisitive After his brother; and importing none, That his attendant, (for his case was like, Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,) Might bear him company in the quest of him: What whilst I laboured in my seas, I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece, Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, And, coasting homeward, came to Epipaurus; Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought, Or that, or any place that harbours men. But here must end the story of my life; And happy were I in my timely death, Confounds all my travels we, that live.

Duke. Helpless Egeon, whom the fates have mark'd To bear the extremity of dire mishap! Now, true to me, were it not against our laws, Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, Which princes, would they, may not disannul, My soul should sue as advocate for thee. But, though thou art adjudged to the death, And passed sentence may not be recall'd, But to our honour's great disparagement, Yet will I favour thee in what I can: Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day, To seek thy help by beneficial help: Try all the friends thou hast in Epipaurus: Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum, And hast thou not, then thou art doom'd to die: Gaoler, take him to thy custody. 

Act II.—A publick Place.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum, Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. This very day, a Syracusian merchant Is apprehend for arrival, and, And, not being able to bear out his life, According to the statute of the town,
In what safe place have you bestowed my money? If I shall break that merry sconce of yours, That lacoon, in which I am undisposed! Where is the thousand marks thou hast of mine? 

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate, Say—of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders, But not a thousand marks between you both— If I should pay your worship those again, Perchance, you will not bear them patiently. 

And. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou? 

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix; She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner, And prays, that you will be home to dinner— If you should pay your worship those again, What thy hand shall smite me thus upon my face, Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. 

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands! Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take your heels. 

[Exeunt Dro. E. 

And. S. Upon my life, by some device or other, The villain is over-raged of all my money. They say, this town is full of cormage; As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye; Laark, muffled men, that cover the heart, and mind, Seal, killing witches, that deform the body! Disguised thieves, prating mountebanks, And many such like liberties of sin: If it prove so, I will go home the sooner. I'll to the constant, to go seek this slave; I greatly fear, my money is not safe. 

ACT II. 

SCENE I.—A publick Place. Enter Adriana and Luciana. 

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd, That in such haste I sent to seek his master! Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock. 

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him, And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner. Good sister, let us dine, and never fret: A man is master of his liberty: Time is their master; and, when they see time, They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister. 

Adr. Why should their liberty o'ers their be more 

Luc. Because their business still lies out of door. 

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill. 

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will. 

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so. 

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with 

woe. There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye, But with his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky: The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls, Are their mates' subject, and at their controls: Men, more divine, the masters of all these, Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seat, Indeed with intellectual sense and soul; Of more pre-eminance than fish and fowl, Are masters to their females, and their lords: Then let your will attend on their accords. 

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unued. 

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the master's bed. 

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some 

woe. 

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey. 

Adr. How can your husband start some other where? 

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear. 

Adr. Patience, unmoved, no matter though she be unwise: They can be meek, that have no other cause. A wretched soul, brutish'd with adversity, We bid wefee, when we hear it cry; But were we burden'd with like weight of pain, As much, or more, we should ourselves complain! So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee, With urging helpless patience, wouldst believe me: But, if thou live to see like right befell, This fool-beg'd patience in thee will be left. 

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:— Here comes your man, now is your husband high. 

Enter Dromio of Ephesus. 

Adr. Say, is thy tarry master now at hand? 

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness. 

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind? 

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear; Bebreshew his hand, I scarce could understand it. 

Luc. Speak he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning? 

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows: and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them. 

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife. 

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad. 

Adr. Horn mad, thou villain? 

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's 

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold; 'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: My gold, quoth he; You must do honour, quoth I; quoth 'Tis true, quoth he: Will you come home? quoth I: My gold, quoth he: Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain? The pig, quoth I, is burn'd: My gold, quoth he: With ununctuous patience would'st thou? Hang up thy mistress! I know not thy mistress: one on thy mistress! 

Luc. Quoth who? 

Dro. E. Quoth my master: 

Adr. No, no home, no wife, no mistress: So that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders; For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. 

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home. 

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's sake send some other messenger. 

Adr. Doth not the slave, praying peasan; fetch thy master home. 

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That I shall, a football you do spur me thus? You spur me hence, and he will spur me hither: If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. 

Luc. Fye, how imputation lowrath in your face! 

Adr. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starrv for a merry look. Hath homely age the alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it; Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? If voubile and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard. Do their gay vestments his affections bait? That's not my fault, he's master of my state: What triumphs are in me, that can be found By him not rul'd? then is he the ground Of my defeatures: My decayed fair 

Adr. How about slave, or I will break the pace across. 

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating: Between you I shall have a holy head. 

Adr. Nonsense, prating peasan; fetch thy master home. 

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Act 2.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold hides still,
The crow's foot casts, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Wearing a left-hand, and weeping and die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receive'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix: Wast thou mad,
That thus a madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when speake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jest, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do jest for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnat's make sport,
Both on my head and draw his beams.
If you jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dest thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and therefore: for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore.—

For urging is the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I' ll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?
And that body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminat;
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spit at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my hariest brow.
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know the polity of thy flesh,
But grieving strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live disstain'd, thou, undesounour'd.
And S. I lead thee to me, fair dame? I know
In Ephesus I am but two hours old;
you not:
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scannd,
Want in all one word to understand.
Luc. Eye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you went to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by 1 venious home to dinner.
And S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adv. By thee: and this thou didst return from
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows, [him—
Deaf to his voice for his wife;
And S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Luc. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
And S. Visions, thou liest; for even her very
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
And S. I known they then call us by us
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adv. How ill agree'st with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Always coming to my heart in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
There an elin, my husband, 1, a saine:
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Unmingled joy, brier, or idle mese;
Who, all for want of praining, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
And S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
There she doth dwell.
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd felicity.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
[Exit.
Dro. S. O, for my head! I cross me for a sin.
This is the fairy land:—O, spouse of spites I—
We talk with gobins, owls, and elivish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue;
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou snail!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Adv. Thou think, thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my
And S. Thou hast thine own form. [shape.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art change'd to sught, 'tis to thine asc.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adv. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn—

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter—
Come, sister — Dromio, play the porter well.
And S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sitting on a knot? mad, or well advis'd?
Know'st unto these things, and to myself diagnose'd?
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Adv. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adv. No, I would let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Adv. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mast; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didn't thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I
Dro. E. Marry, so doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd, and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Adv. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bel. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
Your door.
Adv. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
Bel. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
Chuck affords.
Adv. E. And welcome more common; for that's
Nothing but words.
Bel. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a
Merry feast.
Adv. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
Guest:
But though you bate not money, take them in good
part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heat.
But, sir, if my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marlan, Cicely, Gillian,
[Enter. Jen's, our chef.
Bel. [Within.] Mume, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou subserve for wenches, that thou call'st for such store.
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest we entertain his feet. (door.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the
Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wheredo you? for my dinner; I have not
din'to-day.
Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out of the house I owe?
Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name: The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst done Dromio to-day in my place, Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
Luc. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luc. 
Luc. Faith no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—
Have all you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
Luc. Have at you with another: that's,—
When can you tell?
Dro. S. If thy name more be called Luce; Luc, thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion you'll let us in, I hope?
Luc. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said, no.
Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was
tow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou beggarly, let me in.
Luc. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luc. Let him knock till it ake.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door.
Luc. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks
in the town?
Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps at this noise there? Cuckoo, sir, make haste; Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour
Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.
Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbingers.
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief braf'd of his attain't?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board;
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Act 3.

A man, poor women: make us but believe, Being compact of credit, that you love us: Though, in that glorious arm, show us the sleeve; We in your motion turn, and, you may move us. Then, gentle brother, get you in again; (Conform my sister, cheer her, call her wife: 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain, When others have the arm, and you the conquests strive. And S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not, Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,) Lcss, in my knowledge, and your grace, you show not, Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine. Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak; Lay open to my earthly gross conceit, Smoother'd in Errors, feeble, shallow, weak, The folded meaning of your words descit. Against my soul's pure truth why labour you, To make it wander in an unknown field? Are you a god? would you create me new? Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield. But if that I am, then well I know, Your weeping sister is no wife of mine, Nor to her bed no homage I owe; Far more, far more, to you I decline. O, trait in me, not, sweet mermaid, with thy note, To draw me to my sister's grave, and close my ears! Sing, ay'en, for thyself, and I will dote. Spread over the silver waves thy golden hair, And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie; And in that glorious supposition, think He gains by doth, thisthat such means to die:— Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink! Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so? And S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye. And S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, In that glorious supposition, think Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife: Give me thy hand. LUC. O, soft, sir, hold you still; I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit Luc.]

Ruler from the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Syracuse.

And S. Why, now how, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast? 

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself? And S. How art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself. 

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself. 

And S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself? 

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me. 

And S. What claim lays she to thee? 

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me. 

And S. What is she? 

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence! I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage. 

And S. What a fat marriage? 

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by heaps: but if you warrant, her use and all in them, will burn a Florent winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world. 

And S. What complexion is she of? 

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept? For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it. And S. That's a fault that will mend. 

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it. 

And S. What's her name? 

Dro. S. Neill, sir—but her name and three quarters, that is an oil and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip. 

And S. Then she bears some breadth? 

Dro. S. She doth, from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is the best way, like a globe; I could find out countries in her. 

And S. In what part of her body stands Ireland? 

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs. 

And S. Where Scotland? 

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the plains, and the part he groans and revolts. 

And S. Where France? 

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverled, making war against her hair. 

And S. Where England? 

Dro. S. I looked for the choky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it. 

And S. Where Spain? 

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath. 

And S. Where America, the Indies? 

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embelished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose. 

And S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands? 

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the moie in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of fat, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a cartail dog, and made me turn 't the wheele. 

And S. Go, he thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, And I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one knew us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone. 

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, So if I had her that would be my wife. [Exit. 

And S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She shall return me, and beguile me, and persuade Both for a wife abhor; but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself;
Act 4.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Master Antipholus?
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have it on you at the Porcupine;
The chain unfinished'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespeak it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ang. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the street he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gliders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you, is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same;
Pleaseth you, wait with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus.

Qff. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go have
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith — get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[Exit Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you;
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:—
Behold, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat:
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharge'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No, let it with you, lest I come not in time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. If I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you must return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have had him too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now.
Neither send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye! now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'er you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You cannot have it; I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Qff. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:
Either consent to pay this sum for me, or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Mer. Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ant. E. Here is thy fee: our fraughtage, sir,
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Qff. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And ther, sir, bears a way: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Bulls far from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman? Why thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee what to purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
COMEDY

Act 4

And. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, and teach you to listen with more heed. To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight- Give her this key, and tell her, in the dark That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry, There is a purse of ducats; let her send it; Tell her, I am arrested in the street, And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone. On, officer, to prison till it come.- [Exit Merchants, Angelo, Officer, and And. E. Dros. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd, Where Bowshab did claim me for her husband: She is too big, I hope, for me to compass. Thither I must, although against my will, For servants must their masters' minds fulfill. [Exit Adriana and Luciana.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, lady Luciana, did he tempt thee so? Might' she not perceive amorously in his eye That it did plead in earnest, yes or nay? I look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily? What observation mad'm thou in this case, Of his heart's meteor's tinct in his face? Luc. First, he denied he had in him no right. Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite. Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here. Adr. And to true he swore, though yet forewarn'd he were. Luc. Then pleaded I for you. Adr. And what said he? Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me. Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love? Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move. First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech. Adr. Did'st speak him fair? Luc. Have patience, I beseech. Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still. My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will. He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where; Vicious or gentle, a match for every man; Stigmatical in making, worse in mind. Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one? No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone. Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say, And yet would herein others' eyes were worse: Far from her nest the lapping cries away; My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curst. [Exit Dromio of Syracuse.]

Dros. S. Here go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste. Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath? Dros. S. By running fast. Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well? Dros. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell. A devil in an everlasting garment bath him, One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel; A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff; A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counteracts The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands; A bound that runs counter, and yet draws dry One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell. Adr. Why, man, what is the matter? Dros. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested in the case. Adr. What is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit. Dros. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk? Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [Exit Luciana. That be, unknown to me, should be in the debt. Tell me, was he arrested on a band? Dros. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing: A chain, a chain! do you not hear it ring? Adr. On what did the chain? Dros. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone. It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ticks. Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear. Dros. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, Some tender mercy to my suit, some invite me; Some other give me thanks for kindnesses; Some offer me commodities to buy: Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop; And show'd me silks, that he had bought for me, And, therewithall, took measure of my body. Sure, these are but imaginary wills, And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here. [Exit Dromio of Syracuse.]

Dros. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparell'd? And. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean? Dros. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty. And. S. I understand thee not. Dros. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-villain, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike. And. S. What! thou mean'st an officer? Dros. S. No, that, of the sergeants of the band: he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, God give you good rest! And. S. Well, sir, there rest in your föolery. Is there any ship puts forth to night? may we be gone? Dros. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to.
Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay of them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope? Dro. E. Sir, by my serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To the rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my birth, this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows; when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home: welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtezan, with Pinch, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, respeci franca, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.

Ant. E. wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Cour. How dost thou now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his sense again.

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks! Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy! Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hou'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

To thy state of darkness hie thee straight; I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dozing wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. 0, that thouwert not, poor distressed soul! Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customary talents?

Did this companion with the saffron face Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whiles upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I could not enter in my house?

Adr. 0 husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time.

Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?
Act V.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; but, I protest, he had the chain of me, though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city? Ang. Of very great reputation, sir; of credit infinite, highly belov'd, second to none that lives here in the city; his word might bear my wealth at any time. Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromo of Syracuse.

Ang. Tis so; and that self chain about his neck Which he forsook, most monstrously, to have. Good so, and fear not me, I will speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble; and not without some scandal to yourself, With scorn and discountenance, and oath, and deny This chain, which now you wear so openly; besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment, you have done wrong to my honest friend; who, but for staying on our controversy, had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day? This chain you had of me, can you deny it? Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it. Mrs. Ang. Do, so, sir; and, forsook it too. Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it? Mrs. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee: Fye on the wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st To walk where any honest man resort.
Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezian, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind him thereto, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory,—in, or we are spoil'd.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?
Atro. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mrr. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Atro. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
While of these sorrows is he subject to?
Atro. To none of these, except it be the last; Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Atro. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Atro. As roughly, as my modesty would let me;
Abb. Happily, in private.
Atro. Ay, but not enough.
Abb. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was
The venom clamours of a Jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, their senses were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sav'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of few brood;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawl's;
Sweet refection bair'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(against to grim and comfortless despair;) And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be distrest, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly:
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not? Atro. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
God, people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Atro. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office.
And I have no horse, but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome baths, syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseein your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have

[Exit Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put not ill into this by his way,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Egecon, have-headed; with the Headsmen and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That day he didst he barre him through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home, whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; they then fled into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And were now suffer us to fetch him out.
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and done hence for help.

Duke. Since he, thy servant serv'd me in my wars,
And to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do thy will the grace and good I could,—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.
Enter a Servant.

Serr. 0 mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself! My master and his man are both broke loose, Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire; And even as it bled, they threw on him Great pall's of puddled mire to quench his head: My master prays patience to him, while His man with scissars ticks him like a fool: And sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here; And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serr. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it. He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you, To scour your face, and to disfigure you. [Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you That he is borne about invisible!

Ever now we bow'd him in the abbey here; And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus.

And. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!

Even for the space that long since I did thee, When he escort thee in the wars, and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

And. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,

She who with gav'st to me to be my wife; That hath abused and dishonour'd me, Even in the strength and height of injury! Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

And. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with her adicts feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adv. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister

To-day did dine together: So befal my soul, As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Locr. Never may I look on day, nor sleep on night, But she tells to your highness simple truth.

And. E. My liege, I am advised what I say; Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine, Nor beastly rash, provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner; That godsmill there, were he not pack'd with her, Could was it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain, Promising to bring it to the Porcupine, Where Balthazar and I did dine together. On the same day, and we not meeting either, I went to seek him: In the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman.

There did this perkjur'd godsmith swear me down, That I this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, per he knows, I saw not: for the which, He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home For certain dorcats: He with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespake the officer,

To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabbler more

Of vile confederates: along with them

They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean furred villain.

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller; A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch A living dead man; this pernicious slave,

Forsworn, took on him as a conjurer:

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 'twere, outfacting me,

Cries out, was possess'd: then altogether

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;

And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together;

Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

Ran hither to your grace: whom I beseech To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Adv. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;

That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

And. He sent, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mrs. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine Heard him, as I was passing, you had the chain of him.

After you first foresaw it on the mat,

And, thereupon I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you are in my miracle.

Adv. And now never came within these abbey wall,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;

I saw the chain, so help me! I !

And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Whate'er what an intricate impeachment is this,

I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.

If here you bow'd him, here he would have been:

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly—

You said, he dined at home; the goldsmith here

Denies that saying: Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. I am told: and from my finger am atch'd that ring.

And. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. But 'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;

I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.

Ege. Most mighty duke, voucheas me speak a word,

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.


Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour, I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. Sir, I am one, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Did you ever saw one strange on you? you know me well.

And. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. Oh I grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me now;

And careful hear's, with Time's deformed hand,

Haply to write strange deceivers in my face;

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

And. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Duke Menanphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so.

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother, — so, keep I told you then, I hope, I shall have leisure to make good:

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. S. I sent you money, sir, to lie your ball,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receive'd from you, And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man, And I was glad to see him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains To go in us into the Abbey here.

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place, That by this sympathized one day's error

And these two Dromio's, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

That kitchent'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior; till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother: And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Young Siward, his son.
Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

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.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

Witches enowish.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again, In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?
2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won:
3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place ?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.
3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin !
All. Paddock calls,—Anon.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair ;
Never through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres. \[A Storm within.\]

Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is this? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant, Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought Against my captivity:—Half, brave friend ! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil, As thou disted leave it.

Sol. Doubtful it stood;
As to spend swimmers, that do cling together, And chock their art. The merciless Macdonwald (Worthy to be a rebel ; nor to that, The multiplying villanies of nature Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles Of Kerness and Gallowglasses is supplied: And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore ; But all's too weak : For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,) Dismaying fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smock'd with bloody execution, Like valor's munion, Car'd out his passage, till he face the slave ; And never shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements. Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman !
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break : So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come. Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark : No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Scene III.—A Hostile Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
3 Witch. Sister, where thou?
1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd:—

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed roncy cries.
Here husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
But in a sleeve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
3 Witch. Thou art kind.
2 Witch. And I another.
1 Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'll the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary s'rnights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.
2 Witch. Show me, show me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homework he did come.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 'tis call'd to Fores?—What are these things that?
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are 'on? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?
1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—The name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt to me; 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 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 kingdoms, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Nay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and so to king.
Stands not within the prospect of belief.
No more to thane of Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon the blast how dost thou stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them; Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,
melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak out?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture: the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegan ranks,
Nothing asfear'd of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment be that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Comb'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck; I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instrument of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trivial, to betray us
In deepest consequences.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it grace? if good, why dost thou
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion When horror image death on my brow, And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings: My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man: that function Is smoother'd in surmise; and nothing is, But what is not. 

But. Look, how our partner's rapt. Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, Without my stir. 

Dun. New honours come upon him Like our strange garments; clean not to their mould, But with the aid of use. 

Mac. Come what come may; Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. 

Dun. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure. Mac. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wronged With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains Are register'd where every day I turn The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king— Those whose good memories can; and, at more time, The interim having weight'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other. 

Dun. Very gladly. Mac. Tell then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt. 

SCENE IV.—Fore's. A Room in the Palace. 

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants. 

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd? 

Mac. My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one that saw him die: who did report, That very frankly he confess'd his treasons; I made his highness' pardon; and, at forth A deep repentance: nothing in his life Became him, like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studi'd in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he owed, As 'twere a careless trifle. 

Dun. There's no art, To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust. O worthless counsel! Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus. 

The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me: thou art so far before, That swiftest wing of recemem'pse is slow To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less reser'd; That the proportion both of thanks and payment Might have been mine! only I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay. 

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part Is to receive our duties: and our duties Are to your throne and state, children, and servants: Which do but what they should, by doing every thing Safe toward your love and honour. 

Dun. Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo, That patient serving, serv'd, and is serv'd, meantime be known No less to have done so, let me insolv thee, And hold thee to my heart. 

Dun. There if I grow, 

Th' harvest is your own. 

Mac. My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know, We will establish our estate upon 

Our eldest, MACBETH, shall be name hereafter The prince of Cumberland: which honour must Not, unaccompanied, invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deserters.—From hence to Inverness, And be at home to me. 

Mac. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you: I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The happy issue of your wife with your approach; So, humbly take my leave. 

Dun. My worthy Cawdor! 

Mac. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a title On which I must fall down, or else o'er- leap; 

[Aside. 

For in my way it lies, Stars, hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be, Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. 

[Exit. 

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant And in his commendations I am fed: It is a banquet to me. Let us after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinman. 

Flourish. Exit. 

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle. 

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter. 

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learnt by the perfect and full report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came worthy letters from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters salut'd me, and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with, I fill, king that shall be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my nearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell. 

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' the milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great; Art notxyour thoughts too full o' thoughts? Or do thy thoughts run in these jumps And have no big houses to live in? The illnes should attend it. What thou would'st highly, That would'st thus holily; would'st not play false, And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, 

That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it: And that which thou hast done, lest fear to do, Than which thou shouldst be undone. If thee bith, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear; And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings? 

Enter an Attendant. 

Att. The king comes here to-night. 

Lady M. Thou'tr mad to say it: Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so, Would not have inform'd for preparation. 

Att. So please you, is true; our thane is coming: One of my fellows had the speed of him; Who, since devise for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message. 

Lady M. Give him tending, he brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse, 

[Exit Attendant. 

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan.
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal deaths, unsheal me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murthering minis-
ters.
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold! (Enter, Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!)

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purpurses.

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thame, 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
flow'r,
But be the serpent under it. He's that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further. 
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rossy, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting marlet, does approve,
By his loud murmuring, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observe'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
And you shall bid God yield us your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest our hermitage.
Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath help
To his home before us; Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys a'd torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Servew, and divers Servants with dishes
and service. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, 
'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could tremble up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,—
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall bow the hirord deed in every 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 itself.
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you
left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this busi-
ness:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage? 

Macb. P'rythee, peace; I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this engagement?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. "'Nor time, nor place,
Did then the ceremony of our action,
Have they made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you. I have given such; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:

Act I.  

MACBETH.  

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I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd d my nipple from his home-sick gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you  
Have done to this.

Mach. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail!  
But serve your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is a sleep,  
(Where'er the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
That no memory, the wander of the brain,  
Shall be a flame, and the receipt of reason  
A Ummeck only: When in twinnish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon.  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His speny officers; who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd d with blood those sleepy two  
of his own chamber, and as'd their very daggers,  
That they have done?—  
Lady M.  
Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour rear  
Upon his death?  
Mach. I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible fest.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest shew:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?  
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the  
Ban. And she goes down at twelve. [clock.  
Fle. I take it, 'tis later, sir:  
Ban. Hold, take my sword,—There's husbandry  
in heaven,  
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword:

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?  
Mach. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and [as bed  
Sent forth great largess to your offices;  
This diamond be yours wine withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

Mach. Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.  
Ban. All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

Mach. I think not of them d  
When you can entreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.  
Mach. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when  
It shall make honour for you. [Exit.  
Ban. So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

Mach. Good repose, the while!  
Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!  
[Exit Banquo.

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 toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind: a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Mor. Shall I mar'st be the way that I was going:  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes,—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain's sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Prelate of the west wind: and with her murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinels, the wolf,  
Whose howls his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.

With Trevelin's ravishing strides, towards his de-  
sign
Moves like a ghost:—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives:  
[Bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear not, Macbeth; for it is a knell.  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.  
[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.  

Enter Lady Macbeth.  

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk  
hath made me bold;

What hath gench'd them, hath given me fire:  
Hark!—Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:  

The dogs are起来了; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live, or die.  
Mach. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!  
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss them:—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?  

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not  
hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets  
Did not you speak?— [cry.  
Mach. [Within.] Who's there?  
Lady M. Now.  
Mach. [Within.] Who's there?  
Lady M. Ay.  
Mach. [Within.] Hark!—  
Who lies I' the second chamber?  
Lady M. Donalbain.  
Mach. This is a sorry sight.  
[Looking on his hands.  
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.  
Mach. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and  
one cried, murder!
Act 2.

MACBETH.

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, God bless us! and, Amen, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening to their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce,
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make a mad.

Macbeth methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean in it?

Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house:

Glamis hath murdered sleep: and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady M. That was well said: that thus cried why?
worthy thane,
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 lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead.
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the groans withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking

At the south entry—retire we to our chamber; A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[Knocking.] Iark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself. [Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking; Ay, 'would thou couldst'! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock; Who's there? 'tis the name of Belzebub! Here's a farmer

that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.

Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, Who's there? 'The other devil's name? 'Tis faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock; Who's there? 'Tis faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macb. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macb. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Lechery, sir, it provokes, and it 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 dishearts him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macb. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, 'tis the very throat o' me: But I required him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs some-time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macb. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

[Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both! Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macb. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him. Macb. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain. This is the door.

Macb. I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff.

Len. Goes the king From hence to day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death, And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire combustion, and confus'd events, New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor Cannot conceive, nor name thee the novoke; [heart, What's the matter? Macb. Confusion now hath made his master Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope [piece
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Lear. Mean you his majesty?

Macb. Approach the chamber, and destroy your light
With a broad deeper.—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[Exit Macbeth and Lenox.

King the alarm-bell!—Murder! and treason! Lenox. and Donaldbain! Macbeth! awake!

Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image.—Malcolm! Banquo! Macb. From your graves rise up, and walk like sights,
To countenance this horror!—[Bell rings.}

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business, that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macb. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where. Sir,
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but name: renown and grace, is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left to frag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donaldbain.

Don. What is ams?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd:

Macb. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all blood'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They mad'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macb. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temper'd, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the reasoner. —Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stab look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murder'd
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breach'd with gore: Who could retrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Touarge, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! Macb. 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 rash, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Macb. Not our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady.—

[Exit 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 undivuld' pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I. All.

Lady, let's briefly put on many readiness;
And meet the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exit all but Mal. and Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy; I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near is blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft's that shot.

Ban. Hath not ye lighted; and our safest way
Is, to bend the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
Hath trisled former knowings.

Ros. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's acts,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travailing lamp; —It is 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 like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, bowing in her pride of grace,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Ros. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,) Beaslevant, and Ettrick, the mornions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Ros. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter Macdouff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Mac. Why, see you not?
Ros. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macb. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ros. Most bloody. Ails, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macb. They were soborn'd:
Malcolm and Donaldbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ros. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means:—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forests. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cowdor, Glamis,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully fort: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come some 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.

Sever scouted. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady
Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Rossie, Lords, Ladies, and
Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. if he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie.
For ever kneel.

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.
1st Far. Let's.

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.

Macb. 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 you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Pleasure with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon
us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And I'll do commend you to their backs.

Farwell.

[Exit Banquo.

Enter every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep onself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word; Attend those men our pleasure?
Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Attent.] To
be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be feared: 'Tis much he
dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. To act in safety,
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the
sister.

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hal'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon our head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make the king, the used of Banquo kings
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was true, in the time past, what hold you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
Instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. Much, I did so; and had the fortune, 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 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, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft
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 additions, from the hill
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 mankind, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffetings 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.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mack. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody dis-
tance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my heart 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,
Who's loves I may not drop, but wish his fall:
When I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Making the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

1 Mac. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy 'tis the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night.
Aye, was't not from the palace? always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him.
(Teo leave no rubs, nor botchees, in the work.)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 Mac. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. 'Till call upon you straight: abide within.
It is concluded — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it finds heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure.
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, seek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jocial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I love; and in that pray, be you
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue;
Unsafe the while, that we
Must bare our honours in these flattering streams;

And make our faces wizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund; Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sams,
The sherd-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
A deed of dreadful note. [done

Lady M. Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chink,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeing night,
Star'd up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale — Light thickens; and the
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
[crow
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marv'est at my words: but hold thee still;
Things that make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mac. But who did bid thee join with us?

2 Mac. He needs not our mistrust; since he de-
livers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

3 Mac. Then stand with us.
The west yet glistens with some streaks of day:
Now is the last traveller asleep,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

2 Mac. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho! Come
3 Mac. Then it is he; the test
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are the court.

1 Mac. His horses go about.

3 Mac. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 Mac. A light, a light!

1 Mac. 'Tis he.

3 Mac. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mac. Let it come down.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge—O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.

3 Mac. Who did strike out the light?

2 Mac. The lastest traveller asleep.

3 Mac. There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 Mac. We have lost both half of our affair.

1 Mac. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosal, Lenox, Caissar, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Rosal. Keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Act 3.

MACBETH.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends; For my heart speaks, they are welcome. Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks: —
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit 'tis the midst: Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure They to thine, and there's blood upon thy face. M. Ilur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within. Is he dispatch'd?

M. Ilur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'th'cut throats: Yet he's good, That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it, Thou art the nonpareil.

Most royal sir,

Macb. Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock; As broad, and general, as the casing air.

But now I am cabind, cribb'd, bound in 'To saucy doubts and devices.' But Banquo's safe?

M. Ilur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled, Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord, You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold, That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making, 'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home; From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony, Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!— Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Were the best part of our Banquo present; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance?

Roes. His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What's that which moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

Roes. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. Lady M. Sit, worthy friends—my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well; If much you note him, You shall offend him, and extend his passion; Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said, Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts, (Impostors to true fear) would well become A woman's story, at a winter's fire, Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, You look but on a stool.

Macb. Try thee, see there! behold! I look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.— If chamber-houses, and our graves, must send Those that we bar, look back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.


Lady M. And why does he prime? For shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, 'tis the old time, Ere human statute purged the gentle west; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear: the times have been, That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end: but now, they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools: This is more strange Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget: Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all; Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:— I drink to the general joy of the whole table, [Ghost rises.

Macb. And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight! Let the earth divide them!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: '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 the Lycan tiger, Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! [Ghost disappears.

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone, I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights, And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Roes. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enranges him: at once, good night.— Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all! [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.

Angara, and understood relations, have

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret's stream of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his At our great bidding? [person, Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?] Mac. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow, [who will,] to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good.

All causes of give way; I am in blood Stoop in so far, that, should I wand no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand; Which must be acted, e'er they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Mac. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse

Is the mother's shadow, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Heath. Thunder.

Enter Hecate, meeting the three Witches.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angery.

Hec. Have I not reason, beggars, as you are, Gay, and over-bold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth, in miles, and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of my art? And, which is worse, all you have done, Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now; Get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me! the morning; thither he Will come to know his destiny. You scurries, and your spells, provide, Your charms, and everything beside: I am for the 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 vaporous drop profound; I' shall catch ere it come to ground: And that, distill'd by magic sighs, Shall raise such artificial sprites, As, by the strength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spare his life, scorn death, and hear His hopes 'have wisdom, grace, and fear: And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.

Enter Banquo, call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Forests. A Room in the Palace.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, Which can interpret further: only, I say, Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan Was pitted of Macbeth—marr'd, he was dead:— And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late:

Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd, For Fyance said. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous it was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain, To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight, In plaus rage, the two delinquent tear, That were the slaves of drink, and thighs of sleep Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too: For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive, To hear the men dle it. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think, That, had he Duncan's son under his key, (As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace; for from broad words, and 'causes 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 one 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 the holy king, on his aid To make Northumberland, and warlike Seward: That, by the help of these, (with Him above To ratify the work,) we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights; Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives; Do faithful homage, and receive free honours, All which we pine for now: And this report Has so exasperate the king, that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff? Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I, The cloudy Barker turn'd on his back: And haste; as who should say, You'll rule the time That doth me with this answer.

Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England, and unfold his message ere he come: that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accord'd! [Exit.

Lord. My prayers with him! [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. 2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd. 3 Witch. Harper cries.—Tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw. Toad, that under coldest stone, Days and nights hast thirty-one Swole't venom sleeping goo, Boll thou first l' the charmed pot! All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake: Eye of newt, and toe of frog, Whet of bat, and tongue of dog, Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg, and owl's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble; Gangreous bred, and pitous lewd.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble. 3 Witch. Scale of dragon, double toil and trouble. Witches' mummy; raw, and gulf,
Of the rav'ning 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 Turk, and Parson’s licks;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver’d by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add then to a witch’s chandlar.
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon’s blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I command your pains;
And every one shall share i’t he gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is’t you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. O, 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 lodged 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,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We’ll answer.

1 Witch. Sey, if thou’dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters’?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Four in sowl’s blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that’s sweating
From the murderer’s gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Macb. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, defly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.

[Descends.

Macb. Whate’er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harried my fear aright:—But one word
more:—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here’s another,
More potent than the first.
Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?


Len. Macb. Infected be the air wherein they ride; And damn'd, all those that trust in them. — I did hear

The gaunt hag of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. To two or three, my lord, that bring you

Macb. Is fled to England.

[Exit Lenox.

Scene II.—Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

Lady Macb. What had be done, to make him fly

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macb. He had none.

His flight was madness: When our actions do not, Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not, whether it be his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macb. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his

baby.

His mansion, and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not; He wants the natural touch: for the poor wretches, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear, and nothing is the love; As little is the wisdom, where the flight No runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearst cos.

I pray you, school yourself: But, for your hus-

band, He is noble, wise, judicious, and best known

The fits of the season. I dare not speak much fur-

ther:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour From what we fear; yet know not what we fear; But stand upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move. — I take my leve of you: Shall not be long but I'11 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. Macb. 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. Macb. Sibbath, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Sen. As birds do, mother.

L. Macb. What, with worms and flies?

Sen. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macb. Poor bird! thou'st never fear the net,

So. The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Sen. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. 
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, 
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well; 
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but 
something 
You may desire of him through me; and wisdom 
To order a weak, poor, innocent lamb, 
To appease an angry God. 
Mac. I am not treacherous. 
Mal. A godlike virtuous nature may so soil 
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon; 
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose: 
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: 
Though all things four'd wear the brows of 
Yet grace must still look so. 
[Exeunt Macbeth and Macduff. 

Act 4. 
MACBETH. 

Desire his jewels, and this other's house: 
And my more-having would be as a sauce 
To make me hunger more; that I should forge 
Our realms unjust against the good, and loyal, 
Destroying them for wealth. 

Mac. This avarice 
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root 
Than seaside acres of the world; 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 one's own weight? 
Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming 
graces, 
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, 
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, 
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, 
I have no relish of them: but abound 
In the division of each several crime, 
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should 
Pour out the sweet milk of concord into hell, 
Uproar the universal peace, confound 
All unity on earth. 

Mac. O Scotland! Scotland! 
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak: 
I am as I have spoken. 

Mac. Fit to govern! 
No, not to live.—O nation miserable, 
With an untitled tyrant bold了许多? 
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again? 
Since that the truest issue of thy throne 
By his own interdiction stands accur'd, 
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father 
Was a more sainted king: the queen, that bore thee, 
Off'er upon her knees than on her feet, 
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well! 
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself, 
Have bastish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast, 
Thy hope ends here! 

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion, 
Child of integrity, hast from my soul 
Wip'd sin, patience, secrecy, rectitude, 
My thoughts 
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth 
By many of these trains hath sought to win me 
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me 
From over-credulous haste: But God above 
Deal between thee and me: for even now 
I put myself to thy direction, and 
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure 
The taints and blame I laid upon myself, 
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn; 
Scarce, any mirth that was mine own: 
In all the poor, I struck my faith; would not betray 
The down to his fellow; and my soul 
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking 
Was this upon myself: What I am truly, 
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command: 
Whither, indeed, before thy her approach, 
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men, 
All ready at a point, was setting forth: 
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness, 
Be like our warrant'd quarrel! Why are you silent? 
Mal. Such welcome and unwelcome things at 
'Tis hard to reconcile. 

[Exit Doctor. 

Enter a Doctor. 

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, 
I pray you? 

Doc. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls, 
That stay his cure: their malady is such, 
The greenest of art; and, but at his touch, 
Such sanctity hath heaven given in his hand, 
They presently amend. 

Mal. I thank you, doctor. 

Doc. I am at your service. 

Mal. What's the disease he means? 

Doc. 'Tis call'd the evil 
A most miraculous work in this good king: 
Which often, since my here-remembrance in England, 
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, 
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 

T 2
MACBETH.

Act 5.

Were, on the quarry of these murder’d deer,
To add the death of you.

Mai. Mercifui heaven! —
What, man! I ne’er pull your hat upon your brows;
But sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers in one ear-franght heart, and bids it break.
Mai. My children too?
Rouser. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Mai. And I must be from hence!
My wife kill’d too?
Rouser. I have said.
Mai. Let’s make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Mai. He has no children. — All my pretty cnes?
Did you say, all? — O, hell-kite! — All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Rouser. Dispute it like a man.
Mai. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am.
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
Roucer. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Mai. 0, I could play the woman with mine
And braggit with my tongue! — But gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring in the vessels of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword’s length set him; if he escape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mai. This tune goes many.
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. — Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Docr. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was
it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it,
and again return to bed, yet all this while in a
most fast sleep.

Docr. A great perturbation in nature! to receive
at once the beneﬁt of sleep, and do the effects of
watching. — In this slumber 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.

Docr. 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.
Macbeth.

Act 5.

**SCENE I.**—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, Menseth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

**Ment.** The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, his uncle Wardo, and the good Macduff. Bugles reverberate in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

**Ans.** Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

**Cath.** Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

**Len.** For certain sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unlook'd youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

**Ment.** What does the tyrant?

**Cath.** Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:

Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

**Ans.** Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breach;

Those he commands, move only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

**Ment.** Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,

When all that is within him does condemn

Itself, for being there?

**Cath.** Well, march we on,

to give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:

Meet we the medecin 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 dound the weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

**SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.**

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

**Mach.** Bring me no more reports; let them fly all.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,

I cannot taint with fear.

What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequents pronounced me thus:

Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,

Shall ever have power on thee. Then fly, false thanes, And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,

Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

[Enter a Servant.

The derli damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon:

Where goest thou that gouge lineckick?

**Serr.** There is ten thousand—

**Mach.** Geese, villain?

**Serr.** Soldiers, sir.

**Mach.** Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, why?

**Serr.** The English force, so please you.

**Mach.** Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sphere, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

**Seyton!**

[Enter Seyton.

**Sey.** What is your gracious pleasure?

**Mach.** What news more?

**Sey.** All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

**Mach.** I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour,—

'Tis not needed yet.

**Sey.**

**Mach.** I'll put it on.
MACBETH.

Act 5.

We might have met them dàreful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[Act viii. 1.]

[Enter a Messenger.]

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Mess. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, it's not to be 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 clinge thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if these darts for me be such:
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane—Arm, arm, and out—
If this, which he avouches, do appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-aweary of the sun,
And with the estate o'the world were now undone.

Ring the alarum bell: Blow, wind! come, wrack.
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c. and their Army, with boughs.

Macb. Now near enough; your leasy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle, shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sin. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
Those clamorous barbarings of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Abersuns continued.]

SCENE VII.—The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
Act 5.

MACBETH.

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 the name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hot- Than any is in hell. [ter name

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my I'll prove the lie you speak'st. [sword

They fight and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.— But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit. Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macb. That way the noise is—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unshattered edge, I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shoudst not be; By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortunate! And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Sim. This way my lord;—the castle's gently render'd: The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; The noble thanes do bravely in the war; The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes That strike beside us.

Sim. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exit. Alarum. Re-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.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. 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.

Macb. I have no words, My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out! [They fight. Macb. Thou losest labour: As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

Macb. 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 cost'd my better part of man! And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, That paler 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. Macb. Then yield thee, coward.

And live to be the show and gaze o'the time. We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, Painted upon a pole; and underwrit, Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,

to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Duninane, And thou oppress'nd, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last: Before my body I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff; And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough. [Exeunt. Fighting.


Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe ar- rived.

Sim. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's He only liv'd but till he was a man; [debts: the which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died.

Sim. Then he is dead? [of sorrow Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause Must not be measure'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Sim. Had he his hurts before? Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Sim. 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.

Sim. He's worth no more; They say, he parted well, and paid his score: So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort. Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macb. Hall, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands The usurper's cursed head: the time is free: I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl, That speak my salutation in their minds; Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,— Hall, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [Flourish. Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time, Before we reckon with our several loves, And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be ears, 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 fleg the snares of watchful tyranny; Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen; Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life;—This, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, We will perform in measure, time, and place: So thanks to all at once, and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. [Flourish. Exeunt.
KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John.

Prince Henry, his son : afterwards King Henry III.
Arthur, Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey, late Duke
of Brittany, the elder brother of King John.
William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, chief justice
of England.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to the King.
Robert Faulconbridge, son of sir Robert Faulcon-
bridge.
Philip Faulconbridge, his half-brother, bastard son
to King Richard the First.
James Gurney, ser vant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Vosmrefr, a prophet.
Philip, King of France.

Lewis, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandolph, the Pope's legate.
Messina, a French lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.

Elinor, the widow of King Henry II., and mother of
King John.

Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanche, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castille, and
niece to King John.

Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the Bastard and
Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Hearalds,
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in
the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex,
Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would
France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of
France.

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning:—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. nonsense, good mother; hear the em-
bassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawfull claim
To this fair isle, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictietes, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody
war.

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood
for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's desistance from my
mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Hear mine to him, and so depart in
peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So, hence! I thee the trumpet of our wrath,
And sultry pressage of your own decay,—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right hand, or the left, of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right,
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
right:
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So must my conscience whispers in your ear:
Which may be but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest contro-
versy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard! Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—[Exit Sheriff.

Our absbies, and our priorities, shall pay
Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and
Philip, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Curé-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known: and, as I think, one father.
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'tis pess me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land
K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But when I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
Bast, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did begat us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old sir Robert, fearless
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He has a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And found in them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With whom half-blooded he claimed my land;
A half-faced great five hundred pound a-year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs that time;
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojournd at my father's;
Where he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But sirrah, what dost thou claim for this?
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,) When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon this wight-Bastard he will have all
His lands to me; and took it, on his death;
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
That man I hear let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his? In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept This call, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being of such an age, nor of such degree;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force, To dispose of his estate as he did
Of no more force to dispose of, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

I, my Madam, if my brother had my shape, And I had, in short, as Robert his, like him; And if my legs were two such riding-rods, My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin, That in my ear I durst not stick a rose, Last men should say, Look, where thine-earthlings go!
And to his shape, were he to all this land, 'Would I might never stir from off this place, 'Tis given by every foot to have this face; I would not be sir Rob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance; Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year; Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest.
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, your's gave land:—
Now bless'd be the hour, by night or day, When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy good name, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch; Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, how'er I was begot.

K. John. What, tell me, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed square.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed For France, and I, and you, the more the better need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got I'the way of honesty,
With an honest heart, and no Bastard but the bastard.
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, felion;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names; 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffoc'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:—My dear sir,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,) I shall beseech you,—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O, sir, says answer, at your best command; At your employment:—at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says question, at your command; And so, ere answer knows what question would, (Saving in dialogue of compliment; And talking of the Alps, and Apennines, The Pyrenean, and the river Po,) It draws toward supper in conclusion so;
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation:
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;) And not alone in habit and device;
Exterior form, outward accoutrement; But from the inward motion to deliver Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footstaps of my rising—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

O me! It is my mother:—How now, good lady,
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady P. Who is there that is thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou reverend boy.
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gov. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip!—spare a—James, there's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son.
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me.
Upon Good-friday, and never broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well; Marry (to confess!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know him, hardy work—therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never hope to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basiliscus-like:

What? I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legends, and all land and all.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconer?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed;
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Then art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, my past defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Nadim, I would not wish a better father.
Some sims do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose—
Subj ected tribute to commanding love—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight.
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that performs robs ilens of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dates but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hast said him say, it had been sin:
Who says it was, be lies; I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and Forces; Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria—
Arthur, that great force-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this, those Duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under the wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A most noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indelence of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurs back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islands,
Even to that Frenchland, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure,
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Sainte-thee for her king; till then, fair boy
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till you, by strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chaillot may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chaillot.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chaillot is arriv'd—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coolly pause for thee; Chaillot, speak.

Chat. To turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath sent seven lords of the crown in arms; these lords,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as 1:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceased;
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery, voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons'spleams,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Heartyly, for their rights preserved on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did not float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom;
The interruption of their churlish drums

[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; there is no more.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We more awake our endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.
Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit Our just and lineal entrance to our own! If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven! Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct Their proud consent that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return From France to England, there to live in peace! England we love; and, for that England's sake, With burden of our armour here we sweat: This toll of ours should be a work of thine; But thou, from loving England art for't. That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king, Cut off the sequence of posterity, Outfaced infant state, and done a rape Upon the maiden virtue of the crown. Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:— These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his: This little abstract doth contain that large, Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume. That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born, And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right, And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God, How comest thou, that thou art called a king, When living blood doth in these temples beat, Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest? K. John. From whom hast thou this great command To draw my answer from thy articles? K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts In any breast of strong authority, To look into the blots and stains of right. That judge hath made me guardian to this boy: Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong; And this is that whose face I call for. K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority. K. Phi. Excuse; it is to be usurping down. Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France? Con. Let me make answer,—thy usurping son. Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king; That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world! Con. My bed was ever to thy son as true, As thine to thine; and to thys, and thys boy Liked in feature to his father Geoffrey, Than thou and John in manners; being as like, As rain to water, or devil to his dam. My boy, a bastard! By my soul, an accursed! His father never was so true begot; It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother. Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father. Con. There's a good grandson, boy, that would blot thee. Aust. Peace! Aust. Hear the crier. Bast. What the devil art thou? Aust. One that will play the devil, sir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone. You are the bare of whom the proverb goes, Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard; I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right; Sirrah, look to't; 'Faith, I will, 'Faith. Blanch. O, we, we did he become that lion's robe, That didst give the lion of the boy of France. Bast. It lies as lightly on the back of him, As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:— But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back; Or lay on you shall make your shoulders crack. Aust. What cracker is this same, that dears our ears With this abundance of superfluous breath? K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight. Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sam of all,— England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, In right of Arthur do I claim of thee: Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms? K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France. Arthur set at rest, yield thee to my hand; And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more Than e'er the coward hand of France can win: Submit thee, boy. Eli. Come to thy grandson, child. Con. Do, child, go to it; grandam, child; Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig: There's a good grandam. Arth. Good my mother, peace! I would, that I were low laid in my grave; I am not worth this coil that's made for me. Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps. Con. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no! His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames, Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes, Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; And those whose hands he'll braid to do just To do him justice, and revenge on you. Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth! Con. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth, France. Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp The dominations, royalties, and rights, Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son, Infortuniate in nothing but in thee; Thy sins are visited in this poor child; The canon of the law is laid on him, Being but the second generation Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb. K. John. Bedlam, have done. Con. I have but this to say,— That he's not only plagued for her sin, But God hath made her sin and her the plague On this removed issue, plauge'd for her, And with her plague, her sin; his injury Her injury,—the beadle to her sin; All punished in the person of this child, And all for her; A plague upon her! Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce A will, that bars the title of thy son, Con. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will! A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will! K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate! It ill becomes this presence, to cry aim To these ill-tuned repetitions.— Some trumpet summon hither to the walls These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak, Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls? K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England. K. John. England, for itself: You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects— K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects, Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle. K. John. For our advantage:—Therefore, hear us first. These flags of France, that are advanced here Before the eye and prospect of your town, Have hither march'd to your endagement: The cannons have their bowels full of wrath; And ready mounted are they, to spit forth Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls; All preparation for a bloody siege, And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
That as a waifs do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordinance  
By their confederates from their fired beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide horse-mad.  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king:—  
Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
Had been to overcome the vipers before your gates,  
To save unearsted th' city's threatened cheeks.  
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouche-safe a pause;  
And soon, instead, of bullets wrap'd in fire,  
To make the fiery bell in your walls.  
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faultless error in your ears:  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us, in your king; whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwaded in this action of swift speed,  
Cave harbourage within your city walls.  
K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Io, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And heir to all his power and benefit:  
For this down-trodden empire, we tread  
In warlike march these green's before your town;  
Being no further enemy to you,  
Thus to vanquish you, and unconfine the real  
In the relief of this oppressed child.  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince;  
And these his arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;  
Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
And, with a blessed and unexampled might  
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbrus'd,  
We will bear here that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, all alive, to reign in peace,  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer.' —  
'Tis not the roundure of your old face'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war;  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harboured'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And strike your town, whose enemy is we?  
I Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.  
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.  
I Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove royal; till that time,  
Have we remand'd up our gates against the world.  
K. John. Dost not the crown of England prove the king?  
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed. —  
Bast. Bastards, and else.  
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.  
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bodies as  
Bast. Some bastards too.  
K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.  
I Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We will not hold, or be satisfied from both.  
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In the trial of our kingdom's might.  
K. Phi. Amen, Amen—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!  
Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and  
ever since,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss, 
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.  
**Bast.** His, majesty I how high thy glory towers, 
When every drop of blood of kings is set on fire! 
O, now doth death live his dead chaps with steel; 
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs; 
And now he feasts, mouching the flesh of men, 
In undetermin'd differences of kings. 
Why stand these royal fronts and thus? 
Cry, havock, kings I back to the stained field, 
You equal potens, fierily-kindled spirits! 
Then let confusion of one part confirm 
The other's pace; till then, blows, blood, and death!  
**K. John.** Whose party do the towns men yet admit?  
**K. Phi.** Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?  
1 **Ct.** The king of England, when we know the kings. 
**K. Phi.** Know him in us, that here hold up his right. 
**K. John.** In us, that are our own great deputy, 
And bear possession of our person here; 
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you. 
1 **Ct.** One greater power than we, denies all this; 
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock 
Our former scurle in our strong-barr'd gates: 
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolved, 
Be by some certain king purged and depop'd.  
**Bast.** By heaven, these scrowles of Angiers flout you, kings; 
And stand securely on their battlements, 
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point 
At your industrious scenes and acts of death. 
Your royal presences he rul'd by me; 
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem, 
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend 
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town: 
By east and west let France and England mount 
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths; 
Till their soul-learing clamours have braw'd down 
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city: 
I'd play incessantly upon these jades, 
Even till unfenced desolation 
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air. 
That done, disserve your united strengths, 
And part your mingled colours once again; 
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point: 
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth 
But one side her happy smile, 
To whom in favour she shall give the day, 
And kiss him with a glorious victory. 
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states? 
Enact it, or make something of the policy?  
**K. John.** Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads, 
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers, 
And lay this Angiers even with the ground; 
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?  
**Bast.** An if thou hast the mettle of a king,— 
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,— 
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery, 
As we will ours, against these saucy walls: 
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground, 
Why, then defy each other: and, pell-mell, 
Marching, or upon our horses' tails. 
**K. Phi.** Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?  
**K. John.** We from the west will send destruction 
Upon the city's bosom. 
**Aust.** I from the north. 
**K. Phi.** Our thunder from the south, 
Shall rain their drudg of bullets on this town.  
**Bast.** O prudent discipline! From north to south; 
Austria and France shoot in each other's stream.  
[Aside.  
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!  
1 **Ct.** Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to 
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league; 
Win you this city without stroke or wound; 
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds, 
That here come sacrifices for the field: 
Persever in that, but hear me, mighty kings.  
**K. John.** Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.  
1 **Ct.** That daughter there of Spain, the lady Enrique, 
Is near to England; Look upon the years 
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid: 
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty, 
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche? 
If real love should go in search of virtue, 
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche? 
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanche? 
Such is she, as in beauty, virtue, birth, 
Is the young Dauphin every way complete: 
If not complete, O say, he is not she; 
And she again wants nothing, to name want, 
If want it be not, that she is not he; 
He is the half part of a blessed man, 
Left to be finished by such a she; 
And she a fair divided excellence, 
Whose fulness of perfection was in him. 
O, two such silver currents, when they join, 
Do glorify the banks that bound them in: 
And two such shores to two such streams made one; 
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings, 
To these two princes, if you marry them. 
This union shall do more than battery can, 
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match, 
With swath-like spleen than powder can enforce, 
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope, 
And give you entrance; but, without this match, 
The sea enraged is not half so deaf, 
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 
More free from motion; no, not death himself 
In mortal fury half so peremptory, 
As we to keep this city.  
**Bast.** Here's a stay, 
That shakes the rotten carcasse of old death 
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed, 
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas; 
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, 
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs? 
What cannoner begot this lusty blood? 
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and— 
He gives the bastinado with his tongue; 
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his 
But buffets better than a fist of France: 
Zounds! you never so bethum'd with words, 
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad. 
**Edi.** Son, list to this conjunction, make this match; 
Give with our niece a dowry large enough 
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 
Thy now unsuccess'd assurance to the crown, 
That your green boy shall have no sun to ripe 
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit. 
I see a yielding in the looks of France: 
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls 
Are capable of this ambition: 
Last real, now melted by the windy breath 
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse, 
Cool and congeal again to what it was.  
1 **Ct.** Why answer not the double majesties 
This friendly conference; this tender town?  
**K. Phi.** Speak England first, that hath been for-ward first 
To speak unto this city: What say you?  
**K. John.** If that the Dauphin there, thy princely sense 
Can in this book of beauty read, I love, 
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen. 
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers, 
And all the north, by this side and there, 
(Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
find liable to our crown and dignity, shall yield her bridal bed; and make her rich In titles, honours, and promotions. As she in beauty, education, blood, holds hand with your princess of the world. k. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find A wonder, or a wondrous miracle, the shadow of myself form'd in her eye; While I look out the shadow of your son, becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow: I do protest, I never lov'd myself: Till now infin'd I beheld myself. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. Best. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!-hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! And quarter'd in her heart!-he doth enpy himself love's traitor: This is pity now, That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be, in such a love, so vile a rout as he. Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine. If he see aught in you, that makes him like, That any thing he sees, which moves his liking, I would make my suit to it to my will; Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,) I will enforce it easily to my love. Further I will not flatter you, my lord, That all I see in you is worthy love, Than to prevent, you must do in you, (Though cherish thoughts themselves should be your judge,) That I can find should merit any hate. k. John. What say you, those young ones? What say you, my niece? Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say. k. John. Tell prince Deuphina; can you love this lady? Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unequally. k. John. Then do I give Volguesen, Tournai, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Pull thirty thousand marks of English coin.— Phillip of France, if thou be pleased withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands. k. Phi. It likes us well;—Young prince, close hands. Aurel. And your lips too; for, I am well assured, That I did so, when I was first assured. k. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made; For at saint Mary's chapel, presently, The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. Is not the lady Constance in this troop?— I know, she is not; for this match, made up, Her presence would have interrupted much: Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows. Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent. k. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made, Will give her sadness very little cure.— Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady? in her right we came; Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way, To our own vantage. k. John. We will heal up all; For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne, And for that end, and for this rich fair town We'll make him lord of.—Call the lady Con- stance. Some speedy messenger bid her repair To see solemnity. God trust we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in some measure satisfy her so, That we shall stop her exclamation. Go we, as well as haste will suffer us, To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp. (Exit all but the Bastard.)—The Citizens retire from the walls. Best. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition. John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath with him discharged with a part: And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on, Whom zeal and charity brought to the field, As son and sworn soldier,) roundest in the rear. With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, That broker that still breaks the pate of faith; That daily break-vow; he that wins of all The kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids; Who has hitherto, for external thing to lose, But the word maid,—-cheats the poor maid of that; That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling com- modity. Commodity, the bliss of the world; The world, who of itself is peised well, Made to run even, upon even ground; Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias, This sway of motion, this commodity, Makes it take heed from all indiscretion, From all direction, purpose, course, intent: And this same bias, this commodity, This base and wretched word, this changing word, Clapped on the outward eye of chaste France, Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid, From a resolv'd and honourable war, To a most base and vile-concluded peace.— And why mean I on this commodity? But for because he hath not wo'd me yet: Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, When his fair angels would salute my palm: No, I have seen my native to behold, As I a poor beggar, sailath on the rich. Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail, And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich; And that, as rich, my wife's virtue there to lose, To say,—there is no vice, but beggary: Since kings break faith upon commodity, Gain, be my lord! for I will person thee! [Exit. ACT III. SCENE I.—The same. The French King's Tent. Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury. Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends! Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces? It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misled; Be well adviz'd, tell o'er thy tale again: It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so: I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word Is but the vain breath of a common man: Believe me, I do not believe thee; man, I have a king's oath to the contrary. Thou shalt be punish'd for this frightning me, And sick, and incapable of future tale, Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears; A widow, husbandless, subject to fears; A woman, naturally born to fears; And though thou now confesst, thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce, But they will quake and tremble all this day, What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head? What dost thou look so sadly on my son? What meanings that band upon his breast of thine? Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum, Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds? Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? Then speak again; not all thy former tale, But this one word, whether thy tale be true. Sal. As true, as, I believe, thou thinkst false, That give you cause to prove thy saying true.
KING.

Act 3.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow, Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die; And let belief and life encounter so, As doth the fury of two desperate men, Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou? France' friend well with England! what becomes of me?—

Fellow, be gone: I cannotbrook thy sight; This news hath made thee a most ugly man. So, what other harm have I done, lady done, But spoke the harm that is by others done? Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is, As it makes harmless all that speak of it. Arth. I beseech you, madam, be content. Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim, Ugly, and sland'rous to my mother's wemb, Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains, Lame, foolish, crook'd, swart, prodigious, Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks, I would not care, I then would be content; For then I should not love thee, nor thou Become thy great birth, nor desert'st a crown. But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy! Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great: Of nature's gifts thou may'st with little boast. And Fortune half so much is thine own, O! She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee; She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John; And with her golden hand hath pluck'd'd on France To trample and profane her faith, and made And made his majesty the bawd to theirs. France is a bawd to fortune, and king John; That strumpet fortune, that usurping John.— Tell me, fair lady, is it not a good change? Envenom him with words; or get thee gone, And leave these woes alone, which I alone, Am bound to under-bear. No. Pardon me, madam, I may not go without you to the kings. Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee; I will instruct my sorrow's to be proud: For grief's is proud, and makes his owner stout. To me, and to the state of my great grief, Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great, That no supporter but the huge firm earth Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit; Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. [She throws herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elizor, Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. "Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day, Ever in France shall be kept festival: To solemnize this day, the glorious sun Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist; Turning, with splendor of his precious eye, The meagre coldly earth to glittering gold: The yearly course, that brings this day about, Shall never see it but a holyday. Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday. —

Rising.

What hath this day descriv'd? what hath it done; That it in golden letters should be set, Among the high tides, in the calendar? Nay, sorrow, wear, and weep;This day of shame, oppression, perjury. Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day, Least from that weight they lose the sight of this! But on this day, let them fear no wreck; No bargains break, that are not this day made: This day, all things begun to ill end; Yet, faith itself in hollow fates of this change! K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause To curse the fair proceedings of this day: Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty? Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit, Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn: You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood, But now in arms you strengthen it with yours: The grasping vigour and rough frown of war, Is cold in man and his adventur'd youth. And our oppression hath made up this league:— Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings! A widow, one is better, be husband to me, heavens! Let not the hours of this ungodly day Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings! Hear me, O, hear me! Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lyons! O Austria! thou dost shame That bloody spoil; thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward; Thou little valiant, great in villany! Thou ever strong upon the stronger side! Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight But when her humorous ladyship is by To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too, And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou, A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear, Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave, Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend Upon thy faith, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foes? Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs. 

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me! 

Bast. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs. 

Aust. To the darst not say so, villain, for thy life. 

Bast. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope. Pand. Hall, you anointed deputies of heaven!— To thee king John, my holy errand is. I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, And from pope Innocent the legate here, Do, in his name, religiously demand, Why thou goest against the church, our holy mother, So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce, Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop Of Canterbury, from that holy see? This, in our forefathers holy father's name, Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee. K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories, Can task the free breath of a sacred king? Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, To charge me to an answer, as the pope. Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England, Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest Shall tithe or toll in our dominions; But as we under heaven are supreme head, So, under him, that great supremacy, Where we do reign, we will alone uphold, Without the assistance of a mortal hand: So tell the pope; all reverence set apart, To him, and his usurp'd authority. K. Phi. On the letter of England, you blaspheme in this. K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom, Are led so grossly by this meddling priest, Dreading the curse that money may buy out; And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenge cherish:
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

**PONT.** Then by the lawful power that I have,
Then shall stand cur’d, and excommunicate
And blessed shall be he, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call’d,
Canonized, and worshipp’d as a saint,
That doth make void any secret course.
Thy hateful life.

**CONST.** O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while
False king, and cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

**PONT.** There’s law and warrant, lady, for my case.

**CONST.** And for mine too; when law can do no right.
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here:
For he, that holds bis kingdom, holds the law.
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

**PONT.** Philip, of France, on peril of curse,
Let go the hand of that swain at her revolution:
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

**RILL.** Lookst thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

**CONST.** Look to that, devil lest that France repent,
And, by disjointing hands, hell lose a soul.

**JNO.** King Philip, I will go to the cardinal.

**CONST.** And hang a calf’s skin on his recreant limbs.

**AUST.** Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs.

Because

**BEST.** Your breecches best may carry them.

**K. JOHN.** Philip, what sayst thou to the cardinal?

**CONST.** What should be said, but as the cardinal?

**LEW.** Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Our light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

**BLANCH.** That’s the curse of Rome.

**CONST.** O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempteth thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimm’d bride.

**BLANCH.** The lady Constance speaketh not from her faith,
But from her need.

**CONST.** O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

**K. JOHN.** The king is mov’d, and answers not to this.

**CONST.** O, be remov’d from him, and answer well.

**AUST.** Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

**BEST.** Hang nothing but a calf’s-skin, most sweet love,

**K. PHI.** I am perplex’d, and know not what to say.

**PONT.** What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more.

If thou stand communistic, and cur’d?

**K. PHI.** Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This joyful hand arme, and newly knit:
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link’d together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words;

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, beauty, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal sears;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knew, they were besom’d and over-stain’d.

With slaughter’s pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately pur’d of blood,
So late thirsting in love, so lately burn’d,
Unyle this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
This lawful son, this lawful son to match our palm’s
Unwear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless’d
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

**PONT.** All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England’s love.
Therefore, to arms, be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mockable curse, or to match our palm’s.
France, thou may’st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fastening tiger safer by the tooth,
Than thus hold, that hand which thou dost hold.

**K. PHI.** I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

**PONT.** So mak’st thou faith an enemy to faith; and
Against our church, our church, dost hold his hand.
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform’d;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What that was sworn, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself;
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it;
The better act of purposes mistake
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirec’tly thereof grow direct.
And falsehood hollow curses; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn’d.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By which thou swear’st, against the thing thou swear’st;
And mak’st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath; The truth thou art unsure
To swear only not to be sworn; else,
What else, what mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be sworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions.
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

**AUST.** Rebellion, flat rebellion!

**BEST.** Will it not be?

Will not a calf’s-skin stop that mouth of thine?

**LEW.** Father, to arms! Upon thy wedding day?

**BLANCH.** Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered
Shall braying trumpets, and loud clarilus drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, silence, how new
Is husband in my mouth—-even for that name,
Act 3.

KING JOHN.

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce, Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee, Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may Be stronger with thee than the name of wife? Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up.

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour! Len. I muse, thy majesty doth seem so cold, When such profound respects do pull you on. Pang. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need!—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, the t'eld sexton time, Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu! Which is the slave that I must go withal? I am with both; each army hath a hand; And, in their rage, I having hold of both, They whirl asunder, and dismember me. Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win; Uncle, I need must pray that thou may'st lose; Father, I may not wish the fortune thine; Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive; Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose; Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Len. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies. Blanch. There where my fortune lies, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our prissance togeth- [Exit Bastard. France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath; A rage, whose heat hath this condition, That nothing canst an alley, nothing but blood, The blood, and dearest-vain'd blood, of France. K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn To ashes here our blood shall quench that fire: Look to thy heart, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threaten's.—To arms let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous Some airy devil hovers in the sky, [hot, And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there; While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy: Philip, make My mother is assailed in its tent, [up: And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her; Her highness is in safety, fear you not: But on, my liege; for very little pains Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [To Elinor. Thy granadam loves thee; and thy uncle will As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [to the Bastard.] away for England; haste before: And, ere we come, to see the she, shake the bags Of hoarding abbotts; imprison'd angels Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon: Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me When gold and silver becks me to come on. [back, I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy,) For your faire safety, kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.


Eli. Exit Bastard. If this same were a church-yard where we stand, And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs; Or if that surly spirit, melancholy, Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick: (Which, else, runs trickling up and down the veins, Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes, And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, A passion hateful to my purposes;) Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes, Hear me without thine ears, and make reply Without a tongue, using conceit alone, Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words; Then, in despite of broodful watchful day, I would in thy bosom pour my thoughts: But ah, I will not.—Yet I love thee well; And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake, Though that my death were adjacent to my act, By heaven, I do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st? Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend, He is a very serpent in my way; And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me; Dost thou understand me? Thou art his keeper.

And I will keep him so, That he shall not offend your majesty.


Hub. My lord?


Hub. He shall not live.


I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee? Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee: Remember.—Madam, fare you well; I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. Eli. My blessing go with thee.

K. John. For England, cousin Hubert shall be your man, attend on you With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV. —The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Phillip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjointed with dishonour. [Foul weather.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can we go when we have run
so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Are we not taken prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
Overbearing interruption, spite of France?
Low. What he hath won, that he has fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such tender order in so fierce a cause,
Dost want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. I tell could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, agitateth her will,
In the vice prison of afflicted breath —
I pray thee, lady, go away with me.
Con. Lo, now! now see the name of your
peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!
Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death! that doth annihilate love;
Thou odious stem! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable beauty,
And put my eye-balls in thy vanity brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fusticate dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself;
Come, grip on me; and I will think thee small,
And blush thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. To fair affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep, that fell asleep,
Who cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scornsa a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Con. Thou art not holy: thou art my so:
I am not mad: I care what hair I tear, I care;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: — I would to heaven, I were!
For them, 'tis like, I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
—
Presch some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal:
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason.
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If we were mad, I should forget my son;
O, I would think, a beaute of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I
In the fair multitude of those hair's!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand of my friends
Lie for it themselves in socieble grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Con. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hair's.
Con. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I
do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem those
As they have given those hair's their liberty?
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child's with a prophet's child,
And, faithfull Constance, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven
If that be true, I shall see my boy again; For,
Since the birth of Cain, the fairest male child,
To be holden but yesterday susipte,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost; As
dim and meagre as an ague's fit; And
so he'll die, and, rising, so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Con. He talks to me, that never did
love;
K. Phi. For grief doth know no fond of grief;
And your child.
Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembered all of all his grace and part.
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[Teared off her head-dress.
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur! — O my food, my all the world!
My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

Low. There's nothing in this world, can make
me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
And this shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste,
That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in Instant of repair and rest,
That's strongest; evil, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Low. And all the glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you have won it, certainly, you had
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye,
'Tis strange to think how much king John hath
lost,
In this which he accounts so clearly won;
Are you not grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?
Low. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit; For even the breath of what I say to speak.
Shall, in each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore,
mark:
John hath mad'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misprison'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A scepter, which is w'd with an unruly hand,
Must be so boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes hire of no wise hold to stay him up,
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(But I had a princess wrung it me,) and
I did ne'er ask it you to kiss it, nor
With my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time:
Saying, What if you lack you? and,
Where lies your grief?

Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And never have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince,

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

I have sworn to do it;
And with hot iron must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence.

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out.

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boistrously?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert I drive these men away,
And I will take as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

U 2
...in such a deed.

[Enter Attendants.]

KING. Alas! it then have chid away my friend: He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart. — Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

KING. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

KING. O heaven! that there were but a mote in
A grain, a dust, a guat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boast'rous there.
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

KING. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleasing for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; () spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my truth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

KING. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

KING. And if you do, you will but make it blushing,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snarling and baring what teeth doth tarm him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mere surviving uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Vengeance, and death, did purpose, boy.
With this same very iron to burn them out.

KING. () now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fit these dogg'd spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep dobbolasly, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

KING. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.]

SCENE II. —The same. A Room in State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
Ordain'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd;
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And it high royalty was never pluck'd off;
The faiths of men never stain'd with revol't;
Fresh expectation troubl'd not the land,
With any long'd for change, or better state.
Sal. There were, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the heavens brighter than to grismus,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And from the last repeating, troublesome,
Being nrg'd at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
(Of plain old form is much disfigur'd;
And to a shifted wind unto this fault
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspect;
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. Even workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Both make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleased,
Since a part of what was advis'd,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And, in the last repeating, troublc's my fear,
I shall induc e you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,) Both for myself and them, (but chief of all,
Your safety, for the sake whereof I have
Hend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your kingdom, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise
That the time's enemies may not have this occasion,
To go a-begging, and let it be our world,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our seal, on you depending,
Comits it your seal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between two purposes, and his business,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set;
His passion is so rife, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good long, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
KING JOHN.

Act 4.

Before the child himself felt he was sick;
This may be said, or, rather, heard, hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sol. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it;
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pom. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And bear the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad word the while!
That blood will not be thus this blood,
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[Exeunt Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have send'd him in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John, Where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died.
Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed; dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose sovereignty these powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are laded here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
As I travelled hither in those cheeks,
Find the people strangely fantasi'd;
Possess'd with dreams, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And, to be SEEN, in fear and durst,
Wish'd I might fall on him,
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
The hour at which he would ascend.
Ascends he to-night. His highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?
Peter. To break knowing that the truth will fall out.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him hang'd;
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies;
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste, the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed

K. John. Spoke like a spritifule noble gentle-
man.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

K. John. My mother dead!
[Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth wipe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsify'd thrust upon contrary feet,) Told of a many thousand warr'd in French,
That were embattell'd and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean undaw'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urg'st thou so oft young Arthur's death? Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hast done none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not pro-
voke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To undersell a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. Within the last account twixt heaven
and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the hand of man, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
Enter the Bastard.

**Bast.** One more to-day well met, distemper'd with the king.

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

**Sal.** The king hath dispos'd of himself of us; we will not line his thin besmeared cloak with our pure honours, nor attend the foot that leaves a trail of blood where'er it walks; return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

**Bast.** Whatever you think, good words, I think, were best.

**Sal.** Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

**Bast.** But there is little reason in your grief; therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

**Pem.** Pray, sir, impartiality hath his privilege.

**Bast.** 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

**Sal.** This is the prince: What is he lies here? [Seizing Arthur.

**Pem.** O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

**Sal.** Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open, to rage where'er it walks:

**Big.** Oh, when he doth this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

**Sal.** Sir Richard, what think you? Have you been to the world?

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this bit,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,

The world's swagg'y, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath, or starving rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

**Pem.** All murderers past do stand excus'd in this

And this so noble, so unmatchable;

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegot'ten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

**Bast.** It is a dammed and bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand;

If that it be the work of any hand.

**Sal.** If that it be the work of any hand?—

We have a kind of light, what would enshrine

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

The practice, and the purpose, of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathless silence

The incense of a vow, a holy vow;

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

Till I have set a glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of revenge.

**Pem.** Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

**Enter Hubert.**

**Hub.** Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

**Sal.** O, he is bold, and blisters not at death—

Avast, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

**Hub.** I am no villain.

**Sal.** Must I rob the law?

**Big.** Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

**Sal.** Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

**Hub.** Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours—

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
KING JOHN.

Act 4.

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child, And follow me with speed; I'll to the king: A thousand businesses are brief in hand, And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

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

Enter King John, Pandulf with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [Giving John the crown.]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority. K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French; And from his holiness use all your power To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd. Our discontented counties do revolt; Our people quarrel with obedience; Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul, To strange blood, to foreign rivalry. This inundation of mistemper'd humour Rests by you only to be qualified. Then pause not; for the present time's so sick, That your best medicine must be minister'd, Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up, Upon your stubborn usage of the pope: But, since you are a gentle convertible, My tongue shall hush again this storm of war, And make fair weather in your blustering land. On this Ascension-day, remember well, Upon your oath of service to the pope, Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work? Beyond the infinite and boundless reach Of mercy, if you did this deed of death, Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir;

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more damn'd than prince Lucifer: There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,

If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair, And, if thou wert a cord, the thickest thread The spider twisted from her womb Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be A beam to hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself, Put but a little leaver in a spoon, And it shall be as all the ocean, Enough to stifle such a villain up. I do suspect thee very grievously. Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath Which was embroiled in this beastly cove, Let hell want pains enough to torture me! I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.— I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way Among the thorns and dangers of this world. But how may Ist thou take all England up! From forth this morsel of deadly raft, The life, the right, and truth of all this realm Is fled to heaven; and England now is left To tug and struggle, and to part by the teeth The unwieldy interest of proud-swelling state. Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty, Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest, And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace: Now powers from home, and discontented at home, Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,) The eminence decay of wrested pomp. Now happy he, whose cheek and chute can...

[Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet Say, that before Ascension-day at noon, My crown I should give off? Even so I have: I did suppose, it should be on constraint; But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out, But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers: Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer service to your enemy; And wild amazement hurries up and down The little number of your doubtful friends. K. John. Would not my lords return to me again, After they heard young Arthur was alive? Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets; An empty casket, where the jewel of life By some damn'd hand was rob'd and ta'en away. K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did it.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? Be great in act as you have been in thought; Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust, Govern the motion of a kingly eye: Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire; Threaten the threaten'r, and outface the brow Of bragging horror; so shall in us, That borrow their behaviour's from the great, Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntless spirit of resolution. Away; and glitter like the god of war, When he intendeth to become the field; Show boldness and aspiring confidence. What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said,—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And peace, and peace, such peace as is in night.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And I have sworn to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuate, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a heartless boy,
A cocker'd silk'en wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I
Must be the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both then, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sol. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unswear'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul.
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And isn't not pity, O my griev'd friends! that we,
The sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this:
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,) to
Grace the gentrity of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst not
remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And to the pleasant land of foreign lands.
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unenjoyably!
Bast. These same gentlemen, and not these,
And great affections, writhing in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honor so dear.
Thy silverly doth progress on thy cheeks
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary involution;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thou, in thy royal majesty, art hard;
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This aspish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unskill'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these piggym arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chess's trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To some annoyance that comes upon his nest.—
And you derogate, you intrigue revolt,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For, in your ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination shall.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst outcounsel us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabiler.

Pan. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brduc'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and an answer shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the wittkin's ear.
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,) Is warlike John; and in his forefront sits
A bare-riv'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinested, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on to toward Swinested: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Another part of the same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and others.

SAL. I did not think the king so sturd' with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French.

SAL. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SAL. When were we happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

SAL. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread that thistle eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French he lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn.
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even in the form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all decet?
Why should I then be false; since it is true?
That I must die here, and live in my truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire:
Paying the fine of rated treachery.
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and tumult of the field;—
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

SAL. We do believe you, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untried the steps of dammed flight;
And, like a hasted and retired fool,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience.
Even to our great king, king John.—

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death.
KING JOHN.

Act V.$

Scene V.—The same. The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was lost!

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured back their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleshot,
After such bloody told, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Lew. Here — What news

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! — Be shrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me. — Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well: keep good quarters, and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure to-morrow. [Exit.

Scene VI.—An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho I speak quickly, or
I shoot.

Bast. A friend. — What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame. — Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
To find you out. — [night.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news. — I am not wise, I'll not be soon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose heart is suddenly burst by the king.
Yet speaks, and perdurance, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a cloud,
And mode of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven knows, he now shall answer us.

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
In the washes, all unwarily,
Devour'd by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my Lord!--But now a king,—now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone yet? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall besought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pundulphe is within at rest.
Who halfe an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well seasoned to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the seasides, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal.

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must my body be inter'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay this time but needful woo,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, (nor never shall,) Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us true,
If England to itself do rest but true.

—Exeunt.
KING RICHARD II.

Act 1.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and

Norfolks.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!—
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
And 1 am thankful to my crown!—

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flat,
Setters, us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

Come, show me what deeds of blood you do.
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my
speech) In the defence of a subject's love,
Offering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Then art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uigour seem the clouds that in it fly.
On you more, the more to aggravate the note,
With which I name thee. I must be bold,
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I more,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove.

Nor. The weight of cold words here accesse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause between us twain:
The blood that must be shed in this case,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From devotion and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kineman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a foot.
Eveven to the edge of the lips,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hearth, my heart, my head, my foot.
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my page,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Nor. I take it up; and, by that word I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!
K. Rich. Then say, both our cousin lay to Mowbray's
charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. I look, what I speak my life shall prove
true:—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
in name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath dethair'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
't here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treason, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.

Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good—
That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death:
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sinica'd his innocent soul through streams of
blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To the, for justice, and tough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. 0, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How of a traitor, good men, how to soul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impatience are our eyes and
ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,) Nor may my scepter's name have
which
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
If in the subject, Mowbray, be the traitor,
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou

Three parts of that receipt I had for Cialia,
Disbur'sd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserved I by consent;
For a remission, and as a pledge of my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's
death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty In that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay in a dish, in a dish, to thy life,
A treaspe that doth vex my grievous soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly hagg'd
Of God's pardons; and, I do believe
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my page
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
me.
Let's pursue this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctrine this, it is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll call the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?

Obdurate bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there
is no boot.
Act I.

KING RICHARD II.

Nor. Myself I throw, dreadful sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my dutty owes: but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,) To dark dishonour use thou shalt not lose,
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here; Pierc'd to the soul with slanderer's venom'd spear; The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me my gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but a begin.

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord, The purest treasure mortals time afford, Is—spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded foam, or painted clay. A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest, Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try:
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. God defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight? Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height How should I, that did not once disgrace Shall wound mine honour with such feeble woe, Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear The sluggish motive of recanting fear;

And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace, Where shall the doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exeunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command.
Which once we cannot do to make you friends, Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate That settling differences of our settled hate; Since we cannot atone you, we shall see Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Marshal, command our officers at arms Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood Doth more solicit me, than your exclaiming, To stir against the butchers of his life.

But since correction lie thir'd in the lands Which made the fault that we cannot correct, Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven; Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth, Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur? Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one, Were as seven phials of his sacred blood, Or seven fair branches springing from one root: Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course, Some of those branches by the destinies cut: But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,— One phial full of Edward's sacred blood, One flourishing branch of his most royal root, Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor split; Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe. Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,

That matle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee, Made thee a man; and though thou liest, and breath'st, Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent In some large measure to thy father's death; In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life. Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair: In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd, Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life, Teaching stern murder, how to butcher thee: That which in mean men we entitle—patience, Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life, The best way is— to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel: for heaven's substitute, His deputy anointed in his sight, Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully, Let heaven beavenge; for I may never lift An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas? I may I complain myself? Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight: O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or, if misfortune miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A caitiff recrapt to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife, With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. So be it, Farewell: I must to Coventry: As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more:—Grief boundeth where it falls, Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: I take my leave before I have begun: For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so; Though thou be all, do not so quench me: I shall remember more. Bid him,— 0, what?— With all good speed at Flashy visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York see, But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls, Unpeopled offices, untrou'den stones? And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans? Therefore commend me; let him not come there, To seek our borrow, that swells every where: Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die; The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Gosford, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd? Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold, Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet. Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd and stay For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his throne: Gaunt, and several Noblemen also take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion The cause of his arrival here in arms: Ask him his name; and orderly proceed To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art. And why thou com'st, thus knighthly clad in arms: Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel: Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath; And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk:
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven forefend, a knight should violate!
Both to defend my loyalty and truth.
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
I resolve him, in defending myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me!
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.]

Trumpet sounds. Kater Bollingbrooke, in armour:
preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither.
Thus platted in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is his name? and wherefore cometh
thos hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom cometh thou? and what's thy
reason?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To me, by heaven's grace, and my body's value,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. Learn, good marshal, let me kiss thy sovereign's
hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty.
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all due grants your highness
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our
arms.

Counsel of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be the fortune in this royal fight!

Boling. 0, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, with Vere's noblest spear.
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, [to Lord Marshall.] I take my leave
of you.

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regard:
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
0 thou, the earthily author of my blood,

[To Gaunt.]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Both with a two-fold vigour like the me:
To reach at victory above my head—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point;
That it may enter Mowbray's waken cost,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'avour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
propitious.

He swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive.

[He takes his seat.]

Nor. [Rising.]—However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,
There lieth the rules, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman;
Never did captive with a fierer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His native land; my mind's end to re-establish,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Eating from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I esp'y
Virtue with colour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The King and the Lords return to their seats.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope, I
cry.—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [to an Officer],] to Tho-
mas, duke of Norfolk.

I Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk,
on pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And set him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk,
on pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve;
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attend but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-
batants.

[As charge sounded.]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spaps,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.

Boling. [Draw near.]

[To the Combatants.

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be solid
With blood shed which it hath provoked;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword.

And fill my heart with eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To make our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so round'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines f tightening fair peace,
And make us wake even in our kindred's blood—
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not approach our fair dominions;
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my com-
fort be,
That such; as warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remaineth a heavier
penalty:
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly slow hours shall not determine
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
KING RICHARD II.

Act I

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege, And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth: A dearer merit, not so deep a main As the之内aust of thy countenance, my liege, Have I deserved at your highness' hand. The language I have learn'd these forty years, My native English, now I must forego: And now my tongue's use is to no more, Than an unstringed viol, or a harp: Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up, Or, being open, put into his hands. That knows no touch to tune the harmony, Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue, Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips; And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance Is made my gosler to attend on me. I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, Too far in years to be a pupil now: What is thy sentence then, but speechless death, Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath? K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate; After our sentence playing comes too late. Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light, To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee. Lay on thy royal sword your banish'd hands; Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven, (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,) To keep the oath that we administer: You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !) Embrace each other's love in banishment; Nor never look upon each other's face; Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate; Nor never by advised purpose meet, To plot, contrive, or complot any ill, 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy; — By this time, had the king permitted us, One of our souls had wander'd in the air, Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh, As now our flesh is banish'd from this land: Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm; Since thou hast far to go, bear not along The clogging burden of a guilty soul. Nor. By this, Bolingbroke, and ever I were traitor, My name be blotted from the book of life, And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence! But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know; And how I fell rue — Farewell, my liege: — Now no way can I stray; Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect Hath from the number of his banish'd years Pluck'd four away; — six frozen winters spent, Return [to Boling.] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word! Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs, End in a word; Such is the breath of kings. Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me, He shortens four years of my son's exile: But little vantage shall I reap thereby; For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend, Can change their moods, and bring their times about, My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewast'd light, Shall be extinct with age, and endless night; My son, my son, is at the door, and gone, And blindfold death not let me see my son. K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrows, And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow: Thou canst not help time to furrow me with age, But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage: Thy word is current with him for my death: But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath. K. Rich. Thy soul is in good ease, my gentle lord; Whereeto thy tongue a party-verbatim: Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower? Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour. Thou urg'dst me not as a judge; but I had rather, Thou wouldst have bid me argue like a father: — O, had it been a stranger, not my child, To smooth his fault I should have been more mild: A partial slander sought I to avoid, And in the sentence my own life destroy'd: Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say, I was too strict, to make mine own away; But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue, Against my will, to do myself this wrong. K. Rich. Cousin, farewell: — and, uncle, bid him so; Six years we banish him, and he shall go.


Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know, From where you do remain, let paper show. Mor. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words, That thus return'st no greeting to thy friends? Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you, When the tongue's office should be prodigal To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart. Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time. Boling. Thy absent, grief is present for that time. Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so, Which fign^{s} it an enforced pilgrimage. Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps Esteem a fole, wherein thou art to set The precious jewel of thy home-return. Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make Will but reinforce me, what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love. Must I not serve a long apprenticeship To foreign passages; and in the end, Having my freedom, boast of that else But that I was a journeyman to grief? Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits, Are to a wise man ports and happy havens; Teach thy necessity to reason thus; There is no virtue like necessity. Think not, the king did banish thee; But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit, Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. Go, say,—I sent thee forth to purchase honour, And not,—the king exil'd thee: or suppose, Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, And thou art flying to a fresher clime. Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds, musicians; The grass the season thou tread'st, the presence strew'd: The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more Than a delightful measure, or a dance; For garling sorrow, the harder will the bitter bite The man that mocks at it, and sets it light. Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand, By thinking on the frosty Caucasus! Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite, By bare imagination of a feast?
KING RICHARD II.

Act 2.

SCENE IV. — The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green; Aumerle following.

K. Rich. We did observe — Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aumer. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so.

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Auer. More, my Lord, not by me, except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awak’d the sleeping tear; and so, by chance,

Lid grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted?

Aum. Farewell! [with him?] And, for my heart disdained that my tongue

Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,

That words seem’d buried in my soul’s grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen’d hours,

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells.

But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but I doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,

Observe’d his courtship to the common people:

How their new friends seem to dive into their maxims,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,

And patient under-bearing of his fortune,

As ’twere, to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-tench;

A brace of draymen bid — God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee.

With,— Thanks, my countryman, my loving friends;

As we were England in reverision his,

And he our subjects’ next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he’s gone; and with him go these.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;

— Expedient manage must be made, my Liege;

Lest further leisure yield them further means,

For their new friends seem to dive into their maxims,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,

And patient under-bearing of his fortune,

As ’twere, to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-tench;

A brace of draymen bid — God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee.

With,— Thanks, my countryman, my loving friends;

As we were England in reverision his,

And he our subjects’ next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he’s gone; and with him go these.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.

And, for our coffers— with too great a court,

And liberal largesses — are grown somewhat light,

We are enforce’d to farm our royal realm;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us.

For our affairs in hand: If that come short,

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Where the graver knows what men are rich.

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants;

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy. What news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;

Sudden distress; and hath sent post-haste,

To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.


To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —

Come, gentleman, let’s all go visit him;

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in Ely-house.

Gaunt on a couch; the Duke of York, and others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe

my last

In whose same counsel to his unstable youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

And, though they say, the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony;

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent

in vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in

He, that no more must say, is list’ned more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose;

More are men’s ends mark’d, than their lives before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;

Writ in remembrance, more than things long past

Though Richard my life’s counsel would not hear,

My death’s sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp’d with other flattering
sounds,

As praises of his state: then, there are found

Laevicis metres; to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen;

Report of fashions in proud Italy;

Whose maids still our tardy sphyn nation

Limp in after in base imitation;

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,

(So it be new, there’s no respect how vile.)

That is not quickly buzz’d into his ears?

Then I, in like state comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit’s regard;

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;

’Tis breath thou lack’st, and that breath will thou
lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir’d;

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;

For violent fires soon burn out themselves:

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;

With easy feeding, food doth choke the feeder.

Light vanity, insatiate corromptor,
Consuming means, soon prey’s upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter’d isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This fortress, built by nature for herself,

Against infection, and the hand of war:

This happy breed of men, this little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a most defensive to a house.

Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-
land,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Act 2. KING RICHARD II.

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth, Renowned for their deeds as far from home, (For Christian service, and true supersity,) As is the squinch in stonborn Jewry.

Of the world's dear sons, blessed Mary's son: This land of such dear souls, this dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world, It's now, I find out (I die professed,) Like to a tenement, or pelting farm;

England, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege Of the same with which I bound in with shame. With Inky blots, and rotten parchmen bonds; That England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shameful conquest of itself: Of all that I was, the saddest issue is: How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard and Queen; Aumerle, Busby, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;

For young hot colts, being rags'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how 'is with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compos-

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old: Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt? For slovening England long time have I watch'd; Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt: The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon, Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks; And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt; Gaunt, for the grave, gaunt, for the grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones. K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself: Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men liviing flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatt-

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill: I'll in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill, Thy death beded is not lesser than thy land, Wherein thou liest in reputation sick; And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Commit'st thy anointed body to the care Of those physicians that first wounded thee: A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged in so small a verge, The waste is no whit lesser than thy land. O, had thy grandharte, with a prophet's eye, Seen how his son's should destroy his sons, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame!

Deposition before thou went possess'd, Which art possess'd now to depose thyself. Why, cousin, went thou regent of the world, It were a shame, to let this land by lease: By his hand, standing in thy hand be this land, Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king: Thy state of law is bondslave to the law; And hence—

K. Rich. —a lunatick lean-witted fool, Presuming on an ague's privilege, Dar'st with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,

With fury, from his native residence.

Now by my seat's right royal majesty, Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son, This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy unrevend shoul-

Gaunt. Let me spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son; That blood already, like the pelican, Hast thou ta'en out, and drank only carous'd:

My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul, (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls) May be a precedent and witness good, That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood: Join with the present sickness that I have; And thy unkindness be like crooked age, To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower, Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!— These words hereafter thy tormentors be! Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live, that love and honour have. [Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words To wayward sickness and thy age, I say; He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear

As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here. K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's lived, So has he:

As thers, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commendns him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars: We must supplant those rough rug-headed pars; Which live like venom, where no venom else, But only they, hath privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards of assistance, we do so great a press:

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.— I am the last of noble Edward's sons, Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first; In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce, In peace was never gentle lamb more mild, Than was that young and princely gentleman: His face thou hast, for even so look'd he. Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours; But, when he frown'd, it was against the French, And not against his friends: his noble hand Did win war, and war, with his scandalous garb, That Which his triumphant father's hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kins.

O, Richard! York is too far gone in grief, Or else he knew not what to compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pray'd not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek ye to see, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Exeter dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was it not just? and is not Harry true?
Uld not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
To be his rights away, and take from time his charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But in thy own dominion, and according
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!) If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His lively, and deny the offer'd hommage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Yor. I will not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:

What will ensue hereafter, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
The heigh thereon men may never fall untoward. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Elly house,
To see the bashful To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and, 'tis time, I trow;
And we cre te, in absence of ourself.
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and to always us well.
Come on, Lord Wiltshire; to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Exeunt.

North. Well, lords, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rose. The earl is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him never
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Wil. Tends that thou'dt speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, our wish it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Rose. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Repose and guided of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatters: and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst those that oppose, our children and our heirs.

Rose. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For his service in the pursuance of the state.
Wil. And daily new excursions are desiv'd as:
As blinks, benevolence, and I wot not what;
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not:
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows:
Mere hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rose. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Wills. The king's crown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dishonour, hang her over him.

Rose. And yet both not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxation notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate

But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet with rancour, but securely perish.

Rose. We see the very wreck that we must suffer:
And unavoidable is the danger now,
For suffering the causes of our wreck.

North. Nor too; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rose. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
That is, he hath robb'd, heigh, lord Cobham,
The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,

Tast late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Lyngbourn, sir John Northumberland,
Sir John Needlery, sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoin,——

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Burgundy,
With many tull ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedition,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps, they had ere this: but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.
Redeem from breaking pawn the blemish'd crown.
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptor's gilt,
And make our High majesty look like itself.

Away, with me, in post to Havenspur
But if you fail, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Rose. My thoughts worse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad
You promised, when you parted, to stay with
To lye aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Spare bidding farewell so to sweet a guest
As myself, and, in parting, foreign'd from my lord the king.

Bushy. Ephesian. — Every substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself; but are not so:
For my grief is clad with black and white:
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd away,
Distinguish form; so your sweet majesty,
Looking upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wait,
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Flashy, to my sister Glose;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.  
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:  
To-day, as I came by, I called there:—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.  
York. What is it, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.  
York. God for his mercy! what a time of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
I know not what to do:—I would to God,  
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)  
The king must off my head with my brother's.  
What are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, [to the Servant.] get thee home, provide  
some carts,  
And bring away the armour that is there.—
Serv. Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:  
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; the other again,  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, some I must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.  
I should to Flashy too;—  
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ire-  
land.
But none returns. For us to levy power,  
Proportionable to the enemy,  
Is all impossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for  
their love  
Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.  
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-  
demn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we have never been near the king.
Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle:  
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us;  
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—  
Will you go along with us?  
Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell; if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York strives to beat back Bol-  
ingbroke.
Green. A poor duke! the task he undertakes  
is—num'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.  
Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and  
ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Glos tershire.  
Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with  
Forces.
Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?  
North. Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Glos tershire.

X 2
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them warsome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been so sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurge to Oswestry, will be found,
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done.

By sight of what I have, your noble company,
Your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learnt
His health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurge,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkeley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there; Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurge.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, in being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I shall account me no less in thee than in thyself,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by you tuft of trees.
Msm'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby, bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues.
A banter his master; all my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble
Wills. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raise with these of your honour out—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,) From the most glorious regent of this land, The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!—

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace— In an honest mouth, is but to me a jest.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Darr'd once to touch a dust of England's ground? But then more why;—Why have they darr'd to
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom:
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?

Com't then, because the anointed king is hence:— Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself, Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French; O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine, Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee, father,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,— In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy banishment,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:

But as I come, I come for Lancaster. And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye: You are my father, for, methinks in you I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father! Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties Pluck'd from my arms perform, and given away To upset unthrifts? Wherefore w's I born? If that my cousin king be king of England, It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster. You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman; Had you first died, and he been thus trod down, He should have found, in his uncle's name, father, To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am desir'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods and lands, all distrain'd, and sold; And these, and these, and all amiss employ'd;
What would you have me do? I am a subject, And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me,
**KING RICHARD II.**

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
To be towards his grace by his endowments-
Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Wil. Base men by his endowments are made

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs, [this,—
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be he in man or man in my way,
To find out right with wrong—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign law of God and men;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And then repose you for which you wish.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they, say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The cataphracts of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go with you—but yet
I'll pause.
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress, are now with me past care.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king:
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven.
The pale-fair moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-lion'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leaap—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell! our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good fortune goes. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls (Since presenty your souls must part your bodies), With too much urging your pernicious lives, For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here, in the view of men, I will unfold some causes of your death. You have missed a prince, a royal ransom:
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unhappied and disfigured clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorce between your queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sild my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—
To show the world I am a gentleman. [this,
This, and much more, much more than twice all
Condemns you to the death—See them deliver'd
To execution and the hand of death. [over
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me.

Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. To the lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.
[Exeunt Northumberland and others, with Prisoners.

Uncle, you, the queen is at your house:
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated;
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away;
To fight with (glendorow and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.


K. Rich. Barkoughley castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy.
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands,
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doling annoneance to the treacherous foe,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I throw it on a living bed;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjunction, lords;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, even her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, sir; that Power, that made ye  
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And could not love you, then you must not refuse;  
The proffer’d means of succour and redress.  
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable counsel I know’t thou not,  
That when the searching eye of heaven is bid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pipes,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detestableness,  
The cloak of night being placed from off their heads.

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revel’d in the night,  
While the moonlight was not with them good—  
Shall we see rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day.  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord;  
Foremost he that rais’d him hath presa’d,  
To lift shrv’d steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall: for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salsbury.

Welcome my lord: How far off lies your power?  
Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm: Discomf’t, guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
Our strength now waxeth meagre, and more dear,  
Hath clouded all the happy days on earth:  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And than shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
Threws thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diapers’d, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace  
so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:  
And, till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.  
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.  
K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?  
A wake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.  
Is not the king’s name forty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
Not more than a plover’s wing in the sky.  
Look not to the ground: Ye favourites of a king:  
Are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,

Than can my care-tan’d tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-  
par’d;  
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfeel.  
Not that, nor yet, what was my care?  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,  
We’ll serve him too, and be his fellow so:  
Revolving truths? that we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God, as well as us:  
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;  
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.  
Scroop. Lord, am I, that your highness is so arm’d  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearless land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White beards have arm’d their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty: boys, with women’s voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff and bulky arms against thy crown.  
Thy very beardsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yes, distant women manage rusty bills  
Against the heat: both in our place of rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell’st a tale  
so ill.  
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
I prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,  
my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn’d without re-  
demption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm’d, that sting my  
heart.

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!  
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the base and basest cause of hate.  
Again uncure their souls: their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you  
curse.  
Have felt the worst of death’s destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav’d in the hollow ground.  
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-  
shire, dead?  
Scroop. Yes, all of them at Bristol lost their  
heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?  
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort so man  
shall have.

Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let’s choose executors, and talk of wills:  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deceased bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke’s,  
And nothing can we call our own, but death;  
And that small model of the better earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones  
For heaven’s sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And to the sad stories of the death of kings —  
How some have been depo’d, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos’d,  
Some poison’d by their wives, some sleeping kill’d;  
All murder’d,—For within the hollow crown,  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits, Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp; Allow him a break, a little scene To monarchical, be feared, and kill with looks; Infusing him with self and vain conceit.— As if this flesh, which walls about our life, Were brass impassable, and, humour'd thus, Conforms to man, and last, and with a roar Bore through his castle wall, and—farewell king! Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood With solemn reverence; throw away respect, To ceremony, and ceremonious awe For you have but mistook me all this while: I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief, Need friends:—Subjected thus, How can you say to me, I am a king? Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes, But presently prevent the ways to wall. To fear the foe, since fear oppreath strength, Giveth, in your weakness, strength unto your foe, And so your follies fight against yourself. Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight: And fight and die, is death destroying death; Where fear dying, pays death servile breath. 

Am. My father hath a power, enquire of him; And learn to make a body of a limb. K. Rich. Thou childish man!—Proud Bolingbroke's canst! To change blows with thee for our day of doom. This ague-fit of fear is over-blown; An easy task it is, to win our own.— Say, in what place, where liveth Bolingbroke with his power? Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour. Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky The state and inclination of the day: So may you by my dull and heavy eye, My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say. I play the tormentor, by small and small, To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken— Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke; And all your northern castles yielded up, And all your southern gentlemen in arms Upon his party. K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.— Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth To Aumerle. Of that sweet way I was in to despair! What say you now? What comfort have we now? By heaven! it is enough! Why, my lord, That hinders me of comfort any more. Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away; A king, whose slave, shall kinglily woe obey. That power I have, discharge; and let them go To that great land that hath some hope to grow, For I have none:—Let no man speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain. 

Am. My liege, one word. K. Rich. He does me double wrong. That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue. Discharge my followers, let them hence:—Away, From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [Exeunt.] SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle. Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke and Forces: York, Northumberland, and others. Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn, The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed, With some few private friends, upon this coast. North. The news is very fair, and good, my lord; Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head. York. It would be seemle the lord Northumberland- To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day, When such a sacred king should hide his head! North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief, Left I his title out. York. The time hath been, Would you have been so brief with him, he would Have been so brief with you, to shorten you, For taking upon the head, your whetstone's length. Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should. York. Take not, good cousin, further than you shoule. 

Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head. Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not Myself against their will.—But who comes here? Enter Percy. Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield? Percy. The castle royally is man'd, my lord, Against thy entrance. Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king? Percy. Yes, my good lord, It doth contain a king; king Richard lies Within the limits of yon lime and stone: And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn. North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle. Boling. Noble Lord, To North. Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle; Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parie Into his rebel ears, and thus deliver. Harry Bolingbroke On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand; And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart, To his most natural person: hither come Even at his feet to lay my arms and power; Provided that, my banishment repeal'd, And lands restor'd again, be freely granted If not, I'll use the advantage of my power, And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood, Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen: 

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke It is, such crimson tempes should bedrench The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land, My stooping duty tenderly shall show. Go, signify as much; whilst here we march Upon the grassy carpet of this plain—[Northumberland advances to the castle, with a trumpet. Let's march without the noise of threatening drum, That from the castle's tooter'd battlements Our fair appointments may be well perus'd. Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet With no less terror, in the solitary concert Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven. Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water: The rage be his, while on the earth I rain My waters; on the earth, and not on him. March on, and mark king Richard how he looks. A purle wounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King Richard, the bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury. York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear. As doth the blushing discontented sun, From out the fiery portal of the east: When he perceives the envious clouds are bent To dim his glory, and to stain the track Of his bright passage to the occident. Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye, As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe, That any harm should stain so noble a show! K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, To Northumberland. Because we thought ourself thy lawful king: And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence? If we be not, show us the hand of God That hath disdained us from our stewardship: For we know not, nor have we known, And though you think, that all, as you have done, Have torn their souls, by turning them from us, And cast us barren, and bereft of friends: Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent, Is mastering in his clouds, on our behalf, Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike Your children yet unborn, and unbegot: That lift your vassal hands against my head, And threat the glory of my precious crown. Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,) That every stripe he makes upon my land, Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope The purple testament of bleeding war; But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons Shall become the flower of England's face: Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace To scarlet indignation, and bedew Her pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms Be rush'd upon? Thy thrice-noble cousin, Ha'ing millen both harkly in thy hand; And by the honourable tomb he weares, That stands upon thy royal grand sire's bones; And by the royalties of both your bloods, Curvatures that show from one most serious head; And by the bared hand of warlike guant: And by the worth and honour of himself, Comprising all that may be sworn or said,— His coming hither hath no further scope, Than to fetch forth his fine legions, and Enfranchise-lment immediate on his knees; Which on thy royal party granted once, His glittering arms be will commend to rust, His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart To faithful service of your majesty. This swears he, as he is a prince, is just; And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thence the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither, And all the number of his fair demands Shalt be accomplished with the utmost pacation: With all the gracious utterance thou hast, Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.— We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not, Aumerle. To look so poorly, and to speak so fair? Shalt we call back Northumberland, and send Defiance to the traitor, and so die? Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words.

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That said the sentence of dread bustainment On you proud man, should take it off again With words of sooth; O, that I were so great As your chief self, or less than your chief self! Or that I could forget what I have been! Or not remember what I must be now! Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit? The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd? The king shall be contented: Must he be lose The name of king? o'God's name, let it go: I'll do for a jewel a set of stone; My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown; My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood; My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff; My subjects, for a pair of cursed saints; And my large kingdom for a little grave, A little little grave, an obscure grave:— Or I'll be buried in the king's highway, Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet May lightly trample on their sovereign's head, For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live; And, buried once, why not upon my head?— Aumerle, thou weep'st: My tender-hearted cou

We'll make foul weather with desplièd tears; Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn, And make a dearth in this revolting land. Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, And make some pretty match with shedding tears? As thus:—To drop them still upon one place, Till they have fretted us a pair of graves Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There lies Two kinmen, dear'd their graves with weeping eyes? Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see I talk but idly, and you mock at me.— Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland, The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay. North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend To speak to you; you may't please you, to come down?

[Theaeton, from above.


Enter King Richard, and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart, And show fair duty to his majesty,— My gracious lord,—K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee, To make the base earth proud with kissing it: Me rather had, my heart might see you weep, And slumbering eyes should me appear. Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know, Thus high at least, [touching his own head.] although your knee be low. [own.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord, As my true service shall deserve your love. K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have, That know the strongest and surest way to get— Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes: Tears show their love, but want their remedies:— Cousin, I am too young to be your father, Though you are old enough to be my heir. What you will have, I'll give, and willing too; For do the best, what force will have we do— Set on towards London—Cousin, is it so? Boling. Yes, my good lord.


SCENE IV.—Langley. The Duke of York's Garden. Enter the Queen and two Ladies. Queen. What sport shall we devise here in This to drive away the heavy thought of care? [garden,
Act 3.

KING RICHARD II.

[Scene: The garden of the Palace of Westminster.]

LADY. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN. 'Twill make me think. The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune runs 'gainst the bias.

LADY. Madam, we will dance.

QUEEN. My legs can keep no measure in delight, When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief: Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

LADY. Madam, we'll tell a tale.

QUEEN. Of sorrow, or of joy?

LADY. Of either, madam.

QUEEN. Of neither, girl: For I of joy, being altogether wrong, It doth remember me the more of sorrow; Or if of grief, being altogether had, It adds more sorrow to my want of joy: For what I have, I need not to repeat; And what I want, it boots not to complain.

LADY. Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause; But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN. And I could weep, would weeping do me good.

And never borrow any tear of thee. But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants. My wretchedness unto a row of pins, They'll talk of state: for every one doth so Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

GARD. Go, bind thou up yo' dangling apricocks, Which, like unruly children, make their sire Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight: Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner, Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays, That look too lofty in our commonwealth: All must be even in our government.

Thus thou employ'd, I will go root away The noisome weeds, that without profit suck The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 SERV. Why should we, in the compass of a pale, Keep law, and form, and due proportion, Showing, as in a model, our firm estate? When our array'd-gardeners shall have land, Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up, Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges run't, Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs Swarming with caterpillars? Hold thy peace:

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring, Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf: The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter, That seem'd in eating him to hold him up, Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke; I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, bushy, Green.

1 SERV. What, are they dead?

GARD. They are; and Bolingbroke Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. Oh! what pity is it, That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land, As we this garden! We at time of year, Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees; Last, being over-proud with sap and blood, With too much riches it confound itself.

Had he done so to great and growing men, They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches We lop away, that bearing boughs may live: Had he done so, himself had borne the crown, Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 SERV. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

GARD. Depose'd he is already; and depos'd, 'Tis doubt, he will be. Letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's, That tells black tidings.

QUEEN. O, I am press'd to death, Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness, [Coming from her concealment. Set to dress this garden, how darest Thou shrowd-tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee To make a second fall of cursed man? Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd? Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth, Divine his downfall? whether, when, and how, Can'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I, To breathe this news: yet, what I say is true. King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd: In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, And some few vanities that make him light; But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, Besides himself, are all the English peers, And with that odds he weighs king Richard down. Post ye to London, and you'll find it so: I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN. Nimble mischance, thou art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassy belong to me, And am I late, that knows it? O, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go, To meet at London London's king in woe.

What, was I born to this! that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? Gardener, for telling me this news of woe, I would, the plauts thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exit Queen and Ladies.

GARD. I poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse, I would my skill were subject to thy curse. Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place, I'll set a bank of tears, sour bath of grace; Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left: the Commons below.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:

NOW, Bagot, freely speak thy mind: What thou dost know of noble Glesoter's death, Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue Scorns to unmask what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time when Glesoter's death was plotted, I heard you say, Is not my arm of length, That reacheth from the restful English court As far as Calais, to my uncle's head? Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say, that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand crowns, Than Bolingbroke's return to England; Adding withal, how blest this land would be, in this your cousin's death.

Aumerle. Princes, and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With unendurable infamy. This slander, This hideous calumny must be confuted.

There is my gage, the manful seat of death, That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest, And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false, In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stake the temper of my knightly soul's death. If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest:
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dost not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Ferre. Aumerle, thou liest: his honour is as true, In this appeal, as thou art most subject: And now, there I throw my gage, To prove it on thee to the extreme point. Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dost.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off, And never brandish more revengeful steel Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spare thee on with full as many lies As may be boil'd in thy treacherous ear. From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dost.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw it all at:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast, To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is false.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, That earth will raise it, and thunder rend it, Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie In earth as quiet as thy father's soul.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn; Engage it to the trial, if thou dost.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse? If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies, And may be held in thy treasonous ear, To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal: Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say, That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this, If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage.

Till Norfolk be repeal'd; repeal'd he shall be, And, though mine enemy, restor'd again To all his land and dignities; when he's return'd, Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall never be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought For Jesus Christ; in glorious Christian field Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross, At Mountebaum against Engaghs, Turks, and Saracen's. And, toil'd with works of war, to win himself To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave His body to that pleasant country's earth, And his pure soul unto his captain Christ, Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to Of good old Abraham!—lords appellants, Your differences shall all rest under gage, Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields To the possession of thy royal hand: Ascend his throne, descending now from him. And lend me this Henry, of that name the fourth! For I, in God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marty, God forbid!—

York. What in this royal presence may I speak, Yet be it seeming to me to speak the truth. Would God, that any in this noble presence Were enough noble to be upright judge Of noble Richard; then true nobles would Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. What subject can give sentence on his king? And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject? Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by hear, Although not apparent guilt be seen in them: And shall the figure of God's majesty, His captain, steward, deputy elect, Anointed, crowned, planted many years, In his own land, and under his own roof, And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God, That in a Christian climate, souls refin'd Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed! I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, Stood up by heaven thus boldly for his king. My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king, Is a soul traitor to proud Hereford's king: And if you crown him, let me prophecy— The land of England shall mutiny again, And future ages groan for this foul act; Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels, And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars Shall spring from thy kind with kind confound: Disorder, horror, fear, and maltreat, Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls. O, if you rest this house against this house, It will be the woefullest division prove, That ever fell upon this cursed earth: Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,

York. No, lords, I do not live to be

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains, Of capital treason we arrest you here:

York. May it please you, lords, to grant the commons suit? Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that I common

York. He may surrender; so we shall proceed Without suspicion.

North. I will be his conduct. [Exit. Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest, Procure your sureties for your days of answer— Little are we behelden to your love, 'Tis Carlisle And little look'd for at your helping hands.
K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king, 
Before I have shooed off the regal thoughts 
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd 
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:— 
Give sorrow leave a while to sulk and weep:— 
To this submission. Yet I well remember 
The favours of these men: Were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me? So Judas did to Christ: but I have twenty, 
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thou-
sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen? 
Am I not high priest and clerk? well then, amen. 
God save the king! although I be not he; 
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.— 
To do what service am I sent for hither? 
York. To do that office, of thine own good will, 
Which tired majesty did make thee offer, 
The resignation of thy state and crown 
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, 
Now on this side, my hand; on that side, thine. 
Now is this golden crown like a deep well, 
That owes two buckets filling one another; 
To drinker ever dancing, with winking eyes. 
The other down, unseen, and full of water: 
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I, 
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign. 

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine: 
You may my glories and my state depose, 
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Incessant are of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down. 
My care is—loss of care; by old care done; 
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won; 
The cares I give, I have, though given away; 
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, say I—for must nothing 
be;—Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee. 
Now I would know how I will undo myself:— 
I give this heavy weight from off my head, 
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand, 
The pride of kingly sway out from my heart; 
With mine own tears I wash away my balm, 
With mine own breath I form a crown, 
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state, 
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths: 
All pomp and majesty I do forswear; 
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego; 
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny; 
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me! 
God keep all vows unbrok, are made to thee! 
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieve'd; 
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd! 
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit, 
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit! 

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says, 
And send him man years of sunshine days! 
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read 
Offering a paper.

These accusations, and these grieves, was crimes, 
Committed by your person, and your followers, 
Against the state and profit of this land; 
That, by confessing them, the souls of men 
May be more happy, that you disavow'd. 

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out 
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland, 
If thy offences were upon record, 
Would I, in mercy, turn thee to a fair a troop, 
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst, 
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
KING RICHARD II.

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon, And then be gone, and trouble you no more. Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than any that was a king, my flatteners. Were then but subjects; being now a subject, I have a king here to my flatterer. Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask he shall have?

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

[aside] K. Rich. Whither you will, so I will from your Tower. Some of you, convey him to the Tower. [you all, K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Convey are that rise thus humbly by a true king's fall.

[Execut K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Execut all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld. 

Car. The wo'e to come; the children yet unborn Shall raise their voices, as this day do they so born. Amen. You holy clergy, is there no plot To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Boling. Before I freely speak my mind herein, You shall not only take the sacrament Therein, but also help him to effect. Whatever I shall happen to devise— I see your brows are full of discontent, Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears; Come home with me to supper; I will lay A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [Execut.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower. 

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the To Julius Cæsar's ill-iterated tower, [way To whose flint bosom my condemned lord Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke. Here let us rest, if this be the quakers earth, 

[Enter King Richard and Guards. 

Have any rest for her true king's queen.

Queen. But soft, but see, or rather do not see, My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold; That you in pity may dissolve to dews, And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. Ah, then, the model where old Troy did stand; Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb, And not king Richard; thou most bounteous Inn, Why should hard-favoured grief be lodg'd in thee, When triumph is become an abode house guest? K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so, To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul, To think our former state a happy dream; From which we wake, the truth of what we are Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet, To grim necessity; and he and I Will keep a league till death. He is thee to France, And cloister thee in some religious house; Our holy lives must win a new world's crown, Which our profane hours here have stricken down. 

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind?

Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke Depo'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart? The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw, And makes the image, if not mortal, wise To be overpow'r'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like, Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod; And fawn on rage with base humility, Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but I had been still a happy king of men. [beasts, Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st, As from my death-bed, my last living leave, In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales Of woeful ages, long ago betid. And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief, Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, And send the herdiers weeping to their beds. For why, the senseless bands will sympathize The sudden account of thy moving tongue, And, in compassion, weep the thought: And some will mourn in ashes, some cool-black, For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed; You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. 

And, madam, there is order taken for you; With all swift speed you must away to France. K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder whereby The moving Bolingbroke ascends my throne,— The time shall not be many hours of age; More than it is, ere soul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption thou shalt think, Though be divine the realm, and give thee half, It with the help of heaven durst make thee king, And shall he think, that thou, which know'st the To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, [way Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way To break him headlong from the usurped throne. The love of wicked friends converts to fear: That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both, To worthy danger, and deserved death. Now, madam, this cannot be on my head; There are no more. Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith. 

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me; And then, betwixt me and my married wife— Let me unkiss the oath, 'twixt thee and me; And yet not so, for with a kiss twas made— Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north, Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime; Myself to France from whence forth I'll go, In pity, to be born a king of beasts again. She came adorned hither like sweet May, Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day. Queen. And must we be divided? must we part? K. Rich. Leave me; and from hand, my love, and heart from heart. 

Que. n. Banish us both, and send the king with North. That were some love, but little policy. Queen. Then whither be gone, whither let me go. K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe. Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here; Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near, Go, count thy way with sighs; i, mine with groans. Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans. K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short. And piece the way out with a heavy heart. Come, come, in wooring sorrow let's be brief, Since, wedded heart, there is such length in grief. One kiss, stop your mouths, and dumpy dub; I thus give me mine, and thus I take thy heart. [They kiss. Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no part. 

To take on me to keep, and kill thy own heart. [Kiss again. So, now I have mine own again, begone, That may strive to kill it with a groan. K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay: Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exit.
It is a matter of small consequence, Which for some reasons I would not have seen. York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see. I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
York. 'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day. York. Bound to himself to? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Stretches it, and reads.]

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!—
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.]
Servant. Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
York. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:
Now by mine honour, by my life, my truth,
I will appeach the villain. [Exit Servant.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?
Re-enter Servant, with boots.
York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[To the Servant.]
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
I not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set on their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. A way!
Fond woman! were I he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou gromd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

Ducha. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur; post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.
Enter Bolingbroke, as King; Percy, and other Lords.
Boling. Can no man tell of my unthriftly son?
Tis full three months, since I did see him last—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
To tell God, my lords, he might be found;
Inquired of London, amongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he was young, was patron, and effeminate boy.
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolve a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?  
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the
And from the common creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolve, as desperate; yet, through
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?  
[Enter Aumerle, hastily.
Aum. Where is the king?  
Boling. What means
Our sovereign, that he strides and looks so wildly?  
Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your
majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone.—[Ereunt Percy and Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?  
Aum. For ever may my knee grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the
key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. I have thy desire.
[Enter York.
York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.  
[Drawing.  
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, foot
alone.
Bolingbrooke opens the door.  
[Enter York.
Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence,
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O bellow, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy disregarding son.

Speak, how so near my true heart canst thou bode;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thristless sons their sprinkling fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies;
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
There knight I in my life, and will expire,
The traitor lives, the true man's part to die.
Duch. [Within.] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.
Boling. In our sight, what will-voiced supplicant makes this
eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king;—
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious
thing.
And now chang'd to The Beggar and the King—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou so pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, proper may.
This jointed bond cut off, the rest is confound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.
[Enter Duchess.
Duch. O, king, believe not this hard-hearted
man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thee frantick woman, what dost thou
make here?
Shall this day's treason once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient; hear me, gentle
liege.
[Enter Duchess.
Duch. Against them both, my true joints bended
And ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Plead'st he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast.
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Ours, shall kneel till the ground, and they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
And if I were the nurse, thy tongue to teach;
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how;
The word is short, but not so short as sweet.
No word like, pardon, for kings months so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, pardonnez
moi.
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, if we were the hand, my hand-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine ear to please to speak, set thy tongue there;
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do
pierce.
Pity may'st thee pardon to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
KING RICHARD II

Act 5.

Duch. I do not sue to stand, Sir, and, as I sometimes think, can keep as I do. 

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me. 

Duch. God is a happy vantage of a kneeling knee! 

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again; 

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twice, 

But makes one pardon strong. With all my heart 

I pardon him. 

Duch. A god on earth thou art. 

Boling. But for our trysted brother-in-law,—and the abbot, 

With all the rest of that consorted crew, 

Of or where these traitors are: 

They shall not live within this world, I swear, 

But I will have them, if I once know where. 

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu! 

Your mother will hath pray'd, and prove you true. 

Duch. Come, my old son:—I pray God make thee new. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he make the king?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice, 

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did. 

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on the king.

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man 

That would divorce this terror from my heart; 

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go; 

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foes. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeons of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare 

This prison, where I live, unto the world. 

And, for because the world is populous, 

And here is not a creature but myself, 

I cannot do it. —Yet it will hammer it out. 

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul; 

My soul, the father: and these two beget 

A generation of still-breeding thoughts, 

And these same thoughts people this little world; 

In humours, like the people of this world. 

For no thought is contented. The better sort, 

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd 

With scruples, and do set the world itself 

Against the world. 

As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again, 

It is as hard to come, as for a ewe 

To thread the posteri of a needle's eye. 

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot 

Unlike wonders: how these vain weak mails 

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls; 

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride. 

Thoughts tend not to content, find themselves, 

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves, 

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars, 

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame, 

That many have, and others must sit there; 

And in this thought they find a kind of ease, 

Bearing their own misfortune on the back 

Of such as have before endur'd the like. 

Thus play I, in one person, many people, 

And none contented: Sometimes am I king; 

Then treasun makes me wish myself a beggar, 

And so I am: Then crushing penury 

Persuades me I was better when a king; 

Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by, 

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, 

And straight am nothing:—But, what'er I am, 

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is, 

With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd 


Ha! I keep time—How soon sweet music is, 

When time is broke, and no proportion kept! 

So is it in the musick of men's lives. 

And here have I the daintiness of ear! 

To check time broke in a disorder'd string; 

But, for the concord of my state and time, 

Had not an ear to hear my true time broke. 

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me. 

For now hath time made me of a wanking clock: 

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar 

Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch, 

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, 

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears. 

Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is, 

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart, 

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans, 

Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time 

Hans posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy, 

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. 

This musick mads me, let it sound no more; 

For, though it have holp madmen to their wits, 

In me, it seems it will make me mad. 

Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me! 

For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard 

Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hall, royal prince! 

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer! 

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear. 

What art thou? and how comes it thou art bither, 

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog 

That brings me food, to make misfortune live? 

Groom. I was a poor gorem of thy stable, king, 

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York, 

With much ado, at length have gotten leave 

To look upon my sometimes master's face. 

O, how it doth concur, when with that face, 

I, in London streets that coronation day, 

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary! 

That horse, that thou so often hast bestri'd; 

That horse, that I so carefully have pres't; 

K. Rich. Rode on Barbary? Tell me, gentle Groom, 

How went he under him? 

[friend, 

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdained the ground. 

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back! 

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; 

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. 

Would he be not stumble? Would he not fall down, 

(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck Of that proud man, that did usurp his back? 

Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, 

Since thou, created to be aw'd by man, 

Was born to bear? I was not made a horse; 

And yet I bear a burden like an ass, 

Spur-gait'd, and tir'd by jaunting Bolingbroke. 

Enter Keeper, with his keys.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. 

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away. 

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

K. Rich. Keep. My lord, wilt'please you to fail to? 

K. Keep. Keep my lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who 

Lately came from the king, command's me the contrary. 

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! 

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Exit the Keeper.
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

Go thou, and kill another room in hell.

[Exeunt.

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Moont, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high:

Whilest my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Exeunt.

As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; if, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear?

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke and York, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,

Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire

This town of Chester in Glosstershire;

But whether they be taken, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord! What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all hap.

The next news is,—I have to London sent all news,

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminister,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,

Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kindly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy life;—

So, as thou liest in peace, die free from strife:

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,

High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast brought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,

Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on sullen black, incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand—

March sadly after; grace my mournings here;

In weeping after this untimely bier.

[Exeunt.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.

Prince John of Lancaster, }

Earl of Westmoreland, } friends to the King.

Sir Walter Blunt, }

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, surname Hotspur, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Bishop, Archbishop of York. }

Sir Michael, a friend of the Archbishop.

Archibald, Earl of Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Polo.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

Mrs. Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Winter, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—England.

ACT I.


Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so war with care,

Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious course of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-seeing ranks,
March all one way; and be so more impud'nt
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
And to the sequel headlong we proceed.
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,) Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms are so many as we can summon,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields.
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you— we will go;
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yeast'y night our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedition.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down.
But yesternight: when all a war was,
There came A post from Wales, laden with heavy news:
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
With one hand seizing of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butcher'd:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such musing:
Such beastly, shameless transformation.
By the Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.
K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake of their business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy good day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And sweat of their combat, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious friend.
Sir Walter Hunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
The ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Bal'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took,
Mordake the earl of Fiffe, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
Adlington prize: ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me mad.
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
A son, who doth a deed with a name, a deed;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
If my young Harry, O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have the seeing Fordace earl of Fiffe.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him fine a man himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad? P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and that thing in hands that Welshman taken, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgot to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot flower in flagstaff's cradle clothes, and so broken so many thousand, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phoebus, be, that wondering knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say;) for grace thou wilt have none. — P. Hen. What! none? Fal. No, by thy truth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter. P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly Fal. Marry, and what wouldst thou? this art king, let not us, that are sQUIRES of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, and let Henry the prince of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A pursu of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most insolently spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by and by, in as high a flow as the rising of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench? P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I the like? P. Hen. Why, what a box have I to do with my hostess of the tavern? Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?
Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yes, and elsewhere, so far as my soul would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Vouch and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent. — But I pray thee, sweet way, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fuel'd with the rusty curb of old fate, antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? (I rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yes, for obtaining of suits: whereas the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'tis blood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's taste.

Fal. Yes, or the dromes of a Lincolnshire bag-pipes.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. I'd rather the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. — But, Hal, I pray thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a company of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou dost well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable expectation; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; — God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned, for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse-to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and battle me.

P. Hen. Well, I am a wood; our taint of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most compest villain that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says merchandise? What says John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on (good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold cake)

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was utter yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due. Poesy and art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Bie he been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow-morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; — Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we will do it as secure as sleep then: I will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Wedward; if I tarry at home and go forth with you, I will a profit go.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fel. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art going.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pray thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this night, that he shall not.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profitting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed! — But, Hal, 'tis a rare sport (I do, as may, I'll take it) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want contentence. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a piece of meeting, where, in it is at our pleasure to fail: and then they shall adventure upon the exploit themselves; which shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll thieve them in a cloud; we shall, in the wood; we shall, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees his arms. The fortune of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thrifty, at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Poins.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will abide uphold the unyrk'd humour of your idleness; Yet, I tell you, I will not imitate the way he does.

Who dott permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more would'd at. By breaking through the soul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays, 
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for come, 
And then among the long pleasant but rambling houses;  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much have I falsify'd men's hopes;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.  

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And, as I have found, and, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.  
War, our house, my sovereign liege, little deserve.  
The sovereign greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—  
K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger  
And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,  
Your presence is too bold and pertinacious,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.  

You were about to speak.

[Exit Worcester.

North. Yea, my good lord.  
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as I say, not without some strength denied,  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.  
Unto the lawful liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the sight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toll,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridgroom; and his chin, new rasp'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pointed box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again;  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff— and still he smile'd and talk'd!  
And you he said some bold and barefaff'd story,  
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmanly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
But of my grief, and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)  
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parcell'd for, to an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous salt petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd Indifferently, as I said  
And, I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.  
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord.  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.  
K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
But with provocation, and excepting,  
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd  
Those of the lives of those that did in that fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.  
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!  
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower;  
Three times they breath'd, and three times they did drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
Who then, a-flights with their bloody looks,  
Ran fiercely among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Blood-stained with those valiant combatants.  
Never did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly;  
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt,  
K. Hen. Thou dost belle him, Percy, thou dost belle him,  
He never did encounter with Glendower;  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners, with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,  
We licence your departure with our son  
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.  
[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them—I will sorely afflict,  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.  
North. What, drunk with choleric? stay, and pause awhile;  
Here comes your uncle...
Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Wor. Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yet, on his part, I'll empty all these vials, And shed my dear blood drop by drop like the dust, But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer As high the air as this unthankful king, As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[To Worcester.]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; And when I arg'd the ransom once again Of my wife's brother, then his desire look'd pale; And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclamed—

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood? 

North. He was; I heard the proclamation; And then it was, when the unhappy king (Whose wrongs in us God pardon;) did set forth Upon his Irish expedition; From whence he, intercepted, did return To be depred, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth Live scandal'd, and falsely spoken of?

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it. 

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king, That did put him on the barrell, with a sins star'd; But shall it be, that you— that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man; And, for his sake, went the detested blot Of unholy subversion—shall it be, That you a world of curses under go; Being the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?— O, pardon me, that I descend so low, To show the line, and the predicament, Wherein you range under this subtle king— Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days, Still up chronicles in time to come, This figure of your nobility and power? Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, As both of you, God pardon it! have done,— To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off By him, for whom these shame ye underwent? No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again: Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt, Of this proud king: who studieth, day and night, To answer all the debt he owes to you, Even with the bloody payment of your deaths. Therefore, I say,—

Peace, cousin, say no more;

And now I will unclasp a secret book, And to your quick-conceiving discourses I'll read you matter deep and dangerous; As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit, As such a story as this can bear, no more; On the unsteadfast footing of a spear. 

Hot. If he fall in, good night,—or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west, So honour cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple;— till the blood more stirs, To rouse a lion, than to start a hare. 

North. Of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap, To pinch bright honour from the pale fac'd moon; Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honour by this lock; So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear, Without correction, all her dignities: But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! 

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend— Good cousin, give me audience for a while. 

Hot. I cry you mercy. 

Those same noble Scots, That are your prisoners—

Hot. I'll keep them all; By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them: If a Scot would save his soul, he shall not: I'll keep them, by this hand. 

Wor. And lend no ear unto my purposes—

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's fair. He said, he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer! 

Nay. I'll have a startling shall be taught to speak Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, That keep his anger still in motion. 

Hear you, Cousin; a word. 

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy, Studies to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke: And that same word and shift beyond the world of Wiles, But that I think his father loves him not, And would be glad he met with some mishance, I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale. 

Hot. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you, When you are better temper'd to attend. 

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool Art thou! to break into this woman's mood; Tyning thine ear to no tongue but thine own? 

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods, Netted, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?— A plague upon it!—It is in Gloucestershire;— 'Tis where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept; His uncle, York;—where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh. 

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. Why, what a candy deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look,—when his infatual fortune came to age, 

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin, O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me! 

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done. 

Hot. Nay, if you have not, to't again;— We'll stay your leisure.

Wor. I have done, I'faith. 

Hot. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners; Deliv'r them up without their ransom straight, And make the laird's son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers rea- sons, Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd, Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, 

[To Northumberland.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,— Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of this noble prelate, well belov'd, The archbishop. 

Hot. Of York, is't not? 

Wor. True; who bears hard 

Hot. Imagination, at Bristol, the lord Scroop. I speak not this in estimation, As what I think might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
KING HENRY IV 325

And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let's slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York.
To join with Mortimer, ha? And so they shall.
Wor. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

For. Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,) I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive,
I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.


Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day,
I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney,
and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler?

Out. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, heat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all ease.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow I never joyed since the price of a rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fles: I am stung like a trench.

1 Car. Like a trench? by the mass, there is never a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us never a Jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your own ostler breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! I come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razzes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. 'Od'sbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! last thou never an eye in thy head? cannot hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged!—Has not faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that. [Exit.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? cannot tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's an as fair a Fat lady: let the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of nurses, than giving direction doth from labours; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of augury that his abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipst saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallowes: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's as true a man as the old Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility, and tranquillity; such as chamberlains, and great oncomers, such as can hold in: such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And I yet lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not for their own on her: for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; Homo is a common name to all men. Eft the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins; Bardolph and Peto, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.
First Part of

Act 2.

Enter Falstaff.


Fal. Where's Poins, Hal? P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek Poins.

Fal. Am I accursed to rob in that thief's company? A bath removed from horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this. If I escape that fellow for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest variet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon them, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [They whistle.] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

Fal. I'll carry thee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son. P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler? Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garrets! If I be taken, I'll pitch for this. And I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it. Enter Gadshill. God. Stand. Fal. So I do, against my will. Poins, O, 'tis our setter! I know his voice. Enter Bardolph. Bar. What news?

Goe. Case ye, case ye, on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer. Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

God. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged. P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us. Peto. How many be there of them? God. Some eight, or ten. Fal. Shalt they not rob us? P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch? Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal. P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the sooth. Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.


Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers. 1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and talk of it. Thieves. Stand. 2 Trav. Jésus bless us! Fal. Strike! down with them; cut the villains' throats, and put their doublet, handkerchief knaves! they hate us youth; down with them; fleece them. 1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for want of swords. Fal. Hang ye, gorbelld knaves: Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacon, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, faith. [Exit Fais, &c. driving the Travellers out. Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us do so, and then to the aid of the king. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirrin': there's no more value in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [Rushing out upon them. Poins. Villains. [As they are sharin', the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their body behind them. P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and posses'sd with fear; So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: We will ease our legging, I should pley him; Poins. How the rogue roard! [Exit.}

Scene III.—Warwick. A Room in the Castle. Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented.—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous:—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord, fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous: the friends you now are alive in: the house itself, unrestored: and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly kind, and you lie. What a lack here is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. A frosty-spritied rogue is this? Why, my lord of York comments the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month?
Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what 'st that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-eyed musing, and curs'd melancholy? In that faint slumber, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur terms of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, Courage!—to the field!—And thou hast talk'd Of safety, and retir'd; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the surru'ring wounds of war. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so burt'st thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these!

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not. 

Hot. What, ho! is Williams with the packet gone? 

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the stables? 

Serv. Yes, my lord, he brought even now. 

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not? 

Serv. It is, my lord. 

Hot. What horse? That roan shall be my throne. 

When I will back him, and bid him O experience! Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. 

[Exit Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord. 

Hot. What say'st, my lady? 

Lady. What is it carries you away? 

Hot. My horse, my love, my horse. 

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weas'rd want not such a deal of spleen, As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will. I fear, my brother Mortimer doth sit, About this title; and hath sent for you, To line his enterprise. But if you go... 

Hot. So far aloof, I shall be weary, love. 

Lady. Come, come, you parquisto, answer me Direly, to this question that I ask. In faith, I'd break thy little finger, Harry, If thou wilt not tell me all things true. 

Hot. Away, away, you trifler!—Love!—I love thee not, I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world, To play with mamments, and to tilt with lips: We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns, And so 'tis halcyon an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night. 

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fast room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little. 

Poins. Where hast been, Hal? 

P. Hen. With three or four of the lads, amongst three or four score hogheads, I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leach of drawers; and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me; and I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off....To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennypo't of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—Eight shillings and sixpence, and—You are welcome, with this shilll addition,—Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon; or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. 

Poins. Francis! 

P. Hen. Thou art perfect. 

Poins. Francis! 

[Exit Poins.

Enter Francis.

Frn. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the pomegranate, Ralph. 

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis. 

Frn. My lord. 

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis? 

Frn. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to— 

P. Hen. [Within.] Francis! 

Frn. Anon, anon, sir. 

P. Hen. Five years! By'rdiad, a long lease for the clinking of my master. But, Francis, dares thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indeniture, and to shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?
P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; There is nothing but regurgity to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—(to thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, go and manhood, ye, not forget upon your feet out of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the worse.—I say I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales.

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and answer me, I say, to that.

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

Fal. I come, I come.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit P. Hen.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while; and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Points!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Point, anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as cricket's, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this host? your lines, the issue.

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present thing. [Re-enter Francis, with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis? P. Hen. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, Eye upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thou killed to-day? Give me your horse a drench, says he; and answers, Suppose I take an hour after; a triffle, a triffle, a verytrife, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. Rino, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Poins.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all questions, Jack; I say, and a very plague of them too, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew neither-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]
and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram led me at that rate.

P. Hen. What? four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

P. Hen. Ay, and four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.


P. Hen. Seven, by these hits, or I am a villain else.

Fal. P'rythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of.

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Points. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that I could not see thy hand. P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begats them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greezy tallow-keech.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand, come, tell us thy reason; What sayest thou to this?

Points. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back broken. Fie, thou villain, thou villain, thou villain, thou villain.

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Points. Mark, Jack.

Fal. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.

Mark now, how plain a tale shall you put down. These two were on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your price, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimble, with a kind of roared, and, in a word, still ran and roared, as ever I heard bul-bluff. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What true knight in arms, what starting-horse, cans thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Points. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now, Jack?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, Iads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lords, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou loveth me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince.

Fal. P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what sayst thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. And say.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. Hen. Faith, our letters are not fought fair;—so did you, Petos;—so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yes, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack off eighteen year ago, and was taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. Nay, Jack, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.


Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of combustion? How long 'st ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have cleft into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it biows a man up, and makes him like a bladder, and overroasted for mercy, and, over such a man;—here was Sir John Iracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that has grave Almondbury, and, made Lucifer, cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Points. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.
Act 2.

P. Hen. If he that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckow! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Ye are a buck, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's been brought a term by-white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maineheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Ishal, art thou not horribly afraid; thou being heir apparent, couldst the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Dongles, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? do not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, 'tis faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly child to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice with me.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my dagger, this scepter my sword, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a wooden dagger, and thy precipice for a spirit board. Hence, old hag, for all my behavior.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, 'tis faith.

Wal. Neep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey mytraitful queen.

Fearear do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! be doth it as like one of these harlots, players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot: peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have prayed on thy mother's word, parricide of my own: but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point:—Why, being son to me, art thou so pale? Art thou a vapor?—I have seen the blood of men, when they have been too much, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Here lies the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked thyself. Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company. He who keepeth for Harry, Harry, now do I speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, I faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble humours, I mean, as I think, against the fifty, or, by"t'lay, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be clearly given, he deceiteth me; for, I say, Harry, he hungs in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruits by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: he keep will, the rest banish. And to them all, this man, a nifty varlet, tell me, when that he hath been this month.

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are notorious.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false—I may, I tickle ye for a young prince, I faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth me'er on look. Thou art violently carried away, and there is a dish that tempteth thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunck of humours, that boiling-hutch of bestiality, that swarm parcel of dropsy, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cock-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that old and fat Falstaff? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to care a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein is he virtuous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you: Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, I do say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[Exit Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlesstick: What is the matter?
KING HENRY IV.

Act 3.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff: what's your will with me? Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house. P. Hen. What men? Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord; A gross fat man. [lord; Car. As fat as butter. P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you to save the house. Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks. P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these He shall be answerable; and so, farewell. Sher. Good night, my noble lord. P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not? Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exit Sheriff and Carrier. P. Hen. This icky rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth. Poins. Fairfall!—fast asleep behind the arras, And snorting like a horse. P. Hen. Hark, how hard he frets breath: Search his pockets. [Poins searches.] What hast thou found? Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord. P. Hen. Let's see what they be; read them. Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d. Item, Sauce, 4d. Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 6d. Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d. Item, Bread, a halfpenny. P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable demij of sack!—What there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and this place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins. Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,— Will you sit down?

Hot. And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glen. No, here's the map! Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur: For by that name as oft as Lancaster Both speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and, with A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you too, in hell, if often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and, at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shad like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done At the same season, if your mother's cat had But kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glen. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire.

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of choleick pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of untidy wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beitame earth, and topples down Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam earth, having this distemper, In passion shook.

Glen. Cousin, of many men I do not hear these cursings. Give me leave To tell you once again,—that at my birth, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes; The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous in the frighted fields These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show, I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living—clipp'd in with the sea That clidles the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but woman's son, Can trace me me in the tedious ways of art, And hold me pace in deep experiments. Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better I will to dinner. [Welch!—— Mort. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad. Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep. Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man: But will they come, when you do call for them? Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to comm In the devil. [mand Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil. By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence. O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil. Mort. Come, come, No more of this unprofitable chat. Glen. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made this against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him, Bootless home, and weather-beaten back. Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too! How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name? Glen. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide According to our threefold order then? [Your right,
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hither,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:— and, dear cousin,
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(I mean that this night shall be executed,)—
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As it is ordered, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:
Within that space, [to Glend.] you may have
drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-
men.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no
leave:
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moity, north from Burton
do.
here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And sweeps the middle from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous castle out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the yelling and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and even:
And then I'll not waste water with such a deep
indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see, it
both.
Mort. Yes, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gilding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
War. Yes, but a little charge will trench him
here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Why, that will I.
Let me not understand you then,
Says Glendower in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry—new,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Th' a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth a-gritting on edge,
Nothing so much as misciting poetry;
'Tis like the for'c'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give threeso much lend
To any well-deserving friend:
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the like kimono's and th' like stuffs shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
night:
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doth on her Master's mammon.
[Exit Mort.
Mort. Fye, cousin Percy! how can you cross my
father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of some of the mold-arp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A chipp-wing'd griffin, and a moulen raven,
A couning lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skil'mable skimmable stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
To recriminating all the several devil's names,
That was his basons' lackey: I cried, hump, and—
well,—go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a ralling wife;
Worse than a smoky house— I had rather five
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Hot. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well tead, and profited
In strange concealing's; valiant as a lion,
And wand'rous affable; and as bannifiable
As any man on earth. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbeth himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour: faith, he does.
I say to you, that man is not alive,
That you must not have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it off, let me entreat you.
War. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you.)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Deserve the punishment of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, hantting a noblemen,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
That never beauty of all parts be tires,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am schoold; good manners be your
speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.
Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.
Mort. This is the deadly spite that angels me,
May with no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you,
'Shel'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my
aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[Glendower speaks to his daughter in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.
Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry,
One no persuasion can do good apon.
[Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.
Mort. I understand sth. and thy looks: sth. pretty Welsh,
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parley I would have.
Lady M. speaks.
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Tell I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly pen'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow'r,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Gland. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad. [Lady M. speaks again.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Gland. She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And it is done, with all wondrous speed.
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that old still our book, I think, be drawn.

Gland. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

Glandower speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music play'd.

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r Lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical;
As you are altogether governed by humours,
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, how in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee! [Exeunt.

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh Song, sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in sooth and all: 'Heart, you swear on a cromit-maker's heart; Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live; and, As God shall mende me; and, as sure as day: And give'st such sacrest surety for thy oaths, As thou never walkest further than Painsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,'
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Gland. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow.

As hot as Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some conference: But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so.
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou dost by mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd with, and granted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of most of what I have and shal;
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devil'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath fanty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudest lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every age
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputable banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir;
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would say,—Where? which is Bollingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new:
My presence, like a rope pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solace.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavish wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every heedless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honour; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the Huntsman in Juvenal:
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gare,
Such as is bent on such majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glitter'd out, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But a -weary of this common sight,
Save mine, which hath duet'd to see thee more;
Which now dost that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
And all this bitter to this hour, was reaped then
When I from France set foot at Havernapurg:
And even as I was then, is Percy now
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than those, the shadow of succession.
For, of no right, nor colour like to right;
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being in no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverent bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to braining arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot insurrections, and great name in arms,
Hold's all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Throughout all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in sweating clothes,
This infant warrior in his enterprises
Dishonour'd great Douglas; 'tis no once
Enlarged himself; and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defance upon,
And to shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Prince of York's sons, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my woes,
What is your name and descent?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's yar,
To be a heir, and to be a Wark:
To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much way'd
Vagabond's; grey's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And put on my favour out of the burning bush,
Which, wash'd away, shall sear my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That same child of honour and renown,
That same Pope Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
Shall see his end:
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict an account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
The name of trust, I promise thee,
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salvation
The long-grown wounds of my Intemperance:
If these your pleasure, this your grace,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Brie break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
They shall have way to, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak
of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:—
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept, now very day.

As ever offer'd soul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to
With his my son, lord John of Lancaster; [day: For
This advertising is past his day.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glosstershire; by which ac-
count.

Our business valued, some twelve days hence,
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this care? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like my lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in something I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so frettful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song, mas'ry me; and I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dined, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all orders, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art a knight, and hast a cap. Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a scullion's eye,—or a bald drapery upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his roses, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, by this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness.
When thou ranst up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been set upon with hell-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, with these in the night last; at tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest Chandler's in Europe. I have maintained the salt therein: and end your hours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Shblood, I would my face were in thy belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pock?
Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine house, nor have I ever known to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bitters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, hollando of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Host. How! poor? look upon his face! What call you this rich man? he coin his nails upon his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younger of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I have my pocket picked? I had lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. And setting these things as a Jack, is a sneak-cup, and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry and Pals, marching. Falstaff meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? 'Faith, must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack? How does thy wife?—And setting these things as a Jack, is a sneak-cup, and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Fal. What, he! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Fal. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a tavern-reckonings, nor womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?


P. Hen. Am I an otter? why a woman?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanderst thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you had a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion's whelp?

Fal. The prince is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fail about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou villainous whomson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket be enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Faistaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty,—You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Host. Falstaff, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and let her, like her ladyship, shall find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court! For the robberies, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee,—The money is paid back again.

Fal. I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer, the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph.

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster.

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall:
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge: and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower here.
[Exeunt Prince, Pains, and Baldolph.

Fol. Rare is the brave world! — Hostess,
My breakfast; come: —
0, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scit: If speaking truth,
In this long age, were not thought flattering,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so current general through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The thoughts of men; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
Nay, take me to the word; approve me, lord.
Dou. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so much as we tread upon the ground.
But I will hear him. Host.

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father,—
Host. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Sounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a bustling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not 1, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure hence,
He was much feared by his physicians.

War. I would, the state of time had first been seen by sickness had been visited: his health was never better worth than now.
Host. Sceh now I drop now! this sickness doth
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'Tis catching hitler, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness —
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and so dear a trust
In any soul remod'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
The war with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispor'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possed —
Of all our powers. What say you to it?
War. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off! —
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems like to this rich repose: perchance it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast! to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
If were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dou. 'Philth, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the midleain of our affairs.
War. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that it was not why he saw,
That wisdom, loyalty, and more dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And that a kind of question in, we cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitration;
And stop all sight-sights, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason misgives was upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dream'd of.

You strain too far,
I, rather, of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
There is a true and noble end we must think
If, we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall over-turn it topsy-turvy down.
Vast as the world, yet all our joints are whole.

Dou. As heart can think'; there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Fray God, my news be worth a welcome,
Hot. The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Ver. No harm; what more?
Hot. And further, I have learn'd, —
The king himself in person is upon it,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms, —
A lord's worth like estridges, that walk the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And as infectious as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry — with his bea'ry on,
His cusses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd; —
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And wish the world with noble horsemanship.

Ver. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And the fire-eyed maid of rocky war.
All bot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
Upon the midleain of our affairs.
And yet not ours; — Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bound of the prince of Wales:
Here Harry for me, hot horses to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse —
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along.
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
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Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a master speedily.
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A publick Road near Coventry.
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.
Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiery shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Colefield to-night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.
Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour: if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain: farewell.
[Exit. Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a son great gentleman. I have misused the king's press damnable. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds, I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as have a stock and a table to serve as a bird of my company: I have misled their women, and I have poets of their lovers, and such as were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to young brothers, revolted tapsters, and others trade-fallen: the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable raged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their horses, their hatchets, and I would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draft and hawks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I have not left behind the heir of the labour and sweat of their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services: and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to young brothers, revolted tapsters, and others trade-fallen: the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable raged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their horses, their hatchets, and I would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draft and hawks. 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Andacious cruelty. If that the king
Hurt in any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest; And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion. 

Hut. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My master and his uncle, and all the rest,
Did give him that same royalty he wears: And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A famous outlaw sneaking house;—my father gave him welcome to the shire; And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;
With tears of innocence, and terms of real—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.
Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages; Attended on him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid hands on him, pressed their oaths,
Gave him their heirs: as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Stepp'd out no further than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur: And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some stratagems decrees,
That on the crown's account: he wept,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
This purpose of all others, out of his head;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In depredation left behind him here,
Where he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tot, I came not to hear this.

Hut. Then, to the point.—
In short time after, he depos'd the king: And, in that, depri'd him of his life: And, in the tooting of that, took the whole state: To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March (Who is, if every owner were well pleased, Indeed his king,) to be incog'd in Wales, There, without ransom to be made: disgrac'd me in my happy victories; Sought to entrap me by intelligence; Rated my uncle from the council-board; In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong: And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out This head of safety; and, whilst, to pry Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance. 

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king? 

Hut. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile. Go to the king; and let there be impaw'd Some secrecy for the state; and, in short,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle Bring him our purposes: and so farewell. 

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love. 

Hut. And, may be, so we should find. 

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do. 

[Exeunt.]


Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman. 

Arch. Hee, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief, With winged haste, to the lord marshall: This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest

To whom they are directed: if you knew How much they do import, you would make haste. 

Blunt. My good lord, I guess their tenor. 

Arch. Like enough, you do. To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day, Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must ride the touch: For, sir, Sir John Shrews bury, As I am truly given to understand, The king, with mighty and quick-rased power, Meets with our Lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael, What with the sickness of Northumberland, (Whose power was in the first proportion,) And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence, (Who with them was a rated swine too, And through the force of such in army,)— I fear, the power of Percy is too weak To wage an instant trial with the king. 

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear: there's Douglas,

And Mortimer. 

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there. 

Gent. But there is Mardake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. 

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath

The special head of all the land together:—

The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster, 

The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt; And many more cor-rivals, and dear men Of estimation and command in arms. 

Gent. Doubt not but, my lord, they shall be well op-

posed. 

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear; 

And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed: For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king 

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us:—

For he hath heard of our confederacy, And his's the doom to make strong against him: Therefore, make haste: I must go write again To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael. 

[Exeunt, severally.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrews bury. 


K. Hen. How bloody the sun begins to peer Above you busky hill! the day looks pale At his distemper. 

P. Hen. The southern wind Does blow the trumpet to his purposes; And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves, Foretells a tempest, and a basting day. 

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize! For nothing can seem foul to those that win. 

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon. 

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well, That you and I should meet upon such terms As now we meet: You have deceived our trust; And made us doss our easy robes of peace, To crush our old limbs in urgent steel: This is not well, my lord, this is not well. What say you to't? will you again unkind This churlish knot of all-abhorred war? And move in that obedient orb again, Where you did give a fair and natural light; And be no more an exhal'd meteor, 

A prodigy of fear, and a portent Of breached mischief to the unborn times? 

War. Hear me, my liege. 

Foremost in part, I could be well content To entertain the lag-end of my life With quiet hours; for, I do protest, I have not sought the day of this dislike.
Act 5.  KING HENRY IV. 339

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Prithee, deliver.
Wer. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were your father's first and dearest friends.
For you, my staff of office did I breaze
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Now, in your strong and mighty arms,
That brought you home, and boldly tid out
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It raim'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And by this wise advantage of a victory,
You took occasion to be quickly wo'd
To grip the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that gentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to a great bulk,
That men our very durst not come our sight,
For fear of swallowing: but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have for'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have arti-
culated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion.
We must begin another colour: may the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontentes,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurriedly innovation;
And how ye did ye so? for no such want
Such water-colours, to impart his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this enterprize,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To raise his head and give the signal tasks.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet herefore my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
K. Hen. And prince of Wales, so dare we ven-
ture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We find our affairs go well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
And that, perchance, to tell your ear one word.
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confederate against the king and forms,
K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just.

[Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.
P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit.
Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his time. What need I be so forward with him on my part, when I have no matter; Honour pricks me on, Yea, but how if honour pricks me off? when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? Or an arm? No. Or take away a privilege of a soldier? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning—
Who hath thy name that died by Wednesday. Doch he feel it? No. DOTH he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scratchew, and so ends my catechism.

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did. Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suavise us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, we're told, he doth seem harmless, lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feel like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news? Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Dou. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Dou. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

Act 5.

would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confuses me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [wading him.] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Exeunt Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
The maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

P. Hen. Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak:
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
There is Percy! [Throwing the body down.] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw the dead depart.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how is this world
given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. This wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[Exit. The trumpet sounds, the day is ours.

P. Hen. This is strange, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what fellows are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less, for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a noblesman should do.

[Exeunt bearing off the body.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and others, with Worcester and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion and rebuke—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary
Misuse the tenor of thine kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Ver-
non too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—


How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest:
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruist'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to
You this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free;
His valour, shown upon our crest to-day,
If I taught them how to cherish such high deeds,
Even to the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scoop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, I send you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glaudower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his way,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.
SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry V.
Thomas, Duke of Clarence.
Prince John of Lancaster, afterwards
his sons.
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, afterwards
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford,
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloucester,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Westmorland,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Earl Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
Earl of Northumberland,
Scroop, Archbishop of York,
Lord Mowbray,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Bardolph,
Sir John Colville,

Travers and Morton, domesticks of Northumber
land.
Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.
Pons and Peto, attendants on Prince Henry.
Shallow and Silence, country justices.
Davy, servant to Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullocef,
recruits.
Fang and Snare, sheriff's officers.
Rumour.
A Porter.
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

Lords and other Attendants: Officers, Soldiers, Mes
sengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE,—England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks? I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual strikers ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence:
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter! Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmisings, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncouth heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to animate
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-nick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learnt of me; From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs.

[Exit.}

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same.

The Porter before the Gate; Enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is
the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the or
chard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute
now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose;
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmorland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: 0, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deri'v'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I
sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over rode him on the way:
And he is furnish'd with no certainties, 
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfringle turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd, 
the litter is set on foot, and prov'd so hard, 
A gentleman almost forspight with speed;
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He answer'd, that rebellion had broke out,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head, 
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowell head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way, 
Staying no longer question.

North. Ifs!—Again.

Say he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

Trav. Of Hotspur, cold spur? that rebellion Had met all luck!
My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,

North. Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

Trav. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
To furnish our party.

There were such instances of loss?

North. Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yes, this man's brow, like to a leaflet,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume; 
So looks the stround, wherefrom the Imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How dost my son, and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek Is such, as thou too hast tell'd thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.
And could have told him, half his Troy was burn'd
But I'm safe: and the fire, ere the long range,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'dst it.

Thou would'st not say,—Thy son did thus, and thus;

Thy brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to bow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

Say what a ready tongue suspicion hast
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is charg'd. Yet speak,

Morton:—Tell then thy case, his divination lies;
And I will take it to a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me maltsaid:
You are in time, your fear is certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye.
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
He speak a truth; if he be slain, say so.
I his tongue offends not, that reports his death:

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sav'd as a sullen beast, who would be slain,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should foyce you to believe
That in my joy, I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mischance's saw him in a state
Rending faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The new勋'ded Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprang up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasan't in his camp,)—
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away.

From the best-teniper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in hotspur's loss.

Let's think this bright such lightness with their fear
That arrows flew not swifter towards us, than
Did our soldiers, aiming at the same safety.

Fly from the field: Then was that noble Wor-

cestress,

Too soon a lamb prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-baiting sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
Tian vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of his supporter's backs: and in his light,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Unto the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

For this I shall have time enough to mourn.

In poison, there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:

And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'nd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire.

Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weak'en'd with grief, being now engag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou uice.

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou stilly quoth:

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
The rag'dest hour that time and spite dare bring,
To crown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!

Let bea'n's kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood conflu'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To bear contention in a lingering act;
But let the spirit of the first-born gain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

Trav. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. Let the eyes of all your loving complices
I can on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And suspend the account of chance, before you said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumtise,
That in the dote of blows your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er yeasts, on some edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good health-preserver: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou wondrous mandrake, thou art fitting to be a horseman! Where hast thou wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; arra, arra, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will canoe have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal! God make it which it please him abroad: I have not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was at school. He may have his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure you.

What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?
Fad. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you?

Fad. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same wheresome apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him I pray, let me have him.

Fad. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship: a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tinnitus.

Ch. Just. What tell ye me of it? be it as it is.

Fad. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in (laine); it is a kind of dreams.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fad. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the mark of not marking, that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fad. Well, I pray my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your precepts, I mean, make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fad. As it was advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great misery.

Fad. Ille that backles his him in my belt, cannot live in his.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fad. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my want slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mislaid the youthful prince.

Fad. The young prince hath mislaid me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am glad that you have a head wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet oversight.

Fad. My lord.

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fad. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. But I see you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fad. A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fad. His effect of gravity, gravie, gravie.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fad. Not so, my lord: your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without some weighing: yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Vis mea est so little regard in those coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckoning. All the other gifts appertaining to the man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.

Ch. Just. You are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our blood with the bliteness of your gall; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the severel youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye?
Act 2.

KING HENRY IV.

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, stand-eth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold the field without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;—
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far.
Till we had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody—nit this as,
Conjecture, expectation, and surprise
Of bids undutin', should not be suspected.

Arch. Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was; my lord; who lin'd himself with
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to destruction,
And, winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms the hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,) Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the approaching buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model; And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outwights ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, design
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consider upon a universal question;
Surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives over, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for cherisht winter's tyranny.

Arch. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair
hold) should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To na, no more; nay, not so much, lord
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perficte, a third
Must take us up; So is the unform'd king
In three divided; and his colours sound
With hollow poverty and emptinesse.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
Together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against whom Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms,
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedye love hath surfeited;—
An habituation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou'ldst have him be?
And being now crimm't in thine own desires,
Thou, beasty feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy gluton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it? What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threwst dust upon his goodly head,
When throughly proud London he came sighing on
In day doth admiration of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, O earth, yelds us that king again,
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present,
worst.

Momb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; Fang, and his Boy, with her; and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O, lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yen, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
For he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! I take heed of him; he stabbed
me in mine own house, and that most badly:
In good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth,
If his weapon be out; he will foin like any devil;
He will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an' a' come but within my vice;

Host. I am done by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score;—good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pies-nonger, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubber's head in
Lambert-street, to master Smooth's the allman: I
upon, by the passion is entered, and my case so
openly known to the world, let him be brought in
to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for
a poor lorn woman to bear: and I have borne, and
borne, and borne; and have been fuddled off, and
fuddled off, and fuddled off, from this day to that
day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is
no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should
be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's
wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-know
man, with his company. Do your offices, your
offices, master Pang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the
matter?

Pang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistres-
ness quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me
off the villain's head; throw the queen in the
channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! Ill throw thee
in the channel. Will thou? wilt thou? thou bas-
tardly rogue!—Murder, murder! 1 thou honey-
seeks; thou wilt kill God's officers, and the king's;
1 thou honey-seek rogue thou art a honey-seed;
1 a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Page. Rescue!—a rescue!

Host. This is my house, bring a rescue or two.—
Thou wilt, wilt thou? thou wilt, wilt thou? do,
do, do thou rescue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you
fastilastian! I'llattle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just.What's the matter? keep the peace
here, boy?

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech
you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what are you
yawning here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and busi-
ness?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow! Wherefore hang'st thou
on him?

Host. 0, my most worshipful lord, an't please your
grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and
he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. What a suit?—

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for
all, I have: he hath eaten me out of house and
home; he hath put all my substance into that fat
belly of his,—but I will have some of it out again,
or I'll ride thee out, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I
have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fye! what
man of good temper would endure this tempest
of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce
a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her
of?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Many, if thou wert an honest man, thy-
self, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me
upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-
chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon
Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince
broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-
man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as
I was about to wed, to marry me, and make me
my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did
not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in
then, and call me gossip quickly? coming in to
hurt me, she was young, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire
to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for
a green wound? And didst thou not, when she
was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so
familiar with such poor people; saying, that ere
long they should call me madam? And didst thou
not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings
I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou
canst.

Host. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she
says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is
like you; she hath been in good case, and, the
truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these
foul words, I beseech you, I may have redress
against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted
with your manner of wrenching the true cause
from the way. It is not a confident brow, nor the
throng of words that come with such more than
impatient sauciness from you, can thrust me from
a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me,
practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this wo-
man, and made her serve your uses both in pursu
and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prythee, peace,—Pay her the debt you
owe her, and unpay the villain you have done with
her; the one you may do with sterling money, and
the other with current repeniance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this snape
with this madman. I will not endure thee to
command business, nor the throng of words that
come with such more than impatient sauciness from
you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you
have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy
yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve
your uses both in pursu and person.

Host. Thou askest no power to do worse: but answer
in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor
woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. New, master Gower: What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of
Wales are near at hand; the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As am a gentleman;—Come, no more
words of it.

If he be this heavenly ground I tread on, I must
be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of
my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and
for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story
of how, in the German country, fair in water-
work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hanguls,
and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten
pound if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy
humours, there is not a better wench in England.
Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come,
thou must not be in this humour with me; dost
not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set
on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twen-
ty nobles; I'faith I am loath to pawn my plate,
in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll
be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn
my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll
pay me all together.

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [to
Bardolph.] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you
at supper?

Fal. I want more words, let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Page.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. What of the woman? What of the
woman?—

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news,
my lord?
Act 2.

KING HENRY IV.

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
Gov. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are mustered up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.
Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.
Fal. My lord!
Ch. Just. What's the matter?
Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?
Gov. I must wait upon my good lord here:
I thank you, good sir John.
Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long,
being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?
Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?
Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.
Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.
Points. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.
P. Hen. Alas! foul Faith it does me; though it discourses the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it.
Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small bread?
Points. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness.
What a disgrace is 't to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take the many pair of silk stockings thou hast; stiles these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to hear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low-countries have a shift to eat up thy Holland; and God knows, by my faith, thou hast out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.
Points. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?
P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Points?
Points. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.
P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.
Points. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.
P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.
Points. I was hardly upon such a subject.
P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds in me; hardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.
Points. The reason?
P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?
Points. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.
P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?
Points. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrailed to Falstaff.
P. Hen. And to thee.
Points. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!
P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!
Bard. Commen'ge, sir knight, [to the Page,] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a potter's maiden's page?
Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.
P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?
Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabble, away! Page. Away, you rashly Althea's dream, away!
P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?
Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.
P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.
Page. There it is, boy.
Points. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.
P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?
Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; and there's none but you.
Points. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martelias, your master?
Bard. In bodily health, sir.
Points. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.
P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.
Points. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, There is some of the king's blood spilt; How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; I am the king's poor cousin, sir.
P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:
Points. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, a Newspense, Sir John, father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting,—Why, this last certificate.
P. Hen. Peace!
Points. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee,
and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pola; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he sweats, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'rt, and so farewell.

Thine, by you and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usedst,) Jack Falstaff, with my sisters: John, with my brothers and sisters: and our John with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words; heavens, use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Pols. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Were these women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A young gentleman, sir, and a kind woman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heiresses are to the town bull. Shall we steel upon them, Ned, at supper time?

Pols. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph; no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence. Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Page, ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tear-sheet should be some toad.

Pols. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

P. Hen. How mighty we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Pols. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and write upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descent! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter.

Give even way unto my rough affairs; Put not you on the visage of the times, And be, like them, to Percy troublesome Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn: And, but my going, nothing can redeem it. Lady P. O! yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endeared to it than now; When you were to Percy, when my heart's dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it! For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun in the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light, Did all the ichor of England move and so farewell.

Thine, by you and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usedst,) Jack Falstaff, with my sisters: John, with my brothers and sisters: and our John with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words; heavens, use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

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Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Were these women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A young gentleman, sir, and a kind woman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heiresses are to the town bull. Shall we steel upon them, Ned, at supper time?

Pols. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph; no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence. Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Page, ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tear-sheet should be some toad.

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P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descent! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.


2 Draw. Mais, thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir John: and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these dear, withered kind, it angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out sneek's noise; mis- tres Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch. — The room where they supped, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Polian anon: and they will put on two or our jerkins, and aprons: and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it! For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun in the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light, Did all the ichor of England move
KING HENRY IV.

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1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: It will be an excellent stratagem.
2 Draw. I'll see, if I can end out Sneak. [Exil.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. If truth, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulisidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose:
But, if truth, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court.—Empty the jordan.—And was a worthy king: [Exit Drawer. How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: ye, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat racasles, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! glutony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the glutony, you help to eat the diseases. Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and onche:—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely.

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's con- formities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: to Doll you are the weake vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a half meath, better ploughed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'd rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neigh- bours; to call no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door:—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? I am mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tislick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Nearbour quickly, says he,—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—Nearbou Quickly, says he, receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name:—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering companions. —There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if he could get him back in any show of resistance. —Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says,—"My master, my master, how I shake; I look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.


Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her,

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no robber of my pleasures.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurrvy companion. What you must, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meate for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away with you, clear rogue! You filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket- hilted stale juggler, you!—since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder! much?

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would trunchon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, can you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occup; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort- ed: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Harry thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph:—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Fal. Till I get proofs:—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faithors! Have we not marked him here?

Host. Good captain Peeceel, be quiet; it is very late, if'faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals.
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Enter behind, Prince Henry and Pains, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of? Enter the thalow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. The heay, Pains has a good wit.

Fal. But this good wit? hang him, baloon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Though their legs are both of a blackness: and he plays at quots well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another: the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their soft and point.

P. Hen. Would not this nape of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Doll. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his heart turned to his head.

Doll. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Doll. Is Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction? who says the almanack to that?

Doll. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love ever a scurvy young boy of them all.

Doll. What stuff wilt have a kittle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry thing, come: it grows late, well to bed. Thou!t forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my thought thou!t set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself honest till thy return.—Well, beaurok the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.


Doll. Ha! a bastard son of the king's! And art thou not Pains his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful contemplations, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by any troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesus, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this bright flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [Leaning his hand upon Doll.

Doll. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Points. My lord, he will drive you out of your restaurant, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how witty did you speak of me even now, before this honest, valiant, civil gentleman? He was my brother, and that was your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?
KING HENRY IV.

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P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did
when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I
was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try
my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not so: I did not think, thou
wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the
wild abuse; and then I know how not to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me; and call me
pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poisn. No abuse.

Fal. Not for abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned,
none. I dispraised him before the wicket, that the
wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which
doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and
a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks
for it. No abuse, Hal:—none, Ned, none:—no,
boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire
cowardice, do not make thee wrong this virtuous
gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked?
is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of
the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns
in his nose, of the wicked?

Poisn. Answer, thou deceitful answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, Ir
recoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen,
where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For
this boy, there is a good angel about him; but the
devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already,
and burns for poor soul! For the other,—I owe her
money; and whether she be damned for that, I
know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art
quit for that. To marry and another indictment
upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy
house, contrary to the law; for which, I think, thou
wilt have.

Host. All victualers do so: What's a joint of
mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace for these?

Fal. My grace says that which his flesh rebels
against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to
the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wailed posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff:

P. Hen. By heaven, Pots, I feel me much to
blame,
So silly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, begin to swell,
And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good
night.

[Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked.
[Knocking heard.] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presentely: a
dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.—]

Farewell, hostess:—farewell, Doll. —You see, my
good wenches, how men of merit are sought after:
the undesigner may sleep, when the man of action is
called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not
sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak:—if my heart be not ready
to burst:—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, fairewell. [Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee
these twenty-nine years, come peacocked time; but
an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare
thee well.

Bard. [Within.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within.] Did mistress Tear-sheet come to
my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.——A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the ears of Surrey and of
Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these
letters.

And well consider of them: Make good speed.

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this house asleep!—Needs Nature's
soft nurse, how have I fainted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Which rather, sleep, lies thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Then in the Perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly hangings
And kull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?—
With thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurl, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! I give up repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stilliest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my
lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege,

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our
kings
How foul it is! what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but a body, yet, distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little motive.

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
The beaky girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances muck.

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And changes all the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! So, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What port is past, what course to pursue—
Would shunt the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did meet, and, in the very face of death,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother told in my affairs,
And I did love and live under my roof;
Yes, for my second son; and he, of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Neville, as I may remember.)

[To Warwick.

When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, then ladder, by the which
My cousin fool'd broke ascend my throne.

Though then, heaven knows, I had no such inten-
tion;
But that necessity so how'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that final sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption,—so went on.
Forbidding this, the time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy.
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, is intent
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater fall:
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities
And that same word, even now get out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Reap what thou dost sowed, like the earth and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd,—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall, by pursuing this price in very easily.
To confirm you more, I have receive'd
A certain instance, that (Glendower is dead).
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these nine month's hours, perfurse, must add
Unto your sickness.

I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's House
in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting: Mouldy, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf, and Servants behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early
stirrer, by the road. And how doth my good cos-
in Silence?

Sil. To morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow?
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
ddaughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ocell, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By your leave, sir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar: He is at Ox-
ford still, be net.

Sil. Indeed, sir: to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they
will talk of mad shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and
I would have done any thing, indeed, and ronndly
too. There was I, and little John Doit of Stafford-
shire, and Jack George Burmely, and Francis Rick-
bone, and Will Squeal a Cotswold man,—yon
had not four such swing-bolders in all the inns of
court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where
the better part was carried: and here are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'ts certain; very sure, very sure.

Sil. Doth he venture, that the Justice shall be
sent, is certain to all; all shall come.

Shal. How a good joke of bullocks at Stamford-
fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Doubt of your
town ever out these days?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;
And dead!—he shot a fine shot.—John of Gaunt
loved him well, and did bettie much money on his head.

Shal. He would have made a tolerable score at a
reasonable: and he himself did have a forehand shaft a
forty and fourteen and a half, that it would have done
a man's heart good to see.—How a score of eves now.

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good eves
may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph, and over with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men,
as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
seech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire
of this county, and one of the king's justices of the
peace, and am very good pleasure with him.

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you:
my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by
heaven, and most a gallant leader.

Shal. Sir, I am well, sir; I know him a good
backward man: How doth the good knight? may
I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommo-
dated, than a knight's wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well
said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good;
yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely,
and ever were, very commendable. Accommo-
dated! From accommodate: very good; a good
phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.

Shal. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I
know not the phraseology, but I will maintain in the word
with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of
exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is,
when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, per-
haps, they are dead:—whereby—be may not be
thought to be accommodated; which is an excel-
 lent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good
sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your
workman's good hand: By my troth, you look well,
...and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in common with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, here's provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit? Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. O, here's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so: Yea, marry, sir.—Ralph Mouldy: let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yes, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, if'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use; Very singular good—In fact, very well said, sir John; very well said.


Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone, when she seeth to her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let him well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow? Shad. There he is.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male; it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him, for we a many of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Wart. Where's he?

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged warr.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John.

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I hope, sir, you will.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's Petticoat! Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Shal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous lady! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse: Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.
SECOND PART OF

ACT 4.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd? [Exit the Archbishop, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.]

Hast. 'Tis Guisairtree, 'sn't shall please your highness.

Arch. Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. Hast, I know you do well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd

New dated letters from Northumberland;

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:

Here doth he wish his person, with such power,

As might hold sordainc with his quality,

The which he could not levy: whereupon

He is retir'd, to rife his growing fortunes,

To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your attempts may over live the hazard,

And fearfull meeting of their opposite.

Mowbr. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news? Mowbr. West, this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy:

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their num-

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbr. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us away on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here? Mowbr. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Unquestion, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace:

What doth concern your coming? West. Then, my lord,

Under whose grace do I in chief address.

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and subject roots,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,

And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary; I say, if damm'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection; for you

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
Whose white investments figure Innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Our love at both our bosoms of such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To that, by instinct, and by dint of sword.

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;
And, with the surfet of our sufferings, we
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I turn me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throns of military men:
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What your brave arms may do, what wrongs we suffer
And find our griefs heavier than our offences. We see which way the stream of time doth run, And, with respect to this, we attack an heir. And, by the torch of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
When, in a long while, this, we are a war king, And might by no suit gain our audience;
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person.
Even by those men that most have done us wrong,
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of long, long since, instance, (present now,) Have put us in these ill-beeasing arms: Not to break peace, or any branch of it; But to establish here a peace indeed, Conscionable both in name and quality.
West. When ever yet was your appeal denied? Wherein have you been galled by the king? What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you? That which should catch this lawless band, A bloody book of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge.
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrell in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress; Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
West. West. We say not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruisers of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honour?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
Not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appear'd
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the dukes of Norfolk's dignities.
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Momb. What thing, in honour, had my father
That need be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compel'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he—

Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, for attack,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
staid
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
And blessings, and grace, and all of them,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
The earl of Northumberland was then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had been out of Coventry.
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were cast on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grace'd indeed, more than the king.

But this is more digression from my purpose.—
Here come our provokes of the peace of general.
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You need no more; from thence, every thing set off;
That might so much as think you enemies.

Momb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it jourest from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good;
Say you not then, our offer is compel'd.

Momb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. The end argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. IfthatheprinceJohnafullcommission,
In very ample virtue of this true
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name;
I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence;
That are insinu'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lord
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

Momb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
SECOND PART OF

As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowbr. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false derived cause,
Vea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That every word, and every look in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That every corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary.

Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Repose in grief, in the best of his life.
And therefore will he wipe his table clean;
And keep no tell-tale in his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdocters present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, picking to unfast an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, as he would a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath engag'd him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And makes tongues and criers to the arm
That was express'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The confidence of instrument of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. This very true:—
And therefore be assured, my lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowbr. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance between our armies?

Mowbr. Your grace of York, in God's name then
Set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace,—my lord, we come

[Exit West.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John, of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop:
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all,
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you.
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircle you, to bear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an open man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And reigns in the sunshine of his favour,
Would be heave the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of so great power! With you, lord
It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep were you within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us his imagin'd voice?
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: Of whom shall believe,
Not misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false witness doth his pristine name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have fairest up-an arm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am set here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The subjects of his disorder'd doth, in ceasless sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcelds and particulars of our grief;
The words hath been with scorn shew'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience of this madmen's war,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowbr. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fell down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born:
And so, he that remain'd shall hold the sword up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow.
To sound the bottom of the after-tides.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I know the breach all, and the breach from them.
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Writ his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties.
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redressings.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. (to captain, to an officer.) and deliver the way.

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part
I know, it will well please them: He thee, captain.

[Exit officer.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace: And, if you know
what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it:—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowbr. You wish me health in very happy season.
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry:
But heaviness forswears the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, cow; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus.—Some good thing comes to morrow.

Arch. Believes me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowbr. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[Shouts within.

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, Mowbr. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party lesser.
KING HENRY IV.

Act 4.

P. John. Go, my lord, and let our army be discharged too. [Exit Westmoreland.]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains March by us, that we may persuade the men We should have cop'd withal. [Exit Hastings.]

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings, and, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Exit Hastings.]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night together.—[Re-enter Westmoreland.]

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still? West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand, Will not advance till they hear you speak. P. John. They know their duties. [Re-enter Hastings.]

Hast. My lord, our army is dispand'd already: Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up, Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place. West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for these, which I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: And ye, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow. Capital treason I attach both of you. Mow. Is this proceeding just and honourable? West. Is your assembly so? Arch. Will you thus break your faith? I promis'd thee none: I promis'd you redress of these same grievances, Whereof you did complain; which, by mine hon- nor, I will perform with a most christian care. But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours. Most shallowly did you these arms commence, Fondly brought hither, and foolishly sent hence. Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray: Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. Some guard these traitors to the block of death; Trewson's true bed, and yeilder up of breath. [Exeunt.


Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray? Cole. Sir, I am, by the true knights, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale. Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale; Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you still be Colevile of the dale. Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff? Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy. Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me. Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a hilly of my indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undone me.—Here come our general. [Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others.]

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now; Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—[Exit West.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other come to your gallows.
shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.

The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of the kingdom, man, to arms; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valorous comes of sherris: so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof cometh, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, stern, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tiled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris; so that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear them potatoes, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bardolph. The arm is discharged all, and gone.

Poe. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my fingers his great thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwick, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give success to this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our hands are made strong, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, And every thing lies level to our wish: Only, we want a little personal strength; And, though we receive, now absent, Come underneath the yoke of government. War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas; There's a better place in his estimation Than all thy brethren: cherish it, my boy; And noble offices thou may'st effect Of mediation, after I am dead, Between Clarence's greatness and thy other brethren:— Therefore, omit him not: blunt not his love: Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold, or careless of his will. For he is gracious, if he be observ'd: He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity; Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's fient: As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws concealed in the spring of day. His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth: But, being moody, give him line and scope; Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, Confound themselves with working. Learn this, thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends; A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in; That the united vessels of their blood, Mingled with venom of suggestion (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As ascontrim, or wish gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London. K. Hen. And how accompanied? can't thou tell that?

Cla. With Polina, and other his continual follows.

K. Hen. Methinks subject is the fittest soil to weeds; And, he, the noble image of my youth, Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief Stretches itself beyond the hour of death; The blood is warm, and doth it reverently, When I do shape, in forms imaginary, the unguided days, And rotten times, that you shall look upon When I am sleeping with my ancestors. For when his headless, no curb When rage and hot blood are his counsellors, When means and lavish manners meet together, O, with what wings shall his affections fly Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay! War. My gracious lord, you look beyond you quite: The prince but studies his companions, Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language, 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd, Your highness knows, comes to no further use, But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms, The prince will, in the perfectness of time, Cast off his followers: and their memory Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By the same rules, the acts and lives of others; Turning past evils to advantages. K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb In the dead caunnion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness Added to that that I am to deliver! Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand; Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all, Are brought in the correction of your law; There is not now a rebel's sword unshedd'd, But peace puts forth her olive every where. The manner how this action hath been borne, Here at more leisure may your highness read; With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird, Which ever in the haunch of winter sings The lifting up of day. Look I here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty; And, when they stand against you, may they fall As those that I am come to tell you of! The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph With a great power of English, and of Scots, Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in stoutest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And to take away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.  
[Swoons.

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these
Are with his highness very ordinary.
[fits

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
pangs;
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly birds of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them
And ever.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb be-
tween:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before.
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will; certain, be his
end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[They convey the King into an inner part of
the room, and place him on a bed.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
With other music to my weary ear.
War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none
abroad!

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he he sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords,—sweet
prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with
us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the
bed.

P. Hen. Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That leap'st the poorest window wide
To many a watchful night,—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thyearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspend that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my fa-
ther!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
is tears, and heavy sorrows, of the blood:
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously;
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy hand, and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's
whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit."

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares
your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my
liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he?
let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from
my
pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,
seek, enquire.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?——

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry,
For this they have engrossed and pli'd up
The canon'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thigs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room.

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quafl'd but blood,
Would, by holding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But therefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lor., where he comes.—Come hither to me, Har ry.—

Departs the chamber, leaves us here alone.

[Exit Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dest thou so hungry for my empty chair,

That thou wilt need invest with mine honours Before the year ripe; O foolish youth! Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity Is held from falling with so weak a wind. That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast slain that, which, after some few hours, Were thine without offence; and, at my death, Thou hast made up my expectation; Thy life did manifest, thou hast not me not, And thou wilt have die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts; Which thou hast hasted on thy stormy heart, To stab at half an hour of my great age. What I cannot thou not forbear me half an hour? Then get thee gone; and dig thy grave thyself; And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear, The thou art exprest, and not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my blears, Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head: Only compound me with forgotten dust: On thee and thy reign hath been the life of worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees; For now a time is come to mock at form, Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity! Thou avnest a talent that is more than thine, hence! And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apex of idleness! Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your seum; Have you no ruffing that will swear, drink, dance, Revel the night: rob, murder, and commit The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his troubled guilt; Engage him officers; I think thou might: For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence pluck.

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent. O how I long to see thy coat outglow! When that my care could not withhold thy riots, What will thou do, when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[Knocking.

The moist impediments unto my speech, I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke, Er you with grief had spoke, and had I heard. The course of it so far. There is your crown; And Be that wears the crown immortally, I hope, if it vouch safe, than as your honour, and as your renown, Let me no more from this obedience rise, (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit Toucheth in this prostitute and exterior binding! Heaven witness with me, when I here came in And found no course of breath within your majesty, How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign, O, let the present wildness do, And never live to show the incredulous world The noble change that I have purposed! Coming to look on thee, thinking you dead, (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,) I lay and brood on thee, as he did on gold, And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending,

Heath fed upon the body of my father; Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in earat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine palpable: But makest most honour'd, most renowned,

Hast o'ert heiever up. Thus, my most royal liege, Accessing it, I put it on my head;

To try it with,—as with an enemy,

Therefore the face murder'd my father,—

The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy, Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride; If any rebel or vain spirit of mine Drink of the least affection of the welcome,

Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let God for ever keep it from my head! And make me as the poorest vassal is,

That with both his terror and dread to kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son! Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence, That thou might'st in the more thy father's love, Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed; And hear, I think, the very latest counsel That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son, By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways, I met this crown; and I myself know well,

How troublesome it sat upon my head: To thee it shall descend with better quiet,

Better opinion, better confirmation;

For 'tis the soul of the achievement goes

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,

But as an honour match'd with holester hand; And I had many living, to upbraid My sin of it by their assistance.

Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed, Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears, Thou seest, with peril I have answered:

For being the reign had been the scene of

Acting that argument; and now my death Changes the mode: for what in me was purchase'd,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort:

That be the guardian of what has before, Yet, thoo thou stand'st more sure than I could do,

Art not firm enough, since griefs are green; And all thy friends, which thou must make thy bed.

Here are their string's and teeth newly ta'en out;

By whose fell working I was first advanced, And by whose power I well might lodge a fear To reign displeas'd: which I could avoid,

I cut them off: and had a purposer now To lead out many to the Holy Land;

Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry, He is the God of thee, to be grasped in wisely.

With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days. More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,

That strength of speech is utterly denied me. How I came by the crown, O God, forgive! And grant it may thee in true peace live! P. Hen. My gracious liege, You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Then plain, and right, must my possession be: Which I, with more than with a common pain, Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others.


P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. My royall August, my happiness, and peace, and John.

But health, slack, with youthful wings is flown From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight, My young brows makes a mark—where the God.

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick?

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I first did swom?
Act 5.

KING HENRY IV.

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord. K. Hen. Laud be to God! even there my life must end. It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die but in Jerusalem; which, I suppose, the Holy Land:— But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie; In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exit.

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ACT V.


Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say! Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy! Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see,—yes, marry, William cook, bid him come hither — for— for— you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with heat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir,—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinkley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend 'tis the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceived, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but, yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your books—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph,—and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shallow.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] If we were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the explanation of being near his master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms or two actions,) and he shall laugh without intervals. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the sike in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet coak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John! Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.

SCENE II.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I could his majesty had call'd me with him: The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm my- To welcome the condition of the time; [self, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fancy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry; O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort! Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be over-turn'd. P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick. P. Humph. Cia. Good morrow, cousin. P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak. War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier: P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed! And I dare swear, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own. P. John. Though no man be asur'd what grace to find You stand in coldest expectation: I am the sorrier; 'twould, 'twere otherwise. Cia. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;— Which swims against your stream of quality.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes,—Come hither to me, Har—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Chamber, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. Dust thou no hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt need in thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? To foolish youth
Then seek the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is done. Thou hast staid that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast said my expectation
Thy life did manifest, thou lovest me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half or more of my life. What
I cannot thou shalt fear: see: in three half an hour
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead. Let all the tears that should bedew my Hearse,
He drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only command me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
This, if the morn be fair, and the earth
For now is a time to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you base counsellors, hence!
And take the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
New, neighbour conines, purge you of your scar:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Beat the nights, do murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb to quick
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flash his tooth in every innocent.
O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows! Where could not I behold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Frequented with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege: I shot for my tears.

Kneeling.

The mock impediments unto my speech,
I had foresaid that this dear and deep rebuke
To me with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teaches,) this prostrate and exterior boding! Heaven save me with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wilderness die;
And leave to live to show the innumerable
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)—
I came unto the crown as having service,
And thus impressed it. The cause of that depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father.
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in ears, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine possible:
But thou, most fine, most Honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast o'er me crown'd. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—

A charge of a true inheritor,
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give me entertainment to the might which
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Flending so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I am well advis'd,
How troublesome it sat upon my head;
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soul of the achievement goes
With thee into the earth; it seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with bolsterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
What daily grew to a quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
And many arguements, and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchase'd,
Falls upon thee in a more faire sort so;
Thou seest the gauntlet wearst successfully.

K. Hen. O, my mind's more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but the writings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advance'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again dispaiz'd: which to avoid, I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To have thy guard to the Holy Land;
Lost rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, won it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be;
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others.


P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
And all things pleasant.

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

What's the news, my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord. 
K. Hen. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die but in Jerusalem; Which, plainly I suppose, the Holy Land is. But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie; In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exit.

ACT V.


Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say! 
Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy! [Exit Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see,—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Mr. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus:—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we saw the headland with heat? 
Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons? 
Davy. Yes, sir,—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons. 

Shal. Let it be cast and paid—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinkley fair? 
Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Both the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well: A friend 'tis better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceived, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, in my knowledge.

Davy. If I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but, yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shallow.]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawn into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the composition of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise hearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms or two actions,) and he shall laugh without intervals. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the achi in his shoulders; O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John! 
Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.

SCENE II.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace. 

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him: The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the yo'ng king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm my To welcome the condition of the time; [self, Which cannot look more hidiously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy. 

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry; O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort! 
Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier! 

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a good friend, indeed: And I dare swear, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find You stand in coldest expectation: I am the tormentor; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.
SECOND PART OF

Act 5.

And not less happy, having such a son.
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The things acquaintance, that you have it to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done against me. There is this hand;
You have been more father to my truth
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well practis'd, wise directions.—
And now I must believe me, I beseech you,—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lies my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies: and to rave out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now;
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of subtle counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted, where be no sides
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

(To the Lord Chief Justice.
Our coronation done, we will acclite,
As I before remember'd, all our state;
And (fond consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

(Scene.)


Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbor, we will eat last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fare God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Do you not see, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John; marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: We'll say'd, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your lieutenant, and your ambassador.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—come, cousin,

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quotas.—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing,
And praise heavens for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. All the world call you merry heart. —Good master Sil-
ence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy. Davy. Sweet sir, sit; (seating Bardolph and the Page at another table.) I'll be with you anon;—must I not sit? In answer of a master page, sir, profuse! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all.

First. Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all; [Singing.
For women are skrene, both short and tall:
'Tis better to sit, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrowde-side.

Be merry, be merry, &c.
Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who is? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of let her-coats for you. [Setting them before Bardolph.]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

[to Bard.—] A cup of wine, sir? Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the lemon wine; [Singing. And a merry heart lives long-a.]

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, be shrewd thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief; [to the Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaliers about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a potter's pot.

Shal. I thank thee—The knife will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

[Exeunt Davy.]

Sil. Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, who drinks a bumper.]

And duk me knight:

A manning.

I'lt not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. 'Tis so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An it please your worship there's one

Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but good man Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff In thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. Shout for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Stearlet, and John. [Sings.]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicorns? And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. You, out for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and, fig me, like The bragging Spanish.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door in: the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-drawn my shorthand out of joint.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [Exit Bard.]

Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good.

Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! Where is the life that late I led, say they; Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [Exeunt.]
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast, The beauteous sheath of the feeder of my riots.
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death.
As I have done the rest of my misleaders.
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For the need of life, I will allow you,
That you may know my purpose, and perhaps
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves.
We will, according to your strength, and qual-
Give you your advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on.

Cod. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look, you must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I shall be the man yet.

Shak. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doubts, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of you.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good at my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shak. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph,—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—
Ch. A ha. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.


P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers shall be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odd,—that, ere this year expire,
We beat our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.

EPICLUGE.—Spoken by a Dancer.

First, my fear; then, my courtly: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtly, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me for: what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own man's. But to the purpose, and so to the venture—He is known to you, (as it is very well), I was lately here in the end of a dispensing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean to, indeed, to pay you with this: which, if, like an ill venturer, I come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you. I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: beate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt.
Act 4.  

KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloucester, 3 brothers to the King.
Duke of Bedford, 3
Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King.
Duke of York, cousin to the King.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, officers in King Henry's army.
Bates, Court, Williams, soldiers in the same.
Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same.
Boy, servant to them.

THE SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter Chorus.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention! A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, And monarchs to behold the swelling scene! Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels, Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire, Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentle all, The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared, On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth So great an object: Can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cram Within this wooden O, the very casques, That did affright the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a crooked figure may Attest, in little place, a million; And let us, compilers to this great accent, On your imaginary forces work: Suppose, within the girdle of these walls Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, Whose high upreared and abutting fronts The perilous, narrow ocean assuw'd. Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts; Into a thousand parts divide one man, And make imaginary puissance: Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth: For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our act.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd, Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd, But that the scrambling and unquiet time Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now? Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us, We lose the better half of our possession: For all the temporal lands, which men devout By testament have given to the church, Would they strip from us; being valued thus,— As much as would maintain, to the king's honour, Full fifteen ears, and fifteen hundred knights; Six thousand and two hundred good esquires; And, to relief of lizzars, and weak age, Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil, A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied; And to the coffers of the king besides, A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T'would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not. The breath no sooner left his father's body, But that his wildness, mortified in him, Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment, Consideration like an angel came, And whisper'd the offending Adam out of him: Leaving his body as a paradise, To envelop and contain celestial spirits. Never was such a sudden scholar made: Never came reformation in a flood, With such a heady current, scouring faults; Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness So soon did lose his seat, and all at once, As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cont. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debat of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter, that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
The statesman's charge and homely undertones;
So that the art and practick part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorick:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glee it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain:
His companies uiletted, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularitie.

Rly. The strawberry grows underneath the settle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of base quality;
And so the prince observ'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wideness; which, no doubt,
Tire like the summer's grass, fastest by night,
Unseen in his face, in this his seriousness;
Cont. It must be so; for miracles are cease'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Dost his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cont. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon his Majesty's behalf.
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
This day upon the time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
Cont. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I intrept his grace would (and have done),
The several, and unhugged passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France;
Himself, Edward, his great grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cont. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crow'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cont. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Redford, Exeter, Warwick, Westminster, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Eve. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. So Chichester remain, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hears him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Ely.

Cont. God and his angels, guard your sacred
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed!
And safely and religiously unfold,
Why the Suicique, that is now in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, rest, or bow your reading,
Or select charges you may undertake;
With opening titles misrate, whose right
In this and native colour with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall bear their heads in stony war;
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
Cry out from whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That you speak it in your conscience was'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cont. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,
That are your liege, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne;—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In France, Salique suadere or succedemur.
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The father of his crown and title to the war.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Saal and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law—No female should be inheretrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd — Meissen.
Though it was well said in the feudal war,
War was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Saalique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunct of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the yere
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as their general, being descended
Of Bithr, and that was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Loralin, sole heir male
Of the titles and stock of Charles the great,—
To fine his title with some show of truth,
(Though, in true right, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charles the great, and William,
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied.
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the same in marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Philip's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Swebit they would hold up this Salique law,
To frustrate and spoil their female's claim:
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbrace their crooked titles
Surpr'd from you and your progenitors.

| K. Hen. | Upon right and conscience, make
this claim? |

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
And stood erect in the first defense of France:
While his most mighty father on the hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility,
O noble English, that could entertain
With happy view the force of all France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. A wake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with the same triumphant spirit arise:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins, and your thrice-puissant liege
Is in the French heart, whilst born of youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all that pertain that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and
means, and might;
So hate your highness; never king of England
Had nobles rich enough to entertain his feet:
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
land,
And live and abound in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to their end;
Our island from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,
But fear the main intention of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But Philip the third, and Hugh Capet his son
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleamed land with hot essays;
Gibing with grievous siege, castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill-neighbour-
hood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exemplified herself—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ozone and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.

West. But why this plain saying, very old and true,—
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin;
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the wretched Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs.
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curd; necessity
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concert;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or end,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of state;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make haste upon the summer's warmest buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering over to executors.

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concern, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be prepared; and our cause as well
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin.

[Exit an Attendant. The King ascends his
throne.

Now are we well resolved; and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble slaves of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend our awe,
Or break it all to pieces; or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms
To lay these bounds, and make a base,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mule, shall have a tongueless mouth.
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
You are come, and we beseech you, by the king.
Amb. May it please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, 'tis thought in France,
That you should be with a mirrour in your hand;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, master for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, to lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms claim,
Heartily, of you. Thus the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle? 

Eve. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rockets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard;
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chances. And we understand him well;
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never vain'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourselves
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Pe ring like a king, and bowing my neck;
When I do reuse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But, when I rise with so full a story,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Haft turn'd his balls to guns, and his soul
Shall stand sore charg'd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this mock mock out of their dear husbans;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My honest hands in a well-hallow'd cause,
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it—
Convey them with safe conduct—fare you well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Enter. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[Deceiv'd from his threat.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon.
That man, with reasonable wisdom, and
Add more feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man new task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And sitten dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now suit the townsmen with good-honour's thought.
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercureys.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
There is no counsel given by good insurance
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy Seek to divert the English purposes.
O Earth! it would moveth to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour wouldest do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow booms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
Have, for the guilt of France, (1) guilt, indeed:) Consell'd the townsmen with feudall France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises,) Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene Is now transported, gentiles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll make a bed and one stomach with your play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

Scene I.—The same. Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles:—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my test. That is the renouncez of you.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Neill Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong: for you were troth-plight to her.
Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their threats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife—good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base take, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers, unless for their throats; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle women, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house, it is said. [Nym draws his sword.] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have willful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph, a good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pist.

Pist. Fish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you sodus. [Soothings his sword.]

Pist. Sodus, egregious dog? O vale grage! The sodus in thy most marvellous face.
The sodus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy! And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retract the sodus in thy bowels; For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, And flushing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, I cannot conjure me. I have some humour to know me indifferent well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little. In good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vale, and damned varicious wight! The great gape, and dotting death is near; Therefore exhale. [Pistol and Nym draw.]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilses, and am a soldier. [Draws.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits must not attend my eye.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe le gorgé, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

Hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go, And from the powdering of Infamy. Forth forth the lazaret kite of Cressid's kind, Doll Tearer sheet she by name, and her espouse: I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly For the only she: and—Pausa, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess:—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue. Quickly, true troth, he'll yield the crew a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.]

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shocked of a burning quotient tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it. Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and cares.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves?

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Till, Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he'll condole and grace'd with princely favours,

That he should, for a foreign pursue, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter King Henry, Serocop, Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts.

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Serocop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well provided

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and a conquest to attend on us.

Caius. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd.
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits so heart-grieved and unceasing
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have stowed their vills in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Grey. We shall with such a returns be told;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our people: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Grey. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. 1, let us yet be merciful.
Com. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
And your horizon (which this poor wretch,
If little fanats, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enrage that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their
dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes;
Who are the late commissioners?
Com. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. That, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richbard, earl of Cambridge, there
is yours —

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham—and, sir
Knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same yours—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentle-
man?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much perplexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowardly and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

I, I do confess my faniot;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in ns but late,
By your own counsel is suppressd' and kill'd:—
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoma,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See, my prince, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge
here.—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinements,
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hamptons: the which,
This knight, no less for hounour bound to us

Than Cambridge is,—hath like wise sworn.—But
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingratitude, and inhuman, am I unacquainted?
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have cold'd me into gold,
Wouldst have practis'd one or two for thy use?—
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger?—sa so strange,
That the truth of it stand suffer'd at all.
As black from white, my eye will severely see it
Treason, and murder, ever keep together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either purpose,
Wrest such no secrets, nor a natural look,
That admission did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder;
And whatsoever cunning end it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do both—

With patches, colours, and with forms being
fetch'd
From glistering semblances of ployt;
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee that instance why thou shouldst do
treason.

Unles to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same daemon, that hath guid'd thee thus,
Should in his usual gait walk the whole world,
He might return to Tasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how lost with jealous interested
The sweetness of affiance! show men dutifull
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they in diet:
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not sweating with the blood
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest emplamement.
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely belted, didst thou seem:
And thy fall hath jads a kind of blot,
To mark the full-franght man, and best indned,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fail of man.—Their faults are open,
Arrive them to the answer of the law.
And God acquit them of their practices!

Rev. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my faniot, more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Com. For me,—the gold of France did not se-
duce:—

Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:—
But from the stated for prevention:
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejocce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoece
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Preverted from a damned enterprise,
My faniot, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. Why, wilt you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
enemy's

Receive the golden earnest of our death;
King Henry V.

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you then her grace,
Pitiful miserable wretches, to your death.
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

Now, Lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as we, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since, either in favor, on our side to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrypeople; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Cutting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance.
No king of England, if not king of France.

Enter Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Quick. Prythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my main heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, brake thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wronsome he be in heaven, as in earth.'
Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.
'A made a finer end, and went away, as it had been a chriostian child; parted even just between twelve and one, even at turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers'ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbed of green fields.
How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him mirth, and 'a bade him to think of God; I bode him, so let it be, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.
Quick. Ay, that 'a did.
Bard. And of women.
Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.
Boys. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils in another.
Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.
Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about the north.
Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a fleck stea upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that mark; this all the Riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, Pitch and pay;
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, caveat! be thy counsellor.
Go, clear the chrysalis—Beokes are five in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck?

Bard. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

Kissing her. Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defence.
Therefore these, the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all sweet despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then, to be provident.
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dauph. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, prepa-ration,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsuntide dance.
For, my good liege, she is as tidy king'd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin! You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Bratus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with orifice hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dauph. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the more defense he multiplieth;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong?
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
The haunted wither'd, and his family fraught:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles the same in his mountain sire—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Now his heroic seed, and smell'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.

Go, and bring them. [Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.

You see, this chance is fall'n on my head.
Daw. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to the theatre
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
What of a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England? [Exeunt From him; and thus be your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The crown'd glory stories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times.
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor any such ward claim,
Pleas'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of his oblivion tak'n.
He sends you this most memorabl line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
What you do, despair of; and when you find
And when you find him ever deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, and return him
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rack for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown: and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
There haunt us in our hour of woe
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans.
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
The is his claim, his threatening, and his message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To what end shall we bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Daw. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: What to him from England? [Exeunt. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt;
And any thing that may not miscarue
The amorous sender, or the family thoughts.
Witness says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and wrinckled vantages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Daw. Say, if my father send a fair reply,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity.
I did present him with those Paris balls.
Exeunt. He make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,) Between the promise of his greater days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest our king
Come hither to question our delay
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with
fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [Enter.

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imag'in'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion with no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty: and his brave fleet
With sixe strong merchantmen the young Phoebus fanning,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hemen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To seemen confined: behold the threadren sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the narrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: 1, do but think,
You stand upon the vig'rous, and you behold
A citie in the incomstant billows dancing:
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harleflur. Follow, follow! Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing skill, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn swalliners to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a
Behold the ordnance on their carriages, [sighs
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harleflur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him [back
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Cannon, ordnance, and all commodious demesne;
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With Linstock now the devilish cannon touches, [Alarms: and crombiers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still he kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit.

SCENE I. — The same. Before Harleflur.

Alarms. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford,
Glouster, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.
K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
one more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-fav'rd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the pates of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a gallant rock
O'ershank and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Not set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height.—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom ye call fathers, did beget you;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That ye are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, up, up, and away!
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Forces pass over; then enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol,
and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knacks are too hot;
and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that
the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is just; for humours do abound!
Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield, in bloody field,
Doth with immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alcove in London!
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and
safety.

Pist. And I;
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's plod!—Up to the preachers, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good boy, abate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour
wins bad humours.

[Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by Fluellen.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these
three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but
all the same, though they would serve me, could
not be man to me: for, indeed, three such anticks
do not amount to a man. For Bardolph—he is
white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means where-
of, 'a faces it out, but, fights not. For Pistol,—he
hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the
means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole
weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of
few words are the best men; and therefore he
scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought
a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with
as few good deeds. By the measure of man's head
but his own; and that was against a post, when
he was drunk. They will steal anything, and
call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case;
bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for nothing.
Nym, and Bardolph are sworn brothers in
fishing; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I
know, by that piece of service, the men would carry
coals. They would have me as familiar with men's
pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs;
which makes much against my manhood, if I
should take from another's pocket, to put into
mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I
must leave them, and seek some better service:
their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and
therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit Boy.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently
to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not
so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the
mines is not according to the disciplines of the war;
the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you,
'th'athwart which you may discourse unto a man
duke, look you,) is eight himself four yards under
the countermines; by Cheshu, I think, 'a will blow
all up, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the
siege is now given, is all ready, is directed by an
Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, I'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?
Gow. I think, it be.
Flu. By Cheshu, he's an ass, as in the 'orld; I will
verify as much in his heard: he has no more
directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look
you, of the Roman disciplines, than a puppy-
dog.

Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, cap-
tain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous faborious gentle-
man, that is certain; and of great expedition,
and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my par-
ticular knowledge. But, as a thing uncertain,
I will maintain his argument as well any military
man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine
wars of the Romans.

Jamy, I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, gott captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you
quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Christ is lath, lath ill done; the work ish
give over, the trumpet sound the retreat.
By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the
work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have
bowed up the towns, so Christ save me, in.
in an hour. O, 'tiss ill done, lish ill done; by my
hand, lish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseec you now,
will you voutasee me, I, a few disputations
with you, as partly touching or concerning the
disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the
way of argument, you look, and friendly communi-
cation; partly deeds; for 'a never broke any man
for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touch-
ing the direction of the military discipline; that is
the point.

Jamy. It salt be very gud, gud feith, gud cap-
tains bath; and I salt quitt you with gud leve, as
I may pick occasion; that sail I, mardy.
Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christy save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Christy, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so didst say me, 'tis shame to stand still; 'tis shame, by my hand: and there is threats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Christy save me. Ia.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, alike do gude service, or alike liggis'th' prudent for it; ay, or go to death; and all things to me as I may well do that is the bref and the long: Mary, I was full faint heard some question 'twixt you 'tway.

Fls. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation.

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? Is it a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Fls. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, for adventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in other cases; I ought to use you, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the discipines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you, so good a man as myself: so Christy save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

[Aside.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Fls. Captain Macmorris, when there is more benefit opportunity to be required, look you, I will be more bold to tell you, I know the discipines of war; and there is an end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter King Henry and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; or like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,) If I begin the battery once again,
I will not see the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she be buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier—rough and hard of heart—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wild as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if Impious war—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enl'ck'd to waste and desolation?

Whate'er be the case, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When the gibbet holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our valiant command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come aghast. Therefore, gentlemen of Harfleur,
Take plenty of your town, and of your people.

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
Overflows the filthy and contumacious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most revered heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jerey
When, strong and sturdy, out of their burning slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Goe. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of sucour we entreated,
And did not hear; 'twixt our enemies, are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dear King,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we have, for defence, our defensive gates

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur: there remain,
And fortify it strongly against the French:
Unto the same all. For us, dear uncle,—

The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-morrow in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march we are address'd.

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. En pur, madame.

Kath. Alice, tu es une ingénue; il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appelles vous la main, en Anglais?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, je oûse les doigts;
miais je me souvienne. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oû, de fingres.

Kath. Le mene, de hand, la la, de fingres.

Je pense, que je suis le bon calicier. J'ai gagne deux mots d'Anglais vivement. Comment appelles vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appelons, de nalis.

Kath. De nalis. Est-ce bien de, de hand, de fingres, de nalis.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglais, le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coudre.

Alice. De fold, madame.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faits la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris de a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Ensayez moy, Alice, essayez; De hand, de fingre, de nalis, de arm, de billow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelles vous le oö?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton.

Alice. De chin.


Alice. Ouy. Sauf votre honneur: en vertu, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les manifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Vous ne devez point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublie ce que je vous ay enseigné?

Kath. Non, je rectifier a vous promptement.

De hand, de fingre, de nalis.—

Alice. De nalis, madame.

Kath. De nalis, de arme, de billow.

Kath. Voici, un honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Avez dit je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin

Comment appelles vous le pieds et la robe?
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march-
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy.
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not I; I do not think it.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.
Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Some.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Fr. —Do Dieu vint!' shall a few sprays of us—
The emptying of our father's luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And over look their proper inheritance.
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Uneft lattice, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a hobbler and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dill?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden war,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their harley broth,
Decoy their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping lice
Upon our house's thatch, whiles a more frosty people,
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor— we may call them, in their native lords.
Lou. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
The Alpes doth spilt and void his rhum upon:
On go upward, you have power enough—
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.
Con. This becomes the great.
put him to executions: for disciplines ought to be
used.

Pist. Die and be damned! and fife for thy friend.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit Pistol.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I resemble a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebutted him at Harlewe: but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly; see his weakness, and admire our suffering. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransome: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested: which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too meagre, his purse is empty, and his pockets, and his house, to be of the kingdom too fair a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—where can he find his countrymen, in his ungrateful country, betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, and tell the king,—I do not seek him now: But could be willing to march on to Caen.

Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much into an enemy of craft and vantage), My people are reduced in respect of so many French: Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, did almost possess one of our English seas.

Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me,

Told, that I do bring thus!—this thy air of France
Hath hitherto been vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:—
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we have been on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go bid thy master well advise his steps. If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discord: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

Doth not the answer be but this: We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell thy master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit Montjoy.

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in the hand of France.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves:—
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, and others.

Com. Tut! I have the best armour of the world—

Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Com. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans; and my lord high constable, have a chance and arm our horse.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse for any that rides but on four paws.

Com. Ce, he! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, qui est a marines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth things when he crosses it; the honest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Persians: he is pure air and fire: and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts
Act 3.

KING HENRY V.

him: he is, indeed, a horse, and all other Jades you may call—beasts.
Con. Indeed, my lords, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Ort. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary observed praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature—

Con. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Ort. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Ma foi! the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. No, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and of course, like one of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight crosiers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then; they that ride so, and ride so warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own head.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné a son propre vomissement, et la truie lave au bordier: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and were more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it was morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. When will it go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Ort. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Dau. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Ort. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Ort. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Ort. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was as sure that, by one that knows him better than you.

Dau. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Ort. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Dau. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will hate.

Ort. I'll never said well.

Con. I will eat that proverb with—There is flat- tery in friendship.

Ort. And I will take up that with.—Give the devil his due.

Dau. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with.—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Ort. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Bess. The lord Grandpre.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman:—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not who the dawning, as we do.

Ort. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Ort. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Ort. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples; You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just! and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Ort. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Ort. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire: and through their pale flames
Each battle sees the other's ember'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neigh
Fleeting the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of prepartion. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toil,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[Enter Gloster and Bedford.]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight; go with my brothers to my lords of England:

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter Pistol. Plst. Quis va la ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discussus ombe me; Art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company. Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the amy-eror.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bewocke, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of list most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy. Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name; art thou of Cornwall, and so?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman. Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his legk about his pate, Upon Saint Dasy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The signe for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and certain prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Rome, by the Great, you shall find, that there is no tiddle tattle, or ribble pibble, in Romeo's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the variety of it, and the modesty of it, to be other wise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now? Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter Bates, Court, and Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bate. I think it be; but we have no great cause to praise it or approch of day.

Will. We see no broken of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. unter what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander, and a most kin.
gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?  

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I hear him often, I think, the king is but a man, as I am; the violence of the words doth not go to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man. If I break all these things, they are as nothing to me, and he shall account to me for them, as you, or I, when they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same reason as ours, but, I am sure, he possesses him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all Adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives.  

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die, and have them there, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

K. Hen. Ay, we were never should seek after: for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. That's the reason. But, go to, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off In a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all:—where's such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left, poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they change the issue of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobeys, were against all his purposes. They have been so long at home, that they will not easily be roused.  

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him, or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, or the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purposed their service. Besides, there is no king, he his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arithmetick of swords, can try it out with all unsupposed soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on the side of the good:—if under the colour of war, some, of begging virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of people with prescriptions. Others, that have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his headgear, war is his headdress; of what spot is he not? He is before-breath of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel; where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of its conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God his God, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we never the wiser.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my heart, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, This is my glove, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge thee.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reekon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins, lie on the king:—we must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,

Subjected to the breath of every fool.

Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy?

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy thongs in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd?
KING HENRY V.

Act 4.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Cons. Mark, how our steeds for present service

Dey. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And doth not come through superficial course. Ha! Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Cons. To horse, you gallant princes! I straight to horse!

Do but behold your poor and starving host,

And your fair show shall suck away their souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

The truth is, not enough for all our hands.

Scarcely blood enough in all their sickly veins,

To give each naked curtale as a stall,

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will over-turn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our most curious lackeys, and our peasants,

Who, in unnecessary action, warm

About our squares of battle—were enough
to purge this field of such a hiding foe:

Though we, upon this mountain's basis by

That and the idle speculation

But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The triumph of our victors, and the note to mount.

For our approach shall so much daze the field,

That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpre.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Ven island carrions, desperate of their bones,

1 They cannot become the morning field;

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

Their tattered pavements, from a trusty trust,

Their horses sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades

Bob, as the top of their heads, dropping the hides and hips;

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;

And in their pale dull mouths the grimal bit

Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,

To demonstrate the life of such a battle,

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Cons. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dey. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,

And after fight with them?

Cons. I stay but for my guard: On, to the field:

I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And wave to my haste. Come, come, away!

The sun is high, and we outreach the day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English Host: (Gilester, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.}

Gilester. Where is the king? (Exit. The Duke himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three thousand.
Enter King Henry.  

But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That on no work to-day.  

K. Hen.  

What's he, that wishes so?  

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are marked to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss: and if we live,  
The fewest men, the greater share of honour.  
Godd's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed on my cost;  
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear:  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I swear I wish'd not, and alway wish'd thee,  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
Godd's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the same hope I have. O, do not wish one more.  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian;  
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—tis now of Crispian:  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, these wounds I had i' the service and at Crispian's day;  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths, at household words,  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remember'd:  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition.  
And gentlemens in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accuss'd, they were not here;  
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.  

Enter Salisbury.  

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:  
The French are bravely in their battles set,  
And will with all experience charge on us.  

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.  
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.  
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?  
West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I  
Without more help, might fight this battle out?  
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;  
Which likes me better, than to wish us one.  
You know your places: God be with you all!  

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.  

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before the most assured overthrow;  
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind  
Thy former words: so, Marguerite,  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where (wretched) their poor bodies  
Must lie and fester.  

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?  
Mont. The Constable of France.  
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer  
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.  
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:  
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them.  
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell thereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then a bounding valour in our English;  
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in repast of mortality.  
Let me speak thus boldly—Tell the Constable,  
We are but warriors for the working-day:  
Our gaiety, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of fear in our host;  
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)  
And time hath harn them into slovenly:  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:  
And our poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour:  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints.  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.  
Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well!  

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.  

Enter the Duke of York.  

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the wayward  
K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,  
March away—  
And how thou pleasant, God, dispose the day!  

Ereunt.
SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.


Pist. Vield, cur.
Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualite.

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.
Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signeur Dew, and mark;—
That signeur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O seigneur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.
Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! aytes pite de moy?

Pist. May shall not serve, I will have forty mous;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'echapper la force de
ton bras?

Pist. Bras, cur! Thou dammed and luxurious mountain goat,
Goat-mess, go to trash.

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy, say.

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of mous?
Come hitter, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Execuats: Comment nous voues appeile?
Fr. Sol. Monseigneur le Fer.

Boy. Ife says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll for him, and stark him
And ferret him—discuss the same in French
Unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,
And stark.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monseigneur!
Boy. If you commande de vous diete que vous faites
Vos pret; car ce soldat ley est dispoat tout a cette
demier de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Out, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unies thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu,
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison;
garden ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent coca.

Pist. What are his words?
Boy. To save his life; he is a gentle
Man of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will
Give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will give you.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurament, de par
Donner aucun prisonnier; nonamnous, pour les vostres
Que vous lovez preme, il est content de vous donner la
Liberte, le franchissement.

Fr. Sol. Sur ma genou, je vous donne mille re
merciement; et je m'entente heureux que je suis tombé
Entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave,
vainqueur, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angletore.

Pist. Expoud unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks,
Saying, he himself happy that he
Hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the
Most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signeur
Of England.

Pist. That suck blood, I will some mercy show...
Follow me, cur. [Exit Pistol.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

[Exit French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so
Empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty
Vessels make the greatest sound. Haridopch, and
Nym, had ten times more value than this roaring
dog! The old play, that every one may pare his
Nails with a wooden daggèr, and they are both hanged;
and so would this be, if he durst steal any
thing adventurously. I must star with the lackey,
with the luggage of our camp: the French might
Have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there
Is none to guard it, but boys.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Rambures, and others.

Con. O dieable!
Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdus, tout est perdus!
Bou. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Representing our enduring shame.

Sits mocking in our plumes,—O macchante for
true—

Do not run away.

[Short alarum. Con.

Why, all our ranks are broke.

Emm. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves,
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but

Let us die instant: Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door.

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. That better, that hath spoil'd us, friend us
now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field.
To smite upon the English in our throns,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the


[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces: Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant
countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your
majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within
this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From the bridge to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,) The brave
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay instep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall shine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul for mine, then fly a-breath,
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, taught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripes, says,—Dear, my lord,
Command my service to my sovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips:
And so, expou'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-endowing love,
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have

But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not.

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—
Act 4.

KING HENRY V.

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But, hark! what new alarm is this same?—
The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly
against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of
knavery, mark you now, as can be offered, in the
'orld: in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, my lord, not a boy left alive; and
the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle,
have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned
and carried away all that was in the king's tent:
wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused
every soldier to cut his prisoners' throats. O, 'tis a
gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain
Gower; What call you the town's name, where
Alexander the pig was born.

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, pray, I pray you, is not pig, great?
The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge,
or the magnificuous, are all one reckoning, save
the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in
Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Mac-
don, as I remember.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander
is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps
of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the
comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the
situations, the soil, the climate, you, is both alike. There is a river
in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at
Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but
it is out of my prints, what is the name of the other
river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers
and my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you
mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's
life is come after it indifferent well; for there is
figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and
you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his
wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his dis-
pleasures, and his indignations, and also being a
little intercates in his persons, did, in his aies and
his anger, look, you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never
killed any of his friends.

Flu. Why, then, do you say, mark you now, to take
tales out of my mouth, etc it is made an end and
finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of
it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in
his cups; and so also Harry Monmouth, being in his fight wits and his goot judgments,
turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-dou-
blet; he was full of jests, and pipes, and knaverys,
and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is good
men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Flu. Enter King Henry, with a part of the
English Forces; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, and
others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant... Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on you hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or vold the field: they do offend our sight;
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Deseerte all the field, as we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?

Glo. He trusteth not, that I have find these bones of mine for ransom?

Com't thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king; I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To look our dead, and then to give
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
Do our vulgar drench their pleasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of our horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agin-
court.

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't
please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward
the black prince of boys, as I have read in the chro-
nicles, fought a most prave battle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your ma-
 jesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did gout
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wear
leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your ma-
 jesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge
of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes
no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tay's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countrymen.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell
you that; Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it
pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countrymen.

Flu. By Christ, good my countrymen, I care not
who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of
your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty
is a honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with
him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy
and others.]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why weerst thou that glove in
thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of
one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman.

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that
swagged with me last night: who, if 'a live, and
ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn
to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove
in his cap, (which he swor, as he was a soldier, he
would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is
it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a warlike man, take him else, an't please your majesty,
in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman
of great sort, quite from the answear of his degree.

Flu. Though he be, in the wood, as I say,
the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is ne-
cessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow.
his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-a-sance, as ever his placque shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So will I, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain; and he is good knowledge and literally in the war.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen: wear thou this favour for me, and for thy conscience: When Alencon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his hand; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alencon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honour, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please God of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is a true friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. Hen. It is the word of Warwick, and my brother tilsiter.

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favour, May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear; It is the soldier's: 1, by bargain, should Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge For me, and strike it, thy word,) Some sudden mischief may arise of it; For I do know Fluellen valiant, And, touch'd with cholera, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury; Follow, and see there be no harm between them. Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gower's will and his pleasure, captain, I perceive you now, come apace to the king: there is more ado, my lord, than venture, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a gauntlet.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Should, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. Come, how now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. Do you think so?

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat— I charge you, in that your majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alencon's.

[Enter Warwick and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God,) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

[Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guiscard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpre, and Roussi, Faconburg, and Foix,
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herold presents another paper.]
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine! [Exeunt.]

KING. Athwart. 'Tis wonderful! [K. Hen. Enter.]
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only. [Flu.]

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites?
Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum.
The death of charity entools his soul.
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him upon your winged thoughts,
Athisart the sea: Rejoind the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
Which, like a mighty whiffer 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vileness and self-glorying pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How he, with doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go bravely and fetch their commodity ear in;
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
Brave men and million to the duke's sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they, to this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:

The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chance'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There much more and much of have play'd
The Interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is no occasion and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsw, bragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orid, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, on no merits,—be he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so plain as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks...you please you, ancient Pistol: you scurvy, lowsw knave; Got 'pace you!

Pist. Ha! I art thou Bedlam? dost thou thrust, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I will smother at the smell of leek.

Flu. I see thee heartily, scurvy, lowsw knave,
At my desires, and my requests, and my petitions,
To eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you
do not love it, nor your affections, nor your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his leeks.

Flu. There is a leek for you. [Strikes him.] Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You called me yesterday, mountain-square; but I will make you to-day a square of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will beat his pate four days:—Flite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your bloody cockcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your spoken cockcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Tell you, there is a great to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a great!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy leact, in earnest of revenge.
Act 5.

Flt. If I love you any thing, I will pay you in
indulgences; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy
nothing of me but indulgences. God be wi'you, and
keep you, and heal your pate.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Flt. How? so you are a counterfeiter cowardly
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,
begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a
memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and
dare not be himself a compleat word? I have seen
you gleaning and gulling at this gentleman
twice or thrice. You thought, because he
could not speak English in the native garb, he
could not be an Englishman. I do not find it otherwise:
and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good
English condition. Fare ye well.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apart-
ment in the French King's Palace.

Enter at one door: King Henry, Bedford, Gloster,
Exeter, Warwick, Westmorland, and other
lords; at another, the French King, Queen
Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Lords, Ladies,
&c. the Duke of Burgundy, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are
met.

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good
Wishes to our most fair and princely cousin Katharine,
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,) We do salute you, duke of Burgundy:—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Est. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this great council of this great meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their best,
The French, in sallies of murder, and the
Venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Est. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have
laboured
With all my strength, my pains, and strong endea-

[Exit all but Henry, Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair! Will you
Vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?
Kath. O fair Katharine, may you shall mock at me; I cannot
Speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
Soundly with your French heart, I will be glad
to hear you broken with your English tongue.
Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez me, I cannot tell vat is—like me.
K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are
the very gallant beauty of this fair world.

Kath. Oui dit-il que je suis adorable a vos ayes?


Kath. Que dit-il? C'est un vaste et l'anglais.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must
not blush to affirm it.
Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy! dat de tongues de de mens is be full de deceit; dat is de princes.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. Thy faith, Kate, my wooling is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English. Art thou my merci? I would not find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love thee: thou must therefore be ten to thirty, and in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; I faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. Souf votre honneur, I understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a readiness in measure in streng. If I could with a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a will of my own wish. If I for my love, bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off! but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor grasp out my eloquences, or shew to any fair woman only downright oaths, which I never use till urgency, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there; or if thou canst speak to thee plain soldier; If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no, no, no, no, no; and let my wish, my wishes, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right; because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will walk; a straight back will hide; a blushing will turn white; a curdied pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, both sun and moon; for, it shines bright, and never changes, but keepeth the same truely. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king; And what's the worst thou then to my love? speak my fair, and fairly, the truth.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine, I am yours, then yours, then France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in France; who art thou? I lay upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand jay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi, (let me see, while you do dat) you are my true one, and de vosse est France, et vous est miene. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more France: I shall never move thee in France, nor make thy heart to think thus.

Kath. Souf votre honneur, le Francos que vous parlez, est meliuer que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and the thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them; or, I know, Kate, you will, to her, disparage those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me, and be as false and gentle princes, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou best mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must needs prove a good soldier-breeder; because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou best mine, Kate, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will envelope your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres cher et divisee deesse ?

Kath. You shall have eau Frenc enough to deceive de moitie dameostelle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, eye upon my false French! by mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by my French honour, I do not love thee. And his blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he gave me; therefore was I created to be a stubborn outsider, and an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age is the mother of experience, and my spite is spoilt upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: what 'faith thou shalt no sooner bless my name, and withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Planfagten is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he not find me here, I'll tell the king, thou shalt find this king of good fellows, a word, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Will they have me? Kate?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pec.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. Laisses, mon seigneur, laissez, laisses, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point de grands seigneurs, de grands seigneurs, en baisant la main de votre indigne servileur; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then will I kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les daus, et damoiselles, pour entre baisers devant leur nopes, il n'est pas le coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my Interpreter, what says she? Alice. Dat is not de fashion pour les dames de France—I cannot tell what is, baiser, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendez bette que moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for themaids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayement.

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are
the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that
follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-
lessly; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice
fashions of your country, in denying me a kiss;
therefore, patiently and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is
more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in
the tongues of the French council, and they
should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a
general petition of monarays. Here comes your
father.

Enter the French king and Queen, Burgundy,
Bedsford, Gloster, Exeter, Westmoreland,
and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin,
teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin,
how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my con-
dition is not smooth: so that, having neither the
voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot
so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will
appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I am
swayed to that: If you would conjure in her
you must make a circle; if conjure up love in
her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and
blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet
rose over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if
she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in
her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard
condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield: as love is
blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when
they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin
to consent to wonting.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if
you will teach her to know my meaning: for
maids, well summered and warm kept, are like
flies in Bartholomew tide, blind, though they have
their eyes: and then they will endure handling,
which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over time, and a
hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your
cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you,
thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many
a fair French city, for one fair French maid that
stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yet, my lord, you see them perspec-
tively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are
all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never
ever entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content: so the maiden cities you
talk of, may wait on her: so the maid that stood
in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to
my will.

Fr. K. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Let so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Bur. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands.—That the king of
France, having any occasion to write for matter
of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and
with this addition, in French.—Notre tres cher fils
Henri roy d’Angleterre, heretier de France; and
thus in Latin.—Præclarissimum filium nostri Henri-
cus, regis Angliae, et heres Francie.

Fr. K. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear
alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her
raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look
pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred: and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. How welcome, Kate:—and bear me
witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Q. Josh. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one?
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or feil jealousy,
Which troubles off the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporeal league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive one another!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage;—on
which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing;
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their
sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[Exit.]
FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloster, uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King, and regent of France.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King.
John Beaufort, great uncle to the King, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.
John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset; afterwards duke.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
John Talbot, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
Sir John Pastolfo.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glendal.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

SCENE,—partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT 1.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hush. Be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky; And with them scourge the bad revolving stars, That have conspired unto Henry's death! Henry the fifth, too famous to live long! England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time. Virtue he had, deserving to command; His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams: His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings: His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire, More dazzled and drove back his enemies, Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive: Upon a wooden coffin we attend; And death's dishonourable victor We with our stately presence glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphant car. What? shall we curse the planets of mischaps, That plotted thus our glorious overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him, By magic verses have contriv'd his end? Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings. Unto the French the dreadful judgment day So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought: The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York faction. Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France. Reingnier, son of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alencon.

Governor of Paris.

Bastard of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant.

A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, daughter to Reingnier; afterwards married to King Henry.

Countess of Avergne.

Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Friends appearing to la Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all! Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guillaume, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, Guyons, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corpse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again, These news would cause him once more yield the ghost so solemn.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
FIRST PART OF

Act I

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered.

That here you maintain several factions:
And, what a field should be despacht'd and fought,
You are dispatching of your generals.

One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
His gunpowder and his swords peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Cropp.'lare the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Gird yourself to the wars, expect them.

Exc. Were our ears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Red. Me they concern; regent I am of France.
Give me my sealed cost, I'll fight for France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their interminable miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite:
Essex, some petty town of the same,
The Dauphny Charles is crowned king in Rheims:
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Regnier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The two are expected to be fire with fire.

Exc. The Dauphny crown'd king all fly to him;
Or, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' Bed ford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Red. Glower, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your la- men'ts,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's ears,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Mess. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was overthrown:
The circumstance I'll you more at large. The King of Auguist last, this gall'd lord, Retiring from the siege of Orleans, Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, By three and twenty thousand of the French Was round encompassed and taken:
No leisure had he to enrank his men; He wanted pikes to set before his archers; Instead whereof, sharp stakes, plum'd out of hedges.

They pitched in the ground confusedly, To keep the horsemen off from breaking in. More than three hours the fight continued; Where valiant Talbot, above human thought, Enacted wonders with his sword and lance. Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him.

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew: The French they claim'd, the devil was in arms; All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, saying his un daunted spirit, A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amidst, And what! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

Here had the conquer'd fully been seal'd up, If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward; He being in the vaward, (place'd behind, With paunch to relieve and follow them,) Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke. Silence grew the general wreck and massacre; Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloons, to win the Dauphny's grace, Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back; Whom all France, with their chief assembled Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Red. Is Talbot slain? then I will stay myself, For living liddy here, in pomp and ease, While a worthy leader, cut away, likewise.

Red. His ransom there is none but I shall pay: I'll hate the Dauphny headlong from his throne, His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; Foots of his land, I'll change for one of yours.

Red. Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bompire in France forthwith I am to make, To keep out great Saint George's feast withal:
Two thousand soldiers with me will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.

The English army is grow'n weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Red. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry Third, to quell the Dauphny utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Red. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To speak about of Alencon's separation.
[Exit.]

Exc. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

Exit. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.

I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to seud,
And sit at chiepest stern of public welfare. [Exit.]

Enter Charles, with his Forces; Alencon, Reiniger, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now he doth shine upon the French.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Others whiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts, Faintly besiege us one hour in a mouth.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beves;

Char. Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tyed to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gill,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound aloud; we will rush on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:
Him I forgive my death, that kill'd me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exit.]

Act II.

Alarums: Excursions: afterwards a Retreat.

Redezen, Charles, Alencon, Reiniger, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would never have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
KING HENRY VI.

Act I

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; 
He fights as one weary of his life, 
The other lords, like lions wanting food, 
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey. 

Alem. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records, 
England all oligers and Rowlands bred, 
During the time Edward the third did reign. 
More truly now may this be verified; 
For none but Samsons, and Goliasse, 
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! I And we've bon'd rascals! what wilt ever suppose 
They had such courage and audacity? 

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brained slaves, 
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager: 
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth 
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege. 

Reig. I think, by some odd glimps, or device, 
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on; 
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do, 
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone. 

Alem. Be it so. 

Enter The Bastard of Orleans, 

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have new news. 

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us. 

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd; 
Hath that which overthrow wrought this offence? 
Be not dimmad, for succour is at hand: 
A holy mald hither with me I bring, 
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven, 
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege, 
And drive the English forth the bounds of France. 
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, 
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; 
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry: 
Speak, then, I call her in every word, 
For they are certain and unfailible. 

Char. Go, call her in: [Exit Bastard.] But, first, 
To try her skill, 
Reig. My lord, thou as Dauphin in my place: 
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern— 
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. 

[Recess. 

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others. 

Reig. Fair maid, I'd, thou wilt do these won- drous feats? 
Puc. The pope, my lord, I'thout that thinkest to beguile me. 
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from be- hind; 
I know it well, though never seen before. 
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me: 
In private will I talk with thee apart:— 
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash. 
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, 
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. 
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd 
To shine on my contemplated estate: 
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs, 
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks, 
God's mother deigned to appear to me; 
And in a vision full of majesty 
Will'd me to leave my base vocation, 
And free my country from calamity: 
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success; 
In complete glory she reveal'd herself; 
And, whereas I was black and swart before, 
With those clear rays which she infused on me, 
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see. 
Ask me what question thou canst possible, 
And I will answer unpremeditated: 
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st, 
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 
Resolv'd on this: Thou shalt be fortunate, 
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Where be those barbers, that they wait not here? 
Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?
2 Ward. [Within.] Whose ever he be, you may not be let in.
1 Serv. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?
2 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I—

(Wake up the gates, I'le be your warrantize! Shall I be flouted that by dangble grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, Woodville, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open it.
The cardinal of Winchester fords:
From him I have express commandment.

That two things, that shall be let in.
Glo. Faint hearted Woodville, prizest him take me.
Arrogant Winchester! that haughty prelate,
Whom, Henry, and late sovereign, ne'er could Thou as friend to God, or to the king, (broth:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector:
Or we'll break them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter Winchester, attended by a Train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?
Glo. Plead'st, thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proctor, And not protector of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead lord; Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin; I'll canvas thee in thy broad canvas hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolvency.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not badge This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, [foot; To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wold.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back; Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I did thee to thy face.
Glo. What am I dare, and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place: Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard; [Gloster his men attack the Bishop. I mean to till it, and make it bloody! Under my feet I stomp thy cardinal's hat; In spite of pope, or dignities of church, Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down. Glo. Winoster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope! Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay? Thou'lt chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's apparel. Out, tawny coats—out, scarlet hypocrite! Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magnates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
In fine, desist'd I as I deserv'd; 
But, O! the treacherous Frodoth wounds my heart! 
Whom with my bare fists I would execute, 
If now he him brought into my power. 
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd. 
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts. 
In open market-place produc'd they me, 
To be a publick spectacle to all: 
Here, said they, is the terror of the French, 
The scare-crow that affrights our children so. 
The men broke I from the officers that led me; 
And with my nails digg'd stones out of my foot, 
To hurl at the beholders of my shame. 
My grisly countenance made others fly; 
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death. 
In iron walls they des'md me not secure; 
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread; 
That they supper'd, I could rend bars of steel, 
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant; 
Wherefore aguard of chosen shot I had, 
That walk'd about me every minute-while; 
And if I did but stir out of my bed, 
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart. 
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd: 
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently. 
Now it is supper-time in Orleans: 
Here, through this room I can count every one, 
And view the Frenchmen how they brify. 
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee. 
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Giandsale, 
Let us hear your express opinions. 
Where is best place to make our battery next. 
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords. 
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge. 
Tal. For aught I see, this must be famish'd, 
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled. 
[Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave fall. 
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man! 
Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us? 
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak; 
How far'st thou, mirror of all mortal men? 
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! 
Accursed tower'd I assurance of my fall, 
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy! 
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'er came; 
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars; 
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up, 
His sword did never leave striking in the field. 
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail, 
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace: 
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world, 
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive. 
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand! 
Bearer of his body, I will help to bury it. 
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life? 
Speak unto Talbot; may, look up to him, 
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 
Thou art not die, whiles 
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me; 
As who should say, When I am dead and gone, 
Remember to avenge me on the French.— 
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like, 
Wear in my grave, this gilding the town burn; 
Wretched shall France be only in my name. 
[Thunder heard; afterwards an alarm. 
What stir'st this? What tumult's in the heavens? 
Whence cometh this alarm, and the noise? 
Enter a Messenger. 
Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head; 
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,— 
A holy prophetess, new risen up,— 
Is come with a great power to raise the siege. 
Salisbury groans. 
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan! 
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd,— 
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you: 
Pucelle or dolphin, or dog-fish, 
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels, 
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. 
Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. 
[Exeunt, hearing out the bodies. 
SCENE V.—The same. Before one of the Gates. 
Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in; then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot. 
Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force? 
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them? 
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them. 
Enter La. Pucelle. 
Here, here she comes:— I'll have a bout with thee; 
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee: 
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch, 
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st. 
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only that I must disgrace thee. 
Tal. They fight. 
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail? 
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, 
And from my shoulders crack my English murder, 
But I will chastise this high-minded spurnet. 
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come: 
I must go victual Orleans forthwith. 
O'take me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength. 
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men; 
Help Salisbury to make his testament: 
This day is ours, as many more shall be. 
[Enter La. Pucelle, with Soldiers. 
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel; 
I know not where I am, nor what I do: 
A witch, by force, like Hannibal, 
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists: 
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench, 
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away. 
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs; 
Now, like to whoels, we cry running away. 
[Alarum. A short alarum. 
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight, 
Or tear the lions out of England's nest. 
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead; 
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf, 
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard, 
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves. 
[Alarum. Another skirmish. 
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches: 
You all consented unto Salisbury's death, 
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. 
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans, 
In spite of us, or aught that we could do, 
O, would I were to die with Salisbury! 
The shame hereof will make me hide my head! 
[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces, &c. 
SCENE VI.—The same. 
Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reginler, Aliencon, and Soldiers. 
Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls; 
Rescue'd is Orleans from the English wolves:— 
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word. 
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astraea's daughter, 
How shall I honour thee for this success? 
TBY promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the nect-

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetes!-  

Revenge is the town of the town.

More blessed hap had ne'er befal our state.

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alc. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won:

For which, I will divide my crown with her:

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramids to her I'll rear,

Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was;

In memory of her, when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich jew'ld of Parius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in: and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory.

[FLOURISH. EXIT.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter to the gate, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serge. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 Senti. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]

Thus are poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,)  

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces,

with scaling ladders; their drums beating a death march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—

By whose approach, the regions of Artois,

Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—

This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,

Having all day caroused and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity;

As fitting best to quittance their deceit,

Contriv'd by art, and baseful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs

his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Seri. Traitors have never other company—

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and he so martial!  

But, if underneath the same of the French,

She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spies.

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not I; together; better far, I guess,

That we do make our entrance several ways;

That, if it chance one of us do fail,

The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to join care.

Bar. And I to this.
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And she is welcome. What is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear abroad,
That with his name the very thought still their babies?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules.
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportions of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wretched shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have no matter to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him,
Whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord!
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now the circumstance shall end thy life:

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shade
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contradictions agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Orphan. The Gates being forced, enter Soldier.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruised,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath:
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me;
No other satisfaction do I crave.

But only (with your patience,) that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
FIRST PART OF

Act 2

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured To fear so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earl of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Suff. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud: The foreman's sentence was more than his best.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth; Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Tis my opinion, I have been a true man in the law; And after ye, and frame me my will to it; And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Suf. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment; But in these nice sharp quilletts of the law,

Good faith, I'm no wiser than a trained fox.

Plan. Tut, tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;

The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Suf. And on my side it is so well appall'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,

In such significant proclamations, I have thought.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From this short pleader frame my will to it.

Suf. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery.

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And doth he hold the right, or not?

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,

Till you conclude—that be, upon whose side

Those two roses are cropped from one tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Suf. Good master Vernon, it is well object'd;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Suf. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opposed to your bloody banner—

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Suf. Well, well, come on; Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you hold, was wrong in you.

[To Somerset.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Suff. Here, master Vernon:—meditating that,

Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your checks do counterfeite our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing

The truth on our side.

Suf. No, Plantagenet; Tis not for fear; but anger,—

that thy checks

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Suf. Hath not thy rose a thorn, plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Suf. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee, and thy fashion, passion boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee,

To scorn my part thereof into thy throat.

Suf. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole.

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward king of England;

Spring crested yeomen from so deep a root?

I'll prove one better man, by thy example,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Suf. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any sort of ground in Christendom:

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attained,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry? His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attainted, not condemned;

Cried up to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove more than better man,

Somerset, Warrington, and Poole, were growing time once riper'n to my will.

For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To compass this apprehension:

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Suf. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes:

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;

And, till I bear'st him on the place's privilege,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Look forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Suf. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am bray'd, and must perforce enforce

To this house, War. This blot, that they object against your shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:

And, if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accosted Warwick.

Mean time, in signs of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And never will it be wear'd for thee.

Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Suf. Hath not thy master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Suf. Thanks, my good sir,—

Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—At the same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair by Two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
KING HENRY VI.

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. —
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And though my eyes be bulging, and my brains
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, — like lamps whose wasting oil is
Wax dim, as drawing to their exponent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning griefs;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That yields its leaves, and clings to the ground: —
Yet are these feet — whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay —
So weakly didged as to get up, I say,
As witting I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. —
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscure'd,
Doing no good or harm to either kingdom;
But now, the arbitrator of desairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine ears, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say — of late thou wert despis'd? —
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some wo'rded there a thing 'twixt us, my lord, and me:
Among which terms, he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraiid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else when I uttered, I had requir'd him;
Therefore, good uncle, — for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance's sake, — declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a thicksome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his deserv'd
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I tell; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-born, he his advancement to the throne:
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavou'd my ad'vancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was — for that young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
Of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he.
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the right of Angels, I
Lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke — did reign,
Thy father's earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York —
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, and dream'd of redeeming,
And have instail'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rest'd, were suppress'd

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather;
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody and base.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fix'd is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is remov'd from thence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would so much part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughter'd doth,
Which give many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[Dies.]

Plan. And peace, no war, belal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days. —
Well, I will lock his coffin in my heart;
And what I do imagine, let that rest —
Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life. —

[Exit.]

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others.

Gloster offers to put up a bill; Winchester matches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporaneous speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,
Or than should find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes.
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
To avow thee in the method of confession:
No, woman, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentient pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious bane,
For wroth by nature, enemy to peace:
Lascivious, wanton, more than well becometh
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's that to manifest?
In that, And heard a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Groser, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall say.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how hast thou, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissertation, Who prefereth thee
More than I do, or any other priest?
Nor pardonest me, it is not that offendeth;
It is not that, that hath incensed the Duke;
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the ear
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good—
Glo. Thou hasten of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir, For what are you, I pray,
But one impertinent in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, and supreme
Presbyter, and prince of the church?
Win. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unseverest thievish!—Glo.
Win. Thou art reverent,
Teaching the spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome shall remedy.
War. Sow. My lord, it was your duty to forbear.
Win. Ay, see, the bishop be not overborne.
Sow. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It were not so becomes him there.
Sow. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the church of War?
See, must hold his tongue; Let it be said, Speak, shrill, when you should;
Must your voice resound above your lords?
Win. Would you have a filing at Winchester. [Aside.]
K. Hen. Uncies of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and unity,
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, your tender years can tell,
Civil dissertation is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the very bowels of the commonwealth—
For thine own weakness: Down with the twain coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun among malice of the bishop's men.
[Aside again; Stones! Stones! Stones!]
Enter the Mayor of London, attend'd.
May. O, my most good lords— and virtuous Henry,—
Pit the city of London, pit up
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
I have fill'd their pockets full of hard stones—
And hang'd the themselves in contrary parts,
I pe't so fast at one another's pace,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
Our windows are broke down in every part.
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter scurrilling, the Retainers of Gloster and
Winchester, with bloody pates.
K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to our-
self,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the
Fray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 Ser. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 Ser. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish
broll,
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.
1 Ser. We, lord, we know your grace to be a
man
Just and upright: and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but his majesty:
And, ere He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, eee the priest
Should have but that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd my disorderly discontented fury,
As by his smooth'd brow it doth appear;
Why love churchmen take delight in broils?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Eye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly
grind.
For shaming my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee.
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. Good eye; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen.
This token ser'veth for a flag of trust,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So, my good God, as I dissemble not.
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How is it I am made by this contract--
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 Ser. Content; I'll to the surgeon:
2 Ser. And so will I.
Act 3.  

KING HENRY VI. 

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.  

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;  
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
We do exhibit to your majesty.  

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick,—for, sweet prince,  
If an your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right:  
Especially, for those occasions  
At which your majesty, I told your majesty.  

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of  
force:  
Therefore my loving lords, our pleasure is,  
That Richard be restored to his blood.  

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.  

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.  

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,  
But all the whole inheritance I give,  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.  

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,  
And humble service, till the point of death.  

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot:  
And, in regard of that duty done,  
I give thee with the valiant sword of York:  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;  
And rise created princely duke of York.  

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty spring, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!  

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!  

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!  

[Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;  
As it disanimates his enemies.  

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.  

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.  

[Exeunt all but Exeter.]

Exe. Aye, we may march In England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:  
This late discretion, grown betwixt the peers,  
Brass and the felted ashes of the nation,  
And will at last break out into a flame;  
As Lester'd members rot but by degrees,  
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away.  
So will this base and envious discord breed.  
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,  
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—  
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;  
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:  
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
His days may finish ere that hapless time.  

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.  

Enter La Pucelle disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.  

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of  
Rodan,  
Through which our policy must make a breach:  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk ill the vulgar card of France,  
That come to gather money for their coin.  
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by slight give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.  

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,  
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
Therefore we'll knock.  

Guard. [Within.] Qui est là?  

Puc. Pauvres, pauvres gens de France:  
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.  

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.  

[Opens the gates.]

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.  

Pucelle, &c. enter the city.  

Enter Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Aleneon, and  
Forez.  

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.  

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practicians;  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?  

Aen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;  
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is  
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.  

Enter La Pucelle on a battlement: holding out a  
torch burning.  

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,  
That jointeth Rouen unto her countrymen;  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.  

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friends,  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.  
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!  

Aen. Behold no time. Delays have dangerous ends;  
Enter, and cry—The Dauphin!—presently,  
And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.]

Alarums. Enter Talbot, and certain English.  

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears.  
If Talbot but survive thy treachery—  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.  

[Exeunt to the town.]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, Bedford, brought in sick, in a chair, with Talbot, Burgundy, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Aleneon, and others.  

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?  
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:  
"Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?  
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless court-  
tezan!  
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.  
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before  
that time.  
Red. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!  
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,  
And run a tilt at death within a chair?  

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all de-  
spite,  
Encompass'd with thy lustful parameters!  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?  
Darnel, I'll have a bane with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.  
Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;  
If Talbot do not surrender, rain will follow.—  

[Talbot, and the rest, consult together.]  
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?  

2 D
Tel. Dare ye come forth, and meet me in the field?

Puc. Believe, your lordship take us then for fools,
To try if that our own selves, be ours, or no.

Tel. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest:
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tel. Signior, hang I—base malcontents of France!—
Like peasanfoot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take the field, like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.

God be wil' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell

That we are here.

[Exeunt La Pucelle, &c. from the wall.

Tel. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,)—
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town,
Great Cour-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I sweat, to get the town, or die.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out.

Bed. And Talbot, do not so dishonour me;
Here I will sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your zeal, or woe.

Bar. Most regal Presence, let us now persuade you,

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Wendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes
—Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tel. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so; let's keep the field secure;
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exeunt. Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford, and others.

Alarm : Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbott in the world, to save my life.
[Exeit. Cap. Cowardly knight! ill Fortune follow thee!—
[Exeit.

Retreat : Excursions. Enter, from the town, La Pucelle, Alencon, Charles, &c. and evenyt fleeing.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please:
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their souls,
Are glad and fail by flight to save themselves.
[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.

Alarm : Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and others.

Tel. Last, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bar. Worthy and martial Talbot, Burgundy,
Renowned bearers of your noble deeds,
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tel. That's a gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his?)

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to take the city.
For there young Harry, with his noble lies, lies.

Bar. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
Tel. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The valiant deeds of Bedford, late the gentleman.
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The Plain near the City.

Enter Charles, the Bastard, Alencon, La Pucelle, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered;
Care is no coute, but rather corrosive.
For things that are not to be remedied,
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And he be a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll give him such philosophy, and take a way his train;
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but dull'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no difference;
One thing, thou, and I will never break trust.
Bast. Search out thy witt with secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy Place,
And have thee reverence'd like a blessed saint;
Empioy thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise.
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy.

To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor shound that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expus'd from

And not have title to an earldom here,

Puc. Your honour shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard.

Ifark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Parisward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a dis-
tance, Talbot and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy
and Forces.

Now in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[Drum sounded.

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bar. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy coun-
tryman.

Bar. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am march-
ing hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, unbounded hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bar. Speak on; but be not over- tedious.
Tell him we come from thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France; Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, Which thou thyself hast given to thy own breast! Or, turn thy edged sword another way; Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help! One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's blossom, Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore; Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears, And wash away thy country's stained spots! But, either she hath bewitch'd me with her words, Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Ascribes, besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny, Who join'st thou with, but with a lodly nation, That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake? When Talbot hast set footonce in France, And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill, Who then, but English Henry, will be lord, And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive? Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;— Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe? And was he not in England prisoner? But, when they heard he was thine enemy, They set him free, without his ransome paid, In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends. See then! thou fights'at against thy countrymen, And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men. Come, come, return: return, thou wounding lord; Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms. But, I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of her's, Have but a'd me like roaring cannon-shot, And made me almost yield upon my knees,— For give me, country, and sweet countrymen! And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace: My forces, all my power of sum are yours;— So, farewell, Talbot: I'll no longer trust thee. Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again! Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh. Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts. Alien. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this, And doth deserve a coronet of gold. Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers; And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and other Lords, Ver- non, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers, Hearing of your arrival in this realm, I have awhile given truce unto my wars, To do my duty to my sovereign: In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath proclaim'd To your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength, Before the war we recked. When but one season,— Let's fall his sword before your highness' feet; And, with submissive loyalty of heart, Ascribes the glory of his conquast got, Fit to my god, and unto your grace. K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster, That hath so long been resident in France? Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege. K. Hen. We come, brave captain, and victorious lord! When I was young, (as yet I am not old,) I do remember how my father said, A star had shone, and marked him sword. Long since we were resolved of your truth, Your faithful service, and your toll in war; Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been requerd with so much as thanks. Because till now we never saw your face: Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts, We here create you to the duke of Shrewsbury; And in our coronation take your place. [Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Talbot, and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that more so hot at sea, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble lord of York,— Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou said'st? Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage The envious barking of thy saucy tongue Against my lord, the duke of Somerset. Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is. Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York. Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that. Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such, That, whose draws a sword, 'tis present death; Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. But I'll unto his majesty, and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost. Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you; And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, the Go- vernor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head. Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth! Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath. [Governor kneels. That you elect no other king but him: Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends, And none your foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious practices against his state: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God! [Exeunt Gov. and his Train. Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation, A letter was deliver'd to my hands, Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy. Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee! I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garther from thy craving leg. [Plucking it off. (Which I have done) because unworthy Thou wast installed in that high degree. Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest: This dastard, at the battle of Patay, Was as true of heart as thou art of arm, And that the French were almost ten to one,— Before we met, or that a stroke was given, Like to a trusty squire, did run away; In which assault we lost twelve hundred men: Myself, and divers gentlemen beside, Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners. Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss; Or whether that such cowardly ought to wear This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no. Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill beseeing any common man; Much more a knight, a common, and a leader. Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords, Knights of the garter were of noble birth; Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage.
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress;
But always resolute in most extremities.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Fondly to be this most honorable order.
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born slave
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Hen. To thy countrymen! thou hast a
thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy:
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his style?—[Reading the superscription.] No more bus, plain and bluntly.—To the king?
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this chariot supremacy pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—I have, upon especial cause,—[Reads.]
Moved with compassion of my country's woe,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of those, whose persons and estates,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
This is an act of malice, and obstinacy.
There should be found such false dissembling
guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy re-

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with
him,
And give him challengement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am
prevented,
I should have begin'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight;
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.]

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bass. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour
him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave
to speak.
War. Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me
wrong.
Bass. And with him; for he hath done me
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereby you both
complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bass. This is from England into France.
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbursed me about the rose I wear:
Saying,—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued best the duchy of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confusion of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthlessness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quittance, to
Set a gloss upon his bad intents,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing,—that the paleness of this flower
Blew from the fairness of my master's heart.
York. Will this not this malice, some man be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
out,
Though 'twere no cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men?
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factions emulations shall arise:—
Good contains both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
But we ourselves let us decide it then;
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bass. Let them fight it so, mine honest lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prize!
Presumptuous vassals! I am not thus at
hand.
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To liberty and dignity to hep
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a vanity betwixt you and me.
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness.—Good my lords;
be friends.
K. Hen. Hah! I hate, you that would be com-
batants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our ranks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
Kings, peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forgo
Our high estate, that was bought with blood;
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife,
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both
As well they may upbraide me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
That your discourses better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
[Aside.]
York. We must institute your grace.
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot:
And your valiant subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Myself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After a rest, will return to Caen;
From thence to England, where I hope we long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alencon, and that traitorous rout.
[Flourish.]

Enter King Henry, Glo. Som. Wm. Suf. and Basset.
War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! I that was but his fancy, blame him
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wist, he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exit York, Warwick, and Vernon.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or supposed.
But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shroud which 'ring of each other round,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
Tis much, when sweepers are in children's hands;
Our nation's tenantry and their undoing scission;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
 Summon their general unto the wall.
Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General, the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And join with us in war to please our power.
But, if you frown upon this present peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and airy-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's tenantry and their undoing scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well forti'fied,
And strong enough to issue our bloody fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no man canst thou turn thy redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have 'trench the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquerr'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal:
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These thousand, that seem so well courted,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum after off.]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Shall be the musick, and put to their wings—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mars'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloc at bay:
Tell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of my friends—
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give
It out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which joint with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am low'd by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity.
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grey steel armour
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's ho-
nour.
York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud
heart
Dost stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
York. Bedight! that was enough for my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get,
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then, God, take mercy on brave Talbot's sons.

And on his son, young John; whom, two hours
I met in travel toward his warlike father! [since,
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away I vexation almost stops my breath,
That sonn'd friends greet in the hour of death—
Lucy, farewell! no more my fancy can:
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man—
Maine, Hlos, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
Long ofl Somerset, and his delay.

Exit. Lucy. O, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That every minute of man's memory
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honors, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Forces; an Officer of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a safety of the very town
Be buckled with the over-daring Talbot;
Hath fulfilled all his gloss of former honour.
By this unheedful, desperate wild adventure
Your Talbot's mark, that must not be in shame.
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

The first, sir William Lucy, who with me
Bet from our over-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you
meant?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whilsts the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wrestled limbs,
And, in advantage lording, looks for rescue,
You, uncle George, the trust of England's meunour,
Keep off aloof with worthless remonstrance.
Let not your private discreet keep away
The least success that should help Talbot him aid;
Whitebe he, renowned noble gentleman.
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.

Orleans the Hasteard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Aumont, Renfrew, Roscatur, and Talbot,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.
Lucy. And York work as fast upon your grace exclaim;
Swearing that you withheld his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the hour,
Owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France.

Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot;
Never to England shall bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to famine by your stride.

Som. Come, George, I will dispatch the horsemen straight;
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For by he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
Lucy. York's fame lives in the world, his shame in thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When speechless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come with a feast of death,
A terrible and unavailing danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight; come, daily not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
That, with a bastard and a slave, I am;
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. To revenge, lie, that flies so, will never return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, if you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
Your Talbot's mark, that must not be in shame.
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll eat—'tis for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will star,
If, through the hour, I shrink, so, sink away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality.

Rather than life persev'red with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be said in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
John. That will not answer me, nor witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?

My age, I say, was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from thy side,
Than canst thou yourself in two sides:
Stay, do, go what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to inherit thy father's fame this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum. Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is humbled about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The blood of Orleans is in me first, was laid down and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword did shine,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchangeing blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespeake him thus; Contaminated, base,
And misbeliever blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy—
Here, purposing the bastard to desist,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care.
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, bower, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
Act 4. KING HENRY VI.

To hazard all our lives in one small boat. If I to-day die with Frenchmen's rage, To-morrow shall I die with mickle age: By me they nothing gain, an if I stay, 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day; In them is neither die, our household's name, My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay; All these are saw'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart, These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart: On that advantage, bought with such a shame, (To save a paley life, and stave bright fame,) Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly, The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die! And like me to the peasant boys of France; To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won, An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son: That is no more of flight, it is no boot; If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete, Thou Ierous; thy life to me is sweet, If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side; And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?— Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity! Young Talbot, that valour made me smile at thee— When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee, His bloody sword he brandish'd over me, And, like a hungry lion, did commence Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience; But when my angry guardant stood alone, Tender my ruin, and assail'd of none, Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart, Suddenly made him from my side to start: Into the cluse'tring battle of the French: And in that sea of blood my boy did drench His over-mounting spirit; and there died My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is born!—

Tal. Then antic death, which laugh'd us here to scorn, Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky, In thy despite, shall 'scape mortal'ity. O thou whose wounds become hard-favoured death: Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath: Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no; Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe. Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who shouldHad death been French, then death had died to-day. Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms; My spirit can no longer bear these harms. Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have, Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Died. Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter Charles, Alencon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and Forest.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in, We should have found a bloody day of this.

Exit. 4. The young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood, Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood! Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said, Thou maiden youth, be tranquilliz'd by a maid.— But— with a proud, majestical high scorn,— He answered thus; Young Talbot was not born To be the pillage of a giglot mench: So, rushing in the bowels of the French, He left more Talbots, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight: See, where he lies in-reh'sed in the arms Of the most bloody nurse of his harms.

Exit. Bring them to pieces, hack their bones asunder; Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder. Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended: a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know Who hath disturb'd the glory of the day. Char. On what submissive message art thou sent? Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word! We English warriors not what it means. I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en, And to survey the bodies of the dead. Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison Is. But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Aleides of the field, Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury? Constrain'd, by his valorous success in arms, Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence; Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urginfield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdin of Alton, Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield, The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge; Knight of the noble order of Saint George, Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece; Great marshal to Henry the sixth, Of all his wars within the realm of France? Were but his picture left among you here, It would amaze the proudest of you all. Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence, And give them burial as besemeth their worth.

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed! The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath, Writes not so tedious a style as this.— Him, that thou magnifis't with all these titles, Stinking, and fly-blow'n, lies here at our feet. Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge, Your kingdom's terour and black Nemesis? O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd, That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces! O, that I could but call these dead to life! It were enough to fright the realm of France: Were but his picture left among you here, It would amaze the proudest of you all. Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence, And give them burial as besemeth their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost, He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit. For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here. They would but sink, and putrefy the air. Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence: But from their ashes shall be rear'd A phoenix that shall make all France afeard. Char. So be we rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt. And now to Paris, in this conquering vein; All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
ACT V.


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perused the letters from the Thirteen, and the earl of Arran? [pope. Gloster, love my lord; and this is his. They humbly sue unto your excellence, To have a godly peace concluded of, Between the realms of England and of France. K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion? Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means To stop effusion of our Christian blood, And establish amities on every side. K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought, It was both impious and unnatural, That such inhuman and bloody strife Should claim the breath of God, or further faith. Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect, And surer bind, this knot of amity,— The earl of Arran—near kith to Charles, A man of great authority in France, Proffers his only daughter to your grace, In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are And thoughts of my old study not so young; Than wanton dalliance with a paramour. Yes, call the ambassadors; and, as you please, So let them have their answers ever one: I shall well consent with any choice, Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Winchester, in a Cardinal's habit.

Leg. What is my lord of Winchester insta'd, And call'd unto a cardinal's degree! Then, I perceive, that will be verified, Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,— If once he come to be a cardinal. He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown. K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits Have been consider'd and debated on. Your purpose is both good and reasonable! And, therefore, are we certainly resolve'd To draw conditions of a friendly peace; Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean Shall be transported presently to France. Glo. And for the prof'er of my lord your master,— I have inform'd his highness so at large, As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts, He is consent, and the value of her heart,— He doth intent she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract, Bear him this jewel, [to the Amb.] pledge of my affection. And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd, Commit them to the charge of the sea. [Exit King Henry and Trin.: Gloster, Exeter, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord; for you shall first receive The money of reward, which I promised Should be deliver'd to his holiness. For clothing me in these grave ornaments. Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trust, Or be importunate to the proudest peer. Humphry of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive, That, neither in birth, or for authority, The bishop will be overborne by thee. Shall be transported presently to France, Or sack this country with a matiny. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Plain in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, La Pucelle, and Exeter, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt, And turn again unto the warlike French. Amen. Exem. A fresh march to Paris, royal Charles of France, And keep not back your powers in daillance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us; Else, ruin combat with their palaces! Enter a Messenger.

Mss. Success unto our valiant general, And readiness to his accomplies accursed, Char. What tidings send your scouts? I pray thee, speak.

Mss. The English army, that divided was Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one; And means to give you battle presently. Char. Somewhat too sudden, sir; the warning is: But we will presently provide for them. Burg. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there Now he is gone, no. [They solemnly speak not. Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine; Let Henry fret, and all the world repine. Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! 

SCENE III.—The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquer, and the Frenchmen fly: Now be you charming spells, and peripats; And ye choice spirits that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents! [Thunder. You speedy helpers, that are substitutes Under the lordly person of the north, Appear, and aid me in this enterprise! 

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argue proof Of your accustomed diligence to me. Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd out of the powerful regions under earth, Help me this once, that France may get the field. O, hold me not with silence over-long! Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, I'll lay a monarch off, and give it you, To make your heads. No hope have to redress? My body shall Pay recompense, if you will stand by me. So you do condescend to help me now.— [They shake their heads.

No. Can not my body, nor blood-sacrifice, Entreat you to your wonted furtherance? Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all, Before that England give the French the fool. [They depart.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest, And let her head fall into England's lap. My ancient incantations are too weak, And hell too strong for me to buckle with: Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast: Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms, And try if they can gain your liberty.— A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace! See, how the ugly witch doth bend her bows, As if, with Circe, she would change my shape. Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou count not be. York. O, Charles the Damphien is a proper man; No shape but his can please your dainty eye. Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and May ye both be suddenly surpris'd! [Thee lobby bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!}
KING HENRY VI.

Act. 5.

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. My lord, thou see'st me free; give me leave to curse a while. York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her.]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I kiss these fingers [kissing her hand.] for eternal peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whose'oeur thou art.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
And implements her prisoners with her wings.

Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]

O, stay! I have no power to be a king.

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeit beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:

Fye, De la Poole! dissable not thyself;

How not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight? Ay;

Beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses tough.

Mar. Stay, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will not thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be worshipp'd;

She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.]

Mar. Will thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife.

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace be established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.]

Mar. Hear ye, Captian? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Mar. I have a secret to reveal.

Suf. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.]

Suf. Lords, you safe to listen what I say. [Aside.]

Mar. Perhaps, it be to pass the French

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside.]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [Aside.]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. What are these concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;

To put a golden scepter in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt descend to be my queen.

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unwilling to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[Trumpets sound forward.]

A Parley sounded. Enter Reignier, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy? I am a soldier: and unapt to weep,

Or to exclaim on fortune's toilsome woe.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,) Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have wo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows

That Suffolk doth not flatter, swear, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

to give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

[Exeunt, from the walls.]

Trumpets sounded. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories; Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king;

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost design to woo her little worth,

To be the only bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,

Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;

And those two counties, I will undertake,

Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,

As deputy and servant to the French

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kindly thanks,

Because this is in traffick of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.]

I'll over then to England with this news,

And mark what thine answer to be so solemn'd?

So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Swarm ever have of Margaret. [Going.] Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: But hark you, Margaret;
Nor princely commendations to my king? Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
And, though I dare not show the grace to him,
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly direct'd.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No longer to his majesty? Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unpolluted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this within. [Kisses her.] Mar. That for thy sake, I will not so presume,
To send such precious tokens to a king.
[Exit Reignier and Margaret.]
Suf. O, went thou for myself—but, buffets,
They may not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaur, and ugly terrors lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surround;
Mad, natural grace that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bequeath of his wit with wonder.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, in
Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
I have sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee! 
Pac. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch! I am descended of a gentle blood;
Thou art no father, no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so.
I did bet her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been:
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Pye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstinate!
God know, thou art a cowardly creature.
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear,
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.
Pac. Peasant, avast!—You have suborn'd this man.

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother,—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl. Will thou not love me? Now I will see the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little randle for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs oft,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee! Doth thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
Or ha' I been born, her hanging is too good. [Retr. York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long.

To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Pac. This, alone tell you whom you have con-
demn'd:—
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings,
Virtuous, and holy: chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Despair! I wish the grace to him I have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconception! Joan of Arc hath been A virgin from her tender infancy;
Chaste, and immaculate, in every thought:
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, as thyeway with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, sire; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough;
Place barres of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb.
Although ye hate me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!—
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
We never had to do with wicked spirits;
Especially, since Charles must father it.
Pac. You see deceit'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Pac. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the dutie I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A bad enri'd maitre; because she is a maid.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign'd she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no enmity, for it is in vain.
Pac. To them lead me hence,—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But death and all the gloomy shades of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves! [Retr. guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commisson from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous bolls,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.
York. It is all our travail turn'd to no effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And so many beds that had composed for their happiness,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great enterprise had confounded.
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
Act 5.

KING HENRY VI.

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, attended: Alencon, Bastard,
Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
That the condition of the army which must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholera
causes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
And that of these our base and vain enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity.
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liege-men to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thus be he plac'd as victor under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alien. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And, in substancy of thine_ishame,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possess'd
With power, which by the whole I mean,
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
means
W'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou solicit,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plaque thee with incessant war.
Reignier. My lord, you do not well un Rodney
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alien. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By your proceeding in hostilities;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[Aside, to Charles.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our con-
dition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England.
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.
So, now dismiss your army what ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, in conference with Suffolk; Gloster and Exeter following.

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Dwelt in my love; half my gallant heart;
And like a vigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Truth! my good lord! this superfluous tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfection of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to rouse any dull tongue. And,
Which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with a humble lowness of mind,
The chief of her, she is content to offer;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that in a sudden lust,
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in gross titles no less.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will convert our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower:
While Regnier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your
king.
That he should be so object, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich her queen;
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless barons, with all their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom she marryeth, but whom affects.
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlock forst, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match, with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king;
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)—
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget new conquerors.
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret, he to be at your own, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
Tender of her settle was not yet perfect
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,


I feel such sharp dissonance in my breast,  
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, then, farewell, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
Agree to any covenants; and proceed  
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the sea to England, and be crowned  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares—  
And you, good uncle, banish all offences:  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.  
And so conduct me, where from company,  
I may receive and ruminate my grief.  
[Exit.  
Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.  
[Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.  
Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he may go away.  
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;  
With hope to find the like event in love,  
But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king:  
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.  
[Exit.

SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.  
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.  
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King.  
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York;  
Edward and Richard, his sons.  
Duke of Somerset,  
Duke of Suffolk,  
Duke of Buckingham, of the King's party.  
Lord Clifford,  
Young Clifford, his son.  
Earl of Salisbury,  
Earl of Warwick,  
Lord Scales, governor of the Tower.  
Lord Say,  
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother,  
Sir John Stanley,  
A Son-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and  
Waiter Whitmore,  
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
A Herald,  
Vaux.  
Hume and Southwell, two priests.  
Bolingbroke, a conspirator.  
A Spirit raised by him.  
Thomas Horner, an armourer.  
Peter, his son.  
Clerk of Chatham,  
Mayor of Saint Alban's.  
Simpcox, an impostor.  
Two Murderers.  
Jack Cade, a rebel.  
George, John, Dick; Smith, the receiver; Michael,  
&c. his followers.  
Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman.  
Margaret, Queen to King Henry.  
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester.  
Margery Jourdain, a witch.  
Wife to Simpcox.  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen,  
Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens,  
Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—dispersedly in various parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London: A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hawgs. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort: on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and others following.

Suff. As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my departure for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—  
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
The dukes of Orleans, Calaier, Bretaigne, and  
Alacocon,  
Seven ears, twelve bans, twenty reverend bishops,  
I have performed my task, and was esposed:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen  
To your most gracious bands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquesse gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:  
I can express no kinder sign of love,  
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!  
For thou hast given me, in this beautiful face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.  
Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had—  
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;  
In courtly company, or at my bedchamber;—  
With you mine alder liefest sovereign,  
Makes me the holer to salute my king,  
With ruder terms; such as my wiit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.  
K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me, from wondering, fail to weeping joys;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.  
All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!  
Q. Mar. We thank you all.  
[Flourish.  
Suff. Thus has the spirit transmitted, so it please your grace.  
Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,  
For eighteen months concluded by consent.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with these,
Hath the deliver'd Henry shall the do long.

Mort Dieu! 
York. - For Suffolk's duke — may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike Isle
France shall have! I have torn and rend the heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king's interest, so it goes away,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting your person.
She should have said in France, and starr'd in
France,
Before

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Conceal all: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury; If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lords, farewell; and say, when I am gone.
I prophesy — France shall live but a long time.
[Exit.
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend; I fear your king's
Consider, lords, — he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him — Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
Jesus maintain your royal excellence!
With — God preserve the good duke Humphrey!
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of the queen, join you with me,
And all together — with the duke of Suffolk.
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the court, and Suffolk presently.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though [Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Beknows us to labour for the realm?
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal.
More like a soldier, than a man of the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-wealth.
Warwicks, shall have the pleasure of age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.
And brave a soldier's part, thou dost perform,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
SECOND PART OF

Act I.

Scene I. — The same. A Room in the duke of Gloucester's House.

Enter Gloucester and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,

Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,

Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

Until thy head be circled with the same.

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold —

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:

And, having both together head'd it up,

Put it again together: We'll behead our heads of golden even;

And never more abuse our sight so low,

As to touchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Neil, sweet Neil, if thou dost love thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtues Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world!

Art thou the second woman in this man's eyes?

The queen? Good heavens! — but what do I say?

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll require it

With the sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. O Neil, think'st, this sta, mine office-badge in court,

Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot:

But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

And, since the pieces of the broken was well pleas'd,

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: What lost to them?

'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

Tyrants may make cheap pennyworths of their pleasures.

And poor base friends, and give to courtisans,

Still rev'ring, like lords, till all be gone!

While as the silly owner of the good,

Wrests the crown from man, and makes him base hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,

While all is shad'd, and all is borne away:

Ready to start, and dare not touch his own.

So York resist, and fret, and bite his tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.

Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,

Bear this proportion to my flesh and blood,

As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!

Cold news for me; for a bad hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,

And make Gamester be a swain of my lord Humphrey.

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown:

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor base his scepter in his rightful list,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head.

Whose church-like honour fits not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:

Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,

To get into the secrets of the state;

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride, and England's dearest queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfume'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York,

The famous with the house of Lancaster:

And, for force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.

Scene II. — The same. A Room in the duke of Gloucester's House.

Enter Gloucester and the Duchess.

Duch. Why doth my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?

Where are thou, Sir John of Ware? fear not, man,

We are alone: here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jeem preserve your royal majesty! —

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty? I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your face shall be pronounced him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
With these thimble cards, till then be paid.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man;
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[Exit Duchess.
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duke's gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, files from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal.
As for the great confidant, the duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And for the cardinals, with a pair of crazy knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attain'ture will be Humphrey's fall:
Soft how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

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

Enter Peter, and others, with petitions.
1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.
2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jeu! bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.
2 Pet. Come back, fool: this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.
Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst any thing with me?
1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.
2 Pet. [Reading the superscription.] To my lord protector? are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?
1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keep ing my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.
Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [Reads.] Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.—How now, sir knave?
2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.
Peter. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.
Q. Mar. What says thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?
Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.
Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently,—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [Exeunt Servants, with Peter.
Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to hitho. [Exeunt.

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.
Att. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt Petitioners.
Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surty Glosier's good to the full?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran't a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Marias on his beads;
His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his till-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of painted saints:
I would, the college of cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome.
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That was a state fit for his holiness.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.
Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of lead.
More like an ennemp than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions 'tother day,
The very shape of her worst wearing gown.
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plaz'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York,—this late complaint Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll wead them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset, conversing with him: Duke and Duchess of Glosier; Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me;
York, if York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
SECOND PART OF

Act I

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place, let York be regent, I will yield to him. Your grace must act as you see, or no. Dispute not that York is the worthier. CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak. WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field. BUCK. All in this presence are thy better, Warwicke. WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all. SAL. Peace, son; and show some reason, Buckhingham.

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this. Q. MAR. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himself To give his consent: and so are they, in matters. Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace To be protector of his excellence? GLO. Madam, I am protector of the realm; And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

SAL. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence. Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?) The commons have hitherto run to wreck: The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas; And all the peers and nobles of the realm Have been as bondmen to thy sovereign. CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clerks thy bags Are laek and lean with thy extortion. SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire, Have cost a mass of publick treasury. BUCK. The cruelty in execution, Upon offenders, hath exceed'd law, And left thee to the mercy of the law. Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France.— If they were known, as the suspect is great,— Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. [Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not? [Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you? DUCK. Was't I? yes, it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails, I'd set my ten commandments in your face. K. HEN. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will. DUCK. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time; She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby. Though in this place most master wear no breeches, She shall not strike dame Eleanor Speke, the spithead. [Exit Duchess. BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor, And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds: She's tickled now: her fume can need no spurs, She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [Exit Buckingham.

Re-enter Gloster.

GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown, With walking about the quadrangle, I come to talk of commonwealth affairs. As for your spiteful false objections, Free them, and I'll live open to contest: But God in mercy so deal with my soul, As I in duty love my king and country! But, to the matter that we have in hand:— I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man To be your regent in the realm of France. SAL. Before we make election, give me leave To show some reason, of no little force, That York is not most unmeet of any man: War. That I came home, and a fouler fact Did never traitor in the land commit. SUF. Peace, head-strong Warwick! WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in Horner and Peter.

SAL. Because here is a man accus'd of treason: Fray God, the duke of York excuse himself! YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor? K. HEN. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: SUF. Peace. Because it is manifest, this is the man That doth accuse his master of high treason: His words were these,—that Richard, duke of York, Was rightful heir unto the English crown; And that your majesty was an usurper. K. HEN. Say, man, were these thy words? HOR. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain. PET. By these ten bones, my lords, [holding up his hands:] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:— I do beseech your royal majesty, Let him have all the rigour of the law. HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spoke the words. My accuser is my pretence; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did row upon his knee he would be even with me; I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation. K. HEN. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge. Let Somerset be regent over the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion: And let these have a day appointed them For single combat, in convenient place: For he hath witness of his servant's malice. This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom. K. HEN. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We must consult the king regent over the French. Now I humbly thank your royal majesty. HOR. And I accept the combat willingly. PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, let some else go. I have no valiant worth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart! GLO. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd. K. HEN. Away with them to prison: and the day Of combat shall be the last of the next month.— Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — The same. The Duke of Gloucester's Garden.

Enter Margaret Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Bolingbroke. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our excursions? HUME. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage. Bolingbroke. I have heard her reputed to be a woman of an invincible spirit: lust that shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [Exeunt Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.


Enter Bolingbroke, Hume, Southwell, and Messenger.

Bolingbroke. Hume, Southwell, messenger, I send you on this errand: you shall know what I would you do.
Enter Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all.
To this gear; the sooner the better.
Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will take fast within a halfe how long.
[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining,
And make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell,
reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and
Lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]
Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmeth,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask:
For, till thou speake, thou shalt not pass from hence.
Spir. Ask what thou wilt: That I had said and done!
Boling. First, of the king.
Spir. What shall of him become?
[Reading out of a paper.]
Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him oublive, and die a violent death.
[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.
Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spir. Let him shun castles; Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiends avoid!
[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]
Enter York and Buckingham, hastily with their guards, and others.
York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonwealth
Deeply indebted for this piece of palms; My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well gerdon't for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?
Spir. Shewing her the papers.
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.——
[Exit Duchess from above.]

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming; All.—Away!

[Execut Guards, with South. Boling. &c.
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon:
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? 
[Reads.]
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him oublive, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Encina, Romanos vincere posses.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk? By water shall he die, and take his end—
What shall belude the Duke of Somerset? Let him shun castles: Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is in progress toward Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Servant.
Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [Excus.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—St. Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hooting.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And where pitch she flew above the rest?—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yes, man and birds, are fain of climbing hight.
Sof. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do walk so well:
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; 'tis shall be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonwealth!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
Taste ne animis curvissius ira?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Sof. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Sof. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly protectorship.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I am a king, I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and what shall on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'tould werce come to that!
[Aside to the Cardinal.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [Aside.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter.
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [Aside.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st.
This evening, on the east side of the grove. [Aside.
K. Hen. How now, my lords?

2E
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster, had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, we had had more sport. — Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. Truly, uncle.

Car. Are you advised? — the east side of the grove?


K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this, Or all my fence shall fail. [Aside.

Car. Medici tepsum :

Protector, see 'tis well, protect yourself. [Aside.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How larksome is this musek to my heart! When such strings jar, what hope of harmony? I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans's, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Jesh. A miracle! a miracle! —

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Jesh. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine.

Within an half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;

A man, that 'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praised! I that believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his brethren, and Simpcox, borne between two persons in a chair, his wife and a great multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,

To present his highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near to the His highness' pleasure is to talk with him. [King.

K. Hen. (Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorify the Lord. What hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What word is this? —

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou'lt have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul; God's goodness hath been great to thee,

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance?

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion. being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

By good Saint Albain; who said, — Simpcox, come: Come, sirrah, if thou know my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many times and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st thou a tree? —

Suf. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Maas, thou'ld out' plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some reins.

And made her climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knife I but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes — wink now; now open them —

In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Sayst thou me so? What colour is this cloak

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou knowst what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did be never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunders Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunders, sit thou there, the lying'st

In Christendom. If thou hast been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours: but suddenly To nominate them all, 's impossible.

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; And would ye not think that cunning to be great, That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beardies in your town, and things called whirls?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle bither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool bither by and by. [A stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone.

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Read. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!

K. Hen. O God, see' st thou this, and be not so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the kneave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Leave this whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, where they came.

[Exit Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

Suf. True; made the same to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.
Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lowdly bent—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at Lancaster.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischief work the wicked ones
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby! Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest.
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
Haply my lord's my king, and common weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers!
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevills are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hasting; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last;
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king:
Till Henry Bollingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came.
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus you forsake the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issues of his next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hasting died without an heir.
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter:
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March,
Roger was issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
But, to the rest.
York.

His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund and Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir [son.
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Solo duxerunt uno Lioni, duke of Clarence:
So if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceedings are more plain
Than those of rightful princes?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign.
It falls not yet; but flourish's in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
War. My heart assures me, that the earl of
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloster, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bollingbroke, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:

[Exeunt.]
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;  
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death. —  
You four, from hence to prison back again:  
  
From thence, unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.  
Whoever beguiled, for his foil,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here, in banishment,  
As willing to yourself, in the late of Man.  
Duck. Welcome is banishment, welcome were  
your death.  
Glo. Eleanor, the law, then seest, hath judged  
you.  
I cannot justify whom the law condemne.  
  
[Execut the Duchesse, and the other prisoners,  
guarded.  
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thy age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —  
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.  
K. Are. May, Humphrey duke of Gloster: one  
then go,  
Give up thy staff, Henry will to himself  
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,  
My star, my guide, and lamp to me in distress;  
And go in peace, Humphrey: no less belov'd,  
Than when thou wast protector to thy king.  
Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years  
Should be the protected like a child born;  
God and king Henry govern England's helm:  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.  
Glo. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff:  
As long as I have the same reign,  
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit.  
Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret  
queen;  
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a main: two pails at once,  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
This staff of honour raught: — there let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.  
Saf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;  
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.  
York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.  
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.  
K. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all  
things fit,  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!  
York. I never saw a fellow worse beseated,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The son of this armourer, my lords.  
Enter, on one side, Horner, and his neighbours,  
drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he  
enter bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened  
to it; a drum before him: at the other side, Peter,  
with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by  
persons who drive before him.  
1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you  
in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you  
shall do well enough.  
2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of  
charming.  
3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer,  
neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.  
Her. Let it come, I pray, and I'll pledge you all;  
And a fig for Peter!  
1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not  
afraid.  
2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master:  
fight for credit of the prentices.  
Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me,  
I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die,  
give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that  
I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am  
never about with my master, he hath learnt so  
much fence already.  
Duck. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.  
Sirrah, what's thy name?  
Peter Peter, forsooth.  
Duck. Peter! what more?  
Peter. Thump.  
Duck. Thump! then see thou thump thy master  
well.  
Her. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon  
your man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and  
myself an honest man: and touching the duke of  
York,—will take my death, I never meant him any ill,  
Thus, the king, nor the queen: And therefore,  
Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as  
Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascupart.  
York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to  
chatter.  
Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.  
[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down  
his master.  
Her. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess  
treason.  
(Dies.  
York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank  
God, and the good wine in thy master's way.  
Peter, if God I have I overcome mine enemies  
in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!  
K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our  
right.  
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:  
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong  
fully.  
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.  
[Execut.  
SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.  
Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning clothes.  
Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a  
Fader cloistered,  
And, after summer, evermore succeeds  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;  
So eares and jors abound, as seasons fleet.  
Syr. What's o'clock?  
Ten, my lord.  
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess  
Unseath she may the dainty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Neil, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
The abject people, gazing on thy face,  
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame:  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the  
streets.  
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tearful eyes to see her miseries.  
Enter the duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with  
papers pin'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a  
taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a  
Sheriff, and Officers.  
Syr. So please your grace, we'll take her from  
the sheriff.  
Glo. She brought these for your lives; let her pass by.  
Duck. Come you, my lord, to see my open  
shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze
Act 3.

KING HENRY VI.

See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue thy shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

And, in my time, to all the world I do myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Matl'd up in shame, and false among men,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejocie
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And, if I cannot be advised how to
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pompt, shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rut'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn House,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor sit at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snard,
Not the least prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou almost all way;
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach:
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.


My Nell, I take my leave; and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:
And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Weigh not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What service, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt: Gloster and Servants.]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Believe, with'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I pray thee, this matter forget not;
I care not whither, for I beg no favours,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but re-

proach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's teacher
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is dis-

charg'd—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, you your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey,

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet,
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and Others.

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not ob-

serve the strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself? We know the time, since he was mild and affable:
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admitt'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty to that we belong;
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And, if you fail, he is the first that will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattering hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The first that cares, I bear unto the Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If he be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say,—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprieve my allegiance, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her diabolic practices
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king, he was successive heir,
And such high vassals of his nobility,
Jest instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess.
By wicked means to his own sovereign
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox berk not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, neither with my sovereignty
Unseasoned yet, and full of deep deceitful
Deceit.
Car. Had he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offenders done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Lend great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
Sed. Tut! These are petty faults to faults un
Thee, which time will bring to light in smooth duke
Humphrey.
K. Hen. My lords, at once! The care you have
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ay, what's more dangerous than this,
To take for faults, what is but foolish
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but bow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For better suiteth as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steel a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Roder Somerset.

Sed. All health unto our gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset: What news
finds France?

Sed. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's
will be done!
York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy it as the wanton wolves,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Aside.

Roder Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.
Sed. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too
soon.
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me
blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The fairest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can suspect me, wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes
of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that
think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So hot a day, as I have need about the night,—
Ay, eight by night,—in studying good for England
That doth that ever I wrested from the king,
Or any great I heard to my use,
Be prove how I stand at my trial day!
No I many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 
York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Uneasy lies the head with a crown in youth;
Or foul felonious thief, that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Shorn his kingdom, unbear'd the title.
Sed. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer'd,
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereby you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name:
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous,
Virtue is chock'd with foul ambition,
And charity shall hence by raven'ts hand,
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity extil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:
And, if I had, through their false eloquence,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For those that have past, but yet survive,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blath his heart's malice
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy haste;
Sharp the king's keen eye; his tongue the

The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse amounting to his life.
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head:
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My least liege to be mine enemy.

Ay, all are in league, and you and I,
Myself had notice of your connivements,
And all to make away my guiltless life;
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor story of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to best a dog.
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, child, and rated as,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Sed. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though cleverly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False alliances to a traitor's state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant it; I lose, in
deed:—
Redrew his horses, for they played me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Back. He'll wrest the sense, and bold us here all
day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. See, he take away the dake, and guard him
sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crust
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from the side,
And wolves are garrisoned who shall gnaw the first.
Ah, that my fear were false; ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if yourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the par-

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
With grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That ever many a tear of sorrow, or of faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never cast them wrong, nor man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wreath, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails so good Gloucester's case.
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortune I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—'Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.'
[Exit.
Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of sullen pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or when a lake, roll'd in a flowing band,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child.
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,) This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy:
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Twas by the hand of death, with his own hand,
And in the mind, that was no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial arguements,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
York. So that by this, you would not have him die.

Suy. Ah, York, no man alive so fair as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suf-

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wert not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suy. Madam, 'tis true: And wert not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege. And do not stand on quill'd letters, to say him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which makes him first, that first intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely
Suf. Not resolve, except so much were done;
For things are often spoken, and seldom meant.
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
And so, my lord, I see this deed is proterious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suf-

York. Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
And to the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our dooms.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signify, the rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A break'st hark, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;
'Tis more, that lucky rules be employed;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Suy. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Hab'd been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Then bring a burden of dishonour home.
By staying there so long, till all were lost,
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hast thou been regent there,
Mighty happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. No, not to have been more than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
Suy. And in the number, thee, that wildest shame.
Car. We lacked of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choice, from each county some
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
While I take order for mine own affairs.
Suy. A charge, lord York, that I will see per-

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so be hark off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For them I would, till them all to Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[Exeunt all but York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts;
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying: Let pale face'd fear keep with the mean-born man, And find no harbour in a royal heart. Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought; And not a thought, but thinks on dignity. My brain, more busy than the labouring spider, Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. With me, a smile, well, it’s generally done, To send me packing with an host of men: I fear me, you but warm the starved snake, Who, cherish’d in your breasts, will sting your heart.

'Twas men I lack’d, and you will give them me: I take it kindly; yet, be well assur’d You put sharp weapons in a madman’s hands. Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, I will stir up in England some black storms. Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell? And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage ‘Till the golden circuit on my head, Like to the glorious sun’s transparent beams, Do calm the fury of this mad-brained law. And, for a minister of my intent, I have seduced a head-strong Kentishman, John Cade of Ashford, To make commotion, as full well he can, Under the title of John Mortimer. In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes: And so long time till that his thighs with darts Were almost like a sharp-quill’d porcupine: And, in the end being rescu’d, I have seen him Caper up right like a wild Morisco, Shaking the bloody darts, as he doth bells. Full often, like a shag-hair’d crafty Kerne, Hath he conversed with the enemy; And undiscover’d come to me again, And given me notions of their vanities. This devil here shall be my substitute: For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble: By this I shall perceive the commons’ mind, How they affect the house and claim of York. Say, he be taken, rack’d, and tortured: I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him, Will make him say—I mov’d him to those arms. Say that he thrive, (as ’tis great like he will,) Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength, And reap the harvest which that rascal sow’d: For, Humphry being dead, as he shall be, And Henry just apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Burial. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1. Mar. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know, We have despatch’d the duke, as he commanded. 2. Mar. O, that it were to do! What have we done? Didst ever hear a man so pentiment? Enter Suffolk.

1. Mar. Here comes my lord. Saf. Now, sirs, have you despatch’d this thing? 2. Mar. Ay, my good lord, he’s dead. Saf. Why, that’s well said. Go, get you to my house: I will reward you for this venturous deed. This is the last of all the peers are hand: Have you said fair the bed? are all things well, According as I gave directions? 1. Mar. ’Tis, my good lord. Saf. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight.
And make my image but anathema sign.  
Was I, for this, this wretch'd upon the sea;  
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime;  
What heter'd this, but well-forewarning wind;  
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?  
What did I then, but curb'd the gentle gusts  
And tell that loud'd them from their brazen caves?  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed  
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?  

War.  But that dastard, that butch'd, butch'd my valiant son.  
The pretty vaunting sea refuse'd to drown me;  
Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on  
shore,  
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:  
The splitting rocks cow'd in the sinking sands;  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.  
As far as I could ken thy choky cliffs,  
When from the shore the tempest heat us back,  
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:  
And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My eagle-gaping sight of the land and view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
And threw it towards thy land,—the sea receive'd it  
And fell this day from his body, the man's heart:  
[It:  
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For hanging ken of Albion's wished coast.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
(The agent of thy foul incostancy,)  
To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to maddening Dido would unfold  
His father's acts, commen'd by burning Troy?  
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?  
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!  
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.  

Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.  
The Commune press to the door.  
War.  It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good duke Humphrey tr'rorously is murder'd  
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,  
Their breasts open'd, in their leader's heart;  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.  
K. Hen.  That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;  
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.  
War.  That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude, till I return.  

[Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires.  

K. Hen.  O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life!  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;  
For judgment only doth belong to thee!  
Fain would I go to chafe his pale lips  
With so, my lord, to cool his burning brain.  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;  
But alack! he is too hot to be laid on;  
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and Gloster is discovered dead in his bed:  
Warwick and others standing by it.  

War.  Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.  
K. Hen.  That is to see how deep my grave is  
For, with his soul, fed all my worldly solace;  
For seeing him, I see my life in death.  
War.  As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King, that took our state upon him,  
To free himself from his father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.  

Suf.  A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?  
War.  See, how the blood is settled in his face!  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,  
All being descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the declit that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aiding 'gainst the enemy  
Which with the heart there cools, and never returneth  
To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair is grizzled, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.  
And, look! his sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;  
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,  
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here.  
The least of all these signs were improbable.  

Suf.  Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?  
Myself and Beaufort, had him in protection;  
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.  
War.  But both of you were vow'd duke Humphry's foes;  
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
'Tis like you, would not your foulness like a friend;  
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.  
Q. Mar.  Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
As guilty of his dukedom Humphry's timeless death.  
War.  Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But with the hands of her murderer beshorthed,  
That person that has the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttocks nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbleed'd beak?  
Even so, all circuits in this tragedy.  
Q. Mar.  Art you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your knife?  
Is Beaufort term'd a kete? where are his talons?  
Suf.  I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men  
But here's a veneful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge,—  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in Duke Humphry's death.  
[Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and others.  
War.  What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?  
Q. Mar.  Dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.  
War.  But the mouth of a sparrow still; with reverence may I say;  
For every word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal dignity.  
Suf.  Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever in the reign of your lowly reign,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
And now'st the noble New Englander.  
War.  But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathswan of his fee,
Q. Mar. What noise is this?  
Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.


Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? —
Why what tumultuous scene is this we hear?  
Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Note of a council within. Re-enter Salisbury.  
Sad. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

Speaking to those within.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unlesse the Suffolk be brake unto death,  
Or banished fair England's territories.

They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;

And more instinct of love, and loyalty,—

Free from a stubborn opposite latent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,—

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where'you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;

With whose enamelled and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,
My lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd kinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But the honour Salisbury your majesty,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Bent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,

Here's a sort all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me:
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been seated by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entertain;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Misiance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his majesty I swear,
Whose fair unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air.
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Q. Mar. If Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Untegentle queen, to call him gentle Suff.

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wouldest add a broach unto this wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable;—
If, after three days' space, thou here be't found
I any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransoms for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me:
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Re-enter K. Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.  
Q. Mar. Misiance, and sorrow, go along with you!

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
He playeth to keep you company now:
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these exactions,
And let our Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. I would not give them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As currst, as harsh, and horrible to hear.
I tell thee, stand'st thou through his teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean'st easy in her loathsom cave;
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beatest flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Sail, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste;
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees;
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks;
Their deepest touch, as their smart saxes sting;
Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech owls make the concert full;
All the foul tumors in dark-seated hell.

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself.

And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun.—recoll,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me bane, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
We'all could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where bating cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me the hand.
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in the book?

Kisses his hand.

That thou might'st think upon these by the soul,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.

So, get ye hence, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but a mis'ril whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee; or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself!
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part by thee.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And while thou art not, desolation.
I can no more—Live thou to joy thy life:
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news
I pray thee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth:
Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And when sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exeunt Vaux.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Their's for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And could not be found by thee,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befal what may befal.
Q. Mar. Away! I though parting be a fretful cor
sive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For whereas'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bel-
chamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and others.
The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

Car. If thou best death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. To think at parting, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I, within five years, what they will or no—
O! torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look! look! It stands up
right,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Suf. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
K. Hen. In peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope,
He dies that makes no sign; O God, forgive we him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Cap-
tain, a Master, a Master's-Mate. Walter Whitmore,
and others; with them Suffolk, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howl'ing wolves aroused the Jades
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnacle anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [pointing to Suffolk,] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is thy ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats, for die you shall;
The lies of those which we have lost in fight,
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will 1, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die:

[To Suff.

And so should these, if I might have my fill.
SCENE 11.—Blackbeath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new map upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handy-work men.

John. The thoughtliness think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

By shameful murder of a guiltless king.
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny.—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopefull colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—In victis nihilus.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Saf. If I were a god, to shoot thoro' thunders
Upon these paity, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villan
Being captain of a pinacce, threatens more [here,
Than Boris in the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones such not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,—
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Saf. Sefios timor occupat artus:—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I
What are ye daunted now? now will ye stop?
I Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak
him fair.

Saf. If I were in that honest tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Jove them be brought, than these great bow to any,
Save to the god of heaven, and to my king.
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear—
More than the bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Saf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile baseness:
A Roman sworder and banditio slave,
Murder'd a sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand,
Stabb'd Julius Caesar: savage islanders,
Fompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Saf. What, Speak, captain, shall I stab the foribor
swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Saf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Saf. You dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole. Thou Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink: whose filth and dirt
Troublest thou this silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the
ground:
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall bash at thee again:
And waddst be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overrog'd
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Aunoy and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Thrust slay their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The wicked Warwick, and the Nevils all—
Whose dreadful words were never drawn to vaunt—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,

Scene 4 of the play.
Act 4.

**KING HENRY VI**

John. True; and yet it is said,—Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave man, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham:—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and sin's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

**Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and others in great number.**

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*]

Cade. —for our enemies shall fall before us; inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*]

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes buck's here at home. [*Aside.*]

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*]

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt 'tis hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be),

Ann. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may bear the name of brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled 'o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for God did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.
Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [Aside.
-Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time you went to Spain-counter for French crowns.—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason, for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Follow kings, I tell you, that matchless from the bliss of gold, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance! Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to them, I ask but this: Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counselor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.
Staff. Herald, away, and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doores— And you, the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Stafford's, and Force.]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.

Now shall ourselves men, Tit for liberty:
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: "Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon: For they are worthy honest men, and such Such (but that they dare not,) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

shriam. The two parties enter and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher, of Ashford?
Dick. Here, sir.
Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'est thyself as if thou hadst been in those own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee. The Lenci shall be as I say; and it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a supplication: the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say, with him; as a part of distance, Queen Margaret, mourning ever Suffolk's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind, And makes it fearful and degenerate: Think therefore on revenge, and nothing else to weep. But what are tears to weep, and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast; But where's the body that I should embrace? Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication? K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat: For God forbid, so many simple souls Should perish by the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war shall cut them short, Will partake with Jack Cade their general—

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me: And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same? K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. O, that I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death? Tell me, ere now, if that I had been, Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me. Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'nt thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence's house, And calls your grace usurper, openly, And vows to crown himself in your Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them a strange start, and courage to proceed. All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call—false catering, and intend their death.


Q. Mar. Ahi! I were the duke of Suffolk now alive. These Kentish rebels would be soon appear'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So in't feast your grace's person be in danger; The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge, the citizens Fly and forsake their houses; The rebels, in confederacy after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear, To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take soldiers.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [to Lord Say, trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and others on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? Is Jack Cade slain? I Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have shot the bridge,1 killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor's craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself, The rebels have assay't to win the Tower.
SCENE VI. — The same. Cannon-street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the plissing-conduit run nothing but clarret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than — lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him.]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a hith fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. — The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, Cade and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, sirs: — Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [Aside.]

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [Aside.]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [Aside.]

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteen, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be heaved for it ten times. — Ah, thou say, thou serje, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What casst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto me? — Havest thou lost the kingdom of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused prints to be made. — And, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominations, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them: when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marty, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men through thou go in their hose, and that thou didst.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, muta gens.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ, [will]

Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle: Sweet is the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy Which 'em red again. When have I sought exacted at your hands, Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you? Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because no book preferr'd me to the king; And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,— Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me. This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings For your behoof.—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make him red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen cowl and, and the cap of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you; I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak Are my枝is cheli fill'd up with excorted gold? Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding. This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts. O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die; an it be but for pleading so ten for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar urder his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, my countrymen! if when you make your prayers God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore ye relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some, with Lord Say.}
O Buckingham, I pray thee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while,
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Sequestrate to his grace, and to the state.

York. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset, kneel for grace.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my men.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—my all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind subvention;
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marches with those arms in arm in York?
In all submission and humility,
York dost pretend to subdue unto thy highness.

K. Hen. Then what intendst thou forces thou dost bring?

For to heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against the monarch of Toward, Cade,
Who since I heard be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. That head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou?
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew Cade?

Iden. I was, not like thy majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, Iden, kneel down; [He kneels.] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks:
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege?

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yeorks he shall not hide his head,
But both our parts, and from him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty? Then, York, unlOose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I see the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to bear and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, so, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand be made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'Er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown;
Ober, the maikel of his grace; kneel for grace.
York. Would'st thou have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—

Sibbar, call in my sons to be my bail; 

[Exit an Attendant.]
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll punish their awards for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again.

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York, O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old Clifford and his Son.

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it go to.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are the sovereigns of Clifford, and again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Cliff. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And shew away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?

K. Hen. We are his noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Cliff. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here;
York, Love in a glass, and call thy image so?
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll halt thy bears to death,
And manacil the bearward in their chains,
If thou darst bring them to the baiting-place.

York. If they be baiting-place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd—
And make a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Cliff. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

York. If we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Cliff. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
KING HENRY VI.

Act 5.

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!— What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the rufian, And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles? O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty? If it be banish'd from the frosty head, What shall it find a harbour in the earth?— Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war, And shame thine honourable age with blood? Why art thou old, and want'st experience? Or dost thou rest the chace of thy grace The rightful heir to England's royal seat. K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me? Sal. I have. K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath? Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin; But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath. Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, Or to leave orphans of its rightful lord? To wring the widow from her custom'd right; And have no other reason for this wrong, But that he was bound by a solemn oath? Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister. K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast, I am resolv'd for death, or dignity. Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true. War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again. To keep thee from the tempest of the field. Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm, Than any thou canst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy household badge. War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest, The rags and the bear chal'd to the ragged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, (As on a mountain-top the cedar shows, That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,) Even to affright thee with the view thereof. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thee by, And tread it under foot with all contempt, Despise the bearward that protects the bear. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father, To quell the rebels, and their companions. Rich. Fye! charity, for shame I speak not in spite, For you shall sup with Jeam Christ to-night. Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell. Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.'

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls! And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear, Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm, And dead men's cries do fill up the air,— Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me! Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms. Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot? York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed; But match to match I have encounter'd him, And made a prey for carrion kites and crows Even of the bonny beast he lord'd so well. Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come. York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other For I myself must hunt this deer to death. War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou'stigh't.St. As I inted, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot;
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I slip him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.

But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my word, well hast thou fought
to-day!
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard;
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have.
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know, our safety is to follow them:
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth...

What say, Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them I say, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternal in all age to come.

Sounds, drums and trumpets—and to London all.
And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Lewis XI, King of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Lord Clifford.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquis of Montague.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.

Lords on King Henry's side.

Sir Hugh Mortimer.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montagu.
Sir John Somerville.
Patitude to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.
Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, sister to the French Queen.
Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and
King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

ACT 1.


Then, enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard,
Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with
white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemens of the
north,
He slip stroke away, and left his men:

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose wise and hardy heart could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Bucking-
ham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
I left his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.

Alarums. Exit Plantagenet. Enter King Henry, Queen
Margaret, and others, retiring.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow for
shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good
Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight,
or fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarums after 6j.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
[As well we may, if not through your neglect.
We shall to London get; where you are lord;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Giff. But that my heart's on future mischief
set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
Duke you fly must: unanswerable discount
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Retreat. Flourish; then enter York,
Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers,
with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;

[SECOND ACT.]
Mont. And, brother, here’s the earl of Wiltshire’s blood. To York, showing him. Whom I encounter’d as the battles join’d. 
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. They throng down the Duke of Somerset’s head. York. Richard hath best deserv’d of all my sons. What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset? Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt! Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry’s head. 
War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close. This is the palace of the fearful king, And this the regal seat; possess it, York! For this is thine, and not king Henry’s heirs’. York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will: For hither we have broken in by force. Norf. We’ll all assist you: he that flies, shall die. York. Thanks, gentle Norfolks.—Stay by me, my lords:—And, solemnly, stand, and lodge by me this night. War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence, Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament, But little thinks, we shall he of her council: By words, or blows, here let us prove our right. Rich. Arm’d as we are, let’s stay within this house. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call’d, Unless by warrant, duke of York, he king. And bashful Henry depos’d, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies. York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute; I mean to take possession of my right. War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best, The proudest he that holds up Lancaster. Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells. I’ll plait Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown. [Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself. 

Flourish. Enter Prince Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, with red roses in their hats. 

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state! belike, he means, (Back’d by the power of Warwick, that false peer,) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father; And thou, lord Clifford; and you both have vow’d revenge On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends. North. If he be not, heavens be revenge’d on me! Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel. West. What, shall we suffer this? let’s pluck him down; My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it. K. Hen. Be pacitain, gentle earl of Westmoreland. Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he; He durst not sit there, had your father liv’d. My gracious lord, here in the parliament Let us assail the family of York. North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so. K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their beck? Exe. But when the duke is slain, they’ll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry’s heart, To make a shambles of the parliament-house! Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats, Shall be the war that Henry means to use—[They address each other.] 

Rich. Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet; I am thy sovereign. 
York. Thou art deceiv’d, I am thine. 
Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York. 
York. ’Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was. 
Exe. If thy father was a traitor to the crown. 
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, In following this usurping Henry. 
Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king? 
War. True, Clifford; and that’s Richard, duke of York. 
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne? 
York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself. War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king. West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster; And this lord Clifford shall westmoreland and shall maintain. War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those, which chas’d you from the field. And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March’d through the city to the palace gates. North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief; And, by my soul, thou and thy house shall rue it. West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I’ll have more lives, Than drops of blood were in my father’s veins. Clif. Urge it no more: lest that, instead of words, I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger, As shall revenge his death, before I stir. 
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threat the crown? York. Will you, we show our title to the crown? If not, our swords shall plead it in the field. 
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown? Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York; Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March: I am the son of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop, And seiz’d upon their towns and provinces. War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I; When I was brown’d, I was but nine months old. 
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose: Father, and name, a title from the usurper’s head. Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head. Mont. Good brother, [to York.] as thou lov’st and honour’st arms, Let’s fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus. Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly. 
York. Sons, peace! 
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak. War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords; And be you silent and attentive too. For he, that interrupts him, shall not live. 
K. Hen. Think’st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne, Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat? No: first shall war unpeople this my realm; Ay, and their colours—often home in France; And now in England, to our heart’s great sorrow, Shall be laid, the winding sheet,—Why faint you, lords? My title’s good, and better far than his. War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. 
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king. 
K. Hen. I know not what to say; 'tis my duty to tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? 
York. What then? 
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king; 
Petr. Richard, in the view of many lords, 
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth; 
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign, 
And must if she resign his crown perforce. 
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrau'd, 
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown? 
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown, 
But that the next heir should succeed to reign. 
K. Hen. Art you against us, Duke of Exeter? 
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. 
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not? 
Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king. 
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, 
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd. 
War. Depose he shall be, in despite of all. 
North. Thou art deceiv'd; 'tis not thy southern power, 
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, — 
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud — can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Cliff. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, 
Let him stand to fight for his own throne, 
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive, 
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father! 
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my soul.
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown — 
What matter you, or what conseque you, lords! 
War. Do right unto this princeely duke of York; 
Or I will fill the house with armed men, 
And the chair of state, where now he sits, 
Write up his title with usurping blood. 
[He stamps, and the Soldiers stamp themselves. 
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs, 
And the same shall reign in quiet while thou lis't. 
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet, 
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. 
Cliff. What wrong is this unto the prince you speak? 
War. What good is this to England, and himself? 
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry! 
Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us? 
K. Hen. I will not stay to hear these speeches. 
North. Nor I. 
Cliff. Come, counsel, let us tell the queen these news. 
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king, 
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides. 
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York, 
And die in bands for this unmann'd deed. 
Cliff. In dreadful apprehension thy life may be overthrown! 
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd! 
[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland. 
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. 
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield. 
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter! 
War. Why should you sigh, my lord? 
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son, 
Whom I unnatural shall disinherit. 
But, be it as it may — I here entreat 
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever; 
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live, 
To honour me as thy king and sovereign; 
And neither by treason, nor hostility, 
To seek out me, and reign by thyself. 
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. 
[Coming from the throne. 
War. Long live king Henry! — Plantagenet, 
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons! 
York. New York and Lancaster are reconcili'd. 
Exe. Acours'd he be thus, and reign by them? 
[Somet. The Lords come forward. 
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; 'tis to my castle. 
War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers. 
Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers. 
Monte. And I unto the sea, from whence I came. 
[Exeunt York, and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants. 
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 
Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales. 
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger: 
I'll steal away. 
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. 
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee. 
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay. 
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? 
Ah, wretched man! 'twould I had died a maid, 
And never seen thee, never borne thee son, 
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father: 
Thou canst not do, nor I canst forbear to say 
That he delights to lose his birthright by thee. 
Had'st thou but lov'd him half so well as I; 
Or felt that pain which I did for him once; 
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood: 
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there, 
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir, 
And disinherit thine only son. 
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me; 
If you be king, why should not I succeed? 
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon me, 
Sweet son; — 
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce me. 
Q. Mar. Enforcer's thou? I art thou king, and wilt be forc'd? 
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch! 
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me: 
And given me to the house of York such head, 
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance. 
To enstall him and his heirs into the crown, 
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre, 
And creep into it for before thy time? 
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais; 
Stern Englishmen commands the narrow seas; 
The duke is made protector of the realm; 
And yet shall thou be safe? such safety finds 
The trembling lamb, environ'd with wolves. 
Had I been there, which am a silly woman, 
The soldiers should have too'd me on their pikes, 
Before I would have granted to that act. 
But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour: 
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself, 
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, 
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd, 
Whereby my son is disinherit'd. 
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours, 
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread; 
And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace, 
And utter out of the house of York. 
Thus do I leave thee. — Come, son, let us way; 
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them. 
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak. 
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone. 
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Act I.

KING HENRY VI.

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus,
[Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The long-continued lure of these three hearts:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what's?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours,
York, Mine, boy? not till time and Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. Almost, if is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate.
That hath authority over him that swears;
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Rich. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And what on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Whose array is as the stars, the sun, and moon.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern early
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom have three protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.
York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The answer of the queen mean to besiege:
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, for a need.
A woman's general, what should we fear?
Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty—I though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saveth thy
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.
Clif. How now! Is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulating o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder,—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too much a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves, And hung their rotten coffins up in chains, I could not make mine ire, nor ease my heart. The plight of me made up my cause; For York Is as a fury to torment my soul; And till I root out their accursed line, And leave not one alive, I live in hell. Therefore—(Crossing his hand.)
Ret. O, let me pray before I take my death— To thee I pray? Sweet Clifford, pity me! Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords. Ret. I never had thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath. Ret. But 'twas ere I was born. Thou hast one son, for his sake save me; I eat, in revenge thereof,—with God is just,— He be as miserably slain as I. Ah, let me live in prison all my days; And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy father slew me, therefore, die.
[Clifford slays him.]
Ret. Did I offend, lords and commons sit not two? [Dies.]
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet! And this thy son's blood, clearing to my blade, Shall rust my weapon, till I take his heart. Congress'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.—The same. [Alarum. Enter York. York. The army of the queen hath got the field: My uncles both are slain in rescuing me; And all my followers to the elder son Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind, Or lambs pursued by hungry starved wolves. My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them: But this I know,—they have deman'd themselves Like men born to renown, by life, or death. Three times did Richard make a lane to me; And thrice cried,—Courage, father! fight it out! And full as oft came Edward to my side, With purple fauchion, painted to the blit In blood of those that had encounter'd him: And when the hardiest warriors did retire, Richard cried,—Charge! and give no foot of ground! And when a crown, or else a precious tomb, A sceptre, or an earthy sepulchre! With this we charg'd again: but, out, alas! We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan With both his labour swim against the tide, And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [A short alarum within.] Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue; And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury: And, were I strong, I would not show their fury: The sands are number'd, that make up my life; Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
[Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers.]
Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,— I dare your quenchless fury to more rage; I am your butt, and I abide your shot. York. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm. With downright payment, show'd unto my father. Now Phæton hath tumbled from his car, And made an evening at the midnight prick. York. My flies, as the phoenix, may bring forth A bird that will revenge upon you all And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven, Scorning where'er you can afflict me with. What three is this faint and, alas! fear? Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further; So dvers do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives, Breathe out invitatives against the officers. York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again, And in thine gift give not away this time; York Is as a fury to torment my soul; And till I root out their accursed line, And leave not one alive, I live in hell. Therefore—(Crossing his hand.)
Ret. O, let me pray before I take my death— To thee I pray? Sweet Clifford, pity me! Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords. Ret. I never had thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath. Ret. But 'twas ere I was born. Thou hast one son, for his sake save me; I eat, in revenge thereof,—with God is just,— He be as miserably slain as I. Ah, let me live in prison all my days; And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy father slew me, therefore, die.
[Clifford slays him.]
Ret. Did I offend, lords and commons sit not two? [Dies.]
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet! And this thy son's blood, clearing to my blade, Shall rust my weapon, till I take his heart. Congress'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[Exeunt.]
Cliff. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tonguelonger poisonsthan the adder's tooth;
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, of shining
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou can'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were she enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taugh thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

That beauty that doth off all women makes;
But God, he knows, thy share thereof is small;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at;
'Tis grace, that thou wouldst rouze with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies may the devil, or father;
Methinks, 'tis price enough to be his son.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it to the propitious
Thrim'd like a younger, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That hardy than I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

But you, false woman, more inexcusable,
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hycania,—
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[He gives back the handkerchief.

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the heirs will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a pitiful deed!

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse:

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee.
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world!
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

Art thou the man that slain thee, and my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow grieves his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northum-

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's, as for mine:
And for King—

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[Stabb'd him.

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[Dies.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [Execut.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter Edward, and Richard, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scape'd
Or whether he be 'scape'd away, or no.
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scape'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape;

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a ne'er, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies may the devil, or father;
Methinks, 'tis price enough to be his son.

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That hardy than I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

But you, false woman, more inexcusable,
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hycania,—
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[He gives back the handkerchief.

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the heirs will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a pitiful deed!

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse:

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee.
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world!
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

Art thou the man that slain thee, and my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow grieves his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northum-

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's, as for mine:
And for King—

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[Stabb'd him.

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[Dies.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [Execut.
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The monument that ever I viewed.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.—
O Cluny! saintly saint! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquished thee.—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison;
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might lie the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
Nor can my tongue unfold my heart's great burden:
For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes: blows, and revenge for me.

Richard, I hear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that prince, e'er bird's eagle,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say:—
Either that is thine, or else thou wart not his.

March. Enter Warwick and Montague, with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our beliefful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. O fair Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drownd these news in tears:
And now, to doubt them more than to forget them,
I come to tell thee things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen.

March. Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.

Art to make haste, we at Saint Albans met,
Our soldiers fight like more than two to one fought:
But, whether twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen;
That rob'd my soldiers of their bated spicèn;
Or whether twas report of Clifford's rigour,
Or remorse in common fear of Clifford's rigor,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers, like the lightest of out flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste tothalaste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle friends?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers.
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he alive his head, and as bold as he.
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: I blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories, makes me speak. But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Axe-Marie's with our heads?
Or shall we on the headmen of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say,—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insuiting queen,
With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrangled over the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the men that I have, and that of March,
Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Fili! to London we will march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds;
And once again cry,—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
'Neer may we be live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!) Must Edward fall, when thou art fallen.
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every town and city, that was taken
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Star we the land with a greater draught,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,) I come to blest it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?<n>

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me:

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's away.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before York.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Vender's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Dost not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck;
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infringing'd my vow.
Cif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Why should the fond that the fond be doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And does will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knits his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire:
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most inflicting father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hast not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight).
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence? For shame, my liege, make them your precedent! Where is the pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My cardinal father, and my family gave away?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferning arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his boarding went to hell? I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here! Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son;
Ginshath your sword, and dub him presently.—

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kindly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown.

And in that quarter use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness—
For, with a band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaim a true king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore

I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, Saint阵

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edm. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting

Edm. I am his king, and he should bow his head.

Clif. I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broken; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown—

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,

Or any of thee proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For my lord's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Albans' last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thy turn.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently—

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain The expression of my big-swoln heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Yes: thou, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Hath done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
THIRD PART OF

Act 2.

They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
To shew what fate they had for vanquishing.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean
upon:
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
On London, be it known, Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Warwick for his chivalry:
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison;
Ah, would the break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest;
For now, honest Edward, shall I again,
Never, O ever, shall I see mine eyes.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my burning heart;
Nor can my tongue express my heart's great burden;
For self same word, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that are my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief;
Tears, then, for babies: blows, and revenge for me.

Richard. I bear thy name, I'll revenge thy death,
In die reserved by betraying it itself.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left,
Show thy descent by gazing at the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Rhetor that is thine, or else thou wast not his.

March. Ever Warwick and Montague, with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poison in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which bears the deedly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drownd these news in tears.
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then fulfill'd:
After the battle of Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen.

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession;
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles joint'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd fail greatly on his warlike queen;
That rob'd my soldiers of their hated spicen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Where my men, to his captivities and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night's—sly flight,
Or like a tiger 'th the teeth up with a fright.
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But many men did boast they had not witnessed it,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day.
So that we fled: the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the fields here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And where came George from Hurgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for the other, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Hurgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike, when valiant Warwick fled.

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But never, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scald, Richard, dost thou
Thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the aweful sceptre from his list;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is now, for thus I judge in prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me
not.

'Tis love I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in good time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Are,Maries with our heads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with reverence arms?
If for the last, say,—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you
and therefore comes my brother Montague,
Attend me, lords. The proud insulter queen,
With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
That against my majesty, and the house of York;
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the slaving Welchmen cannot procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Pisa! to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I bear great Warwick speak:
Never may he live to see a sunshine day,
That e'er—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!) Must Edward fail, which peril heaven forefend;
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And then thou shalt not up his head, nor joy;
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. And Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,) I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. For to break up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?  
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your apology for speedy counsel.  
War. Wher, then it sorts, brave warior! Let’s away.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before York.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder’s the head of that arch-enemy,  
That sought to be encompass’d with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?  
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—  
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! ’tis not my fault, Not willingly have I infring’d my vow.  
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that, the forest hearth doth lack?  
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.  
Who ’scapes the luring serpent’s mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on:  
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
Thou smiling, while he knits his angry brows:  
He, but a brute, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, bless’d with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:  
And though man’s face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,)  
Make war with him that climb’d up to their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young’s defence?  
For shame, my liege, make thee this precedent!  
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father’s fault;  
And long hereafter say unto his child,—  
What my great-grandfather and grandfather got,  
My careless father fondly gave away?  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.  
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play’d the orator,  
Inferreing arguments of mighty force.  
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—  
That things ill got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son,  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
’I’ll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And ’would, my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As breake a thousand fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah, could York! ’twould thy best friends did know,  
How it doth relieve me that thy head is here!  
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son;  
Letshate your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.  
Prince. For a true son of a just father, by your kindly leave,  
I’ll draw it as apparent to the crown;  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.  
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;  
And, in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.  
Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field.

The queen hath best success when you are absent.  
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that’s my fortune too; therefore  
I’ll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.  
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, Saint George!

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur’d Henry! wilt thou know, for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bile the mortal fortune of the field?  
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?  
Edw. I aim at his king, and he should bow his knee;  
I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—  
Have caus’d him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;  
Who should succeed the father but the son?  
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!  
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer the throng.  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. ‘Twas you that kill’d young Rutland, was it not?  
Clif. Ay, in old York, and yet not satisfy’d.  
Rich. For God’s sake, lords, give signal to the fight.  
War. What say’st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?  
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu’d Warwick? dare you speak?  
When you and I met at Saint Alban’s last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.  
War. Then ‘twas my turn to fly, and now ’tis thine.  
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.  
War. ’Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.  
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently:—  
Break off the peace; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swoon heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.  
Clif. I slew thy father: Call at thou him a child.  
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward.  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But, ere sun-set, I’ll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Erect. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed;
Or else come after, I'll stay before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but to love go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same. A loud Alarm. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Cliff. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies.
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
Oh! wherein? I fear thy overthrow;
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, grief'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy toil commixture melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'spring mis-prov'd York,
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaenon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth?
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giv'n me ground into the bounds of York;
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
1, and ten thousand in this countless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for their death,
As thou didst lead me then to grace.

And for what dost thou now wander thro' the bounds of York?
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lewdness?
Boots spoil our plaints, and careless are our wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity.
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
Their hands I beg of my deadly wounds,
And much of my blood doth make me faint—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, spill my heart.

[He faints.]


Eder. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen—
That yea, I hope, shall have no more shafts
As dot a sail, 'twill with a fretting gust,
Command an agony to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. Nay, no; but I am told he should meet a king.
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And, whereas'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.]

Eder. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Eder. See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
Rich. Revokes that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford.
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender sprig did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
That he may see, and that his voice may be heard.
Measure for measure must be answer'd
Eder. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Dark gloom doth o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor see, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he death;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter tidings.

Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words;

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
War. Clifford, repeat in boastless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise feint tortures for thy faults.
War. Thou pisset'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's your captain Margaret, to fence you then.
War. They mock thee, Clifford! I swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in despight might raze at him.
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstainted thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: if with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shall thou know both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly strive to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Britain I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so in haste my lord.

Eder. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the state
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Rich. Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloucester;
And George, of Clarencie:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of
Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dakedom is too ominous.
War. True, that's a foolish observation:
And Richard be duke of Gloucester:
Now to London, To see these honours in possession.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in these woods we'll make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
Act 3.

KING HENRY VI.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day.
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To grieve my own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anoint'd.
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:
For what I say, it is the wisest course.
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid.
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is things of state, to serve the French King's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And I fear he soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth morn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is demis'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That sure grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferrath arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promises of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou wast't forlorn.
2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.
2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd; content;
A crown it is, that few kings enjoy.
2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?
2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
1 Keep. No.
For we were subjects, but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My manhood shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.
1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd;
And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The wrongy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea! is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps
the wind!
Glo. Silence. [Aside.]
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [Aside.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall please you.
Flight closer, or, go to bed, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [Aside.]
Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantage.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
Tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.}
Third Part of

Act 3.

Scene VI. — The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, rounded.

Clif. Here burn my candle out, ay, here it dies, Whibl, while it lasted, gave king Henry light. O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,

Most upon the earth's top, not of my soul.

My love, and fear, gwe'd many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, thy teem commissures melt.

Reposing Henry, strengthening mis-prov'd York.

The common people swarm like summer flies:

And withal fly the gnats, but to the sea?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

O Phæbus! hadst thou never given consent

That Phæton should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:

And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

O, as thy father, and his father, did,

Giv'd no ground unto the hoard of York.

They never then had springing like summer flies;

I, and a thousand in this luckless realm,

Had left no mourning widows for our death,

And thou this day hast kept thy chair in peace.

For what death cherish weeds, but gentle air?

And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Booless are priests, and careless are my wounds:

No way to fly, no strength to hold out flight;

The fool is merciful, and will not pity;

For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And with the bloody flame that slow dost I faint:

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[Exeunt.


Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,

And smooths the frowns of war with peacefull looks.—

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen:—

That led calm Henry, though he be a king, And here with sail, with a frond of war:

Command an urgent to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

And, where'er he be, he, surely dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?


Edw. What is this: and, now the battle's ended, If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revolve that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch In hewing Richard, and when his leaves put forth, But set his murdering knife unto the root

From whence that tender spray did sweety spring; I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there: Instead whereof, let this supply the room; Messuage and monsure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours: Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound, And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak. —

[Attendants bring the body forward.

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life, And both his ears, now hears us what we say.

Rich. (), would be did! and so, perhaps, he doth;

Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.


Geo. While we devise fact tellures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to

Edw. Thou pittedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford I swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—

I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might tall at him.

This hand should chop it off; and with the lassing blood

Stife the villain, whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Yet, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head.

And rear it in the place your father's stands:—

And now to London with triumphant march, There to receive England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France, And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:

So shalt thou knew both these lands together; And, having, France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt, Yet look thou, ere them but, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. As thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,

And never will I undertake the thing,

Whereby my counsel and consent is wanting.

Rich. Of Clifford, or of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself, Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Golaster.

For Golaster's duckerom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation; Richard, be duke of Golaster; Now to London, To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves:

For through this land anon the deer will come; And in this covert we will make our stand,

Calling all the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
Act 3.

KING HENRY VI.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No Henry is my name, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:
For wiser men say, it is the wisest course.
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France
for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward; if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pity'd much;
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her briny tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposit'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is instal'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong.
Inferr取et arguments of mighty strength:
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a
king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy
crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my
head.
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd; content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with
content.
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath deposit'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Hen. What did you never swear, and break an
oath?
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not
now.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king
of England?
2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now re-
main.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
1 Keep. No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a
man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And he your king: command, and I'll obey.
1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king
Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were created as king Edward is.
1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in
the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd:
And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady
Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's
field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suite now, to repose him in his lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her
suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less, but yet I'll make a
strength.
Glo. Yea! is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps
the wind?

[Glo. Silence! [Aside.]
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.
L. Gre. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
delay;
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [Aside.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you
all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall please you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fail.

Glo. God forbid that I for he'll take vantages.

[K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

[Aside.]
Glo. Nor, whip me then; he'll rather give her way. [Aside.]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

[Aside.]

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their children's blood.

L. Grey. He pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this child's will.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

L. Grey. Therefore I came u to your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll to you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness's service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give thee

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. Toilles her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [Aside.

Clar. As red as fire I say, then her wax must melt. [Aside.]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsey.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Heggie.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I use so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive.

Your highness aims at, if I am right.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to live with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt have my husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dowry;

For by that less I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children and self.

L. Grey. Her in my highness wrongs both them

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you to dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brow.

[Aside.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.

K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable.

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends,

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield to;

I know, I am too mean to be your queen:

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You calv, widow; I did mean, my lady.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my son should call you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call their mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shift.

[Aside.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both.

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower—

And go thy brother, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension—

Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.

[Exit the King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Lord.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, narrow, bones, and all,

That from his toils no hopeful branch may spring.

To crown him from the golden time I look for;

And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

(The lustful Edward's title barried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself;
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a precipice,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that7 sunders him from thence,
Saying, I'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say,—I'll cut the causes off,
Plattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And with sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forgrew me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft law,
She did corrupt frail nature with some brie,
To make a man's heart mis-shap'd a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like a green child, to give a bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then the best heart, and the best nature of man;
But to command, to check, to o'berbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, wanting the means, to dwell but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For making lives, not murders, is my trade;
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way:
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But tolling desperately to find it out,—
'Orment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Who can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the priest shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the craner as well as Nestor,
Deceive more shilly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the mirth'dous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut I were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE IIII.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, and Lady Bona, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward her son, and the Earl of Oxford.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Mar-
garet,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
[rising,
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis
Have both sits.

Q. Mar. No mighty king of France; now Mar-
garet
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.
K. Lew. Why, says the fair queen, wherein springs
this deep despair?
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
So bethe by kin.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my droop-
ing thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the west
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, my heir,—
Am come, to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou hast a heart, or an unkind heart,
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight;
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm
the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.
Q. Mar. To more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.
Q. Mar. To more, but impatience waiteth on true
sor-
row;
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our
presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
friend.

K. Lew. How come, brave Warwick! What brings
thee to France?

[Descending from his state. Queen
Margaret rises.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a storm to rise;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend.
I come,—in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity:
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With mutual knot, if thou wouldest so grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
War. And, gracious madam, [to Bona.] In our
keen behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where faith, late entering at his heedful ears,
Therewith the shyer hand, and so the image, and so the
voice. Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona, hear me
speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-mean'd honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice.—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
maneuver You draw not on thy danger and dishonour.
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injuries Margaret! And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou more art prince, than she is queen.
Oxff. Why, Warwick, disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain.
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the world.
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France.
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how hap it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at
that.
But for the rest,— You tell a pedigree
If threescore and two years, a silly time
to make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxff. Why, Warwick, cannot they speak against thy
liege,
Whom thou observ'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. True; and that did ever render the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree.
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxff. Call him my king, by whose injuries doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death;
No, Warwick; no; while life uphold this arm,
This arm uphold the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
Oxford, Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words
be with him not:
[Emerging with the Prince and Oxford.
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,
Is Edward thy true king? for I were loath,
To that degree of greatness that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honours.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. True; and more, that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then further,— all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems.
K. Lew. It may be seen a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves of compassion, and the fruit of love;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm seat
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [to War.] that often ere this day,
When we have heard his majesty's desert recounted,
Mine ears hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,— Our sister shall
be Edward's:
And more northward shall articles be drawn
Touching the levies that your king must make,
Which with her dewry shall be countersigned:—
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
But to make sure how to make sure with us.
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Mar-
garet;
But if his little to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then is but reason, that I be released;
From giving aid, which late I promised.
And swear you yourself, our goddess queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better were, you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace;
Proud settler and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy silly consequence, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of sel'ish feather.
[Here a storm and tempest.
A group around within.
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or
there.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for
you.
Not from our brother, marquis Montague.
From these our king unto your majesty:—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.
It is my Margaret. They all read their letters.
Oxff. I like it well, that our fair queen and
maids.
Smiles at her words, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Say, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled:
I hope, all's for the best.
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and
yours, fair queen?
Q. Mar. Mine and yours, such as all my heart with un
boped joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discons-
tement.
K. Lew. What is your king married the lady
Grey?
And now, to soothe your fury and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience.
Is this the alliance that he seeks in France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told you majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's ho
nour.
War. King Lewis, I here protest,— in sight of
heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I came near from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York,
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself: for my desert is honour;
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true retainers.
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my
heart:
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy, that thou becom'est Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend;
That, if king Lewis vouche secure to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers;
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For match him more for want of hast than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bon. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bon. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Len. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
What shall have; [Exit Mess.]
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Len. Then England's messenger, return in haste;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.
Bon. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong:
And these tears I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.
K. Len. But, Warwick, thou, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ete thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What shall have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;—
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[He gives his hand to Warwick.
K. Len. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied.
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[Exit all but Warwick.
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe;
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
And force the tyrant that I am his demand.
Had he none else to make a State, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that ral'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again.
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.}

ACT IV.


Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, and others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half miscantion?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll make no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause.
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king
Yet hast a marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I,
No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
 Becomes your enemy, for mocking him.
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glo. Aye, Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be
And the lady grey?
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. Yes; but the safer, when it is back'd with France.
Hast. Is this better using France, than trusting France?
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence Impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your losing bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the
heir

Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son.
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Also, peace Clarence; is it for a wife,
That the present malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your
judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be
king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. ELIA. My lords, before it please'd his majesty
to raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do close my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. Or love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And, as a subject, whom thou must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the
most.

[Aside.]

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what
news,
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters: and few
words,
But much as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate. K. Edw. Go so, we pardon thee: therefore, in
brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? believe, he thinks
me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, uttered with mild
disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widow shortly,
I'll wear the widow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little
less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Mess. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds
are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.
K. Edw. Believe, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He showed more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him, from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I will unwear him, ere he be long.
K. Edw. Hal drunk the traitor breathe out so
profound words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
The lady shall have wars, and pay for their presum-
tion.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd
in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's
dughter.
Clar. O, the elder; Clarence will have the
younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That she which holds the kingdom in her hand,
I may not prove inferior to yourself:
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follow.]

Glo. Not I. My thoughts aim at a further matter: I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick;
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straightway follow you.
[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.
But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Receive me, lords. You twain, of all the rest,
Are next to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
For if you stand by him, and true obedience
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. No God help Montague, as he proves true
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's
cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand
by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand
us. K. Edw. Why so? then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

SCENE III.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French and
other Forces.
War. Trust me, my lord, all bitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick!—And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath paw'd an open hand in sign of love.
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,
Were but a feldged friend to our proceedings;
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being careless encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard.
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure.
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sight and monarch stole to Rheus' tents,
That from thence the Thracian fatal steeds:
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle.
At unawares may best down Edward's guard,
And seem well:—I say not.—Slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Appraise the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry Henry]
SCENE III. | Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?
1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick be, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the
If Warwick be so near as men report,
8 Watch. But say, I pray, what noblemen is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
3 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself in the open field?
8 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more
dangerous.
3 Watch. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dajgered man.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his
passage.
2 Watch. Ay: wherefore else guard we his royal
tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his
guard.

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guard.

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War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men, To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.— Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest, Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer? Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste; Your horse stands ready at the park corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then? Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. We'll guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'Is no time to talk. K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and he hang'd.
Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick'srown:
And pray that I may reposesthe crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, And turn'd my captive state to liberty, My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys; At our enlargement what are thy due fees? Lies. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns; But, if an humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness, For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure: Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds Long for when, after many stormy thoughts, At last, by notes of household harmony, They quite forget their loss of liberty.— But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free, And dost dissemble as though thou were free; He was the author, thou the instrument, Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite, By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me; And that the people of this blessed land May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars; Warwick, although my head still wear the crown, I here resign my government to thee, For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtue; And now may seem as wise as virtuous, By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice, For few men rightly temper with the stars: Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway, To whom the hearers, in thy nativity, Adjudge'd an olive branch, and laurel crown, As likely to be stiit for peace, and war; And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector. K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me back both my hands; Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts, That no dissension hinder government: I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life, And in devotion spend my latter days, To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent; For on th' fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content: We'll yoke together like a double shadow To Henry's body, and supply his place; I mean, in bearing weight of government, While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is time enough, Forthwith that Edward be pronouced a traitor, And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,) That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, He sent for, to return from France with speed: For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclips'd. Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is this?
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [Leys his hand on his head. Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts, This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty; His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown, His hand to wield a scepter; and himself Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your broth-
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsaussy news: But how made he es-
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of
Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him In secret ambush on the forest side, And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him; For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge. But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide A salve for any sore that may betide. [Exeunt King Henry, War. Clar. Lieut. and Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Ed-
ward's For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help; And we shall have more wars, before't be long. As Henry's late pressing prophecy Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Rich-
So doth my heart misgave me, in these conflicts What may befall him, to his harm, and ours Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, Fortwith we'll send him hence to Britannia. Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay; for, if Edward reposesthe crown, 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down. Son. It shall be so; he shall to Britannia.
Came, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.
SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest; Yet thus far fortune maketh us amend, And says—that once more I shall interchange My wandering fate for Henry's regal crown. Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas, And brought desired help from Burgundy: What then remains, we being thus arriv'd From RAVENSGURU haven before the gates of York, But that we enter, as into our dukedom? Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this; For many men, that stumble at the threshold, Are well foretold—that danger lurks within. K. Edw. Tush, man! abdometes must not now affright us: By fair or foul means we must enter in, For either will our friends repair to us. Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming, And shut the gates for safety of ourselves; For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York. May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom; As being well content with that alone. Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in his nose, He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt? Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [Exit from above. Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon! Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well, So were not long of him: but, being enter'd, I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut, But in the night, or in the time of war. What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; For Edward will defend the town, and thee, And all those friends that dare to follow me. Drum. Enter Montgomery, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms? Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm. As every loyal subject ought to do. K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget Our title to the crown; and only claim Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest. Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again; I came to serve a king; and not a duke,— Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. From thence march begun. K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate, By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words, If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king, I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone, To keep them back that come to succour you: Why should we fight, if you pretend no title? Glo. Why, who translate, wherefore stand you on nice points? K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim: Till then, we'll use wisdom to conceal our meaning. Hast. Away with scurpulous wit! now arms must rule. Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto the height. Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand; The brut thereof will bring you many friends. K. Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right, And Henry but usurps the diadem. Mont. Ay, now, my sovereign speaketh like himself; And now will I be Edward's champion. Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed! — Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [Gives him a paper, Flourish.

Sold. [Reads.] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c. Mont. And whosoever gannys Edward's By this I challenge him to single fight. [right, [Throws down his gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth! K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; — and thanks unto you all. If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness. Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York; And, when the morning sun shall raise his car Above the border of this horizon, We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates; For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier. Ah, foward Clarence!—how evil it beseemeth thee, To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother! Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War- wickshire; shall I march with thee? Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day; And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Mont- tague, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belisia, With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, And with his troops doth march amain to London; And many giddy people flock to him. Orf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again. Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out; Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends. Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; Those will I must up— and thou, son Clarence, Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, The knight in England, and gentleme in to come with thee— Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicester-shire, shalt find Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st— And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd, in Oxford, and shalt muster up thy friends,— My sovereign, with the loving-citizens,— Like to his island, girt in with the ocean, Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,— Shall rest in London, till we come to him. Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.— Farewell, my sovereign. K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope. Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand. K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate! 8
Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [kissing Henry's hand.] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Mont.]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field, should not be able to enconter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest. K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame. I have not stop'd mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their snits with slow delays; My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, My mildness hath assay'd their swelling griefs, My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears: I have not been desirous of their wealth, Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd; Then why should they love Edward more than me? No, Exeuter, these graces challenge grace: And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb, The lamb will never cease to follow him. [Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence.

And once again proclaim as king of England—

You are the fount, that makes small 'brooks to flow,

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[Exeunt some with King Henry.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains: The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor now aware:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow? 1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?— Where is the post that came from Montague? 2 Mess. By this at Daintree, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son? And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now? Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces And do expect him here some two hours hence. [Drum heard.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum. Som. It is not his, my lord; were Southam lies; The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall. War. A, nabbe side! is sportful Edward come? Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced? That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak pleasant words, and humbly bend thy knee?— Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy, And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?— Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent, And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said— the king?

Or did he make the jest against his will? War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift? Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give; I'll do this service for so good a gift. War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by War- Wick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight: And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again; And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,— What is the body when the head is off? Glo. Thy head, my lord, Warwick had no more forecast, But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was sily finger'd from the deck! You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. Ths even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down. Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools. War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, And with the other fling it at thy face, Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee. K. Edw. Sall, how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend! This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off, Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,— Wind-changing! Warwick now can change no more. Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.


Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our hawks. Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt, Will issue out again, and hide us battle; If not, the city being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same. War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! [He and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear. K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory: My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.
Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. Two of the name, both of a brother's love—
Have sold their lives unto the house of York:
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means—

[Taking the red rose out of his cap.

Look here, I throw my infant at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, thou'rt wou, Warwick.

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy love—
To keep that oath, were more impety
Than Jeptha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,) To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be hence unstained.
K. Edm. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd—
Than if thou never deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edm. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the own, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coopt here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid the battle, Edward, in thy'start.
K. Edm. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[March. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing in Warwick wounded.

K. Edm. So, lie thou there; die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a hug, that fear'd us all—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh! come to me, friend or foe, And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe,
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd the joy'st spring tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were like'n'd oft to kindly sephulches;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And when that dusk smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If you be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovedst me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That gies my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—Commend me to your valiant brother.
And more;—thy soul hath sail'd, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguished; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!—

Warwick. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dies.

[Exeunt bearing off Warwick's body.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, in triumph; with Clarence, Gloster, and the rest.

K. Edm. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easy western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Galia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is val'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edm. We are advertised by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will shiv'r straight, For willingness rides way:
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men neither sit and wall their loss,
THIRD PART OF

Act 5.

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms. What though the mast be now blown over-board, The cable broke, the holding chain is lost, And half our sailors swallowed in the flood; Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad, With tearful eyes add water to the sea, And give more strength to that which hath too much; Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, Which industry and courage might have saved? Ah, what a shame! ah, what a tenant are this! Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that? And Montague our top-mast; What of him? Our laughter'd friends the tackles; What of these? Why, Is't not Oxford here another anchor? And Somerset another goodly mast? The friends of France our shrouds and tacklest And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? We will not from the helm, to sit and weep; But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck. As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair. And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea? What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit? And Henry, but a suggested fatal? All these the enemies to our poor bark. Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while: Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink: Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off; Or else you famish, that's a thricefold death. This speak I, lords, to let you understand, In case some one of you would fly from us, That there's hope for mercy with the brothers, More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks. Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided, 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear. Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, Infuse his breast with magnanimity, And make him, naked, foil a man at arms. I speak not this, as doubting any here: For, did I but suspect a fearful man, He should have leave to go away betimes; Lest, in our need, he might infect another, And make him of like spirit to him lost, If any such be here, as God forbid! Let him depart, before we need his help. Oxfr. Women and children of so high a courage! And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame— O, brave Prince George! the famous grandfather! Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live, To bear his image, and renew his glories! Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope, Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day, If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at. Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxfr, thanks. Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else. Enter a Messenger. Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, Ready to fight; therefore be resolute. Oxfr. I thought them hence: it is not ordinary To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided. Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness. Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. Oxfr. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and Forces. K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the hearest's assistance, and your strength, Must be the root be hewn up yet ere night. I need not add more fuel to your fire, For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out: Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords. Q. Mar. I am a knight, and gentlemen, what I should say My tears gainsey; for every word I speak, Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sove reign. Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd, His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain, His states cancel'd, and his treasure spent; And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil. You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords, Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [Exeunt both armies.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then, enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and Forces: with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset and others. K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils. Away with Oxford to Hamnet's castle straight: For Somerset, off with his guilty head. Go, new expedients, I will not hear them speak. Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to thy fortune. [Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded. Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. K. Edw. 'Tis proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward, Shall have a high reward, and he his life. G1. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes. Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward. K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak. What! can so young a thorn begin to prick? Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, And an assailable thou hast turn'd me to? Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York! Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth; Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou, Whilst I pronounce the self-same words to thee, Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to. Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resold! Glo. That thou might'st still have worn the peri-coat, And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster. Prince. Let Edward's fable in a winter's night; His curtew riddles sort not with this place. G1. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word. Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to thy father. Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold. Prince. Nay, take away this scolding cuck-oof-back mother. K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue. Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too misapert. Prince. I know my duty, you are so undutiful: Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,— And thou misshapen Dick,— I tell ye all, I am your better, traitors as ye are:— And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine. K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [Stabs him.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and
killed.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a foul?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Hen. A Bolingbroke, a prodigious boy, I see;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose evervng guilt did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? let for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou art an execrable butcher.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow,
And many an orphan's water-staring eye,
Perforce, who doth avenge, and have them,
As crowning them husbands, or widowers' fate?
And orphans and for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The nightingale's song in dismal discords sang;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatting crows, cried, 'was it ever born.'
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope:
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodness tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou canst eat no victuals.
Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech:
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd:
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this:
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.
Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death,
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him.
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear,—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
She came into the world with my lord for a foreman:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless thee! who is born new without a

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must con-
fer. [Exit Lieutenant.

Act 5. KING HENRY VI. 459

Glo. Swarest thou? take that to end thy agony.
[Stabs him.
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Stabs him.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall.
[Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?
Clar. Glo. G passive, except to me the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [Exit.

Q. Mar. O, my sweet Ned! speak to thy moth-
ner, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!
They, that stab'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, as I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst—
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely crop'd!
You have seduced children, barbiers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stir'd up re-

more;
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young
prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence
here.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me
here;
Here sheeteth thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! O, thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do
thou it do.
Clar. But hast thou not me swear, I would not do
it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What's the worse woman? there's that my devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here! Murder is thy aim-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in pestil; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London.
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

King Henry is discovered sitting with a book in his
hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so
hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should
see any rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better;
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must con-
fer. [Exit Lieutenant.
KING HENRY VI.  

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother:  
And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me; I am myself alone.  
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
And, then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;  
Counting myself but bad, till I be best,—  
I'll throw thy body in another room,  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  

SCENE VI.—The same. A Room in the Palace.  

King Edward is discovered sitting on his throne;  
Queen Elizabeth with the infant Prince, Clarence,  
Gloster, Hastings, and others, near him.  

K. Edm. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down; in tops of all their pride?  
Three duked of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son,  
And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their courser at the trumpet's sound:  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our foot stool of security.  
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—  
Yonng Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;  
Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.  
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulders was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my  
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.  

[Exeunt.

K. Edm. Clarence, and Glostcr, love my lovely  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.  
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.  
K. Edm. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,  
Brother, thanks.  
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou  
Witnesse the loving kiss I give the fruit:—  
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;  
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—  
Aide.  

K. Edm. Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.  
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margareet?  
Begnign, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Niells and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.  
K. Edm. Away with her, and waft her hence to  
France.  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,  
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—  
Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.  

[Exeunt.

LIFE AND DEATH OF  
KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Edward the Fourth.  
Edward, Prince of Wales, after-  
wards King Edward V.  
George, Duke of Clarence,  
Richard, Duke of Gloster, after-  
wards King Richard III.  
Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King  
Henry VII.  
Thomas Rotheram, Archbishop of York.  
John Morton, Bishop of Ely.  
Duke of Buckingham.  
Duke of Norfolk.  
Earl of Surre, his son.  
Earl Rivers, brother to King Edward's Queen.  
Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her sons.  
Earl of Oxford.  
Lord Hastings.  
Lord Stanley.  
Lord Lovel.  
Sir Thomas Vaughan.  
Sir Richard Ratcliff.  
Sir William Catesby.  
Sir James Tyrrel.  
Sir James Blount.  
Sir Walter Herbert.  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.  
Christopher Urswick, a Priest.  
A young Prince.  
Lord Mayor of London.  
Sheriff of Wiltshire.  
Elizabeth, Queen of King Edward IV.  
Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.  
Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV.  
Clarence, and Gloster.  
Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales,  
son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the  
Duke of Gloster.  
A young Daughter of Clarence.  
Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pur-  
suivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messen-  
gers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE.—England.

ACT I.  

SCENE I.—London. A Street.  
Enter Gloster.  

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  

And all the clouds, that low'r'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised hands, our torn and bloody cloaks;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds, To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,— Herdsmen nimble in a great hurly-burly, To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. But I,—that am not shap’d for sportive tricks, Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass; I, that am rudely stamp’d, and want love’s majesty; To strut before a wanton ambling nymph; I, that am curtail’d of this fair proportion, Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, Before I came to this unfashion’d frame Into this breathing world, scarce half made up, And so lamentably unequable, That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; With such a weak and bashful Under-tune Have no delight to pass away the time, Unless to spy my shadow in the sun, And desant on mine own deformity; And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover, To entertain these fair well-spoken days,— I am determined to prove a villain, And hate the little pleasures of these days. Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous, By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams, To set my brother Clarence, and the king, In deadly hate the one against the other; And, if King Edward be as true and just, As I am subtle, false, and treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew’d up; About a prophecy, which says—that G Of Edward’s heirs the murderer shall be. Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

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

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

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

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

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

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul’d by women:—
’Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower; My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, ’tis she, That tempers him to this extremity. Was it not she, and that good man of worship, Anthony Vodvile, her brother, that G His issue disinherit’d should be; And, for my name of George begins with G, It follows in his thought, that I am he: These, as I learn, and such like toys as these, Have mov’d his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul’d by women:

Since that our brother dub’d them gentlewomen, Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I can speak your grace both to pardon me: His majesty hath straitly given in charge, That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with his brother. Glo. Will you, then, an please your worship, Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say: We speak no treason, man:—We say, the king Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen Well struck in years, and fair, and not jealous:— We say, that Shore’s wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue: And the like kind of tales are made gentlefolks: How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

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

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow, He that doth naught with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou betray me? Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and I will.

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

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

Glo. We are the queen’s subjects, and must obey. Brother, farewell; I will unto the king; And whatsoe’er you will employ me in,— Were it to call king Edward’s widow,—sister,— I will perform it, to enfranchise you. Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood, Touches me deeper than you can imagine. Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well. Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long; I will deliver you, or else lie for you: Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must persevere; farewell.

Enter Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt never return, Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven, If heaven will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? the new-deliver’d Hastings?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

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

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

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

For they, that were your enemies, are his, And have prevail’d as much on him, as you. Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew’d, While kites and buzzards harken to liberty. Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home:— The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily. Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

Hast. He is.

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

[Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack’d with posthorse up to heaven.
KING RICHARD III.

Act I

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steed'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to keep:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What, thou didst kill her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I: not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marryng her, which I must reach unto.
Yet but I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne
in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to
guard it; and Lady Anne as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
While obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Gentleman.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
True ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it true that I invoke this ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

[Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That maketh us swoon by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abrogate be it.

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view:
And be her heir to her unhappy child!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now,eward Cherissey with thy holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's course.

[The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.

Enter Gloster.

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

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

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

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

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

[The bearers set down the coffin.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hast but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Be see, my saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled her with sighing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:
Of gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blood, blood, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhalcs this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou didst swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd!

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

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;

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

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry!

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

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

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

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou curst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand

Glo. For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Anne. Nay, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then, they are not dead;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

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

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faction smoking in his blood.
The which but thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

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

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries;

Glo. Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

Glo. He is gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Anne. Then rather for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;  
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.  
Anne. And thou shalt find any place, but hell.  
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.  
Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.  
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!  
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.  
Anne. Then so is it.  
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—  
To leave this, at the leave of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method;  
Is not the cause of the timeless death  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameless as the executioner?  
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accur'd effect.  
Glo. Her beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.  
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, bimboide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.  
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's loss.  
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.  
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!  
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.  
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.  
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.  
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.  
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.  
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.  
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.  
Anne. Name him.  
Plantagenet.  
Glo. Anne.  
Anne. Why, that was he.  
Glo. He was the same name, but one of better nature.  
Anne. Where is he?  
Glo. Here: [She spits at him.] Why dost thou spit at me?  
Anne. 'Woul' it were mortal poison, for thy sake!  
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.  
Anne. Never lung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.  
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected me.  
Anne. 'Woul' they were basillakes, to strike thee dead!  
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;  
Thy eyes, which never shed a painful tear,—  
Not,when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,  
When black-face'd Clifford shook his sword at him:  
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death;  
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,  
My mother's eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
And these sores could not then thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.  
I never said to friend, nor enemy,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.  
[She looks scornfully at him.]  
Teach not thy lips such scorn; for it was made  
For kising, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adores thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke;  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
[He lays his breast open; she offers it at with his sword.]  
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Ed-  
ward;—[She again offers at his breast.]  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
[She lets fall the sword.]  
Take up the sword again, or take up me.  
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.  
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.  
Anne. I have already.  
Glo. That was in thy rage:  
Speak it again, and even with the word,  
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a fair truer love;  
To both their deaths shall thou be accessory.  
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.  
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in  
My tongue.  
Anne. I fear me, both are false.  
Then man  
Was never true.  
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.  
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.  
Anne. That shall you know  
Hereafter.  
Glo. But shall I live in hope?  
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.  
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.  
Anne. To take, is not to give.  
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger  
Even so thy breast encloses my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.  
Anne. What is it?  
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad des-  
signs?  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place;  
Where—after I have solemnly inter'd,  
At Chertsey monastry, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.  
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joyes me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.  
Glo. Bid me farewell.  
Anne. 'Tis more than you desire:  
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.  
[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.  
Glo. Take up the curse, sirs.  
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?  
Glo. No, to White-Friers; there attend my com-  
[Exeunt the rest, with the curse.]  
Glo. Was ever woman in this humour?  
[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.  
Glo. Was ever woman in this humour won?  
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.  
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,  
To take her in her heart so greedily to hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes  
The bleeding witness of her hatred by:
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me, And I no friends to back my suit withal, But the plain devil, and dissembling looks, And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since, Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, Fram'd in the prodigality of nature, Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,— The spacious world cannot again afford: And yet she yet abuse her eyes on me, That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince, And made her widow to a woful bed? On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety? On me, that hale, and am mishapen thus? My dukedom to a beggarly denial, I do mistake my person all this while: Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot, Myself to be a marvellous proper man. I'll be at charges for a looking glass; And entertain a score or two of tailors, To study fashions to adorn my body: Since I am crept in favour with myself, I will maintain it with some little cost. But, first, I'll turn you' fellow in his grave; And then return lamenting to my love,— Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass, That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty Will soon recover his accustomed health. Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse: Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort, And cheer his grace with quick and merry words. Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me? Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord. Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all things. Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son, To be your comforter, when he is gone. Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young: and his minority Is out of the trust of Richard of Gloucester, A man that loves not me, nor none of you. Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector? Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet; But so it must be, if the king miscarry. Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace! Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley, To your good prayer will scarcely say amen. Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, And loves not me, he, you good, lord assur'd, I have not you for her proud arrogance. Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe The envious slanderers of her false accusers; Or, if she be accus'd on true report, Hear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds From want of strength, and no grounded malice. Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley? Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I, Are come from visiting his majesty, my lord. Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
KING RICHARD III.

Act 1.

Riv. What, marry, may she be?
Glo. What, marry, may she be? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome striping too;
I wis, your grandam had a worse match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long
Your blunt upbrailings, and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country, servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so bailed, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I be
see thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you men with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said,
I will avouch, in presence of the king;
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou killest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere ye were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarer of his friends.
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Henry's joy the brave and bloody Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A mur'drous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father War
wick, Ay, and forswore himself;—Which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Clarence's soft, and thus would I reign.
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cadger! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar;
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof!
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient:—Advancing,
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depred, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou owst to me,—
And thou, a kingdom,—all of you, allegiance:
Born that I this crown by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
poison, a country, and the son of;
And with thy scorns drewest rivers from his
eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the foulest streams of Satan's lust;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that
babe,
And the most merciless, that 'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re
ported.
Dor. No man but prophecy'd revenge for it.
Lack. Northumberland, then present, wept to
see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
him?
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?
—Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king;
As ours by murder, to make him king?
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales.
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like unhallow'd violence!
Thy self a queen, for me that was a queen,
Oustive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wall thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art staid'l in mine?
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen:
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so with poison, and lordly falling,
When my son was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray
him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful w提示
hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troublest of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends?
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thee,
Unless in its while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
'Thou elish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
'Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell;
'Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
'Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
'Thou rag of honour! thou detestèd—
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Fain, so I did; but I looked to no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
And given me no return of my own.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune! Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web environeth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou wast a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mold'ry mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are mala-
pert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
0, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it,
marquis.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more: Bnt I was born so
high,
Our alien wall'deth in the cedar's top,
And dailies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sem to shade: alas! alas!
Witness my son, in the shade of death:
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness foil'd np.
Your alien buildeth in our alien's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace, peace, for shame; if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And I will live my sorrow's rage!—
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble house.
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
0 Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he
bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And, if his ministers attend with it, [ham !
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
women?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And yet my name was a man's name—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

First. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.
Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at
liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My taking her from thee; but I have done.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
And it's too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done seath to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd:
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.

Enter Catesby.
Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
Are you now going to despatch this thing?
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come—lords, will you go
with me?
Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.
[Exeunt all but Gloster.
Glo. I do the wrong, and hast bin to bawl,
The secret mischief that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
Do bring to many simple guide;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now that I believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture
Tell them—tis God bids us do good for evil
And Thus, I, in the name of my naked villains,
With old odd ends, stolt'rn forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.
But soft, here come my executioners—
How now, my Hardy, stout resolv'd mates?—
Are you now going to despatch this thing?
1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the
warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[Give's the warrant.
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sir, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For he will say what is well or what is spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,
Talkers are no good does; be as'read, We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears;
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go on, despatch.
1 Murd. We will, my noble lord.
[Exeunt.}

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

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.
Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearfull dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night.
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
a
Clar. Methought, I had broken from the

Tower,
Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how can'st thou hither?

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

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief & an tedious—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[Exit Brakenbury, who reads it.]

Brak. I am in this, commanded to deliver

The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Henceforth, those shall be words of the meaning.

Here are the keys—there sits the duke asleep:

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

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

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:

Fare you well.  

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

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,

when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall

never wake until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him

sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment,

hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What, art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for

it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from

which no warrant can defend us.

1 Murd. I thought, thou hastcst been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell

him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope,

this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont
to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience

are yet within me.

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

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

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. No, when he opens his purse to give us

our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or

nurse, will entertain it.

1 Murd. What, is it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous

thing; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot

steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear,

but it accuseth him; a man cannot lie; but it

accuseth him: I'll not meddle with it; I'll

persevere, and our lot is such a poor lot.

1 Murd. 'Tis done, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe

him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to

make thee sigh.

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

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

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

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

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike.

1 Murd. No, we'll reason with him.
Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.  
1 Murd. You shall have win' enough, my lord, anon.  
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?  
1 Murd. A man, as you are.  
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.  
1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.  
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.  
1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks the people's.  
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!  
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?  
What sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?  
Both Murd. To, to, to—  
Clar. To murder me?  
Both Murd. Ay, ay.  
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?  
1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.  
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.  
2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.  
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,  
To slay my innocent? What is my offence?  
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?  
What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd  
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?  
Before I be convict by course of law,  
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.  
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,  
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart, and lay hands on me;  
The deed you undertake is damnable.  
1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.  
2 Murd. And he, that hath commanded, is our law.  

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded,  
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then  
Spawn at his edict, and fulfil a man's woe?  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.  
2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,  
For false forewarning, and for murder too:  
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight  
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.  
1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,  
Unrip'st the bowels of thy sovereign's son.  
2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.  
1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?  
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
He sends you not to murder me for this;  
For in that sin he is as deep as I.  
If God will be avenged for the deed,  
O, know you, that he doth it publicly;  
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,  
To cut off those that have offended him.  
1 Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
Where dallant-springing, brave Flamengen?  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?  
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage,  
1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.  
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you are hir'd for me, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloster.
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble our hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. To thine, I as truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed, you daily not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be others' kinsmen.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfriendly.
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I. [Embrace Dorset.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the Queen.] but with all duty
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me With all the strongest marks of hate I know!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate.
Between these swelling wrong-encrusted peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;—If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By you, in this your hatred, I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

K. Edw. More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.
Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God, all strife were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take this my brother Gloster to your grace.
Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[They all start.
You do him injury, to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Lack: I saw he was so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord? and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsok his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-versed.
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too late to see him buried:
God grant that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than a wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request.
Stan. The forfett, sovereign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately dependent on the duke of Buckingham.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sired to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, these brothers, live, and be a king?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All this he had, to keep the number of might?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully puck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carteries, or your waiting vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.

 Poor Clarence.

[Execut. Klug, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go, 
To comfort Edward with our company? 

**Buck.** We wait upon your grace. 

**SCENE II.**—The same. 

**Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and Daughter of Clarence.** 

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

**Duch.** No, boy. 

**Daugh.** Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast; 
And call,—O Clarence, my unhappy son! 

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

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

**Son.** Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead. 

**The king your uncle is to blame for this:** 
God will revenge it: whom I will importune 
With earnest prayers all to that effect. 

**Daugh.** And so will I. 

**Duch.** Peace, children. peace! the king doth love you well; 
Incaspable and shallow innocents, 
You cannot be the cause of your father's death. 

**Son.** Grandam, we can: for my good uncle 
Glotser told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen, 
Dev't impeachments to imprison him; 
And when my uncle told me so, he wept, 
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek; 
Bade me rely on him, as on my father, 
And he would love me dearly as his child. 

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

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

**Duch.** Ay, boy. 

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

**Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly: Rivers and Dorset following her.** 

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

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

**Q. Eliz.** To make an act of tragick violence:— 
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. 

— Why grow the branches, when the root is gone? 
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap? 
If you will live, lament: if die, be brief; 
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's; 
O! let the obedient subjects follow him 
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest. 

**Duch.** Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow, 
As I had title in thy noble husband! 
I have bewept a worthy husband's death, 
And liv'd by looking on his images: 
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance 
Are restor'd in pieces by malignant death; 
And I for comfort have but one false glass, 
That grieves me when I see my shame in him. 
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother, 
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee: 
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms, 
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands, 
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I, 

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

**Son.** Ah, sunit! you wept not for our father's death! 

**How can we aid you with our kindred tears?** 

**Daugh.** Your fatherless distress was left unmoan'd, 
Your widow's woe likewise be unwept! 

**Q. Eliz.** Give me no help in lamentation, 
I am not barren to bring forth laments: 
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, 
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon, 
May send such plentiful tears to drown the world! 

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! 

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

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

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

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

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

**Q. Eliz.** I had never widow, had so dear a loss. 

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

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

**Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;** 

Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general. 
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; 
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she: 
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I 
For an Edward weep, and so do they. 

**Alas! you three, on me, threefold, and a'd, 
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse, 
And I will pamper it with lamentations. 

**Dor.** Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd, 
That you take with unthankfulness his doing: 
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful, 
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt, 
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent; 

**Duch.** I could not be otherwise oppose with heaven, 
For it requires the royal debt it lent you. 

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

**Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, and others.** 

**Glo.** Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause 
To wall the dimming of our shining star: 
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.— 

**Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,** 
I did not see your grace: Heaven on my knee, 
I crave your blessing. 

**Duch.** God bless thee: and put meekness in thy breast, 
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty! 

**Glo.** Ah, Madam, and make me die a good man!— 

That is the butt end of a mother's blessing; 
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. 

**Aside.** 

**Buck.** You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers, 
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan, 
Now cheer each other in each other's love: 
Though we have spent our harvest of this king, 
We are to reap the harvest of his son. 

The broken rancour of your high swolen hearts, 
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joint'd together, 
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept: 
Me seemeth good, I pray, with some little train, 
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince fetch'd 
Ther to London, to be crown'd our king.
Act 2.

KING RICHARD III.

KING. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?
BUCK. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would do more the more men look upon,

By how much the estate is green, and yet un-
govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fears as harm, as harm apparent,

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

GLO. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

RICH. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Host. And so say I.

GLO. Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that shall straight shall post to Lud-

low.

Madam,--and you my mother, will you go

To give your censures in this weighty business?

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.

BUCK. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:

For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the

southern.

GLO. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet! -- My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.---The same.---A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 CIT. Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 CIT. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

1 CIT. Yes; the king's dead.

2 CIT. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 CIT. Neighbours, God speed!

1 CIT. Give you good morrow, sir.

2 CIT. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
death?

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

3 CIT. Then, masters, look to see a troubled world.

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

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

2 CIT. In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nosage, council under him,

And, in his full and ripest years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 CIT. So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 CIT. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,

God wot; for then this land was famishing enrich'd

With politic grave counsel; then the king

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 CIT. Marry, so hath this, both by his father and

mother.

3 CIT. Better it were, they all came by his father,

Or, by his father, there were none at all:

For even now, who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

And the queen's sons, and brothers, bought and

purchased.

And were they to be rule'd, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

1 CIT. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 CIT. When乌云 are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Un timely makes men expect a dearth;

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,

Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 CIT. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear

You cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 CIT. Before the days of change, still is it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see

The water swell before a boisterous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 CIT. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.---The same.---A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

ARCH. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-

Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to night;

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

DUC. Long I long with all my heart to see the prince;

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. ELIZ. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

DUC. Why, my young cousin? It is good to grow.

YORK. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle

Gloster,

Small herbs have grace, great meads do grow apace;

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

DUC. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee;

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

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

ARCH. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

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

YORK. Now, by my troth, if I had been remem-

ber'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine

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

YORK. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

Was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUC. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee

this?

YORK. Grandam, his nurse.

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

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

Q. ELIZ. A parlous boy! Go to you, are too shrewd.

ARCH. A good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. ELIZ. Pitchers have ears.
Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:

What news?

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

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret, with them sit Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Arch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd; Why, or for what, the nobles were committed, is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house! The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind; Insulting tyranny begins to jut Upon the innocent and a\wless throne. Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre! I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days! How many of you have mine eyes beheld? My husband lost his life to get the crown; And often up and down my sons were lost, For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss: And being seated, and domestick broils Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors, Make war upon themselves; brother to brother, Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous And frantick courage, end thy damned spleen! Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

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

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

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

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

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

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

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good lord;—and thank you all. [Exit Mayor, &c.

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

Enter Hastings.

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

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

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

Buck. Fye! what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace persuade the queen to send the duke of York Unto his princely brother presently? If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce. Card. Lord, and lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory Can from his mother win the duke of York, Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid We should infringe the holy and sage Bless of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land, Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

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

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—

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

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [Exit Cardinal and Hastings. Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day, or two, Your highness shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit For your best health and recreation.

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

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; Which, since, succeeding ages have had it edified.

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

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

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

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

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long. Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:

With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in—  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious lord?  
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.  
[Aside.  
Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.
Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?  
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.  
Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.  
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.  
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?  
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince your brother hath outgrown me far.  
Glo. He hath, my lord.  
York. And therefore is he idle?  
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.  
York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I  
Am to my sovereign, as your foreign;  
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.  
Glo. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.  
Glo. My gentle cousin, little cousin? with all my heart.  
Prince. A beggar, brother?  
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.  
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.  
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?  
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.  
York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light graces;  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.  
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.  
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.  
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?  
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.  
Glo. How?  
York. Little, my Lord.  
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.  
York. You mean, to bear with me, not to bear with me—  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulder.  
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he rears  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, [sons!  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.  
Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,  
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,  
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.  
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?  
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.  
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.  
Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?  
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost;  
My gentle cousin told me, he was murdered there.  
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.  
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.  
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.  
I come to my lord, with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.  
[Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.  

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not so compassed by his subtle mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?  
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parcious boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.  
Buck. Well, let them rest—  
Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?  
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be wont to aught against him.  
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will  
not he?  
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth,  
Buck. Well then, no more but this: Glo, gentle Catesby,  
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.  
If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we must know how this divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.  
Glo. Command me to lord William: tell him,  
Catesby,  
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are set blood at Fomfreycastle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.  
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.  
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.  
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?  
Cate. You shall, my lord.  
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.  
[Exit Catesby.  
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?  
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—  
And, love, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother was posses'd.  
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.  
Glo. And look you have it yielded with all kind- 

Come, let us sup betimes; that after-wards  
We may digest our complots in some form.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—Before Lord Hastings' House.  
Enter a Messenger.  
Mess. My lord, my lord,—  
[Knocking.  
Hast. [Within.] Who knocks?  
Mess. One from lord Stanley.  
Hast. [Within.] What is o'clock?  
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.  
[Enter Hastings.  
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?  
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.  
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.  
Hast. And then,  
Mess. And then he sends you word, he doth dream  
To-night the boar had rased off his helm:  
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;  
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other. Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure.

If, presently, you will take horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the north, To shun the danger that his soul divines:

**Hast.** Go, fellow, go, return unto the lord: Bid him not fear the separated counsels: His honour, and myself, are at the one; And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby; Wherein the thing may proceed, 'tis toucheth us. Whereof I shall not have intelligence

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance: And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond To trust the mockery of unkind sleepers: To fly the boar, before the boar pursues, Were to incense the boar to follow us, And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase. Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; And we will both together to the Tower, Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

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

**Enter Catesby.**

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

**Hast.** Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:

**Cate.** What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

**Cate.** It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord; And, I believe, will never stand upright, Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. How! How? How I wear the garland? Art thou mean the crown?

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

**Cate.** Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward. Upon his party, for the gain thereof: And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,— That, this same day, your enemies, The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. **Hast.** Indeed, I am no mourner for that news, Because they have been still my adversaries: But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side, To bar my master's heirs in true descent, God knows, I will not do it to the death.

**Cate.** God give your lordship in that gracious mind!

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

That they who brought me in my master's hate, I live to look upon their tragedy. Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older, I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't. **Cate.** 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord. When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

**Hast.** O, monstrous, monstrous! and so fills it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do With some men else, who think themselves as safe As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

**Cate.** The princes both make high account of you— For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside. **Hast.** I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

**Enter Stanley.**

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

**Stan.** My lord, good morrow; and good morrow, Catesby— You may jest on, but, by the holy rood I do not like these several counsels. 1.

**Hast.** My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours; And nearer, in my life, do protest. Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure, I would be so triumphant as I am?

**Stan.** The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London, Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure, And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust; But yet, you see, how soon the day over-cast. This sudden stab of rancour I mis doubt; Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is fine.

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

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

**Stan.** They, for their truth, might better wear their heads, Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats. But come, my lord, let's away.

**Enter a Pursuivant.**

**Hast.** Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow. [Exit Stan. and Catesby.

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

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

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

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower, By the suggestion of the queen's allies; But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself,) This day those enemies are put to death, And I in better state than ere I was. **Purs.** God hold it, to your honour's good conscience.

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

[Throwing him his purse.

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

**Enter a Priest.**

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

**Hast.** I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart. I am in your debt for your last exercise; Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

**Enter Buckingham.**

**Buck.** What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain? Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest; Your honour hath no shaming work in hand.

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

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

**Hast.** Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there. 
**Buck.** And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [Aside. Come, will you go?

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

**SCENE III.—Pomfret.** Before the Castle.

**Enter Ratcliff, with a guard, conducting Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, to execution.**

**Rat.** Come, bring forth the prisoners.

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

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

**Vaugh.** You live, that shall cry woe for this here.

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

**Riv.** O Pomfret, Pomfret! 0 thou bloody prison, Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We reek'd in every guilty bosom's drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I.
For I saw it, by when Richard stab'd his son.
Riv. Then curst she Hastings; then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely son;
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be split!
But. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace;
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.


Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, and others, sitting at a table: officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
St. n. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He know no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well.
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

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

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounce your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glo. Then my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exit Ely.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [Takes him aside.

Catesby hath sound'd Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Why didst thou yourself a while, I'll go with you. [Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am nor so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

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

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
That can hold his heart with his love, or hate, but he.
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face, By any likelihood he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do or are my death with devilish plots
(Off damn'd witchcraft; and that have prevail'd)
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whoose'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore;
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If I! thou protector of this damn'd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of 't?—Thou art a traitor—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me. [Exeunt Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me.

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble.
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighten'd on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shift, he lons to see your head.

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

Louv. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable England! I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
SCENE V.—The same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,—And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou wert disdained, and mad with terror?
But, Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian:
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side, Tremble and start at wagging of a straw, Indeed, deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles; And both are ready in their offices, At any time, to grace my stratagems. But what, is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,
Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark, back! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'relook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,
Glo. Is he back, defend thee, here are enemies. Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear [Ilov'd the man, that I must weep, I took him for the plainest harmless' creature, That breath'd upon the earth a Christian; Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded The history of all my thoughts; So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue, That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,— He liv'd from all attendant of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert's shelter'd traitor That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor, Would you imagine, or almost believe, (Vellus it was not, that there's a great present,) We live to tell it you,) the subter traitor This day had plotted, in the council-house, To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster? May. What! had he so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infi-
dels? Or that we would, against the form of law, Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death; But that the extreme peril of the case, The peace of England, and our persons' safety, Enforce'd us to this execution? May, Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded, To warn false traitors from the like attempts. I never look'd for better at his hands, After he once fell in with mistress Shore. Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die, 'Till your lordship came to see his end; Which now the loving haste of these our friends, Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented: Because, my lord, we would have had you hear The traitor speak, and timorous confess The manner and the purpose of his treasons; That you might well have signified the same Unto our citizens, who, happily, Misconstrue us in him, and wall his death. May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve, As well as I had seen, and heard him speak: And do not doubt, right noble princes both, But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here, To avoid the censures of the carpenter world. Buck. But since you came too late of our intent, Yet witness what you hear we did intend; And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham. The mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post:— There, at your meetest vantage of the time, Infer the bastardy of Edward's children: Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen, Only suspect that he would make them heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house, Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so. Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, And bestial appetite in change of lust; Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives, Even where his raging eye, or savage heart, Without control, list'd to make his prey, Nay, if a need, this far come near my person: Tell them, when that my mother went with child Of that insatiate Edward, noble York, My princely father, then had wars in France; And, by just computation of the time, Found, that the issue was not his beget; Which well appeared in his lineaments, Being nothing like the noble duke my father: Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere with oil; Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives. Buck. Doubt not my lord, I'll play the orator, As if the golden fee, for which I plead, Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle; Where you shall find me well accompanied, With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops. Buck. I go, and, towards three or four o'clock, Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords. [Exit Buckingham.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.— Go thou (to Cat.) to friar Penker.—Bid them both meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exit Lovel and Catesby.

Now will I in, to take some privy order To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight; And to acquaint, that no manner of person Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

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

[Exit.

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

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens? Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord, The citizens are mam, say not a word.

Glo. How should you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy, And his contract by deputy in France: The insatiate greediness of his desires, And his enforcement of the city wives: His tyranny for trifles,— As being got, your father then in France; And his resemblance, being not like the duke. Withal, I did infer your lineaments,— Being the right idea of your father. Both in your form and nobleness of mind: Laid open all your victories in Scotland, Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace, Your bounty, virtue, fair humility; Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose, Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse. And, when my oratory grew to an end, I bade them, that did love their country's good, Cry—God save Richard, England's royal King! Glo. And did they so? Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word; But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones, Star'd on each other, and look'ddeadly pale. Which when I saw, I reprehended them; And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence: His answer was—the people were not us'd To be spoke to, but by the recorder. Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;— Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inform'd: But nothing spake, nothing parted from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine own, At lower end o'the hall, hur'd up their caps, And some ten voices cried, God save king Richard! And thus I took the vantage of those few,— Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I; This general applause, and cheerful shout, Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard: And thus I brake off, and went away. Glo. What tongueless blocks were they? Would they not speak? Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come? Buck. The mayor is here at hand, intend some fear; Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit: And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand, And stand between two churchmen, good my lord; For on that ground I'll make a holy descant: And be not easily won to our requests; Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it. Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them, As I can say may to thee for thy mercy, No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [Exit Gloster.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

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

Enter from the castle, Catesby.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request? Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord, To visit him to-morrow, or next day: He is within, with two right reverend fathers, Divinely bent to meditation: And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd, To draw him from his holy exercise. Buck. Ah, la, my lord, this prince is not an Edward! He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed, But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of courtzants, But meditating with two deep divines; Not sleeping, to engross his idle body, But praying, to enrich his watchful soul: Happy were England, would this virtuous prince Take on himself the sovereignty thereof: But, sure, no fear, he shall never win li to it. May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay! Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again—

Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace? Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to come to him, His grace not being warn'd thereof before; He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him. Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should' Suspect me, that I mean no good to him: By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; And so once more return and tell his grace. [Exit Catesby. When holy and devout religious men Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence; So sweet is zealous contemplation. Enter Gloster, in a gallery above, between two Bishops. Catesby returns. May. See, where his grace stands 'twixt two clergymen! Buck. This troop of virtue for a christian prince, To stay him from the fall of vanity: And, see, a book of prayer in his hand; True ornaments to know a holy man.— Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Send favourable ear to our requests; And pardon us the interruption Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal. Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology; I rather do beseech you pardon me. Who, earnest in the service of my God, Neglect the visitation of my friends. But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure? Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above, And all good men of this ungovn'd isle. Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence, That seems disgraceful in the city's eye; And that you come to reprehend my ignorance. Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your grace, On our entreaties to amend your fault! Glo. Else wherewith breathe I in a christian land? Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign The supreme seat, the throne majestical, The scepter'd office of your ancestors, Your state of fortune, and your due of birth, The lineal glory of your royal house, To the corruption of a blemish'd stock; Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts, (Which here we waken to our country's good,) The noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face defac'd with scars of infancy, Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, And almost should'er'd in the swelling gulf Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. Which to remove we heartily solicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingly government of this your land Not as protector, steward, substitute, Or owly father, as one of your subjects; But as successively, from blood to blood, Your right of birth, your empery, your own. For this, consoled with the citizens, Your very worshipful and loving friends, And by their vehement instigation, In this just suit come I to move your grace. Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, Best fittest my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might happily think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to refuse you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, ou the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And though in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Uneritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut off,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from your greatness—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(As much I need to help you, if need were)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will soon become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reigne.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow:
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension, and loath'd bigamy
By her, in her unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Say that, for reverence to sovereignty,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble acnesty
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

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

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor will I not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, where you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But this will apply us to some other in your house,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you:—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[Exit Buckingham and Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit,
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. How could you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[Exit Catesby.

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage grave men,—
Since you will buckie fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall say but the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title.—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!—
All. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd.
Glo. Even when you please, since you will have
it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—
[To the Bishops.

Farewell, good cousin,—farewell, gentle friends.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloster, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

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

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither you go?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all togeth'er:

[Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam! By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?
Brak. I mean, the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother: Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame. And take thy office from thee, on my peril. 

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so; I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. 

[Exit Brakenbury.]

Elder Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.— Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster. 

[To the Duchess of Gloucester.]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder !

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news! 

Dor. Be of good cheer;—Mother, how fares your grace? 

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone, 

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; Thy mother's name is ominous to children: If thou haststriped death, go to the sea, And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell. Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house, Lest thou increase the number of the dead; And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,— Nor mother, wife, nor land's uncounted queen.

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

Duck. O ill-dispersing wind of misery! 

O my sacred womb, the bed of a thorn! A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, Whose unavoidable eye is murderous! 

Sten. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was 

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.— O God, to would, that the inclusive verge Of golden metal, that must round my brow, Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain! Anointed let me be with deadly venom; And die, ere men can say—God save the queen! 

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory; To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. Anne. Why?—When he, that is my husband now, Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse; When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands, Which issu'd from my other angel husband, And that dead saint which then I waving followed, O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, This was my wish.—Be thou, quoth I, accur'd, For making me, so young, so old a widow! And, when thou mad'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed; And be thy wife (if any be so mad) More miserable by the life of thee, Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death! Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again, Even in so short a space, my woman's heart Groanily grew captive to his honey words, And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse: Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest; For never yet one hour in his bed Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep, But whilst this new dream was still awk'ard; Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick; And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me. 

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining. 

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours. 

Dor. Farewell, thou wouf welcomer of glory! 

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak' st thy leave of it! 

Duck. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— 

[To Dorset.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— 

[To Anne.]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! 

[To Q. Elizabeth.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me! Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen, And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen. 

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, these tender babes, Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls! Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow For tender princes, use my babies well! So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. 

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, as King, upon his throne ; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:— But shall we wear these glorifies for a day? Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them? 

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last! 

K. Rich. Ay, Buckingham, now do I play the touch, To try if thou be current gold, indeed:— Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak. 

Buck. Say on, my loving lord. 


Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege. 

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives. 

Buck. True, noble prince. 

K. Rich. O bitter consequence, That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!— Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:— Shall I be plain? I wish the bastard dead; And I would have it suddenly perform'd. What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief. 

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure. 

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thykindness freezes; Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die? 

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord, Before I positively speak in this: 

I will resolve your grace immediately. 

[Exit Buckingham.]

Catesby. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. 

[Aside.]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, 

[Descends from his throne 

And unrespective boys; none are for me, That look into me with considerate eyes;— High-reaching Buckingham grows circumstances. 

Boyd. 

Page. My lord. 

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold Would tempt unto a close exploit of death? 

Page. Lord, I am a discontented gentleman, Whose humble means match not his haughty mind; Gold were as good as twenty orators, And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing. 

K. Rich. What is his name? 

Page. 

His name, my lord, is—Tyrel. 

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy. 

[Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stau.  Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daugh-
ter.

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[Exit Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Fear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient sub-
jects.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two
enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep
enemies.

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. I'ack,
come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

Tyr. There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[Exit, Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by pro-
mise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she con-
vey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just re-
quest?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A King's prerogative

Buck. My lord,

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at
that time,

have told me, I being by, that should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond:—When last I was at
Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And called it the ha'penny: at which name I
started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'er you will, or
no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the
vein.

[Exit King Richard and Tyrrel.

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service?
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery.
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wet like two children, in their death's sad story,
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle bates,
A look of prayers on their pillow lay's;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my
mind.
But, O, the devil!—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—me smother'd
The most expiendent sport of woe,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd!—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign
lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. I, the chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after
sundown.
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tyr. Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up
close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter.
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving woor.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My lord,—
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in
so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to
Richmond.

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-
men,
is in the field, and still his power encreasea.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commun-
is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pace'd beggary:—
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines silly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will make as bitter of senility,
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender
babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. Mar. Hover over her; say, that right for
right
Hath dim'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-weared tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Will thou, O God, fly from such gentle
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was
done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet
son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
ruptd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
(Sitting down.)

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford
a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?—

[Sittdng down by her.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give nigh the benefit of senility,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[Sittdng down with them.
Q. Elis. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while, And teach me how to curse mine enemies. Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day; Compare dead happiness with living woe; Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, And he, that slew them, fouler than he is: Better the loss of the bad, than making the bad-caster worse; Resolving this will teach thee how to curse. Q. Elis. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine! Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [Exit Q. Margaret. Duch. Why should calamity be full of words? Q. Elis. Windy attorneys to their client woes, Airy suceeders of intestine joys, Poor breathing orators of miseries! Let them have scope: though what they do impart Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. Duch. If so, thou be not tongue-tied: go with me, And in the breath of bitter words let's smoother My dammed son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd. [Dram, within.
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclamis.

Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition? Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee, By strangling thee in her accursed womb. From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done. Q. Elis. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown? Where should be branded, if that right were right, The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown, And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers? Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children? Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother (Clarence)? And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? Q. Elis. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey? Duch. Where is kind Hastings? K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets,—strike alarum, drums! Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women Rail on the Lord's appointed: Strike, I say, [Flourish. Alarum. Either be patient, and entreat me fair, Or with the clamorous report of war Thus will I drown your exclamations. Duch. Art thou my son? K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and myself. Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience. K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition, That cannot brook the accent of reproof. Duch. O, let me speak. K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear. Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words. K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste, Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony. K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you? Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell. A grievous burden was thy birth to me; Teichy, and wayward was thy infancy; Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous, Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, More mild, but yet more barmful, kind in hatred: What comfortable hour caust thou name, That ever grac'd me in thy company? K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hear, that call'd your grace To breakfast once, forth of my company. If I be so disgracious in your sight, Let me retrace on, and not offend you, madam,— Strike up the drum. Duch. I pray thee, hear me speak. K. Rich. You speak too bitterly. Duch. For I shall never speak to thee again. K. Rich. So. Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just or

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror; Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish, And never look upon thy face again. Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse; Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more, Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st! My prayers on the adverse party fight; And there the little souls of Edward's children Whisper the spirits of thine enemies, And promise them success and victory. Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end; Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit. Q. Elis. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Going. K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you. Q. Elis. I have no more sons of the royal blood, For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,— They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens; And therefore level not to hit their lives. K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. Q. Elis. And must she die for this? O, let her And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty: Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed; Throw over her the veil of infamy; So she may live unscar'd of bleeding slaughter, I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood. Q. Elis. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so. K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth. Q. Elis. And only in that safety died her brothers. K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were Q. Elis. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary. K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny. Q. Elis. True, when avoided grace makes deserts. My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins. Q. Elis. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life. Who's hands soever lanced their tender hearts, Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction: No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt, Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart, To revel in the entrails of my lambs. Who's hands soever saddened their tender hearts, To revel in the entrails of my lambs: And I, in such a desperate bay of death, Like those that use of grief makes wild grief tame, My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys, Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes; And I, in such a desperate bay of death, Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom. K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise, And dangerous success of bloody wars, As I intend more good to you and yours, Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd! Q. Elis. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven, To be discover'd, that can do me good?
Your children were vexation to your youth. But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss, you have, is but—a son being king, And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can. Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul, Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high recompenses and great dignity: The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife. Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother; Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content. What! we have many goodly days to see: The liquid drops of tears that you have shed, Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl; Advantaging their loan, with interest Of ten-times double gain of happiness. Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go; Make bold her bashful years with your experience; Prepare her ears to hear a wooser's tale; Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of goden sover'ignty; acquire the princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys; And when this arm of mine hath chastised The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come, and lead as daughter to a conqueror's bed; To whom I will retaliate my conquest won, And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar. Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle? Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles? Under what title shall I woo thee, That God, the law, my honour, and her love, Can make me so pleasing to her tender years? K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance. Q. Eliz. Which shall she purchase with still lasting war. K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats. Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's dying forbids. K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen. Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother doth. K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlasting. Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last? K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end. Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last? K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengtliens it. Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it. K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low. Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sover'ignty. K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her. Q. Eliz. An honest tale speedes best, being plainly told. K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale. Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style. K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick. Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and deep. Too deep, too deep, poor infants, in their graves. K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past. Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-string's. K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,— Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usury'd.

Q. Eliz. I swear by nothing: for this is no oath. Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour; Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue; Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory: If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd, Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,— Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs. K. Rich. Thy father's death. Q. Eliz. Thy life hath dishonour'd. K. Rich. Then, by myself,— Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis us'd. K. Rich. Why then, by God! Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all. If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him, The unity, the king thy brother made, Had not been broken, nor my brother slain. If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him, The imperial metal, circling now thy head, Had grace'd the tender temples of my child; And both the princes was breathing here, Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust, Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms. What canst thou swear by now? K. Rich. By the time to come. Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'erpast; I go For myself have many tears to wash Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee. The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd, Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age: The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd, Old barren pleasures, to wail it with their age. Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast Mis us'd ere used, by times ill us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent! So thrive I in my dangerous attempt Of hostile arms! myself myself confound! Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours! Day, yield me not thy light: nor, night, thy rest! Be opposite all planets of good luck To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love, Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts, I tender not thy beamy princely daughter! In her consists my happiness, and thine; Without her, falls to myself and thee, Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul, Death, desolation, ruin, and decay: It cannot be avoided, but by this; It will not be avoided, but by this. Therefore, dear mother, (if I must call you so,) Be the attorney of my love to her. Plead what I will be, not what I have been; Not my deserts, but what I will deserve: Urge the necessity and state of times, And be not peevish found in great designs. Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thens? K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good. Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself? K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself. Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children. K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them. Where in that nest of spicerie, they shall breed Selves of themselves to your requomfort. Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will? K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them. Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly, And you shall understand from me her mind. K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [Kissing her. Exit Q. Elizabath. Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman! How now? what news?]

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a prussian nany; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unre solv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral; And they there hulk, expecting but the aid Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he? Cate. Here, my good lord. K. Rich. Ratcliff, Catesby, fly to the duke. Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste. K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury; When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful wit! [To Catesby. Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke? Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure, What from your grace I shall deliver to him. K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him very straight The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar, 
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold; 
If I revolt, off goes young George's head! 
The fear of that withholds my present aid. 
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now? 
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier; 
Sir Gilbert, sir William, sir James Blunt. 
Oxford, redoutted Pembroke, sir James Blunt, 
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew; 
And many other of great fame and worth: 
And towards London do they bend their course, 
If by their way they be not fought withal. 
Stan. Well, he's thee to thy lord; commend me to him; 
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented 
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter. 
These letters will resolve him of my mind. 
Farewell. [Gives papers to Sir Christopher. [Exit.  

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with Buckingham, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him? 
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient. 
Buck. Hastings and Edward's children, Rivers, 
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward, 
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried 
By underhand corrupted foul injustice; 
If that thy Moody disconcerned 
Do through the clouds behold this present hour, 
Even for revenge mock my destruction! 
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not? 
Sher. It is, my lord. 
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday. 
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time, 
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found 
False to his children, or his wife's allies: 
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall 
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted: 
This, that All-Souls' day to my fearful soul, 
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs. 
That high All-seer which I dallied with, 
Hath turned my fidel'd prayer on my head, 
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. 
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men 
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms: 
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck, 
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sor'vom. 
Remember Margaret was a prophetess— 
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame: 
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [Exit Buckingham, &c.

SCENE II.—Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, Richmond, Oxford, 
Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, 
with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends, 
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny, 
Thus far into the hands of the Stanley; 
Have we marsh'd on without impediment; 
And here receive we from our father Stanley 
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. 
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, 
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines, 
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

Enter a Messenger. 

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 
As I by friends am well advertised, 
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate, 
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother, 
With many more confederates, are in arms. 

Enter another Messenger. 

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms; 
And every hour more competitors 
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong. 

Enter another Messenger. 

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham, 
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? 
[He strikes him. 
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news. 
3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty, 
Is—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters, 
Buckingham's army is dispersed, and scatter'd; 
And he himself wander'd away alone, 
No man knows whither. 
K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy: 
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine. 
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed 
Reward to him that brings the traitor in? 
3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege. 

Enter another Messenger. 

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset. 
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. 
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,— 
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest: 
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat 
Into the shore, to ask those on the banks, 
If they were his assistants, yea, or no; 
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham. 
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them, 
Hiero'd sail, and made his course again for Bre- 

cagne. 
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up 
in arms; 
If not to fight with foreign enemies, 
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home. 

Enter Catesby. 

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken, 
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond 
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, 
Is colder news, but yet they must be told. 
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we res- 
on here, 
A royal battle might be won and lost— 
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought 
To Salisbury,—the rest march on with me. [Exit.  

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher Urswick. 

stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now in even in the center of this isle,
Nor in the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerrily on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oef. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear:
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Ric. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, may
True hope is swifit, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard and Forrest : the Duke of Nor-
folk, Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-
worth field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

Nor. Here, most gracious liege,
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knock'd; Ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-
night;

[Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;
Call for some men of sound direction;
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir
William Brandon, and other Lords.
Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my stand-
give me some ink and paper in my tent;—[ard.]
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well, I am assur'd, I have not done,) His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And, so God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Rat-
ciff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

cats. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper,—

What is my burden easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cats. It is, my liege; and all things are in rea-

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, he's the to thy charge
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Sir, with the dark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind eye of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch—

[To Catesby.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that your staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nor-
thernumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
In about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of
wine:
I have not that unanimity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have—
So, set it down. —Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch: leave me
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me. —Leave me, I say.

[King Richard retires into his tent. Exeunt
Ratcliff and Catesby.

Richmond's tent opens, and discourses him and his
Officers, &c.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!—
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford.

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!—
Tell me those facts out of loving mother?

Stan. 1, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. —The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitration
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war,
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,) With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtfull shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, the brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell! The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long under't friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love:
Once more, adieu: —Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment: I'll strive with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest ledain slumber pelse me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

Exeunt Lords, &c. with Stanley.
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O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries;
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fail the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping; and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.

The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To King Richard.

Think, how thou stabb'st me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

GHOST. When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was pumched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conquered!

To Richmond.

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To King Richard.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guilty betrayal to death!
To-morrow in the battle thinkest thou:
And falld thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou ofspring of the house of Lancaster,

To Richmond.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

RIV. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow—

To King Richard.

Rivers, that didst at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey, Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

To King Richard.

Vaugh, Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

To King Richard.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

GHOST. Bloody and guilty, guiltyly awake,
[To King Richard.

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

To Richmond.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

GHOSTS. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower,
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richmond,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die,—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

GHOST. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations;
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

To Richmond.

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

GHOST. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown!
[To King Richard.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
0, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid;

To Richmond.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

The Ghosts vanishe. King Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have more, O, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here?—No;—Yes; I am;
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no; alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each soul's des- pair!
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty! I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

RATCLIFF. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?—

Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
Hath twice done salutation to the morn; [cock
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream.
What thinkes thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exit King Richard and Ratcliff.
Richmond awakes. Enter Oxford and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Rich. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
men,
That you have taken a tardy signal here.

Lords. His Grace have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,

Come to my tent, and cried—Oh! victory! I
promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give
direction.—[He advances to his troops.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what hath be followed, than to follow? —
gentlemen, A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slav'd those that those were the means to help
him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold content on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!—[Exeunt

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touch-
ing Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Sur-
rey then?

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our
purpose.

K. Rich. He was I the right; and so, indeed, it
is. [Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the
book,
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A day of blood will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and pour upon our army.
I would have thee, men of valor, be on thy guard.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same bea-
teen,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the
field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—CAPTAIN my
horse:—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power—
I will forth with my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourselves will follow
in the main battle; whose puissance on either
side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giveing a scroll.] K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold; [Reads.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by thee? unless falsely.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge;
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Dwelt'st first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
law.

March on, join bravely, let us to'p well-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell;

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal:—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country renews forth
To desperate ventures and arrow'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with bounteous
wives;

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost? a
milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold on the earth's cold face,

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,

God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!—

[Exeunt

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A day of blood will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and pour upon our army.
I would have thee, men of valor, be on thy guard.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
Inspire us with the spilem of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.  

**SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.**  

**Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces;** to him Catesby.  

_Cate._ Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  

The king enacts more wonders than a man, 
Dar'ing an opposite to every danger; 
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, 
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death; 
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!  

**Alarum. Enter King Richard.**  

**K. Rich.** A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!  

_Cate._ Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.  

**K. Rich.** Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, 
And I will stand the hazard of the die:  
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field; 
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!  

[Exeunt.  

**Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond;** and _excitement, fighting, Retreat, and flourish._ Then _enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces._  

**Richm.** God, and your arms, be praed's, vicio- 

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.  

**Stan.** Courageous Richmond, well hast thou ac-

Exeunt._

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**KING HENRY VII.**

**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

King Henry the Eighth.  
Cardinal Wolsey.  
Cardinal Campeius.  
Capucius, _Ambassadour from the Emperor, Charles V._  
Cranmer, **Archbishop of Canterbury.**  
Duke of Norfolk.  
Duke of Buckingham.  
Duke of Suffolk.  
Earl of Surrey.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
Gardiner, **Bishop of Winchester.**  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
Lord Abergavenny.  
Lord Sands.  
Sir Henry Guildford.  
Sir Thomas Lovell.  
Sir Anthony Denny.  
Sir Nicholas Vaux.  
Secretary to Wolsey.  
Crowell, servant to Wolsey.  

**Griffith,** _ Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine._  
Three other Gentlemen.  
Doctor Butts, _physician to the King._  
Garter, **King at Arms.**  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
Brandon, and a Sergeant at Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.  
Porter, and his man.  
Page to Gardiner.  
A Crier.  

Queen Katharine, **wife to King Henry,** afterwards _divorced._  
Anne Bollen, _her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen._  
An old Lady, _friend to Anne Bollen._  
Patience, _woman to Queen Katharine._  
Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows: **Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants._

**SCENE,—chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.**

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**PROLOGUE.**

I come no more to make you laugh; things now, 
That bear a weighty and a serious brow, 
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe, 
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow, 
We now present. Those that can pity, here 
May hear the sigh it well, let fall a tear; 
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give 
Their money out of hope they may believe, 
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see 
Only a show or two, and so agree,

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all—  
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?  

**Stan.** He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.  

**Richm.** What men of name are slain on either side?  

**Stan.** John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakembury, and sir William Brandon.  

*Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births._  
Prolace a pardon to the soldiers fled, 
That in submission will return to us; 
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, 
We will unite the white rose with the red— 
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—  
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen? 

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself; 
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, 
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, 
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire; 
All this divided York and Lancaster, 
Divided, in their dire division.  

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth, 
The true successors of each royal house, 
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! 
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,) 
Enrich the time to come with smooth-face'd peace, 
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! 

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 
That would reduce these bloody days again, 
And make poor England weep in streams of blood! 
Let them not live to taste this land's increase, 
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace! 
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again; 
That she may long live here, God say—Amen! 

[Exeunt._

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The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shining 
Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play, 
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow, 
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know, 
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting 
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
(To make that only true we now intend.) 
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, ye see them great,
And happy: for they were loving, and sweet.
Of thousand friends: then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

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ACT I.


Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely age
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Tis true (Guynes and Arde was,
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dawrfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparably; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discern
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds chal-

leng'd.
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Davis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discover lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Directly his full function. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Buck. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. He did reveal him! no man's pie is
free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
The art with which can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks to successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To remain assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Feed through each part of him: Whence has he

That not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Two, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The hononrable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Nor. A weighed
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on

For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy.—That this tempest,
Having the garment of this peace, abode
The sudden break on't.

Nor. Which is banded out.
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath att-

ched'd.
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silent'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchases'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honesty and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
His high talent would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
Rock,
That I advise your shunning.
Enter Cardinal Wolsey, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and Two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage flaseth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha? Where's his examination? I see. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready? I see. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

Exeunt Wolsey, and Train.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book out-worth's a noble's blood.

Nor. What are you charg'd? Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only, which Your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks Matter against me; and his eye revil'd Me, as his abject object: at this instant He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king; I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choleric question What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills, Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like A full-hot bath: who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king: And from a mouth of honour quite cry down This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim, There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd. Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot That it do singe yourself: We may outrun, By violent swiftness, that which we run at, And lose by over-running. Know you not, The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er, In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd: I say again, there is no English soul More stronger to direct you than yourself; If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along By your prescription—but this top-proud fellow, (Whom from the flour of gall I name not, but From sincere motions,) by intelligence, And proofs as clear as fountains in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous. Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief, As able to perform it: his mind and place Inflicting one another, yes, reciprocally,) Only to show his pomp as well in France As here at home, suggests the king our master To this last costly treaty, the interview, That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass Did break it the ringing. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles of the combination drew, As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd, As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end, As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey, Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason.)—Charles the emperor, Under pretence to see the queen his host, (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation: His fears were, that the interview, betwixt England and France, light, through their amity, Breed him some prejudice; for from this league Peep'd harms that menace'd him: He privily Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,— Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made, And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,— That he would please to alter the king's course, And breathe peace. Let the king know, (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry To hear this of him; and could wish, he were Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable; I do pronounce him in that very shape, He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it. Seri. My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord, The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing, To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me, Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven Be done in this, and all things I— I obey.— O my lord Abergha'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:— The king [To Aberghavenny. Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determine further.

Aber. The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court, One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so; These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins? Bran. He. Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal Hath show'd him gold: my life is span'd already I am the shadow of poor Buckingham; Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.}

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I stood 't the level Of a full-charge confederacy, and give thanks To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council
take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a man.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty,
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the hear
Of all their liberties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as pitter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxation,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
He spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
During the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and from but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not
Wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devils'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In testifying of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:
Tongues split their duties out, and cold hearts
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to
pass,
That that tolerable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. This is against our pleasure.

Wol. By my life,
And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hit a grosser falsity, is critiqu'd
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carpt'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
Statesman only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, top, bark, and heart of the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to every man that he denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon The griev'd com-
mons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Bucking-
ham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not a dispos'd, he the mind grace'ing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enrol'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'nings, could not find
His heart speech a minute: he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if best ear'd in hell. Sit by us; (This was his gentleman in trust of him)
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices: whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely. I have not decided, but, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Albemarle; to whom by oath he menace'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Nor infringed by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learned lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poutney, did me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear; indeed; and that he doubted,
Would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
Thus pubisling enu'd—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint of the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your price a noble person, and
And spoil your noble soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might he deceiv'd; and that 'twas dan-
grous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, Truth!
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's a ship chaplain in this man:—Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Sir, Being at Greenwich,
About his highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his:—But on: What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought;—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: now, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!—
of. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!—

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dag-
ger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attack'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night.
He's traitor to the height.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should jug-
gle Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs, Though they he never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanny, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear di-
rectly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones:
One would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the sparvin
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christianedom. How
now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our mono-
sieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bluster'd breeches, and those types of travel.
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, cum privilegio, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their disease
Are grown so catching.
What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whore-
sons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now,
An honest country man, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an ear of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stamp.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
Indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thom-
as,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hauk boys. A small table under a state for the Car-
dinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one
door Anne Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and
Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter
Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble hevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are
tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir
Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now con-
He to one or two of these!

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Henry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entr'ing.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weath-
er.

My lord Sands, you are one will keep them wak-
ing:

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And think your lordship.—By your leave, sweet
ladies:

[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and
another lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite no one; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my lord—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The people lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hauk boys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended; and
takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend; This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health.

[Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry.—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamer,

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing.—

Anne. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

Sands. Yon cannot show me.

Wol. [Drum and trumpets within: Chambers
discharged.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privilieg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers:
For so they seem; they have left their barge, and
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct
them,
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine: at full upon them:—Some attend
him—

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
and tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend
it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.
HAUTBOYS. Enter the King, and twelve others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures? Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray.

to tell your grace.—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
But of that past respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair con-
duct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Scenes chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance. Wol. My lord,—Your grace?

Cham. Pray, tell them thus much from me.

There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If but I knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. [Cham. goes to the company, and returns

Wol. What say they? Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which would you have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—[Comes from his state.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

[Unmasking.
you hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord;
you are a churchman, or I tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily;
I am glad.

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, pray,

Cham. then, some hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bul-

len's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' wo-

men.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-

heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I the privy chamber? Law,

Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace;

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber. K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet

partner,

I must not yet forsake you;— Let's be merry!—

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen

healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead them once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.

[Exeunt, with trumpets.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O, God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Have you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry fort.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd

To him brought, viva voce, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he,

That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fin.

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Not: Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learn'dly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gent. After all this, how did he hear himself?

1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,

—to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,— he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he could not

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gent. Sure, he does not,

He never was so womanish; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly.

The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gent. 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attain'd;

Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,

Lest he should help his father.

2 Gent. That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1 Gent. At his return,

No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,

And generally; whoever the king favours,

The cardinal instantly will find employment,

And far enough from court too.

2 Gent. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,

Wish him ten fathom deep; this duke as much.

They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buck.

The mirror of all courtesy;—

[Ingham,

1 Gent. Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; Tip-

staves before him, the axe with the edge towards

him; haberdashers on each side of him, Sir Thomas

Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands,

and common people.

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The last rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, 
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour 
Of my life, my weary life is come upon me.

Farewell!
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell, and I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Buckingham and Train.

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That are the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis the fate of woe: yet I must give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us?
Where may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A huzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That had been dispersing.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal,
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: But it's not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for,
with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,
and furnished. They were young, and handsome;
and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready
to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces;
—and how is the king employ'd, sir?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the case? Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Nor. How holly he works in all his business! And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nevph, He dines into the king's soul; and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage: All out of all these to restore the king, He counsels a divorce: a loss of her, That, like a jewel, hath shining twenty years About his neck, yet never lost his lustre: Of her, that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: And is not this course pious? Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true, These words are every where; every tongue speaks them, And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare Look into these affairs, see this main end,— The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man.

Nor. We had need pray, And heartily for our deliverance; Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages; all men's honours Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed: As I am made, without hind, so I'll stand, If the king please; his curses and his blessings Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in. I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in; And with some other business, put the king From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him: My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me; The king hath sent me other-where: besides, You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him: Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Norfolk opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted. K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.


Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way Is business of estate; in which, we come To know your royal pleasure.

You are too bold; Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business: Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

[Enter Wolsey and Campeius.]

Wol. Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome, [To Campeius.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom; Use us, and it,—My good lord, have great care I be not found a talker. [To Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go. [To Norfolk and Suff.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.

Suf. Not to speak of; I would not be so sick though, for his place: But this cannot continue. [Aside.

K. Hen. If it do, I'll venture one heate at him. [Aside.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom Above all princes, in committing freely Your scruple to the voice of Christendom: Who can be angry now? what envy reach you? The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, Must now confess, if they have any goodness, The trial just and noble. All the clerks, I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms, Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment, Invited by your noble self, hath sent One gentleman tongue unto us, this good man, This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius; Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome. And thank the holy concave for their loves; They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for, Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves.

You are so noble: To your highness' hand I tender my commission; by whose virtue, [The court of Rome commanding,—you, my lord (The court of Rome commanding,—you, my lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant, In the unpartial judgment of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her. K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal, Prythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary; I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.

[Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you; You are the king's now. Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Peace in this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him; And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved That he ran mad, and died. [him, 2 K
KING HENRY VIII.

Act 2.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! That's christian care enough; for living murmurs
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will hold none so near else. Learns this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embalming: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more than the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What will you
Know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
One marvel's sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women; there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen! Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
T'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Omt of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my words all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet my wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady, I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you. I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows
yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honom'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see! I have been begging sixteen years in court,
And never yet a courtier beggar'd, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!) A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye upon
This campaign'd fortune!) have your month fill'd
up.

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
no.

There was a lady once, (tis an old story,) That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt. Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could Overtourn the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honnor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know your back will bear a duchess:—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And jesting: but not on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Fray, do not deliver
What you have seen of her, to her.
Old L. What do you think I

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-ferns.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Varojes, with short and silver swords; next them, Two Scribes in the habit of docters; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some smalldeclare, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then Two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver platters; after them, side by side, the Two Cardinals Wolsey and Campeolus; Two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Train. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the Two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side of the Queen, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.


The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; And to bestow your pity on me for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judgment different, nor no more assurance Of equal friend and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witnes,
I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yes, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I say, where you condemned me for mine? Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine That had it to him durst'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? say, or any? He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you; if, in the course: And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against which you do suspect me, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foulest contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince of prudence, of an excellent And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many A year before: It is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise counsel to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel I will implore; if not; the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd! Wol. You have here, lady, Wol. (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men Of singular integrity and learning, Yes, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless, That longer you desire the court; as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the kingdom. Com. His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,— To you I speak. Wol. Your pleasure, madam? Q. Kath. Sir, I am able to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen, (or have dream'd so,) certain, The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire. Wol. Be patient yet. Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before, Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induc'd by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy, and make my challenge, You shall not be my judge: for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,— Which (God's dews quench!)—Therefore, I say again, I utterly abhor, yes, from my soul; Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more, I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess, You speak not like yourself: who ever yet Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong! I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far further shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it: The kind is present; if it be known to him, That I gain'd my deed, how may he wound, And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much As you have done my truth. But if he know That I am free of your report, he knows I am not of your wrong judgment. Therefore in him It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to Remove these thoughts from you: The which be—fore His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, much too weak To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humbly-mouth'd; You sign your place and calling, in full seeming With manifest grace and humility: but your heart Is cram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spares; and again
I do refuse you for my judge: and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holines,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She cur'ties to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Griff. Katharine queen of England, come into the
Court.

Q. Kath. What need you o'to me? pray you, keep
Your joy the unlook'd: although not there
At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have you to, but with thanks: for such
A royal lady,—speak one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yes, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do:—by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business: never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd: oft
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak as your lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to'rt,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came:—give
I do refused to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and pricks, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the said
Marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this busi-
ness,
Ere a determinate resolution, be
I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yes, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast: which forc'd such way,
That made my grand consideration did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, then
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was an argument on me: that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir the world, should not
Be gladd'd in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fall: and that gave to me
Many a great concern. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd,—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to
say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The damag'd counsel which I had to doubt; and
Did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go ou;
For no dislike I' the world against the person
Of the great queen, but the say's a thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward;
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [They rise to depart.]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [Aside
These cardinals trifle with me: I labour
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
I learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court;
I say, set on. [Exeunt in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
Sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. leave
working.
KING HENRY VIII.

Act 3.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music, plants, and flowers,  
E'en sprung; as sun, and shopers,  
There had been a lasting spring.  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Rung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art;  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?  
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Walt in the presence.  
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?  
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.  
Q. Kath. To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business?  
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous;  
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!  
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house life?  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?  
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.  
Q. Kath. Speak it here;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number,) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, everyone saw them,  
Envy and base opinion sat against them,  
I know my life so even: If your purposes  
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,  
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.  
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima.—  
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;  
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in English.  
Wol. Noble lady,  
I am sorry, my Integrity should breed,  
(And service to his majesty and you,)  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
Nor to beiny anywhere to sorrow;  
You have too much, good lady: but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.  
Cam. Most honour'd madam,  
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.  
Q. Kath. To betray me. [Aside.  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight?your mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatnes,) good your graces,  
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.  
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.  
Q. Kath. In England,  
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.  
Cam. I would, your grace.  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.  
Q. Kath. How, sir?  
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection.  
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause;  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You'part away disgrac'd.  
Wol. He tells you rightly.  
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:  
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,  
That no king can corrupt.  
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.  
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal virtues, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I  
will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.  
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.  
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors! Would ye have me (If you have any justice, any pity;  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.  
Cam. Your fears are worse.  
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long,—(let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lovd him next heaven? obey'd
him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour.—a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. 'Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the unhappiest woman living—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[To her Woman.
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—take the lilt,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourisht,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them,
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriagé.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever cast
Such doubts, so false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
Forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmanly; I know,
I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set nothing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unconstem'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not; his spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should he glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye of the king: wherein was
read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Suf. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
cosets
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My ame to t'

Nob. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecorded.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nob. Marry, ameu!

Suf. There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!
Act 3.  

**KING HENRY VIII.**

**Nor.** But, my lord, When returns Cranmer?  

**Suf.** He is return'd, in his opinions; which Have satisfied the king for his divorce, Together with all famous colleges  

Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe, His second marriage shall be publish'd, and Her coronation. Katharine no more Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager, And widow to prince Arthur.  

**Nor.** This same Cranmer's A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain In the king's business.  

**Suf.** He has; and we shall see him For it, an archbishop.  

**Nor.** So I hear.  

**Suf.** 'Tis so.  

The cardinal—

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.  

**Nor.** Observe, observe, he's moody.  

**Wol.** The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?  

**Crom.** To his own hand, in his bedchamber.  

**Wol.** Look'd he 'tude the inside of the paper?  

**Crom.** Presently.  

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd, He read it with a serious mind; a heed Was in his countenance: You, he bade Attend him here this morning.  

**Wol.** Is he ready To come abroad?  

**Crom.** I think, by this he is.  

**Wol.** Leave me a while,—  

[Exit Cromwell.  

It shall be to the duchess of Alencon, The French king's sister: he shall marry her—  

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him: There is more in it than fair visage—Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish To hear from Rome. The marchioness of Pembroke!  

**Nor.** He's discontented.  

**Suf.** May be, he hears the king Does what his anger to him.  

**Sur.** Sharp enough, Lord, for thy justice!  

**Wol.** The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter.  

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—  

This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it; Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous, And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie it the bosom of Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one Hath craw'd it into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.  

**Nor.** He is vex'd at something.  

**Suf.** I would 'twere something that would fret the string, The master-cord of his heart!  

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.  

**Suf.** The king, the king.  

**K. Hen.** What pales of wealth hath he accumul'd To his own portion! and what expence by the hour Seems to grow from him! How, I' the name of thrift, Does he rate this together!—Now, my lords; Saw you the cardinal?  

**Nor.** My lord, we have Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight, Springs out into fas' gait; then, stops again, Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts His eye against the moon: in most strange postures We have seen him set himself.  

**K. Hen.** It may well be; There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found There; on my conscience, perhaps, not angry? Forssooth, an inventory, thus importing— The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks Possession of a subject.  

**Nor.** It's heaven's will;  

Some spirit put this paper in the packet To bless your eye withal.  

**K. Hen.** If we did think His contemplation were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid, His thinkings are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.  

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.  

**Wol.** Heaven forgive me! Ever God bless your highness!  

**K. Hen.** Good my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven- tory Of your best graces in your mind; the which You were now running o'er; you have scarce time To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that I deem you an ill husband: and am glad To have you therein my companion.  

**Wol.** Sir,  

For holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business, which I bear! the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which, perforce, I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to.  

**K. Hen.** You have said well.  

**Wol.** And ever may your highness yoke together, As I will lend you cause, my doing well With my well-saying!  

**K. Hen.** 'Tis well said again; And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well; And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you; He said, he did; and with his deed did crown His word upon you. Since I had my office, I have kept you next my heart; have not alone Employ'd you where high profits might come home, But part'd my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you.  

**Wol.** What should this mean?  

**Sur.** The Lord increase this business!  

[Aside.  

**K. Hen.** Have I not made you The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And, if you may confess it, say withal, If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?  

**Wol.** My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces, Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could My studied purposes require; which went Beyond all man's endeavours—my endeavours Have ever came too short of my desires, Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person, and The profit of the state. For what that graces Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiance thanks; My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty, Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.  

**K. Hen.** Fairly answer'd: A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: The honour of it Does pay the act of it; as, if the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,  
More on you, than any; so your hand, and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever laboured  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
As in the heavens, my strength, as much in flood,  
Should appear to the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.  

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't.  

[ADING him papers.  

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.  

[Exit king, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:  
the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and  
whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the cherished lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gull'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;  
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And see my friends in Rome.  

O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this—To the  

Pope.  

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-  
ness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I have roll'd, to my setting. I shall fall,  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.  

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl  
of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who  
commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,  
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot  
carry  
Authority so weighty.

Stuf. Who dare cross them,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?  
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,  
(mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine, and you master,) with his own hand gave me:  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?  

Sur. The king, that gave it.  

Wol. It must be himself then.  

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.  

Sur. Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing laud  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With, me, see, and all thy best parts bound to-  
gether,)  
Welgh'd not a hair of his. Flague of your policy  
You sent me deputy for Ireland;  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st  
him:  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
From any private malevice in his end,  
His noble jury and cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour:  
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st  
feel  
My sword the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.  

Sur. Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
You sent to the pope, against the king: your  
goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despid't nobility, our issues  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—  
Produce the grand srm of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life—'I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown  
Can match  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this  
man,  
But that I am bound in charity against it!  

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
hand;  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth!  

Sur. This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
Act 3

KING HENRY VIII.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have you at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge, you would go to be a legate; by which power you might have the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you write to Rome, or else To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus* Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge Either of king or council, when you went Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission To Gregory de Cassalls, to conclude Without the king's will, or the state's allowance, A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance, (By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,) To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways You have for dignities; to the mere undoing Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; Which, since they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.
Crom. O my lord, Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue: His faults lie open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him So little of his great self.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,— Because all those things, you have done of late By your power legatine within this kingdom, Full tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him: The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost; And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd, Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory; But far beyond my depth: my high-born pride At length broke under me; and now has left me, Well and without service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye; I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched Is it to lose the poor man's hangings on princes' favours! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have; And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Crom. Why, how now, Cromwell? I have no power to speak, sir. What is it, that, amaz'd At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder, A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep, I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace? Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. I know myself now; and I feel within me A peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me, I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken A load would sink a navy, too much honour: O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden, Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst, Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him! The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen Lord chancellor in your place.

Crom. That's somewhat sudden: But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his highness' favour, and do justice For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones, When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings, May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em! What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury. Wol. That's news indeed. Last, that the lady Anne, Whom the king hath in secrecy long married, Shall this day be view'd in open, as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell, The king has gone beyond me, all my glories In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, Or gild again the noble troops that waited Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell; I am a poor fallen man, unworthy To be thy lord and master: Seek the king: That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him What, and how true thou art: he will advance Some little memory of me will stir him, [Thee; With what emotion he was pleas'd,] Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell, Negotiit not; make use now, and provide For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord, Must I then leave you? must I needs forego So good, so noble, and so true a master? Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—

Crom. The king shall have my service; but my prayers For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me Out of thy honest truth to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thusfar hear me, Cromwell And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be; And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee; Say, Wolsey,—that once rod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his v neck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall, and that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by't? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
KING HENRY VIII.

Act 4.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou sim' st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
'There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare command mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wet. The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.
2 Gent. And so are you.
1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offered sorrow.
This, general joy.
2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not;
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 Gent. Alas, good lady!—
[Trumpets. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then enter.
1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing.
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then caret,
in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt
 copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his
head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the
Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with
the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet.
Collars SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet
on his head, bearing a long white wand, as
high-steward. With him, the Duke of Nor-
folk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet
on his head. Collars SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports:
under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair
wreath, crowned with pearl, crowned. On each
side of her, the Bishops of London and Win-
chester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
worthed with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets
of gold without flowers.

2 Gent A royal train, believe me.—These I know:
Who's that, that bears the scepter?
1 Gent. Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that
should be the duke of Suffolk.
1 Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward.
2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 Gent. Yes.
2 Gent. Heaven bless thee.

[Looking on the Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all,
Near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars,
Indeed:
And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 Gent. No more of that.
[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 Gent. Among the crowd 'tis the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
3 Gent. That I did.
2 Gent. How was it?
3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.
2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: harts, cloaks,

[Trumpets. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then enter.
1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces been lost, this day they had been lost. Such joy I never saw before. Great-bellied women, That had not half a week to go, like rams In the old time of war, would shake the press, And bore them reel before them. No man living Could say, This is my wife; there, all were woven So strangely in one piece.

2 Gent. But, 'pray, what follow'd?

3 Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest pace,

Came to the altar: where she knelt, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly. Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people: When she by the archbishop of Canterbury She had all the royal makings of a queen; As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown, The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir, With all the choicest music of the kingdom, Together sung Te Deum. So she parted, And with the same full state pac'd back again To York-place, where the feast is held. Gent. Sir, you have more call it York-place, that is past: For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost; Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall. 3 Gent. I know it; But I'm so lately alter'd, that the old name Is in my mouth. About what?

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you? 3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell; A man in much esteem with the king, and truly A worthy friend—The king Has made him master o'the jewel-house, And one of theready, of the privy-council. 2 Gent. He will deserve more. 3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests; Something I can command. As I walk thither, I'll tell ye more. Both. You may command us, sir.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. —Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death: My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth, Willing to leave their burden: Reache a chair:—So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me, That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey, Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace, Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Frythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died: If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam: For after the stout earl Northumberland Arrested him at York, and brought him forward (As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill, He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man! Griffith. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester, Lodg'd in the abbey: where the reverend abbot, With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him; To whom he gave these words,—Of father abbot, An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye; Give him a little earth for charity's sake. So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this, About the hour of eight, (which he himself Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears, and cries, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him! Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him, And yet with charity.—He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play; His own opinion was his law: If in his presence He would say untruths; and be ever double, Both in his words and meaning: He was never, But where he meant to ruin, pitiful! His promises were, as he then was, mighty, But his performance, as he is now, nothing. Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example. Griffith. Noble madam, Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water. May it please your highness To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith; I was malicious else. Griffith. This cardinal, Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle, He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one; Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading: Lofty, and sour, to that they lov'd him not; But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer. And though he were unsatisfied in getting, (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely: Ever witness for him Turning, as if he was all in you, Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him, Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; The other, though unfinished, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little: And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died, Caring God. Kath. After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me, With thy religious truth, and modesty, Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!:— Patience, be near me still; and set me lower: I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith, the cause the musicians play me that sad note I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet, For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bay, and golden wands
on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first comee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend courtsey; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holds up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, (griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musicke leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Musick ceases.

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmanfully: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow,
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucins.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucins.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The titles, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. C'est une noble dame,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you:
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends your princely commendations,
And heartily entreat you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physicke, given in time, had enn'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish't, the kingdom — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings on her —
Beseeming him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lord'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare aver,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me:—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that grace love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unquen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading Katharine.

ACT V.

SCENE I._A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page
with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights: times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primrose
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Act 5.

KING HENRY VIII.

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that
can be talk'd
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will never be
Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
Of the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The arch-
bishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
Forsoo, I know he is, they know he is,
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your
servant. [Execute Gardiner and Page.

As Lovell is going out, enter the King, and the
Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your high-
ness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. He said her woman; and that her suffer-
ance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles, Prythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you have commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true; Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

Lovell seems to stay.

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[Execute Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful;—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
And bring the charge: of all these charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have taken some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indulgence further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must be the same proportion; and not over
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And wo'e your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best conconsions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with the remainder
The occasion shall in-struct you; if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he's true-hearted; and a son
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone.
And do as I have bid you.—[Exit Cranmer.] He
has strangely
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back; What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels,
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The god of heaven
Both now and ever bless her—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell.—

Enter Lovell.
Lov. Sir,
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [Exit King.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll
have more.
An ordinary girdle is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it on of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else mnsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.}

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter Cranmer; Servanis, Door-keeper, &c. attending.
Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
to make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep.
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
KING HENRY VIII.

Act 5

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses, \n   Face them not in their hands to make them gentle; \n   But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur \n   them, \n   Till they obey the manage. If we suffer \n   (Out of our easiness, and childish pity \n   To one man’s honour) this contagious sickness, \n   Farewell, all physic; And what follows then? \n   Commotions, uprises, with a general taint \n   Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, \n   The upper Germany, can dearly witness, \n   Yet freshly pitted in our memories. \n
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress \n   Both of life and justice, I have laboured, \n   And with no little study, that my teaching, \n   And the strong course of my authority, \n   Might go one way, and safely; and the end \n   Was ever to do well; nor is there living \n   (I speak it with a single heart, my lords,) \n   A man that more detests, more strives against, \n   Both in his private conscience, and his place, \n   Defacers of a publick peace, than I do. \n   ‘Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart \n   With less allegiance in it.’ Ahen, that make \n   Envy, and created malice, nourish, and \n   Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, \n   That, in this case of justice, my accusers, \n   Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, \n   And freely urge against me. \n
Suf. Nay, my lord, \n   That cannot be; you are a counsellor, \n   And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. \n
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more \n   weight, \n   We shall be short with you. ‘Tis his highness’ pleasure, \n   And our consent, for better trial of you, \n   From hence you he committed to the Tower, \n   Where, being but a private man again, \n   You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, \n   More than, I fear, you are provided for. \n   [You, \n   Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank \n   You are always my good friend; if your will pass, \n   I shall both find your lordship judge and jury, \n   You are so merciful; I see your end. \n   ‘Tis my undoing: Love and meekness, lord, \n   Become a churchman better than ambition; \n   Win straying souls with modesty again, \n   Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, \n   Lay all the weight I can upon my patience, \n   I make as little doubt, as you do conscience; \n   In doing daily wrongs I could say more, \n   But reverence to your calling makes me modest. \n
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, \n   That’s the plain truth; your painted gloss \n   Discovers, \n   To men that understand you, words and weakness. \n
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little, \n   By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble, \n   However faulty, yet should find respect \n   For what they have been: ‘tis a cruelty, \n   To load a fallen man. \n
Gar. Good master secretary, \n   I urge your honour mercy; you may, worst \n   Of all this table, say so. \n
Crom. Why, my lord? \n
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer \n   Of this new sect? ye are not sound. \n
Crom. Not sound, I say. \n
Gar. Would you were half so honest! \n
Crom. Men’s prayers then would seek you, not their fears. \n
Gar. I shall remember this bold language. \n
Crom. Remember your bold life too. \n
Chan. This is too much; \n
Forbear, for shame, my lords. \n
Gar. I have done. \n
Crom. And I. \n
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,

I take it by all voices, that forthwith \n   You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner; \n   There to remain, till the king’s further pleasure \n   Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords? \n
All. We are. \n
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, \n   But I must needs to the Tower, my lords? \n
Gar. What other \n   Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome: \n   Let some o’the guard be ready there. \n
Enter Guard. \n
Cran. For me? \n
Must I go like a traitor thither? \n
Gar. Receive him, \n
And see him safe’t the Tower. \n
Cran. \n
Stay, good my lords; \n   I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords; \n   By virtue of that ring, I take my cause \n   Out of the grips of cruel men, and give it \n   To a most noble judge, the king my master. \n
Chan. This is the king’s ring. \n
Sur. ‘Tis no counterfeiter. \n
Suf. ‘Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all, \n   When we first met at this dangerous stone a rolling, \n   ‘T would fall upon ourselves. \n
Nor. Do you think, my lords, \n   The king will suffer but the little finger \n   Of this man to be vex’d? \n
Chan. ‘Tis now too certain: \n   How much more is his life in value with him? \n   ‘Would I were fairly out on’. \n
Crom. My mind gave me, \n   In seeking tales, and informations. \n   Against this man, (whom heaven by the devil \n   And his disciples only envy at,) \n   Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye. \n
Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat. \n
Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven \n   In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; \n   Not only good and wise, but most religious: \n   One, that, in all obedience, makes the church \n   The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen \n   That holy duty, out of dear respect, \n   His royal self in judgment comes to hear, \n   The cause betwixt her and this great offender. \n
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commotions. \n
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not \n   To hear such flattery now, and in my presence; \n   They are too thin and base to hide offences. \n   To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel, \n   And think with wagging of your tongue to win me; \n   But whatsoever thou takest at me for, I am sure, \n   Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody— \n
Good man, [to Cranmer,] sit down. Now let me see \n   the proudest \n   He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee: \n   By all that’s holy, he had better starve, \n   Than but once think his place becomes thee not. \n
Sur. May it please your grace,— \n
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me. \n
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding, \n   And wisdom, of my council: but I find none. \n   Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, \n   This good man, (few of you deserve that title,) \n   This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy \n   At chamber door? and one as great as you are? \n   Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission \n   Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye \n   Power as he was a counsellor to try him, \n   Not as a groom; There’s some of it, I see, \n   More out of malice than integrity, \n   Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; \n   Which ye shall never have, while I live. \n
Chan. Thus far, \n   My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace \n   To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed \n   Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial, 
And fair purgation to the world, than malice; 
I am sure, in me. 
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him; 
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. 
I will say thus much for him, If a prince 
May be behelden to a subject, I 
Am, for his love and service. so to him. 
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; 
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My Lord of Can-
terbury, 
I have a snit which you must not deny me; 
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, 
You must be godfather, and answer for her. 
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may 
glory 
In such an honour; How may I deserve it, 
That am a poor and humble subject to you? 
K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your 
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess 
Norfolk, 
And lady marquiss Dorset: Will these please you? 
Ome more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you, 
Embrace, and love this man. 
Gar. With a true heart, 
And brother-love, I do it. 
Cran. 
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation. 
K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy 
true heart. 
The common voice, I see, is verified 
Of thee, which says thus, Do my lord of Canterbury 
a slender turn, and he is your friend for ever. 
—Come, lords, we trie time away. I long 
To have this young one made a Christian. 
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; 
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. 
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his 
Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: 
Do take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude 
slaves, leave your gaping. 
[Within.] Do good master porter, I belong to the 
arder. 
Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, 
you rogue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a 
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are 
but switches to them. — I'll scratch your heads: 
You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for 
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 
Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much im-
possible 
(Until we sweep them from the door with can-
nons: you shall have 
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep 
On May-day morning; which will never be: 
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them. 
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd. 
Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? 
As much as one sound edgul of four foot 
(You see the poor remainder) could distribnte, 
I made no more, sir. 
Port. You did nothing, sir. 
Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Col-
brand, to mow them down before me: but, if I 
spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or 
old, be it a cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me 
ever hope to see a chime again; and that I would 
not for a cow, God save her. 
[Within.] Do you hear, master porter? 
Port. I shall be with you presently; good master 
porter. Keep the door close, sirrah. 
Man. What would you have medo? 
Port. What should you do, but knock them 
down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields door 
in? or have we some strange Indian with the great 
tool come to court, the women so besiege us? 
Pless me, what a fry of formation is at door! On 
my christian conscience, this one christening will 
egget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, 
and all together. 
Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There 
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a 
brazier by his face, for, on my conscience, twenty 
of the god-days now reign in his nose; all that stand 
about him are under the line, they need no other 
penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on 
the head, and three times was his nose discharged 
against me; he stands there, I know, a mortar-piece, 
to rain. There was a haberdasher's wife of such 
will near him, that railed upon me till her 
pink'd porrying fell off her head, for kindling such 
a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor 
one after, and hit that woman, who cried out, club! 
when I might have driven from far some forty truncheonees 
draw to her succour, which were the hope of the 
Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; 
I made good my place; at length they came to the 
broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when sud-
denly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, de-
ivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to 
draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: 
The devil was amongst them, I think, surely. 
Port. These are the youths that thunder at 
a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no 
miscarriage, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the 
lumbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able 
to endure. I have some of them in Limbo Patrum, 
and there they are like to dance these three days 
besides the running banquet of two beaddles, 
that is to come. 
Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! 
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, 
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, 
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, 
fellows. 
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these 
Your faithful friends 'o the suburbs? We shall have 
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, 
When they pass back from the christening. 
Port. An't please your honour 
We are but souls; and what so many may do, 
Not being torn a pieces, we have done: 
An army cannot rule them. 
Cham. 
As I live, 
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all 
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads 
Clip round, times, for neglect: You are lazy 
knaves; 
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when 
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; 
They are come already from the christening; 
Go, break among the press, and find a way out 
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find 
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two 
months. 
Port. Make way there for the princess. 
Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll 
make your head ache. 
Port. You 'tis the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll 
pick you o'er the pales else. 
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding: then Two Aldermen, 
Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Nor-
folk, & his marshall's staff, Duke of Suffolk, 
Two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for 
the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bear-
ing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Nor-
folk, godmother bearing the child richly habited 
in damask & lace. Train borne by a Lady: then 
follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-
mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about 
the stage, and Garter speaks. 

Gart. Heaven, from the endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high
and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and
the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop, What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[The King kisses the child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee In whose hands I give thy life.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too pro-
digal: I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth. This royal infant, [heaven still move about her!] Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be (But few now living can behold that goodness,) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never More cove'rous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour, and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him:—Our children's children Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it, 'Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most unsotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing: This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me, That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholden; I have receive'd much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords; Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think He has business at his house; for all shall stay, This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPilogue.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please All that are here: Some come to take their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear, They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty! Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we are like to hear For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; For such a one we show'd them; if they smile, And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap
PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

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

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength.
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, King of Troy.
Hector.
Troilus,
Paris, his sons.
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Eneas,
Antenor,
Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Pandarus, uncle to Cressida.
Margareon, a bastard son of Priam.
Agamemnon, the Grecian general.
Menelaus, his brother.
Achilles, Ajax, Ulysses, Grecian commanders.

Nestor,
Diomedes, Grecian commanders.
Patroclus,
Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
Alexander, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, wife to Hector.
Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
Cressida, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.

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

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blemish at suffrance than I do.
At Triam's royal table do I sit,
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?

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

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rise in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,
Bur'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile):
But sorrow, that is conch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

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

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Then answer'st, She is fair;
Four'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handiest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: To whose soft seisure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm.
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

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

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

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

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

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

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

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

[Exit Pandarus. An alarum.]

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

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl! Between our Ilium, and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood; Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[Alarum. Enter Eneas.]

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

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence. What news, Eneas, from the field to-day?

Ene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Eneas?

Ene. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris blest: 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gird' with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum]

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

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

But, to the sport abroad:—Are you bound thither? Eneas. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Street.

Cres. Who were those that went by?

Alex. Queen Hecula, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

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

In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

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

Cres. Good; And what of him?

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

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

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

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

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

[Enter Pandarus.]

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

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

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

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

Cres. This morning, uncle.

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

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

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

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

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

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

Cres. What, is he angry too?

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

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

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man, if you see him?

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

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

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

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

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself. Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus? I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

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

Cres. He is not Hector.

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

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

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

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

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think out.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

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

Cres. At your pleasure.

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

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

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

Cres. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

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

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

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

Hector passes over.

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

Cres. O, a brave man!

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

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By good's lid, it does—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.— Who said, he same hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'twould I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

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

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is:—Hark:—
you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Heleusus is a priest.
Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?
TROILUS passes over.
Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!
Pan. Mark him; note him;—that brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister, were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage.
Cres. Here come more.
Pan. Asses, fools, doits! chaff and hran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; till those larges, churls and daws, crowes and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.
Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.
Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.
Cres. Well, well.
Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, dis-course, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?
Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the ype,—for then the man's date is out.
Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.
Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wits; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.
Pan. Say one of your watches.
Cres. Anon. What? I'll watch for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannotward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it dwell past hiding, and then it is past watching.
Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.
Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.
Pan. Why is he there?
Boy. At your own house; there he unnarms him.
Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [Exit Boy.] I doubt, he be hurt,—Fare ye well, good niece.
Cres. Adieu, uncle.
Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.
Cres. To bring, uncle,—
Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.
Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprize; But more in Troilus thousand fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold it off. Women are angels, wooing; Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing; That she that know'st nought, that knows not this,— Men prize the thing unguird'more than it is; That was never yet, that ever knew Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue; Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,— Achievement is command; unguird'd, beesech Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.


Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes, What grief hath set the Jaundice on your cheeks?—The ample proposition, that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below, Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-asters.
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd; As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us, That we come short of our suppose so far, That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand; Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bliss or woe, and the day of the fight, not answering the aim, And that unbody'd figure of the thought That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works: And think them shame's, which are, indeed, nought else But the protractive trials of great Jove, To find persisitive constancy in men? The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward, The wise and fool, the artist and unread, The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin': But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Buffeting at all, winnows the light way: And what hath mass, or matter, by itself Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth, How many shallow bauble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk and strength; But let the gale of enrage the gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold The strong-rabb'd bark through liquid mountains cut, Rounding between the two moist elements, Like Perses' horse; where's then the saucy boat, Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Co-riva'l'd greatness? either to harbour fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide, In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and bright-ness, The herd hath more annoyance by the brize, Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, And flies flied, umbrella shade, Why, then, the thing of courage As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key, Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,— Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece, Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, In whom the tempers and the minds of all Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks. Besides the applause and approbation The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,— And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,— [To Nestor. I give to both your speeches,—which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
That matter needless, of importless burden, 
Divide thy lips; than we are confident, 
When rank Thersites opes his mastif's jaws, 
Who stretches a wit, sick, wit, rudes, as 
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down, 
And the great Hector's word had lack'd a master, 
But for these instances. 
The specialty of rule hath been neglected: 
And therefore Grecian teachers do stand 
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. 
When that the general is not like the hive, 
To whom the foragers shall all repair, 
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded, 
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. 
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this 
center, 
Observe degree, priority, and place, 
Insistence, course, proportion, season, form, 
Office, and custom, in all line or form: 
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol, 
In noble eminence enthron'd and spier'd 
Amidst the other; whose med'cinal eye 
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, 
And posts, like the commandment of a king, 
Sane check, to good and bad; But, when the planets, 
In evil mixture, to disorder wander, 
What plagues, and what ports? what mutiny? 
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth? 
Common in the winds? frights, changes, horrors, 
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate 
The unity and married calm of states 
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd, 
Which is the ladder of all high designs, 
The enterprise is sick! How could communities, 
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities, 
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 
The primogenitive and due of birth, 
Parents, or age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, 
But by degree, stand in authentick place? 
Take not degree away, untune that string, 
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets 
In mere oppugnation: The bounded waters 
Should lift their bosoms high, and the shores, 
And make a stop of all this solid globe: 
Strength should he lord of imbecility, 
And the rude son should strike his father dead: 
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong. 
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,) 
Should lose their names, and so should justice too. 
Then every thing includes itself in power, 
Power into will, will into appetite; 
And appetite, an universal wof, 
So doubly seconded with will and power, 
Must make an universal prey, 
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, 
This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 
Follows the choking. 
And this neglect of degree it is, 
That our pace goes backward, with a purpose 
It hath to climb. The general's disaidn'd 
By him one step below; he, by the next; 
That next, by him beneath: so every step, 
Examined by the first pace that is sick 
Of his interior, grows to an expecciber, 
Of pale and bloodless emulation: 
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, 
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length, 
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength. 
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray? 
Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns 
The sinew and the forehead of our host,— 
Having his ear full of his airy fame, 
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent 
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus, 
Upon a lazy bed, the leveling day 
Breaks scurril jests; 
And with ridiculour and awkwart action 
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,) 
He pageants us. Some time, great Agamemnon, 
Thy topper despiration he pendment, 
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit 
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich 
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage.— 
Such the oppugned and o'er-wrested seeming 
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks, 
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquad, 
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd, 
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff, 
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, 
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; 
Cries—Excellent!—'Tis Agamemnon just.— 
Now play me Nester;—hem, and stroke thy bear! 
As he, being 'drest to some oration, 
That's done:—as near as the extremest ends 
Of parallels: as like as Vulcan and his wife: 
Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent; 
'Tis Nester right! Now play him me, Patroclus, 
Arming to answer in a night alarm. 
And then, forsooth, the faint effects of age 
Must be the scene of birth; to cough, and spit, 
And with a paisy-fumbling on his gorget, 
Shake in and out the rivet:—And at this sport, 
Sir Valour dies; cries, O!—enough, Patroclus; 
Or give me riba of steel! I shall enjoy 
The pleasure of my splend. 
And in this fashion, all our abilities, gifts, names, shapes, 
Sweakers and generals of grace exact, 
Achievements, plots, orders, prevention, 
Excitements to the field, of speech for truce, 
Success, loss, what is, or is not, serves 
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes. 
Nest. 
And in the imitation of these twain 
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns 
With an imperial voice,) many are infect 
Imitation, which is grown self-will'd; and know, by measure 
Of the observed toll, the enemies' weight.— 
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity: 
They call this—bed-work, mappers, closet-war; 
So that the ram, that hatters down the wall, 
For the great swing and rudest of his poise, 
They think it before his hand that made the engine; 
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls 
By reason guide his execution. 
Nest. Let this he granted, and Achilles' horse 
Makes many Thetis' sons. 
(Achilles,--Trumpet sounds. 
Achilles,--What trumpet? look, Menelaus.) 
Enter Ilneas. 
Men. From Troy. 
Achilles,--What would on 'fore our tent? 
Ilneas. 
Achilles,--Is this this 
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray? 
Achilles,--Even this. 
Men. May one, that is a herald, and a prince, 
Do a fair message to his kingly ears!
Act I.  TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  519

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
For all the Greekish force, send one with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Aene. Ay; I ask, that I might wakken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus;
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

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

Aene. Courtiers as free, as delsonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
Transcends.

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

Aene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

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

Aene. Sir, passion; tis for Agamemnon's ears.

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

Agam. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Trumpet. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trompet sounds.]

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

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Aeneas;
If none of them have soul in such a matter,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If the one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector: if none or I am he.

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, 'Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll prove the truth with my three drops of blood.
Aene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Fair lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of your import;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exit all but Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor, what says Ulysses?

Nest. What says Ulysses?

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

Nest. What is't?

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

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
stance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, though, Apollon knows
'Tis dry enough,— will, with great speed of judg-
ment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

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

Nest. Yes, it is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the truest mean opinion for thee,
For here the Trojans taste our dearst repute
With their finst palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd.
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues: Who miscarrying,
What heart receiv'd from hence he conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

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

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

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hec-

ctor,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him: 
But he already is too insolent; 
And we were better parch in Africk sun, 
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes, 
Should he scape Hector fair: If he were fool’d, 
Why, then, did our main opinion crush 
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery; 
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw 
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves, 
give him allowance for the better man, 
For that will physic the great Myrmidon, 
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall 
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends. 
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 
We’ll dress him up in voices: If he fail, 
Yet go we under our opinion still 
That we have better men. But, hit or miss, 
Our project’s life this shape of sense assumes,— 
Ajax, employ’d, plucks down Achilles’ plumes. 


ACT II. 

SCENE I.—Another part of the Camp. 
Enter Ajax and Thersites. 

Ajax. Thersites,—— 
Ther. Agamemnon:—how if he had bolls? full, all over, generally? 

Ajax. Thersites,—— 
Ther. And those bolls did run?—Say so, did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core? 

Ajax. Dog. 
Ther. Then would come some matter from him: I see none now. 

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf’s son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him. 

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou monstrosity, beast-witted lord! 

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness. 

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o’thy jade’s tricks! 

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation. 

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikst me thus? 

Ajax. The proclamation,— 
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think. 

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch. 

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikst as slow as another. 

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,— 
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 

Ajax. Cobloof! 
Ther. He would run thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit. 

Ajax. You whomeron cur! 

Ther. Do, d’you? 

Ajax. Thou stoo! for a witch! 

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurry valiant ass! thou art here put to thrust Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by; thou hast thing of no bowls, thou! 

Ajax. You dog! 

Ther. Thou, scurril lord! 

Ajax. You cur! 

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do. 

Enter Achilles and Patroclus. 

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? 

Ther. Nay, look upon him. 

Achil. No; what’s the matter? 

Ther. Nay, but regard him well. 

Achil. Well, why I do so. 

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax. 

Achil. I know that, fool. 

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself. 

Achil. Therefore I beat thee. 

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicum of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrers for a penny, and his pia matter is with the ninth part of a sparrow. 

This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I’ll tell you what I say of him. 

Achil. What? 

Ther. I say, this Ajax. 

Achil. Nay, good Ajax. 

[ Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes. 

Ther. Has not so much wit—— 

Achil. Nay, I must hold you. 

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

Achil. Peace, fool! 

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

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—— 

Achil. Will you set thy wit to a fool’s? 

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

Patr. Good words, Thersites. 

Achil. What’s the quarrel? 

Patr. The vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rolls upon me. 

Ther. I serve thee not. 

Ajax. Well, go to, go to. 

Ther. I serve here voluntary. 

Achil. Your last service was sufferrance, ’twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress. 

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

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites? 

Ther. There’s Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was grumbliest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina’s beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him. 

Achil. Mistress Thersites! 

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 

Achil. Cobloof! 

Ther. He would run thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit. 

Achil. You whomeron cur! 

Ther. Do, do. 

Achil. Thou stoo! for a witch! 

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
come any more to your tents; I will keep where
there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

Art. A good riddance.

Art. Narry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all
our host:
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, twixt our tents and Troy,
Though never was making call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Art. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you—I'll go learn more of
it.

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in Priam’s Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Hele-
nus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, love, time, space, honours,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum’d
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to’t?

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

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer howsels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—Who knows what follows?
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call’d
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-
tion,
Every tithe soul, mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours:
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit’s in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a minute:
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and latches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Do the great way of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumber, brother
priest,
You fur your groves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ’d is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The writings of reason to his heart;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb’d?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let’s shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and ho-
mour
Should have bare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram’d reason; reason and respect
Make lives pale, and lustladden defect.

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

The holding.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act 2.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the lighter, 'tis mad idolary.
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

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

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
Though seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch’d the ports desir’d; and,
For an old aunt, whom the Greeks held cap-
tive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo’s, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath lead’d above a thousand ships,
And turn’d crown’d kings to merchants,
If you’ll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry’d—Go, go)
If you’ll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp’d your hands,
And cry’d—Inestimable!) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz’d
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

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

Pri. What noise? what shrill is this?

Tro. 'Tis our good sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Eater Cassandra, raging.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virginis and boys, mid-age and wrinkled el-
ders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand and brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! I, Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once reject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra’s mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious: For my private part,
I am no mender: but all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Else might the world convince of levity
At our undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my silyge arms?
What proof of cunning or design is in one man's colour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.
Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason was it to the ransack'd queen,
Dishonour that she of no worth, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
This sight, this mean spirit of party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Where we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot paralell.
Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said
well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have given;—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
Towards our end; for whiling; for place and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All due to be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than that is to the husband's band? This law
Of nature be corrupted through affectation;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have Laocoon stroke'd:—I would persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; yet, ne'ertheless,
My spirited brethren, I propound to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.
Tro. Why, there you touch the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish so a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And tame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roasting challenge sent amongst
The dragon's factious nobility of the Greeks,
Will strike antagonism to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept.
This, I presume, will wake him.
[Exeunt.


Enter Thersites.

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

Enter Patroclus.

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

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

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

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why,
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served
thyself in to my table so many meals? Come;
what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me,
Patroclus, what's Achilles?—Ther. by lord, Thersites;
Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

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

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell.

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

Patr., You rascal! Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Ther-
sites.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act 2.

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

Achiv. Derive this; come.

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

Patr. Why am I a fool? Ther. Make that demand of the prover. — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

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

The he is such knavery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war, and leechery, confound as.

Aeam. Where is Achilles?

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

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

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

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

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

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man: but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Nakes Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his foot from him.
Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.
Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

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

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

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.
Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

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

Aeam. Hear you, Patroclus:—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; You have pickled fruit: in an wholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not
If you do say—we think him over-proud, [sin,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greeter,
Than in the more judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predomiance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebb, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Aeam. And at second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

Ajax. What is he more than another? and is such
Butcherery, such juggling, and such knavery!

Aeam. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?
Aeam. No question.
Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?
Aeam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.
Aeam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-gendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[Aside.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
Aeam. What's his excuse?
Ulyss. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observation or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.
Aeam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only.
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Hold in his blood such swain and hot discourse.
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—No recovery.

Aeam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Ajax, and have the answer, let us not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so scale his palm, nobly acquird;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles;
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—Achilles, go to him.
Next. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Scene 1.]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [Aside.

Ajass. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll push him over the face.

[Aside.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajass. An he be proud with me, I'll please his pride;

Let me go to him.

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

Ajass. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

[Aside.

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajass. Can he not be sociable?

Ulysses. The raven.

[Aside.

Chides blackness.

Ajass. I will let his humours blood.

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

Ajass. An all men were o'my mind,—

Ulysses. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajass. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'tould, you'd carry half.

Ulysses. He had ten shares.

[Aside.

Ajass. I'll knead him, I will make him supple—

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

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

Ulysses. My lord, you feed too much on this delicious.

[To Agamemnon.

Nest. Of noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulysses. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man,—But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

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

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

I would be were a Trojan!

[Aside.

Ulysses. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now——

Ulysses. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulysses. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulysses. Thank the heavens, lord, thon art of sweet composure; praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition: But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight, Let Mars divide eternity in twain, And give him half: and, for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,— Instructed by the antiquity times, He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;— But, pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Ajax.

Ajass. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

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

Ulysses. There is no tarrying here; the hart

Achilles keeps the scent. Please it our great general To call together all his state of war; Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow, We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the best. Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep: Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace. Enter Pandarus and a Servant

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

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

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

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

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

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

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

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

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

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

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play them to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

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


Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

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

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: 'Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortall Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who? my cousin Cressida?

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

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Trojan; I will make a compli-

mental assault upon him, for my business seeth.

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

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

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

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.

Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

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

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir—

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

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

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

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

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

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to—commends himself most affectionately to you.  
Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody;  
If you do, our melancholy upon your head!  
Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,! faith.  
Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.  
Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that  
shall it not, in truth, la.  
Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.  
—And, my lord, he desires you,  
that, if the king call for him at supper, you will  
make his excuse.  
Helen. My lord Pandarus,—  
Pan. What say' my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen?  
Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?  
Helen. Nay, but my lord,—  
Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin  
will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.  
Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.  
Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;  
come, your disposer is sick.  
Par. Well, I'll make excuse.  
Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—  
Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.  
Par. I spy,  
Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give  
me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.  
Helen. Why, this is kindly done.  
Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing  
you have, sweet queen.  
Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not  
your lordship's.  
Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are  
twin.  
Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make  
them there.  
Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll  
sing you a song now.  
Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth,  
sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.  
Pan. Ay, you may, you may.  
Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo  
us all.  
O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!  
Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, I' faith.  
Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.  
Pan. In good troth, it begins so:  
Love, love, nothing but love, still more!  
For, oh, love's bow  
Shoots buck and doe;  
The shaft confounds,  
Not that it wounds  
But tickles still the sore.  

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!  
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Both turns oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!  
So dying love lives still:  
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!  

Hey ho!  
Helen. In love, I' faith, to the very tip of the nose.  
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and  
that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and  
hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.  
Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood,  
hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers:  
Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord,  
who's afraid to-day?  
Par. Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and  
all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed  
night, but my Nell would not have it so. How  
chance my brother Troilus went not?  
Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you  
know all, lord Pandarus.  
Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear  
how they sped to day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?  
Par. To a hair.  
Pan. Fare you well, sweet queen.  
Helen. Command me to your niece.  
Pan. I will, sweet queen.  
[Exit.  
Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's  
hall,  
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo  
you  
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel.  
Oh force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.  
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris:  
Yea, what he shall be, wife of us in duty,  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;  
Yea, overshines ourself.  
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The same. Pandarus' Orchard.  
Enter Pandarus and a Servant, meeting.  
Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my  
cousin Cressida's?  
Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.  

Enter Troilus.  
Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?  
Tro. Sirrah, walk off.  
[Exit Servant.  
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?  
Tro. No, Pandarus; I talk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for watage. O, he thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields,  
Where I may mallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for thee to save! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's should'er pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!  
Pan. Walk here 't' orchard, I'll bring her  
straight.  
[Exit Pandarus.  
Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchant's my sense; What will it be,  
When that the watry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-playing, too'd shall't sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.  

Re-enter Pandarus.  
Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:  
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and  
fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed  
with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest  
villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-  
taken sparrow.—[Exit Pandarus.  
Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bo-  
som:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.  

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

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

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

[Exit Pandarus.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord? Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

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

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious drag espie my sweet lady in the fountain of our love? Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

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

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

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cressid's tray, she is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

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

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vævo more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

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

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

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

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

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

Tro. You, you! no cry of hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

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

Cres. Both regale comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

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

Cres. Lord to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever.—Pardon me:—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbriaded children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!

Why have I blab'd? who shall be true to us,

When what we have seen, and what we say,

But, though I lov'd you well, I wou'd not you;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, by this rapture, I shall surely speak

The things of love shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Fretty, f'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

I am amash'd:—0 heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

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

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But, as the kind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone:

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

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

Cres. I have no distance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;

Or else you love not; For, to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

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

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

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

Full of Virginals, of oath, and big compare, Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,— As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,— Yet, to make all comparisons truer,

As truth's authentick author to be cited, As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse, And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophets may be! If I false, or swerve a hair from truth, When time is old and hath forgot itself,

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallowing'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing; yet let memory

From fair to false, among false maids in love, Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Act 3.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 527

Pard to the hand, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.
Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold my hand; here, my cousin. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.
Troc. Amen.
Cres. Amen.
Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'red from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.
Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,) Desire'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know's such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes.
Agam. The child shall be my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.
Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have,
What he requests of us—Good Diomed,
Purify you furnish for this interchange;
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear!  
[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands 'tis the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unpleasive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him;
If so, I have derision med'cinal,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good; pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agram. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord; and either he meet him, or
Else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[Exeunt Ajax.

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

Patro. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son? Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writs me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they return heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but comments itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travel'd, and is married there,
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
Reverberates The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The victory Ajax had in Heaven,
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are,
Most affect in regard, and dear in use!
What thing again most dead in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idlets in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
The unknown Ajax stands on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

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

Ulysses. Time hath, my lord, the spider doth his work,
Wherein he puts aim for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devourd As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monimental mockery. Take the instant way;
For he is no stranger there at all:
Where one but goes abroad: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one purs'ne: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps know no comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
Seek Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gods,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praising the present object:
Then marble, not the great and complete man,
That all the Grecians begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again.
If thou wouldst take thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emnious missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
knows not me: I said, Good-morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. Achill. You must be my ambassador to him, Thersites. Ther. Who, 1? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence, let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax. Achill. To him, Patroclus! Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure in his behalf, and in mine, an end to that war-roused, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this. Patr. Jove bless great Ajax! Ther. Humph! Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,— Ther. Ha! Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent,— Ther. Humph! Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon. Ther. Agamemnon? Patr. Ay, my lord. Ther. Ha! Patr. What say you to't? Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart. Patr. Your answer, sir. Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me. Patr. Your answer, sir. Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart. Achill. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he? Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musing will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catching. Achill. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight. Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. Achill. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus. Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an as at it! I hate rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, Eneas, and Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Diomedus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there? Del. 'Tis the lord Eneas.

Ene. Is the prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

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

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

Ene. Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute. Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health: But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thee, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward.—In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love, in such a sort, The thing he means to kill, more excellently. Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Eneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in minute honour, let him die, With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow! Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse. Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that ever I heard of.— What business, lord, so early? Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfrend Antenor, the fair Cressida: Let's have your company; or, if you please, Haste there before us: I constantly do think, (Or, rather, call my thought in question,) My brother Troilus lodges there to-night; Rouse him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality wherefore; I fear, We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you; Troilus had rather Troy were bore to Greece, Than Cressid borne from Troy. Par. There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit. Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'tis faith, tell me true,

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

Dio. Both alike: He merits well to have her, that doth seek her (Not scrapping trifle of her soilure,) With such a hell of pain, and world of charge; And you as well to keep her, that defend her (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,) With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: But, in a purling cuckold, a willing spur, The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a leech, out of whorsiholms Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors; Both merits pons'd, each weighs nor less nor more; But he as he be the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman. Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,— For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight, A Trojan hath been slave; since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death. Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this virtue well,— We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troc. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
TROILUS

Act 4.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbol't the gates.

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

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aware of me?

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

Cres. Night hath been too brief, troo.

[Knocking.]

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

[Enter Pandarus.]

Pens. [Within.] What, are all the doors open here? Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Pens. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,---

Pens. How now, how now? how go maidens' heads?

—Here, you maid! where's my cousin, Cressid?

Pens. Go hang yourself, you naughtie mocking uncle!

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

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

Pens. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll never be good,
Not suffer others.

Pens. Ha! ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
[Knocking.

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

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

My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha! ha!

Pens. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.---
[Knocking.

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

[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.

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

[Exeunt.}

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

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

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

The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

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

Tro. How does my achievements mock me!

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

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.

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

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was Pens. Ah, ah! [here?]

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

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

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

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pens. 'Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst 'tnever been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

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

Pens. Thee must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troy; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

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

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father: I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Troilus' name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troy! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you cast; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;---

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my prais'd cheeks; Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[Exeunt.}

SCENE III.—The same. Before Pandaruss House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, And Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. I will bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I do set an altar; And thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit. Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords.

[Exeunt.]}
SCENE IV. — The same. A Room in Pandarus’ House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, he moderate.

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

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah, sweet ducks! O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.] Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart, — as the goodly saying is, — a heart, a heavy heart, Why sigh’st thou without breaking? where he answers again, Because thou canst not ease thy smart, By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer thy name, Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs? Tro. Cres. I love thee in so strain’d a purity, That the best gods — as angry with my fancy, More honest in real than the devotion Which cold lips blow to their deities, — take thee from me, Cres. Have the gods envy? Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; ’tis too plain a case. Cres. It is true, that I must go from Troy? Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too? Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

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

Tro. Hark! you are call’d! — Some say, the Genius so cries, Come! to him that instantly must die. — Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

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

Cres. I must then to the Greeks? Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woe full Cressid ’mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?

Tro. Dear, my love: Be thou but true of heart,

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

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us: I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee; For I will throw my glove to death himself, That there’s no malacation in thy heart: But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in my sequent protestation; be thou true, And I will see thee. Cres. O, you shall be expos’d, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent I but, I’ll be true. Tro. And I’ll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

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

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! — be true, again? Tro. Hear why I speak it, love; The Grecian youths are full of quality; They’re loving, well composed, with gifts of nature flowing, And swelling o’er with arts and exercise; Or knowing may now novelty advance, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,) Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question, So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg- But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil, That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted. Cres. Do you think, I will? Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not; And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will temerity the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency.

Ene. [Within.] Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus! Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Eneas and the Grecian, with you. Cres. My lord, will you be true? Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault; While others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns, With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare. Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit Is — plain, and true, — there’s all the reach of it.

Enter Eneas, Paris, Antenor, Delphous, and Diomedes.

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

Dio. Fair lady Cressid, so please you, save the thanks this prince expects. The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, Plead your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly. Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteous, To shame the zeal of my petition to thee, In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring o’er thy praises, As thou unworthy to be call’d her servant. Hear me, thy well, even for my charge: For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not, Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, I’ll cut thy throat.

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

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

[Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed.]

[Trumpet heard.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

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

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Ajax. You carry off a bridegroom's freshness alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[Exeunt.]


Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thon dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purses.
Now crack thy lungs, and spit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Out-swell the choliect of puff'd Aquilion:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spawn
blood:

Thon blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers, Achilles.

Agam. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Di. Even she.

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

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courteously! I'll begin:
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus pop'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our sorrows!
For which we lose our heads, to yeld his horns.

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

Men. O, this is trim!—


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

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

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

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

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

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

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

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

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

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

Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed tends out Cressida.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give a coating welcome ere it comes,
And wide unc Lisp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

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

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

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

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood.
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

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

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as yon and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breadth: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous.
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is man and valiant as the hero he loves;
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilius translate him to me.

[Atrum. Hector and Ajax fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, ho'd thine own

Tro. Hector thou sleep'st; awake thee!

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

Dio. You must no more.

Agam. Princes, enough, so please you.

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

Dio. As Hector pleases.

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

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

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

Hect. Not Neoptolomeus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O
Cries, This is he), could promise to himself
A thought of added honour borr'n from Hector.

Ente. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

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

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me by name
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
What's past, and what's to come, is strewd with
husks
And formless ruin of oblivion!

But in this extant moment, faith and truth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperative Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to thee.

Troilus,

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You braise up war-like brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

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

Mock not, lest thou affect the untraded oath:
You quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

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

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee:
As hot as Persius, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
[air,
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter's is, destiny's life!
And I have seen thee pace, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still look'd in steel,
I never saw till now, I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ente. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
Thou hast so long walk'd in hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tention
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

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

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

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

Ag. Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Grecian embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder wall, that partly fronts your town,
Yon towers, whose wonton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

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

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

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

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

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

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

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

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

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

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


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of natrine, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seest,
And idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Weil said, Avarice! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts gripping, rupures, catarrhs, loads of gravel, the back, lethargies, cold palest, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, natal, and the last dust of imposthume, sciatias, limes, kilns, the pale, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the better, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you riuinous bntt; you whorish indistinguishable cnr, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle foundling of skin of slave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gaff! Cher. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—Away, Patroclus.

[Execute Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves snails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull.—A princely, primitive statue, and sublime memorial of cuckolds; a shifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, an owl, a pntlock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites: for I care not to be the house of a lizar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomed, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

Patr. There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes mighty.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks general.
Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, the tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

[Exeunt.

Tro. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to Troilus.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exit Diomed; Ulysses and Tro. following.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt Achil, Hector, Ajax, and Nest.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when heelects, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabber the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him! they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. [Within.] Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

[Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressida, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you.

[Whispers.

Tro. Yes, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?


Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pray thee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting women, yonder, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wert it on thy horn, It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; —And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: —One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, Please me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come: —O Jove!
Do come: —I shall be plagu'd.
Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
[Exit Diomedes.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee; But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[Exit Cressida.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now tur'd where.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-oper,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceiving functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. I am not belter'd for womanhood! I think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics—ap't, without a theme, For depravation,—to square the general sex By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that causeth our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on our eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she.  O madness of discourse,
That cause-sets up with and against itself;
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of that false nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instinct, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied.
The fractions of her faith, oars of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divell'd wide
In characters as red as Mars his heart.'
Infam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek; As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by my hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricane call.
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my promis'd sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupis.
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false.
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.
[Enter Aeneas.

Aene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince!—My courteous lord, adieu:
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[Exit Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.

Ther. Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
Dazze, and give me any thing for the in-
Telligence of this where: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious
Drab. Lecchery, lechery; still, wares and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take
them.
[Exit.


Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tem-
per'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in;
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.
[Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Cousort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees, for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence and nightly combat
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
Cas. O, it is true. [slaughter.
Hect. Ho! I bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O I be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For that course would much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow:
But vows to every purpose must not hold; Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weight of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the dear man Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

Hect. No, Faith, young Troilus; dott thy har- ness, youth.
I am to-day! the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When man is twice the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fair and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pitty with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye! Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly errant,
To take thee—this to-day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Helen is a field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith,
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you;
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her doleurs forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like wilds and storms in another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Tro. Away! The gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.

Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter from you poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whore's paper, a whoreson picquetick, a whoreson rascally picquetick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one of these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

[Tearing the letter.
The effect doth operate another way.
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change togeth-
er.

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Thers. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurril dotted foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that staid old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-box, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and 'other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude
Fie at thee!

Thers. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.
Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Troil. No, no. — I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knav; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee — live. [Exit.

Thee, God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me:
But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me!

What's become of the wenching rogues? I think,
They have swallowed one another: I would laugh
At that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.

I'll seek them. [Exit.

SCENE V. — The same.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse:

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,

And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Has beat down Menou: bastard Margarelion

Hath Doreus prisoner:

And stands colossal-wise, waving his beam,

Up on the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;

Amphilochus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;

Patroclus' ten, or slain; and Palamedes

Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,

To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame. —

There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,

And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,

And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls

Before the belching whale; thou is he yonder,

And there the strauny Greeks, ripe for his edge,

Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:

Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite,

That what he will, he does; and does so much,

That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vow'sr vengeance;

Patroclus' wounds have rout'd his drawys blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons.

That useless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it;

Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day

Mad and fantastick execution;

Engaging and redeeming of himself,

With such a careless force, and forceless care,

As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,

Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. — Another Part of the Field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,

Ere that correction: — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor.

And pay thy life thou owst me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you coggins Greeks; have at you both.

[Exit.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Now do I see thee: — Ha! — Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achill. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriended thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Eneas; Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark: —

No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;

I'll brush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it: — Wilt thou not beast, abide?

Why thee, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. — The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achill. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons, mark what I say. — Attend me where I wheel: — Strike not a stroke, but keep your-selves in breath; And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In feline manner execute your arms. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: —

It is decreed: — Hector the great must die.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII. — The same.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Ther.

Thee, the cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: — Now, bull I now, dog! 'Lo, Paris, 'Lo! uow my double-henned sparrow! too, Paris, 'oo! The bull has the game: — 'Ware horns, ho! —

[Exit Paris and Menelaus.
Enter Margareton.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Thee. What art thou?


Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment; Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putrid core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hast cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath.

Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[Put off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Ach. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,

To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hec. I am unarmed! forego this vantage.

Ach. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[Hector falls.

So, Ilion, fall thou next; now, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry ye all amain.

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[Retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpet sounds like my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, sinner like, the armies separate.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

Sheath his sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan train.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching: Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.]

Achilles! Achilles; Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Æneas and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on!

Ænæs. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet,—you vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly right upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—And thou, great siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still;

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts,—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you! Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live awe with thy name.

[Exit Troilus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and barns, how earnestly are you set to work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?

—Let me see—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:

And being once subdued in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fall.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brothers and sisters, of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—

Some gaUed goose of Winchester would hiss;

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;

And, at that time, hequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Timon, a noble Athenian.  
Lucius,  
Lucullus, { Lords, and flatterers of Timon.  
Sempronius,  
Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.  
Apemantus, a sordid philosopher.  
Alcibiades, an Athenian general.  
Flavius, steward to Timon.  
Flamininus,  
Lucilius, \{ Timon's servants.  
Servilius,  
Caphis,  
Philotus, \ servitors to Timon's creditors.  
Titus,  
Lucius,  
Hortensius, \ Two Servants of Varro.

SCENE.—Athens; and the woods adjoining.

ACT I.


Enter Poet Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? see,

Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; 'tis, other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jem. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continuant goodness:

He passes.

Jem. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir?

Jem. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the wile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.  
[Looking at the jewel.

Jem. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire 'tis, the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Prorogates itself, and, like the current, files

Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir:—And when comes your book forth?

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. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumness 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 strike

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd?

Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confusion, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With ampest entertainment; My free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice

Infests one comma in the course I hold;

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,

(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality,) tender down

Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yes, from the class-fac'd flat-terer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,

Felt'md Fortune to be thr'd: The base o' the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,

That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states: amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,

Whose Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Act I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

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

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strifes, his lobbies fill with tendance,
His cheek, official whisper in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, 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 beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of Venetidius talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Venetidius! Well; I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.


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

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exeunt.

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so; what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to throttle
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got;
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon: his honesty rewards him in itself;
I must not hear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

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

Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. It in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

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

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawne 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 owed to you!

[Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.}

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship:

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome. The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you! Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No: I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lards; so they come by great bilies.

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?

Poes. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poes. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poes. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poes. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poes. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord —

Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not —

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Ser. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to your house.

Enter Alcibiades, with his company.

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.

Apem. So, so; there! — A civil contract and starve your supple joints! — That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knives.

And all this courtly! The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longings, and I feed most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir; Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [Exit some Attendants. Exeunt two Lords.

Enter Two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knives, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou, too, a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

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

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.
Act I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Aepm. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon; I come to observe; I give thee warning on’t.

Tim. I take no heed of them: thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Aepm. I scorn thy meat; ’twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatten them.—O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is, He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks, they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pleads The breath of him in a divided draught, Is the readiest man to kill him; it has been prov'd. If I Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

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

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Aepm. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon, Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look all.

Here's truth, which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man: the mere: This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Aepmanus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no self: I pray for no man, but myself: Grant I may never prove so fond, To trust man on his oath or bond; Or a harlot, for her weeping; Or a deg, that seems a sl-peing; Or a keeper with my freedom; Or my friends, if I should need 'em. Amen. So full t'ot: Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dight thy good heart, Apem anus! Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the wind.

Alcb. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

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

Alcb. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Aepm. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

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

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them? and what would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, 'e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Aepm. Thee woeapest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Aepm. Ho, ha! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Aepm. Much! [Tucket sounded. Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To congratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Musick, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Aepm. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's field,

Depraved, or depravers? 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: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lusty strain or two to the hautboys, and cornet.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

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

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet! There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside.
Else I should tell him.—Well,—if'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pitty, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[Exit, and returns with the casket.
1 Lord. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
2 Lord. Our horses.
Tim. —Oh my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.
1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near; why then another time I'll hear
I pray thee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.
Flav. I scarce know how.
[Aside.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucas,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milch horses, trap'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Enter a third Servant.

He worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?
3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company
to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your
honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be re-
ceiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse for any good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't: his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Hapless is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I blead inwardly for my lord. [Exit.
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will
receive it.
3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!
2 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in
that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know
no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.
All Lords. None so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
But comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.
1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Am I to you?
2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd—
Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.
1 Lords. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[Exit Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

What a coil's here!
Serving of beasts, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court-
sies.
Tim. Now, Apeamanus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.
Ape'm. No, I'll nothing: for
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rate upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the
faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly
What need these feasts, pomp's, and vain glories?
Tim. Nay,
As thou begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better msick. [Exit.
Ape'm. So—
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
Thy heart from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

* ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No potter 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, he! Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Cap'his. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my monies; be not rece'd
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
Sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most important aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

SCENE II.—The same, A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

**Flav.** No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? I’er will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

**Caph.** Good even, Varro: What, you
Come for money?

**Var. Serv.** Is’t not your business too?

**Caph.** It is;—and yours too, Isidore?

**Isid. Serv.** It is so.

**Caph.** ‘Would we were all discharg’d!

**Var. Serv.** I fear it.

**Caph.** Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.

**Tim.** So soon as dinner’s done, we’er forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What’s your will?

**Caph.** My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

**Tim.** Dues? whence are you?

**Caph.** Of Athens here, my lord.

**Tim.** Go to my steward.

**Caph.** Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak’d by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you’ll suit,
In giving him his right.

**Tim.** Mine honest friend,
I pray thee, but repair to me next morning.

**Caph.** Nay, good my lord,—

**Tim.** Contain thyself, good friend.

**Var. Serv.** One Varro’s servant, my good lord,—

**Isid. Serv.** From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

**Var. Serv.** T’was due on forfeit, my lord, six weeks,
And past;—

**Isid. Serv.** Your steward puts me off, my lord;—
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

**Tim.** Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;—

**[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.]**

I’ll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter’d
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long since-due debts,
Against my honour?

**Flav.** Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease tills after dinner;

That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

**Tim.** See them well entertained. Do so, my friends:

**Flav.** I pray, draw near.

[Exit Flavius.

Enter Apeamantus and a Fool.

**Caph.** Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apeamantus;
let’s have some sport with ‘em.

**Var. Serv.** Hang him, he’ll abuse us.

**Isid. Serv.** A plague upon him, dog!

**Var. Serv.** How dost, fool?

**Apeam.** Dost thou dare with thy shadow?

**Var. Serv.** I speak not to thee.

**Apeam.** No; ‘tis to thyself.—Come away.

**Isid. Serv.** [To the Fool.**

There’s the fool hangs on your back already.

**Apeam.** No, thou stand’st single, thou art not on him yet.

**Caph.** Where’s the fool now?

**Apeam.** He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and usurers’ men! bawds between gold and want! All Serv. What are we, Apeamantus?

**Apeam.** Asses.

All Serv. Why?

**Apeam.** That you ask me what you are, and do not
know yourselves.—Speak to ’em, fool.

**Fool.** How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

**Fool.** She’s even setting on water to scald such chinks as you are. ‘Would we could see you at Corinth.

**Apeam.** Good! gramercies.

[Exit Page.

**Fool.** Look you, here comes my mistress’ page.

**Page.** [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apeamantus?

**Apeam.** ‘Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

**Page.** Pr’ythee, Apeamantus, read me the supercription of these letters; I know not which is which.

**Apeam.** Canst not read?

**Page.** No.

**Apeam.** There will be little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou’lt die a bawd.

**Page.** Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog’s death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.

**Apeam.** Even so thou out-rust’st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon’s.

**Fool.** Will you leave me there?

**Apeam.** If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; ’would they served us!

**Apeam.** So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

**Fool.** Are you three usurers’ men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

**Fool.** I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress’ house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

**Var. Serv.** I could render one.

**Apeam.** Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

**Var. Serv.** What is a whoremaster, fool?

**Fool.** A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. ’Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artifical one: He is very often like a knight; and, gene-
rally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from one to the thirteenth, this spirit walks in. 

Par. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool. 

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much follyer as I have, so much wit thou lackest. 

Apen. That answer might have become Aperatus. 

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon. 

Re-enter Timon and Flavius. 

Apen. Come, with me, fool, come. 

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

[Exit Aperatus and Fool.

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

[Exit Serv. 

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this I had you not fully laid my state before me; time, That I might so have rated my expence, As I had left of means? 

Flav. You would not hear me? 

At many leisures I proposed. 

Tim. Go to: 

Perchance, some single vantages you took, 

When my indisposition put you back; 

And that unaptness made your minister, 

Thus to excuse yourself. 

Flav. O my good lord! 

At many times I brought in my accounts, 

Laid them before you; you would throw them off, 

And say, you found them in mine honesty. 

When, for some trifling present, you had bid me return; I have shook my head, and wept; 

Yet, against the authority of masters, pray'd you 

To hold your hand more close; I did endure 

Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have 

Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, 

And your great flow of debts. 

My dear-lov'd lord, 

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's the time, 

The greatest of your having lacks a half 

To pay your present debts. 

Tim. Let all my land be sold. 

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; 

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth 

Of present dues: the future comes apace: 

What shall defend the interim? and at length 

How goes our reckoning? 

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend. 

And lord Flaminius, the world is but a word; 

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath, 

How quickly were it gone? 

Tim. You tell me true. 

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood, 

Cal me a thief, or what extreme. 

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 saplire of wine; when every room 

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrel. 

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, 

And set mine eyes at flow. 

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more. 

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord! 

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants, 

This night englutt'd? Who is not Timon's? 

What head, heart, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's? 

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon? 

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise, 

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: 

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, 

These flies are coach'd. 

Tim. Come, sermon me no further: 

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; 

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. 

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lose? 

To think I shall lack friends? Scence thy heart; 

If I would breach the vesseis of my love, 

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing, 

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use, 

As I can bid thee spare. 

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 know friends: You shall perceive, how you 

Misake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends, 

Within there, ho! Flaminius! Servilius! 

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants. 

Serv. My lord, my lord,— 

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucullus,— 

To lord Lucullus yon; I hunted with his 

Honour to-day,—you, to Sempronius; 

I commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, 

That my occasions have found time to use them 

Toward a supply of money: let the request 

Be fifty talents. 

Flam. As you have said, my lord. 

Flam. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? hump! 

[Aside. 

Tim. Go you, sir, to another Serv. to the se- 

ators, 

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have 

Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant 

A thousand talents to me. 

Flav. I have been bold, 

(For that I knew it the most general way,) 

To them to use your signet, and your name; 

But they do shake their heads, and I am here 

No richer in return. 

Tim. Is't true? can it be? 

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice, 

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot 

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-

bles, but 

But yet they had wish'd—th' know not— 

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature 

May catch a wrench—would all were well—ti; 

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 good lord, the world is but a word; 

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 toward earth, 

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. 

Go to your affairs. 

Flav. Pr'ythee, to Flavius, be not sad. 

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak, 

No blame belongs to thee; to a Serv. Ventidius lately 

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd 

Into a great estate: when he was poor, 

Imprison'd, and in 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 these five talents;—that had—[to Flav.] 

Give it these fellows. 

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think, 

That Timon's fortune 'mong his friends can sink. 

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought 

Is bounty's foe; 

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. 

[Exit. 

ACT III. 

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Lucullus's House. 

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him. 

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you. 

Flam. I thank you, sir.
Enter Lucius.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Luc. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a good warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and even to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully well, sir. Fill me some wine. [Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?![Flam.]

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak? Some play, 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.

Luc. 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 have heard him speak, and told him on't and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here's the wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a towardly, plain-spoken spirit,—give thee thy meed and one that knows what belongs to reason; and cannot use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. —Get you gone, sirrah. [To the Servant, who goes 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 solidaries for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say I saw 't with mine. 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 worshippeth thee. [Throwing the money away.]

Luc. Hal! now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit Lucillus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, I feel my master's passion! This slave Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison? O, may diseases only work upon! And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.}

Enter Lucillus, 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, though 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.

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

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucillus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servillus.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweet to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

Luc. Servillus! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well — Commend me to thy honourable- virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much en- deared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinketh thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servillus?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servillus, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope, his honour will con- ceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: —And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions; say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servillus, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servillus. —True, as you said, Timon is shrunk; indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed. [Exit Lucillus.

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostillus?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this? Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse: Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man) The 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.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act 3.

TIMON

I never tasted Timon in my life.
Nor gave any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart; But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Sempronius’s House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon’s.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me in’t? Humph!
‘Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem’d from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch’d, and found base metal;
for
They have all denied him!
Serv. How have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? Humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac’d me in’t; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for’t,
But his occasions might have woo’d me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e’er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I’ll require it last? No; so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst the lords he thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind’s sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship’s a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he crossed himself by’t: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot, ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his 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 never acquainted with their wards.
Many a bounteous year, must be employ’d
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensins, and other Servants to Timon’s creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensins.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business doth command us all; for mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother,
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for mine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on’t; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun’s; but, not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
’Tis deepest winter in lord Timon’s purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I’ll show you how to observe a strange event,
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon’s gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e’en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for ‘em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon’s wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than theft.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine’s three thousand crowns:
What’s yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. ’Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,
Your master’s confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal’d.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon’s men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: ’Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; ’pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent.

[Exit Flaminius.

Enter Flavius, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha? is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,——

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

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. A?

If money were as certain as your waiting,
Twere sure enough. Why then prefer’d you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord’s meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th’ interest
Into their glutinous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe’t, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If ’twill not,
’Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.
Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should much Dwell from it: for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber. Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick; And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods! We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppr'd against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place, which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart? Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus. Tit. My lord, here is my bill. Luc. Serv. Here's mine. Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord. Both Var. Serv. And ours, our lord.

Flam. All our bills. Our lord makes us forswear us, What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

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

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——


2 Var. Serv. My lord,——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their mothers: these debts may well be called desperate mses, for a madman owes 'em.

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?—— Flam. My lord,——

Tim. I'll have it so: — my steward! Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Luells, Lucullins, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord. You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go, I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. — The same. The Senate House. The Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy. 2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues, For pity is the virtue of the law. And none but tyrants use it cruelly. It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood, Hath stepp'd it into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside, Of comely virtues: Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice. [An honour in him, which buys out his fault.] But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe: And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behave his anger, ere '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 laboured To bring man's laughter into form, set quarrelling Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born: He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly; And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger. If wrongs be evil, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,——

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, If I speak like a captain.——

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon it, And let the foes quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy? but if there be such valour in the bearing, what make we abroad? why then, women are more valiant, That stay at home, if bearing carry it; And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felou, wiser than the judge, If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords, As you are great, be pitifully good: Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood? To kill, 1 grant, is sin's extremest 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.

Alcib. In vain? his service done At Lacedemon, and Byzantium, Were a sufficient briber for his life. 1 Sen. What's that? Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, 'h's done fair service, And slain in fight many of your enemies: How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plentiful wounds? 2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he Is a sworn rioter: 'h's a sin that often Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner: If there were no foes, that were enough alone To overcome him; in that beastly fury He has been known to commit outrages, And cherish factions: 'Tis infer'd to us, His days are foul, and his drink dangerous 1 Sen. He dies.
1 Lord. What of you?
2 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

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

2 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner was not long ago; let us suppress this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to present.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If I had sent but two hours before,—Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance;—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Tim. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

2 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. And to be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

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

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will'st hold, will'st hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Thus royal manner 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 yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your duties be despised. Lead to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your goodheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your feet, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, may be suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. 'Tis on a better feast never beheld, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lake-warm water Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who stuck and stung you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces [Throwing water in their faces. Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Contreous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! Of man, and beast, the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy phisick first—thou too,—and thou:— [Chores the dishes at them, and drives them out. Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.— What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?
2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fortune?
3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?
4 Lord. I have lost my gown.
3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?
4 Lord. Did you see my cap?
3 Lord. Here 'tis.
4 Lord. Here lies my gown.
1 Lord. Let's make no stay.
2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
3 Lord. I feel upon my bones.
4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens. Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons turn continent; Obedience fall in children, slaves, and fools. Pluck the grave wrinkled senator from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filths Convert 'o the instant, green virginitv! 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 i'the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lind'crutch from the old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! piety and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to Your potent and infectious fevers hесп

On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scatia, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt AS lamely as their manners! lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth; That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itchcs, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou destetale town! Take thou that too, with multiplying banes! Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all), The 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! Amen. [Exit.


Enter Flavius, with Two or Three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.
1 Serv. Such a house broke! So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not One friend to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him! 2 Serv. As we do turn our backs From our companion, thrown into his grave; So his familiars to his buried fortunes Slink all away; leave their false vows with him, Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self, A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty, Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house. 3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery, That see I by our faces; we are fellows still, Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark; And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, Hearing the surges threat: we must all part Into this sea of air.
Flav. The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you. Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake, Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say, As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortune, We have seen better days. Let each take some; [Giving them money.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more: Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[Exeunt Servants.

0, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt, Since riches point to misery and contempt? Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live But in a dream of friendship? To have his pomp, and all what state compounds, But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? Poor honest lord, brough, low by his own heart, Undone by goodness! Strewed with cloaths of 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 men men. My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accur'd, Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord! He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to supply his life, or that which can command it. I'll follow, and inquire him out; I'll ever serve his mind with my best will; Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods. Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,— Whose procreation, residence, and birth, Scarce is divinit,—touch them with several fortunes; The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature, To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune, But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides, 
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who 
dares', 
In purity of manhood stand upright, 
And say, This man's a flatterer? if one be, 
So are they all; for every grize of fortune 
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique; 
There's nothing level in our cursed natures, 
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd, 
All feasts, societies, and thronges of men! 
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains: 
 Destruction fang mankind! -- Earth, yield me roots!

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate, 
With thy most operant poison! What is here? 
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods, 
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens! 
Thus much of this, will make black, while; foul, 

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, 
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? 

Why this, 
Will lug your priests and servants from your side: 
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads: 
This yellow slave 
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd; 
Make the hoar leprosy advise; place thieves, 
And give them title, knee, and approbation, 
With senators on the bench: this is it, 
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again; 
She, whom the spital-house, and uleerous sores 
Would make as garget at, this embalms and spices 
To the April day again. Come, damned earth, 
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds 
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee 
Do thy right nature. -- [March afar off:] Ha! a 

Drum, Thou're quick, 
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'll go, strong thief, 
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand: 

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.] 

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in martial manner; Phrynia and Timandra. 

Alcib. 

What art thou there? 

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw 
thy heart.

For showing me again the eyes of man! 

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 

That art thyself a man? 

Tim. I am misanthropes, and hate mankind. 

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog; 

That I might love thee something. 

Alcib. 

I know thee well; 

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange. 

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I 
know thee, 

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum; 

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules: 

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 

Then what should war be? This fell whor'e of thine 

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword, 
For all her cherubin look. 

Phry. 

 Thy lips rot off! 

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

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this 

change? 

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give: 

But then renew I could not, like the moon; 

There were no suns to borrow of. 

Alcib. 

Noble Timon, 
What friendship may I do thee? 

Tim. 

Maintain my opinion. 

Alcib. 

What is it, Timon? 

Tim. 

Promise me friendship, but perform none: If 

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee for, 

Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound 

thee; 

For thou art a man! 

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries. 

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

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time. 

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

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the 

Voic'd so regardfully? [world] 

Timan. 

Art thou Timandra? 

Timan. 

Tim. 

Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee. 

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. 

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves 

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked 

youth 

To the tub-fast, and the diet. 

Timan. 

Hang thee, monster! 

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits 

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. 

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 
The want whereof doth daily make revolt 

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

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, 

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states, 
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them. 

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee 

gone. 

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon. 

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost 

trouble? 

I had rather be alone. 

Alcib. 

Why, fare thee well: 

Here's some gold for thee. 

Tim. 

Keep't, I cannot eat it. 

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athenos on a 

hemp, Thou'rt quick, 

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens? them 

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause. 

Tim. The gods confound them all 1thy con- 

quest; and 

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd! 

Alcib. 

Why me, Timon? 

Tim. That, 

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer 

My country. 

Put up thy gold; Go on, --here's gold, --go on; 

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove 

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison 

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one: 

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard, 

He's a market; Strike me the counterfeit matron! 

It is her habit only that is honest, 

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek 

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk 

paps, 

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes, 

Are not within the leaf of pity writ, 

Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the 

babe, 

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their 

mercy, 

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 

Hast doubtfully pronounce'd thy throat shall cut, 

And mine it sans remorse: Swear against objects; 

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes; 

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maid's, nor 

babes, 

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding, 

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy 

soldiers: 

Make Him their confusion; and, thy fury spent, 

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, begone. 

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold 

thou giv'st me, 

Not all thy counsel. 

Tim. 

Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse 

upon thee! 

Thou see more? 

Phr, & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: 

Hast thou more?
TIMON OF ATHENS.

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: Consume, and catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nation, and 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 flattering yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseast'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy 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 wel-
come,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should hav'n. Do not assume my likeness.

Apem. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself:
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy skirt on warm? Will these moss'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, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-
tures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of weakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer more nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

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

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a calfiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What? a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride; twere well;
but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'lt courtier be again
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outliv'st uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete:
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt: but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swab, pro-
ceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thy-
self
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The ley precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary:
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

Act 4.
At duty, more than I could frame employment; That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare For every storm that blows; — I to bear this, That never knew but better, is some burden. Thy myriads incommence in suffrance, time Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men? They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given? If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag, Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff To some thee beggar, and compound thee Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!— If thou hadst not been born the worst of men, Thou hadst been a knife, and flatterer. Art thou proud yet?

Am. Ay, that I am not thee. I, that I was No prodigal. I, that I am one now: Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee, I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.— That the whole life of Athens were in this! Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root. Here: I will mend thy feast. [Offering him something. First mend my company, take away thy self. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were. What would'st thou have to Athens? Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have. Here is no use for gold. The best, and truest: For here it sleeps, and does no hurt harm. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon? Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou, Apemantus? Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind! Where would'st thou send it? To sauce thy dishes. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gait, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest art less reproved, for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it. On what I hate, I feed not. Dost hate a medlar? Ay, though it look like thee. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means? Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved? Myself. I understand thee; thou hastad some means to keep a dog. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power? Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts? Ay, Timon. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: when thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fiery; wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the wolf, wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a sheep, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were reparation; and thy defence, absence. What beast would'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city? Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus. If thou wouldst have the cap of all the foids alive. Would thou well clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure. There is no leprosy, but what thou art. If I name thee.— I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands. Would, my tongue could rot them off! Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Chokes; he will kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

'Would thou would'st burst! Thou tell'stโรค; I am sorry, I shall lose A stone by thee. [Threw a stone at him. Beast! Slave! Toad! [Apemantus retreats backward, as going. I am sick of this false world; and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave; Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph, That death in me at others' lives may laugh. O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce [Looking on the gold. Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, lovd, and delicate wooer, Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dion's lap! thou visible god, That solder'st close impossibilities, And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue, To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue Set them into confounding odds, that beasts May have the world in empire!

'Would twere so: —But not till I am dead! — I'll say, thou hast gold: Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Throng'd to? Ay.

Thy back, I pry thee. Live, and love thy misery! Long live so, and so die! — I am quit. [Exit Apemantus. More things like men? — Eat, Timon, and abhor them. Enter Thieves. Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noise, he hath a mass of treasure.

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

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him, tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

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

Tim. Your greatest want Is, you want much of men.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots.

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you, and why want? I 1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on them, beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited possessions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the 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: Take wealth and eyes together;

Do villains, do, since you profess to do,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievry:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Rob's the vast sea; the moon an arrant thief,

And her pale fire the snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a compo'ture stolen

From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

The waters, your earth and ships, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away

Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this

I give you; and gold confined and howsoever I

Amen.

[Timon retires to his cave.

3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us: not to have us thrive in our mystery.

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

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Thieves.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods! Is you despis'd and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and falling? O monument

And wonder of good deeds everly bestow'd! What an alteration of honour has Desperate want made! What viler thing upon the earth, than friends, Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! How rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd to love his enemies: Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischiefe me, than those that do!

He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest thief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

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

Flav. The gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then I love thee, Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give, But thorough lust, and laughter. Pitiful sleeping: Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord, To accept me; gar, and me, in your poor wealth To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now So comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold Thy face.—Believe me, this man was born of woman—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, Perpetual-sor gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one; No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.— How fain would I have hated all mankind, And thou redeem'st thyself: Eust all, save thee, I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou mightest have this man got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true, (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,) Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, If not a using kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspicious still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatch'd mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth To require me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,

Here take:—the gods out of mankind,

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;

 Hate all, curse all: show charity to none; But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

Tim.

If thou hast's

Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free;

Ne'er see thou man, and let me never see thee.

[Exeunt severally.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. Before Timon’s Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.

Poet. We are both here, and Timon behind, unseen.

Enter Poet and Painter. (To Poet.) What’s to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Poet. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Thrymin and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity:

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Poet. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.

Poet. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as I thyself.

Poet. Poet, what shall I say I have provided for him? It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulence.

Poet. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Will thou whip thine own faults in other men? So do, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let’s seek him:

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

Poet. True; When the day serves, before black-corner’d night, Find what thou want’st by free and offer’d light. Come.

Poet. I’ll meet you at the turn. What a god’s gold,

That he is worshipp’d in a baser temple,

Than where swine feed!

’Tis thou that rigg’st the bark, and plough’d the thickest foam;

Settest admiring reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye be crown’d with plagues, that thee alone obey!

‘Fid I do meet them. [Advancing.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon! Our late noble master.

Poet. Have I once liv’d to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, Having often of your open bounty tasted,

But now you were retir’d, your friends fell off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits! Not all the Whips of heaven are large enough—What! to you! Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence To their whole being! I’m rapt, and cannot cover The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude With any size of words.

Poet. Let it go naked, men may see the better: You, that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best seen and known.

Poet. He, and myself, Have travelled in the great shower of your gifts, And sweetly felt it.

Poet. Ay, you are honest men. 

Poet. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Poet. Honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?


Poet. What can we do, we’ll do, to do you service.

Poet. You are honest men: you have heard that I have gold;

Poet. I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Poet. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

Poet. Good honest men: I’ll draw a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeitt’s most lively.

Poet. So, so, my lord.

Poet. Even so, sir, as I say—And, for thy fiction, [To the Poet. Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art—

But, for all this, my honest-natur’d friend,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, ’tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I, You take much pains to mend.

[Both. Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

Poet. You’ll take it ill.

[Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Poet. Will you, indeed?

[Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Poet. There’s ne’er a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

[Both. Do we, my lord?

Poet. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur’d,

That he’s a made-up villain.

[Both. I know not such, my lord.

Poet. Look, 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 deep:

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I’ll give you gold enough.

[Both. Name them, my lord, let’s know them.

Poet. You that way, and you this, but two in company—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Painter. But where one villain is, then him abandon—

Hence! pack! there’s gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have a work for me, there’s payment:—

Hence! You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flavius. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is so just to himself, That nothing but himself, which looks like man, Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave: It is our part, and promise to the Athenians, To open 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,—
Peac'd content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

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 ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, with vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross;
Which now the publick body,—which doth seldom
Play the recantter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;—
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

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

2 Sen. And shak's his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will: sir
Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon.
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumacious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon says it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let hi' take it at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruay camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The experience, or the news, which that in Athens.
So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow: My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
Too common fruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoken.

Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen,—
1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
2 Sen. If I like this well, he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting
Flav.- Trouble me no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sue, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Timon.]

1 Sen. His discontentes are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

2 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report.

Mess. Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was,
riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Both choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place,
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span;
Some beast reared this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:—
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before prond Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fell the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer stronger,
Cries, of itself, No more: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rage balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By hnnhme message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You reeived'd your griefs; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a rithed death,
(If thy revenges hanger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd
 tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,

Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Thaew 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 harbors in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set on 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 towns and cities,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea;
And, on his grave-stone, this inscription; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft.

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked sailiffs left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not
here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human grief,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droppers which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for eye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memor-
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stilt war;
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

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

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
2 Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.
1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?
2 Cit. Resolved, resolved.
1 Cit. First you know, Calus Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
2 Cit. We know't, we know't.
1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?
2 Cit. No more talking on't: let it be done: away, away.
2 Cit. One word, good citizens.
1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens: the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it ware wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.
—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in honour for bread, not in thirst for revenge.
2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Calus Marcius?
1 Cit. 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.
2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.
1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft-conscience'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.
2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.
1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we praying here? to the Capitol.
2 Cit. Come, come.
1 Cit. Soft; who comes here

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.
Titus Lartius, 
Cominius,
Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus,
Scinius Velutius, 
Junius Brutus,
Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus. 
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.
Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.
Volscian, wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Eediles, Lieutenants, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—partly in Rome; and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.
1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!
Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.
1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breasts; they shall know, we have strong arms too.
Men. Why, masters, may good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?
1 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.
Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link thanunder, 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 you tend you; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.
1 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They never cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cram'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any whole-some act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.
Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale it a little more.
1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.
Men. There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it— That only like a gulf it did remain I 'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-

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 answered,—

1 CIt. Well, sir, what is 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 replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied its receipt: even in the most filthy
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 CIt. Your belly's answer: What?

The elegantly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor-heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeteer,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1 CIt. Should by the corromtant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the o' the body?

Men. Well, what then?

1 CIt. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 CIt. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

True is it, my incorporeal friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat of the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small, inferior wins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that at all once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—

1 CIt. Ay, sir; well, well.

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

1 CIt. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
Rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 CIt. If the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest,
Poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiffs' bats and clubs;
Beastish rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Mar-
cius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 CIt. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will do thee

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights
you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeze: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or halstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favour, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trus-
ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-
ing?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well store'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say they

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
True Conjectural marriage; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough.
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuad-
ed:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissol'ed: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs:—

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 t'ented their compliments; which being an-
swer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their
caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

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

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bnu. Let's along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullius Aufidius, and certain Senators.

1 S. n. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The death is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcus your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation,
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of 't.]

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

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

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

O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcus chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you! Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.


Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: They sit down on
two low stools, and sen.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-
sell in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
wherein he won honour, than in the embrac-
ements of his bed, where he would show most love.
When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only
son of my womb; when youth with comeliness
plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings'
entertainis, a mother should not sell him an hour
from her holding; I — considering how honour
would become such a person; that it was no better
than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown
made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek dan-
ger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel
war I sent him; from whence he returned, his
brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughters,—I
sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a
man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved
himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam, in
how then?
Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely.—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beshrew you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum; See him pluck Auffidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

"Come on, you cowards, you were in for fear, Though you were born in Rome: His bloody hrow With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes; Like to a harvest-man, that task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody bow! O, Jupiter, no blood! Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gild his trophies: The breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gent.

Vir. Heaven bless my lord from fell Auffidius! Vol. He'll beat Auffidius' head below his knee, And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

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

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my truth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over again; and up and again; and catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Vir. Indeed is, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitches; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

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

Val. Why, I pray you?

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

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill the har of all her maid. Come: I would, your cambrick were as 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, Madam.

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

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power; your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone; lady, as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In truth, I think, she would:—Pare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virginia, 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. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drums and colours, Marcia, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, u.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their laughter, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, and be before the enemy.

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Auffidius, Is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [Alarums afar off. Are bringing forth our yonth: We'll break our walls, Rather than they shall pound us up: Our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pin'd with rushes; They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; [Other alarums.

There is Auffidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus: They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows; He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsc, And he shall feel mine edge.

Aitrum, and exiunt Romans and Volscs, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter Marius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you; You shames of Rome!—you herd of—Boils and plagues Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhor'd Further than seen; and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of gese, That hear 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! Mendi, and charge 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 to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volscs and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volscs retire into Corioli, and Marius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope.—Now prove good secons: '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.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I. 2 Sol. Nor I. 3 Sol. See, they have shut him in. [Alarum continues. All. To the pot, I warrant him. Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

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

Lart. O noble fellow! Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art e't, Marius: A carhuncle entire, as hig as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier Even to Caesar's wish and terrible. Only in strokes: but, with thy grim looks, And the thunder-like perception of thy sounds, Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy. 1 Sol. Look, sir. Lart. 'Tis Marius: Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike. [They fight, and att enter the city.

SCENE V.—Within the Town. A Street. Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome. 2 Rom. And I this. 3 Rom. A murraim on't! I took this for silver. [Alarum continues still after off. Enter Marius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours, At a crack'd d'rachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the flight be done, pack up.—Down with them.— And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city; Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise hath been too violent for a Second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not: My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well. The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me; To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers' swords! I Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell. Lart. Thou wastiest Marius!—

[Exit Marius. Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers of the town, Where they shall know our mind: Away. [Exeunt.}

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius. Enter Cominius and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck, By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods, Lead their successes as we wish our own; That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun tering,

Enter a Messenger.

May you give thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marius battle; I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

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

Mess. Above an hour, my lord. Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums; How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscs 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 e-port.

Enter Marius.

Com. Who's yonder, That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods! He has the stamp of Marius; and I have Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder: from a tabor, More than I know the sound of Marius' 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. 0! let me clip you In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burn'd to hedward.

Com. Flower of warriers, 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 the other; Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

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

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!) The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did this 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 of the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. We have at disadvantage fought, and did Retire, to win out purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcus, Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust; o'er them Anfibius, Their very heart of hope.

I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly Set men against Anfibius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advance'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conduct'd to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, (waving his hand,) to express his disposition,
And follow Marcus.

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

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Voices? None of you, but is Able to bear against the great Anfibius:
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

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

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet towards Cominius and Caius Marcus, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch Those carriages to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon ns.—
Our guider, come to the Roman camp conduct us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter Marcus and Anfibius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Anf. We hate like; Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first bodger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Anf. If I fly, Marcins,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullius,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your brag'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scepe me here.—
They fight, and certain Voices come to the smart
of Anfibius.

Officers, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcus.]

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, Cominius, and Romans; at the other side, Marcus, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Though I believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patriots shall attend, and shrug
'T, the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Dogs, dunces, smirch'd,
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't thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As your command, that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effect'd his good will
Hath overtaken 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 spite and top of praises vouch'd,
Would I did 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
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have taken good, and good stories,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth: to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general.
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bristle to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
[Flourish. They all cry, Marcus! Marcus! Marcus! Cast up thy arms and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you pro
fane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I the stage to prove flatteners, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fact'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overseer of the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without
Here's many else have done,—you shoult me forth
In acclamations hyberbolical:
As if I loved my little should be dilet
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in mana
Then reason safely with you;—Therefore, be it
known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever the
[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercress your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. —You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Com. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refts'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Let it be,
Take it; 'tis yours. —What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:—
He cried tome; I saw him prisoner,
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom. O, well begg'd!
Com. Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forget it:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. We go to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volscs.
[Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullius Aufidius, bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en! 1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsc, be that I am.—Condition:

What good condition can a treaty find
I the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat—Like the elements,
If o'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour i'lt, it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll pitch at him some
way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd.
With only suffering stain by him; for them
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fame, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarque them all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Again the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city.
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that
must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
(Tis south the city mils,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A publick Place.

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutos.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to-night.

Brut. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius.

Brut. He's a lamb indeed, that bares like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.

You two are old men; tell me one thing that
I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you
two have not in abundance.

Brut. He's poor in no fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean of
us' the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now.—Will you
not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter: for a very little
chief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of pa-
tience: give your disposition the reins, and be an-
gry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it
as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Mar-
cius for being proud?

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for
your helps are many; or else your actions would
grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-
like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O,
that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Brut. What then, sir? What? Do you think that I should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and there is a way that I suppose, that with not a drop of allaying Tyberv in it, said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and Tudor-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the butt of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and I speak in my heart. Meeting them such as men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship has delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend, grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my mind, you will be known well enough too: What harm can your hisson conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Brut. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forefront, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosseter-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of it, to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholecyst, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfect giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak hest unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your heels; and your voice does not, so no honourable a grave, as to stuff a botch's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must he saying, Marcus is proud: who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though, p'raventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good enter your worship; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsman of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius retire to the back of the scene.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcus approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go. Men. Ha! Marcus coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most proper approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—

Hoo! Marcus coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true. Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state has sent, 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?

Vol. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this prescription of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods fort. Men. So do I too, if he it not too much: — Brings a victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

Vol. On's hrows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken Garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: au he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidussed for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go: — Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds double.

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!


Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true: — Where is he wounded? — God save your good worship! [To the Tribunes, who come forward.] Marcus is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. 'Tis the shoulder, and 'tis the left arm: There will be large cicatrizes to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts but the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh; — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [a shout and flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcus: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, so dark spirit, is n'ermly arm doth lie; Which being advanced, declines; and then men die.

A sen? t. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Corioli, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcus did fight
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcus; these In honour follows, Coriolians: —

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolians!

Cor. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolians! [Flourish.]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolians! Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. You have, I know, petition'd all the gods O! For my prosperity. [Knells.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcus, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is this to Corioli, must I call thee? But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, h311: Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coff'mn home, That weep'd to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Act 2. 

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, 
And mothers that lack sons.  

Men. Now the gods crown thee!  

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, par- 

[To Valeria.  

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome 

And welcome, general:—And you are welcome all.  

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could 

And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome:  

A curse begin at very root of his heart, 
That is not glad to see thee. You are three 
That Rome should dot on: yet, by the faith of 
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that 
will not 

Be graff'd to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors; 
We call a mettle, but a nettle; and 
The faults of fools, but folly.  

[To his wife and mother.  

Vol. Ere in our own house I do shade my head, 
The good patricians must be visit'd; 
For whom I have receiv'd not only greetings, 
But with them change of honours.  

Vol. To see inherited my very wishes, 
And the buildings of my fancy: only there 
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but 
Our Rome will cast upon thee.  

Cor. Know, good mother, 
I had rather be their servant in my way, 
Than sway with them in theirs.  

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.  

The Tribunes remain. 

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the blear'd 
sights  
Are speckled to see him; Your prattling nurse 
Into a rapture lets her baby cry, 
While she chants it; the kitchen maidkin pins 
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, 
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, 
windows, 
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hord's 
With variable complexes; all agreeing 
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flammen 
Do press among the popular thongs, and puff 
To win a vulgar station: our well'd dames 
Commit the war of white and damask, in 
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoll 
Of Phæbus' burning kisses: such a pother, 
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him, 
Were slyly crept into his human powers, 
And gave him graceful posture. 

On the sudden, 
I warrant him consul.  

Bru. Then our office may, 
During his power, go sleep.  

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours 
From where he should begin, and end; but will 
Lose those that he hath won.  

Bru. In that there's comfort.  

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand, 

But they, upon their ancient malice, will 
Forget, with the least cause, these his new ho-

Sic. Which that he'll give them, make as little question 
As he is proud to do.  

Bru. I heard him swear, 
Were he to stand for consul, never would he 
Appear 't he market-place, nor on him put 
The napless vesture of humility: 
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds 
To the people, beg their stinking breaths. 

Sic. 'Tis right. 

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, 
rather 
Than carry it, but by the suit 'o the gentry to him, 
And the desire of the nobles.  

Sic. I wish no better, 
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it 
In execution.  

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.  

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; 
A sure destruction.  

Bru. So it must fall out 
To him, or our authorities. For an end, 
We must suggest the people, in what hatred 
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he 
Would 
Have made them mules, silence'd their pleaders, and 
Disproportion'd their freedoms: holding them, 
In human action and capacity, 
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world, 
Than camels in their war; who have their pro-

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows 
For sinking under them.  

Sic. This, as you say, suggested 
At some time when his soaring insolence 
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want, 
If he be put upon; and that's as easy, 
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire 
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze 
Shall darken him for ever. 

Enter a Messenger. 

Bru. What's the matter? 

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol: 'Tis thought, 

That Marcus shall be consul: I have seen 
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind 
To hear him sp.ak: The matrons flung their 
gloves, 

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs, 
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, 
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made 
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and 
shouts: 

I never saw the like.  

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, 
But hearts for the event.  

Sic. Have with you.  

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—The same. The Capitol.  

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions. 

1 Qff. Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulsips? 

2 Qff. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it. 

1 Qff. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people. 

2 Qff. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't. 

1 Qff. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their love 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 Qff. He hath deserved worthy of his country: 
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the peo-
ple, bonneted, without any further deed to beave
them at all into their estimation and report: but
he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and
his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues
to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind
of ingratitude to him; to report otherwise, were a
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck re-
proof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.
I off. No more of him: he is a worthy man.
Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, Comimins
the Consul, Menenius, Coriolius, many
Senators, Sicinius, and Brutus. The Senators
take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by
themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Voices, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please
you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A list of that worthy work perform'd
By Calus Marcus Coriolius, whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
We say wha. passes here.

Sir. We are convened
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclining to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people:
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[Coriolius rises, and offers to go away.

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolius; 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. I, Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet off,
When blows have made me say, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head it
the sun,
When the alarum were struck, and idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit Coriolius.

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That 's thousand to one good one,) when you now
see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Co-
minius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolius
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it he.
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpou'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of other: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I pint at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The briest lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and 't the o'sul's view
Newly three oppressors: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee, in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his deed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His papigle
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whenever motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his;
By then by and by the din of war can pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the ho-

Bru. nors
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolius.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolius.

Men. The Senate, Coriolius, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er leap that custom: for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sir. The people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Cor. Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take fo' you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:
Men.

Do not stand upon it.—We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour; [Flourish. Then exit Senators.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the people. Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require, them, As if he did concern what he requested Should be in them to give. Brut. Come, we'll inform them Our proceedings here; on the market-place, I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, 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 show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them Ingratitude is monstrous; and Ingratitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members. 1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude. 3 Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all points o' the compass. 2 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly? 3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward. 2 Cit. Why that way? 3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife. 2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may. 3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he were incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particular; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him. [Exeunt. 1 Cit. O 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 it! 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 roared, and ran From the noise of our own drums. Men. O me, the gods!
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peir.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus,—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

**Enter three other Citizens.**

Here come more voices,—
Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six.
I have seen and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your voices :

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go with-
out any honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore let him be consul : The gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All. Amen, amen.—
God save thee, noble consul ! [Exeunt Citizens.]

Worthy voices !

**Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinlus.**

**Men.** You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged;
The people do admit you; and are summons'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir,

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

**Men.** I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

**Brut.** We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Coriol. and Menen.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

**Brut.** With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

[Re-enter Citizens.

**Sic.** How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

**Cit.** He has our voices, sir.

**Brut.** 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 show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

**Sic.** Why, so he did, I am sure.

**Cit.** No; no man saw 'em.

[**Several speak.**

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could
Show in private:

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be 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
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

**Sic.** Why, either, you were ignorant to see't;

**Cor.** seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices.

**Brut.** Could you not have told him,
As you were less'd,—When he had no power,
But you a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever sanguine against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
The body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he did think still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeian, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and translate
His malice towards you into love, standing
Your friendly lord.

**Sic.** Thus to have said,
As you were fore-adviz'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gald'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to oath; so, putting him to rage,
You should have taken the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelect'd.

**Brut.** Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

**Sic.** Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

**Brut.** Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends,
They have a chose a consil, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

**Sic.** Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revok'd
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which glibly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

**Brut.** Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labord
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

**Sic.** Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

**Brut.** Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son.
Who, in that great Hostilus, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.
Act 3.

CORIOLANUS.

Sic. One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revolve Your sudden approbation.

Brutus. Say, you ne'er had done't, (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on: And presently, when you have drawn your number, Repair to the Capitol.

Caius. We will so: almost all [Several speak.] Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

Coriolanus. Let them go on; This mutiny were better put in hazard, Than stay, past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol: Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people; And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own, Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street.

Cornelia. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians. Coriolanus. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head? Lartius. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd Our swifter composition.

Coriolanus. So then the Voices stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again. Cornelia. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Coriolanus. Saw you Aufidius? Lartius. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse Against the Voices, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium. Coriolanus. Spoke he of me? Lartius. He did, my lord.

Coriolanus. How? what? Lartius. 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. Coriolanus. At Antium lives he? Lartius. At Antium. Coriolanus. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [To Lartius.

Enter Sichinius and Brutus.

Coriolanus. Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them; For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance. Sicinius. Pass no further.


Coriolanus. Have I had children's voices? Menenius. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place. Brutus. The people are incens'd against him. Sicinius. Or all will fall in broil.

Coriolanus. 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? Menenius. Be calm, be calm. Brutus. It is a purpose'd thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility: Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be rule'd.

Brutus. Call't not a plot: The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repind; Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Coriolanus. Why, this was known before. Brutus. Not to them all. Coriolanus. Have you inform'd them since? Brutus. How! I inform them! Coriolanus. You are like to do such business. Brutus. Not unlike, Each way, to better yours. Coriolanus. Why then should I be consul? By your clouds, Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune. Sicinius. You show too much of that, For which the people stir: If you will pass To where you are bound, you must inquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; Or never be so noble as a consul, Nor yoke with him for tribune. Menenius. Let's be calm. Cominius. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This pal'ting Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely I the plain way of his merit. Coriolanus. Tell me of corn! This was my speech, and I will speak'nt again: Menenius. Not now, not now. Coriolanus. Now, as I live, I will,—My nobler friends, I crave their pardons: For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter, and Therein behold themselves: I say again, In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd, By mingling them with us, the honour'd number; Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars. Menenius. Well, no more. Coriolanus. No more words, we beseech you. Menenius. How! no more? As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs Coin words till their decay, against those meazels, Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought The very way to catch them. Brutus. You speak o'the people, As if you were a god to punish, not A man of their infirmity. Sicinius. 'Twere well, We let the people know't. Menenius. What, what? his choler? Coriolanus. Choler! Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Jove, 'twould be my mind. Sicinius. 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 deliberate shall?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall I?
O good, but most unwise patriots, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus Given Brutus here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebelians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His proper shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May over 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometimes in Greece—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power.)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service fort: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being 't the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have so 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 courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words.—We did request it;
We are the greater soul, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debate
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
to peck the eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more.
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable sightliness: purposes 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 doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.
Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The Ediles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit Brutus.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. & Pat. We'll surely him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall brake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Re-enter Brutus, with the Ediles, and a rabble of Citizens.
Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would Take from you all your power.
Seize him, Ediles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[Several speaek.
2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons! [They all haste ab otd Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patribians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!—
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You tribunes To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Here me, people:—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius, Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fye, fye, fye!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 Sen. To rebuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?—
Cit. True, the people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority;
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
Act 3

CORIOLANUS.

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him; Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Bru. _Ediles, seize him._

Cit. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend, And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

Bru. _Sir, those cold ways,_ That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous Where the disease is violent:—_Lay hands upon him,_ And bear him to the rock.

Cor. _No; I'll die here._

[Drawing his sword.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting; Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword:—_Tribunes, withdraw a while._

Bru. _Lay hands upon him._

Men. _Help, help, Marcus! help! You shall be noble: help him, young and old!_ Cit. _Down with him, down with him!_ [In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the _Ediles_, and the people, are all beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,

All will be naught else.

2 Sen. _Get you gone._

Cor. _Stand fast; We have as many friends as enemies._

Men. _Shall it be put to that?_ 1 Sen. _The gods forbid! I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house; Leave us to cure this cause._

Men. _For 'tis a sore upon us, You cannot abstain yourself: you're gone, 'beseech you._

Com. _Come, sir, along with us._

Cor. I would they were babarins, (as they are, Though in Rome litter'd) not Romans, (as they are not, Though calv'd! the porch o'the Capitol.)—

Men. _Be gone; Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; One time will owe another._

Cor. _I could beat forty of them._

Men. _On fair ground, I could myself Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes._

Com. _But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick; And manhood is cal'd fooleries, when it stands Against a falling fabric._—Will you hence, Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o'ercast What they are used to bear._

Men. _Fray you, be gone! I'll try whether my old wit be in request._ With those that have but little; this must be patch'd With cloth of any colour.

Com. _Nay, come away._

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.

1 Pat. _This man has marred his fortune._

Men. _His nature is too noble for the world: He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth: What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent; And, being angry, does forget that ever He heard the name of death._

Here's good work! _A noise within._

2 Pat. _I would they were a-bed!_ Men. _I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance, Could he not speak them fair?_
"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 market-place:—We'll attend
Where, if you bring not Marcus, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.]
Or what is worst will follow.
1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[Execut.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse, my mother.
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell' with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yaw, be still, and wonder,
When one hut of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
O, sirs, sirs, sirs,
I would had you had your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. You might have been enough the man you were:
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.

Enter Menenius and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Clear in the midst, and perish.
Cor. Pray be counsel'd: I have a heart as litt.e apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. What then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them;—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute; Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak, I have heard you
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, [say,
I'll the way together:] Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. A good demand.
Men. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With love; Must, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction, [to,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you
But with such words that are but rost in
Your tongue, though but 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 am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may 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 band;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them,) Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripe mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: (or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, with which thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim.
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Go, and be ru'd: although, I know, thou had'st
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, [rather
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
You make strong party, or defend yourself 'tis fit 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 show them my unbarb'd sconce?
Men. With my base tongue, give to my noble heart A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Coriolanus.

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This modius of Marcus, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Vol. I 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
That hast not done before.

Cor. 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
Smaller than an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm's knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an arm's!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choly 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.
This valiancess was mine, thou suck'd it from
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
below'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Command me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'll allow of fatter, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention,
I will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he af-
Tyrranical power: If he evade us there, [sects
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, what will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd;
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; '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' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment; then let them,
If I say, fine, cry fine: if death, cry death;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power I' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall have to give them.

Bru. [Exit Ædile.

Go about it.—

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators,
and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an hostier, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

[Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I
Cor. First, hear me speak. [Say, say.
Both Tri. Well; say,—Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this pre-
Must all determine here? [sent?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
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's the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind [take
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Cor. The fires I the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands cloutch'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?
Cor. To the rock with him; to the rock with him
Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves, 
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying 
Those whose great power must try him; even 
this, 
So criminal, and in such capital kind, 
Deserves the extremest death.

Brutus. But since he hath 

Coriolanus. Exeunt.

Exeunt. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter Coriolanum, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, 
Cominius, and several young Patricians.

Coriolanus. Please leave your tears; a brief farewell—the beast
With many heads hurts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
Craves
A noble running: you were not'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Coriolanus. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in

and occupations perish!—[Exeunt. [Exeunt. [Exeunt. [Exeunt.

Coriolanus. 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.—Thon old and true Menenius,
By tears are sadder than a younger man's,

[Exeunt. [Exeunt. [Exeunt. [Exeunt.

And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime gene-
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft heeded
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis said to wait inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you not well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
[son
With haughty baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts t' the way before thee.

Coriolanus. O the gods!

Cominius. 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
The absence of the needer.

Coriolanus. Fare ye well:—

Thon hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruiss'd: bring me h群里 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: augh.
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As a ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Coriolanus. Give me thy hand:—

Come. [Exeunt.
SCENE II. — The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided in his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shown our power, let us seem humble after it is done,

Then when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. [Exit Edile.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: the hoarded plague

Requite your love! [o'the gods

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone? [To Brutus.

Vir. You shall stay too: [To Sicin.] I would I, To say so to my husband. [had the power

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 spock words?

Sic. He is a blessed heavens.

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good,—I'll tell thee what:—Yet Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son Were in Arab's, and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bustards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,

As he began; and not unkit himself

The noble knot he made. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the Cats that can judge as fitly of his worth, [rabble

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear As far as doth the Capitol exceed [this; 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.

Brut. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be bal'ded

With one that wants her wise

Vol. Take my prayers with you—

I would the gods had nothing else to do. [Exit Tribunes.

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them But once a day, it would unclimb my heart Of what lies heavy 'tis.

Men. You have told them home, And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:

SCENE III. — A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Voice, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:

Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you. Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?


Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volsian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a 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 piteous case, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between his and his 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, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,

'Tis that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

Have I heard groan, and drop; then know me not; Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,

At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? Chin. This, here, before you. Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. Exit Citizen. O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissention of a doot, break out To bitter enmity: So, fallest foes, [sleep Whose passions and whose plots have broke their To strive the one the other, by some chance, Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends, And interjoin their issues. So with me: My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon This scene of mine. — I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service. [Exit. SCENE V.—The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House. Music within. Enter a Servant. 1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here? I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit. Enter another Servant. 2 Serv. Where's Cottus? my master calls for him. Cor. Coriolanus. Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: Appear not like a guest. [but I Re-enter the first Servant. 1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you; Pray, go to the door. Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus. Re-enter second Servant. 2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out. Cor. A way! 2 Serv. Away! Get you away. Cor. Now thou art troublesome. 2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon. Enter a third Servant. The first meets him. 3 Serv. What fellow's this? 1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him. 3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house. Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth. 3 Serv. What are you? Cor. A gentleman. 3 Serv. A marvellous poor one. Cor. True, so I am. 3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come. Cor. Follow your function, go! And batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away. 3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here. 3 Serv. And I shall. [Exit. 3 Serv. Where dwellest thou? 3 Serv. Under the canopy? Cor. Ay. 3 Serv. Where's that? Cor. I, the city of kites and crows.
CORIOLANUS.

I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Then I sigh'd twice as oft as any rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw [thee.
Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or at the shrine to turn, Thou hast best me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fencing each other's throat,
And walk'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcus,
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 ingratitude Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, now go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor.
You bless me, gods! 

Aur. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
The leading of thine own revenges, take [have
The one half of my commission; and set down,
As best thou canst experience, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weaknesses, thine own
ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To make them know the day. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, yes, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcus, that was much. Your hand! Most
welcome!

Exeunt Coriolanus and Ausonius.

1 Serv. [Advancing.] Here's a strange alteration!

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I; I'll be sworn; he is simply the
rarest man j'the world.

1 Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 Serv. Who? my master? 

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six of him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater soldier.

2 Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that: for the defence of a town, our general
is excellent.

1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you
rascals.


3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations,
I had it lie be a condemned man.

1. 2 Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwart
our general,—Caicus Marcus.

1 Serv. Why do you say, thwart our general?
2 Serv. Do not we thwart our general; but he
was always good enough for him.

3 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say
so himself.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say
the truth on't; before Coriolanus he stretched him
and notched him like a carbacole.

2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as
if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end
the table, no question asked him by any of the
senators, but they stand balf before him: Our gen-
eral himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
himself with his hand, and turns up the white o'the
sleeve to his discourse. But the bottom of the news
is, our general's cut i'the middle, and but one
half of what he was yesterday; for the other has
half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table.
He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome
gates by the ears: He will mow down all before
him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can
imagine.

3 Serv. Do't? he will do't. For, look you, sir,
he has as many friends as enemies: which friends,
sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show
themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's
in directitude.

1 Serv. Directitude! I what's that?

3 Serv. But when he shall rise, sir, his crest up
again, and the man in blood, they will out of their
burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with
him.

1 Serv. But when does this forward?

3 Serv. To-morn, 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
e're they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world
again: This peace is nothing, but to cast iron,
increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have wars, say I; it exceeds
peace, as far as does night; it's spritely, wak-
ing, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very
apoplexy, lethargy, mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible;
getter of more bastard children, than wars a
destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may
be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied,
but peace is a greater ravisher. Peace, in it's
rough, that the world goes well; who can not
beard Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Meneius.

Stc. Were not of him, neither need we fear
His remedies are tame 'tis the present peace
him; And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
                                       
brush, that the world goes well; who can not
beard
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Meneius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Me-
enius?

Stc. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
late.—Hail, sir! 

Men. Hail to you both!

Stc. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd.
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth
And so would do, were he more angry at it. [stand;
Men. All's well; and might have been much
He could have tempore d better, if

Stc. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his
Hear nothing from him.

[wife
Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
Are bound to pray for you both. [kneels.

Sic. Live, and thrive: Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd
Had lov'd you as we did. [Coriolanus

Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
Overcome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,——

And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consuls, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Edile.

Ed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volscs with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcus' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshield'd, when Marcius stood for
And durst not once peep out.

[Rome,

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whip'd.—It cannot
The Voices dare break with us.

Sic. 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 informant,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in most earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come, That
Turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power against Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest things.

This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more alone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
Overborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daugh
ter
To melt the city leads upon your pates; [i.,
And 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 bower.

Men. Pray now, your news?

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volsciants,

Com. He is his god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against his brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
Yon, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters:

He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
Bru. But is this true, sir? [work

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,
[him?
And perish constant fools. No; it is not
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, Be good to Rome, they charg'd him
As those should do that bad serv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beneath you, cease.'—You have made fair
hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your ciphers,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer,—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the ciphers.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you throw caps up, will be tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into coal, 
We have deserv'd it. 

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

Curtain falls for scene.

For my 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 though we willingly submit to his banisht
ment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made Good work, you and your cry!—Shall we to the Ca-

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, 
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'th' wrong, when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. [Exit Citizens.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my
Would buy this for a lie! [wealth

Sic. Pray, let us go. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman? [but
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; 
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, 
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; 
And you are dark'en 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 prouder 
Even to my person, than I thought he would, 
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature 
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse 
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir; 
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not 
Join'd in commission with him; but either 
Had borne the action of yourself, or else 
To him had left it sole,

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure, 
When he shall come to his account, he knows not 
What I can urge against him. Although it seems, 
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, 
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state; 
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon 
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone 
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, 
Whene'er we come to our account. 

Auf. Rome? 
Lieu. It rest you well, you think you'll carry 
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 oyspee to the fish, who takes it 
By sovereignty of nature. 'First he was 
A noble servant to them; but he could not 
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride, 
Which out of daily fortune ever taints 
The happy man; whether defect of judgment, 
To fail in the disposing of those chances 
Which he was lord of; or whether nature 
Not being other than the thing, not moving 
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding 
Even with the same austerity and garb 
[peace 
As he control'd the war; but, one of these, 
(As he hath spices of them all, not all, 
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd, 
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit, 
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues 
Lie in the interpretation of the time: 
And power, unto itself most commendable, 
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair 
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire: one nail, one nail; 
Rights by rights fouler, strength by strengths do 
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine, 
Thou art poorst of all; then shortly art thou mine. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A publick Place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Scinarius, Brutus, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him 
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father: 
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fell down, and kneel 
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he could 
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: forbade all names; 
He was a kind of nothing, titleless, 
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'th' fire 
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work: 
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon 
When it was less expected: He replied, 
It was a bare petition of a state 
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well; 
Com. Could he say less? 

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard 
For his private friends: His answer to me was, 
He could not stay to pick them in a pile 
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly, 
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, 
And still to nose the offence. 

Men. For one poor grain 
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife, 
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the 
grains: 
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt 
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid 
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not 
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you 
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue 
More than the instant army we can make, 
May stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Brut. Only make trial what your love can do 
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius 
Return me, as Cominius is return'd, 
Unheard; what then? 
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot 
With his unkindness? Say't be so? 

Sic. Yet your good will 
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-
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 unfil’d, our blood is cold, and then We pout upon the morning, are unapt To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff’d These cupboards, and these conveyances of our blood With wine and feeding, we have supplier souls Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I’ll watch Till he be dieted to my request, [him And then I’ll set upon him. Bru. You know the long road into his kindness, And cannot lose your way. 

Men. Good faith, I’ll prove him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge Of my success. [Exit. Com. He’ll never hear him. 

Sic. Not? 

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye Red as ‘twould burn Rome; and his injury The gaudier to his pity. I kneel’d before him; 

Twas very faintly he said, Rise: dismiss’d me. Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do, He sent in writing after me; what he would not, Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions; So, that all hope is vain, Unless his noble mother, and his wife; When he’s here, mean to solicit him For mercy to his country. Therefore, let’s heuce, And with our fair entreaties haste them on. 

SCENE II.—An Advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guard of their stations. Enter to them Menenius. 

1 G. Stay: Whence are you? 

2 G. Stand, and go back. 

Men. You guard like men; ’tis well: But, by I am an officer of state, and come [your leave, To speak with Coriolanus. 

1 G. From whence? 

Men. From Rome. 

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our Will no more hear from thence. 

2 G. You’ll see your Rome embrac’d with fire, You’ll speak with Coriolanus. [before 

Men. Good my friends, If you have heard your general talk of Rome, And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, My name hath touch’d your ears: it is Menenius. 

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name Is not here passable. 

Men. I tell thee, fellow, The general is my lover: I have been The book of his good acts, whence men have read His fame unparalleled, haply, amplified; For I have ever verified his friends, (Of whom he’s chief,) with all the size that verity Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes, Like to a bowl upon a subterr ground, I have tumblest past the throw; and in his praise Have, almost, stamp’d the leasing: therefore, fell I must have leave to pass. [low 

1 G. ’Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back. 

Men. Pr’ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general. 

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back. 

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner. 

1 G. You are a Roman, are you? 

Men. I am as thy general is. 

2 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: you have back to back to back to back to back to back to back to back to prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon. 

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation. 

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not. 

Men. I mean, thy general. 

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I set forth your half pint of blood:—back, —that’s the utmost of your having:—back. 

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius. 

Cor. What’s the matter? 

Men. Now, you companion, I’ll say an errand for you! you shall know now, that I am in estimation! you shall perceive that a Jack gardian cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand’st not in the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueler in suffering; behold how he is sworn what’s to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my soul! my soul! thou art preparing fire for us; look, how the water, no water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen, men who adhered to thee, the gods assur’d by thee, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee. 

Cor. Away! 

Men. How away? 

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov’d thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake. [Gives a letter. 

And would have sent it. Another word. Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou beholdst’st— 

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 

[Exit Coriolanus and Aufidius. 

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius, will I not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold’st’st— 

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 

[Exit Coriolanus and Aufidius. 

SCENE III.—The Tent of Coriolanus. 

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others. 

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business. 

Auf. Only their ends You have respected: stopp’d your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, whom with a ranc'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the mean; he was a father;
Nay, called me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only.
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shou't is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habilis, Virgilia, Volumnia,
leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd moudl
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affliction!
All I'mend and privy'd of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstante.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsrown?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bow's;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volscyes
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct: but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband! Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. As like a dull actor now, I have
I forget 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;
Never in the queen of my heart kiss,
That kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgîn'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaltéd: Sink, my knee, I the earth!—

Knelt.

Of thy deep duty more impression show
That of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd! Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I Besel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Knelt.

Cor. What is this? Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Mur'dring'impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight works.

Vol. Thou art my warrior; I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady? Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icele,
That's cur'd by the frost from purest snow,
And chas'd by the sun light, from Dian and Valeria! Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Vol. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform'me
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee! Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn, and may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's meannickens:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more! You have said, you will not grant us any thing
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already; yet we will ask;
That, if you fall in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Auffidius, and you Volscyes, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request.

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
And state of bodies would bewray what life [ment,
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
Should shou't on comforts,
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmy's most capital; thou bann'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we our country pray,
Whereeto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereeto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm of the envying devly
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
As I next hope, than to run on to the sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [Rising.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscyes whom you serve, you might condemn
As poisonous of your honour; 'Tis; our suit [fur,
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscyes
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd; the Romans,
This we receiv'd'; and each in either side
Have to the law to the Volscyes' d's
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain, [son.
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dreg'd with curses;
Whose ynode thus writ:—'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhor'd. Speak to me, son: Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
'Twixt our right shoulders the whole checks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He can't be wearied of his envoy there:
Ask thou, boy; Perhaps, thy childhoodishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world [prate.
More bonnd to his mother; yet here he lets me
Like one of the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy:
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; But, if it be not so, [thee.
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus's longs more pride,
Than pity to his prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does render our petition with such courtesy
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Coriol, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afeare,
And then I'll speak a little. O mother, mother!
[ Holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidins,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius? [Auf.
I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, It is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife! [Auf.
I am glad, thou hast sent thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [Aside.
[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.
Ay, by and by: [To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.
But we will drink together; and you shall hear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you desire
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rome. A publick Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond' coign
Of the gods' sittings.

Sic. Why, what of that?
Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
Your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with
him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats
are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a
butterfly: yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcus is grown from man to dragon; he has
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers
him in his wrath, than an eight year old horse.
The taintness of his face sour's ripe grapes. When he
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shinks before his treading. He is able to pierce
a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his
hiss is a battery; a thing made for Alexander.
What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding.
He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. Lucius is dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?
Men. As certain, as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
Hark you;
[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifies,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again.
Men. I paint him in the character. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of our throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[Shouting and music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings:
Accept my thankfulness. [next,
Men. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?

Sic. Almost at point to enter.

Men. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patrones, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcus, [them
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry. Welcome, ladies, welcome, welcome !
All. Welcome, ladies !
Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antium. A publick Place.
Enter Tullius Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the common'ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius’ faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

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.

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.

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A general destruction: I raise him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires: nay, let him choose
Out of his楼盘, his projects and bung, my
Best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; hop to remake the
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my heart,
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of his projects, his 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 noise 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
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,

After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

[Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have no desire'd it; But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have,

1 Lord. And desire to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding: This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

[Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your enemies, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Allies,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius. Cor.

Cor. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius!—Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name.
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
I say, your city, to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hearst thou, Mars?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

Cor. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear
My beating to his grave:) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscis; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote,
I Flutter'd your Volscis in Corioli:—
Alone I did it.—Boy!—

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortunate,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Coriolanus. Insolent Mend Acl conspirators. My what Philippi thus when let O, I He" His Bear me: am You, Being ITpon WTiat Whatius, Marcus Cicero, M. 3mil. Lepidus. Enter Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Cassca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.

Scene.—during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.


Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home: Is this a holiday? What is to be done? Being mechanical, you ought not walk. Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? 1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter. Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?— You, sir: what trade are ye? 2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly. 2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles. Mar. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade? 2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you. Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow? 2 Cit. Why, sir, cobbler you. Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou? 2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the

And do you now strew flowers in his way, 
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? 
Be gone; 
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, 
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague 
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flau. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this assemble all the poor men to your Com to Tyburn, and weep your tears 
Into the channel, till the lowest stream 
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[JExeunt Citizens. 

See, wher' their basest metal be not mov'd; 
They vanish tongue-tied in their gulliness. 
Do you go down that way towards the Capitol! 
This way will I: Disrobe the images, 
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 

Mar. May we do so? 
You have the feast of Lupercal. 
Flau. It is no matter; let no images 
Be hung with Caesar's trophies, I'll about, 
And drive away the vulgar from the streets: 
So do you too, where you perceive them thick. 
These growing feasts, pluck'd from Caesar's wing, 
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch; 
Who else would soar above the view of men, 
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, Caesar; Antony, 
for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, 
Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cass. Calphurnia,— 
Peace, ho! Caesar speaks. 
[Music ceases. 

Cal. Here, my lord. 

Cass. Stand you directly in Antonius' way, 
When he doth run his course,—Antonius! 
Ant. Caesar, my lord. 

Cass. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, 
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say, 
The barren, touched in this holy chase, 
Shake off their sterile curses.

I shall remember: 
When Caesar says, Do this, it is perform'd.

Sooth. Caesar. 

Cas. Hal! who calls? 

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

Cas. Who is't in the press, that calls on me? 

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, 
Cry, Caesar: Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear. 

Sooth. Bear it the ides of March.

Cas. What man is that? 

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Caesar. 
[again. 

Cas. What says't thou to me now? Speak once. 

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass. 

[Sennet. Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas. 

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course? 

Bru. Not I. 

Cas. I pray you, do. 

Bru. It were a jugglome; I do lack some part 
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony; 

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 
I'll leave you.

Cass. 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 stubbish and too strange a hand 
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius, 
Be not deceived: If I have writ'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my conscience 
Merely upon myself:—Vexed I am 
Of late, with passions of some difference, 
Conceptions only proper to myself, 
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours; 
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd; 
And for which Cassius, if you love me, 
Nor construe any further my neglect, 
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, 
Forgets the shows of love to other men. 

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your 
Brutans whereof, this breast of most high buried 
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face? 

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself, 
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cass. 'Tis just: 
And it is very much lamented, Brutus, 
That you have no such mirror, 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 Caesar,) speaking of Brutus, 
And groaning underneath this age's yoke, 
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes. 

—Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, 
That you would have me seek into myself [sius, 
For that which my life is? 

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear: 
And, since you know you cannot see yourself 
So well as by reflection, I, your glass, 
Will modestly discover to yourself 
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus: 
Were I a common laughor, or did use 
To stale with ordinary oaths my love 
To every new protestor; if you know, 
That I do fawn on men, and have them hard, 
And after scandal them; or if you know 
That I profess myself in banqueting 
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. 

[Flourish, and short. 

Bru. What means this showing? I do feir, the 
Choose Caesar for their king! 
[people Cass. 

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 tell me this at all? 
What is it that you would impart to me? 
If it be sought toward the general good, 
Set honour in one eye, and death in the other, 
And I will look on both indifferently: 
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love 
The name of honour more than I fear death. 

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 
As well as I do know your outward favour. 
Well, honour is the subject of my story. 
I cannot tell, what you and other men 
Think of this life; but, for my single self, 
I had as lief not be, as live to be 
In awe of such a thing as I myself; 
I was born free as Caesar; so were you. 
We both have fed on blood; and we can both 
Endure the winter's cold, as well as heat: 
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores, 
Cassard said to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now 
Loap in with me into this angry flood, 
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word, 
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in, 
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did. 
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it 
With lusty-sigh'd enow; and now we chas'd 
And stemming it with hearts of controversy. 
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, 
Cassius cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink. 
I, as Eneas, our great ancestor 
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder 
The old Anchises bear; so, from the waves of Tyber 
Did I the tired Caesar: and this man 
Is now become a god; and Cassius is 
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar 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 eyes did swell, his lips did from their colour fly;
And that same evening, when I bend down the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, Give me some drink, Titinius,
And give me something strong, give me some
Of that fierce temper should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone.

(Shout. Flourish.
Cæs. Another general shout I
I do believe, there's none but now
For some new honours that are heasp'd on Caesar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth beseide the narrow
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
[world, Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Soothd them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus, and Caesar; and the spirit of Caesar.
(Shout.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
Which is not done by age, but by 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 walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
Where there is but one man; that man himself.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be mou'd. What you have said, I will consider;
What you have to say, it. And 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 willing man
Than to repute himself a sov of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words [Brutus.
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Re-enter Caesar, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy uote, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chinian train;
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero,
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crou'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Cassia will tell us what the matter is.
[Exit. Act 2.

Ant. Caesar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
Yet if my name were liable to fear, [not:
I do not know the man I should avoid.
No sooner, in that case, I should lose
The man that spare Casca. 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 could not himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they beheld a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather think, since this is to be spoken:
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou thinkest of him.
[Exeunt Caesar and his Train. Cassa stays
behind.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Cassia; tell us what hath chanc'd to
Day, That Caesar looks so sad?
Casca. If you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Ca'sia what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him:
And being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of
his hand; and then he said, and then he shot him.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last
cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every put-
ing by, more honest neighbours shout.

Cas. Who's that in it but him from the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cassia.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner
of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw
Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a
crown neither, was one of these coronets:—and,
as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that,
to my thinking, he would fain have it. Then
he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by a
second time, to my thinking, he was very loath to
lay his fingers on it; and then he offer'd it the third;
time he put it the third time: by still
as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped
their chopped hands, and threw up their
switty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stink-
ing breath because Caesar refused the crown, that
it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned,
and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I
durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and
receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft. I pray you: What? did Caesar
Cassandra fell down in the market-place, and
fainted at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honourable Cassia, we have it.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but,
I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people
did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he
pleased, and displease them, as they use to do the
players in the market-place, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cassia. Marray, before he fell down, when he per-
ceived the common herd was glad he refused the
crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offered
them the crown, and that to cut—And I, as a man of
any occupation, if I would not have taken him at
a word, I would I might go to hell among the
rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself
again, he said, if he had done, or said, any thing
amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his
infirmitie. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 
Alas, good soul!--and forgave him with all their 
hearts: but there's no need to be taken of 
them: if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they 
would have done it.

Brut. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To whom, or, Nay, an I tell you, that I'll never look you 
it the face again: But those, that understood him, 
smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, 
for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could 
tell you two things: Marullus and Flavius, for 
pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I 
could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I he alive, and your mind hold, 
your dinner worth the eating.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
How ever he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave
To-morrow, if you please to walk with me, (you: I 
will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: 'T herefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That old men, and old fools, and wights, who were
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar sit him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Caesar 
home?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, [earth
I but have seen to-night, when the howling winds 
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The 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 heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by 
sight).

[Exit.

Brutus.

Besides, I have not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glare'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their rears. The Cat is about.

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,
To purpose of the times. But, for myself,
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius,
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Casca. By your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
A very pleasing night to honest men. [this?

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of 
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the air and very flesh of it. [heavens

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by their omens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of
That should be in a Roman, you do want, [life
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, and old fools, and wights, who were
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, to warn,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be, who it is: for Romans now
Have theews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dager then;

Cassius from bonds will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides.
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his capricious fate.
Cas. And why should Caesar, 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 ends.
These that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome, What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate.
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleeting tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factions for redress of these great griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mod'st already
Something of the most eminent Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence,
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
Their fear or walking these dark streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.
Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate [Cimber]
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad out. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this pa-
And look you, lay it in the praetor's chair, [per,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon Brutus' statue: all this done;
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will 'hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[Exeunt Cinna and Casca.

Enter Brutus.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
You have right well conceived. Let us go, [him.
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Brutus' Orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. 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 spur him on.
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?—
And if not, will the people put a crown in him? [That—
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins [Cesar,
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of I have not know when his affectious sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereeto the climber upward turns his face,
But when he once obtained the upmost round,
He then unsaw the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Caesar may:
Then, lest he may prevail. And, since the quae:
Will bear no colour for the thing he is, [re-
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would not be tried, or walk'd on, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
And kill him in the shell. [chievous
Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

[Exit Lucius.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Gives so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! Brutus,
Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake!—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd,
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I place it out;
Shall Rome stand and awake? What! I know,
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome [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 the proof
If the redress will follow, thou receivest [mise,
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody
[Knock within.

Knocks. [Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did what me against Caesar, I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT 2.

JULIUS.

Is he alone?

LUC. No, sir, there are more with him.

BRU. Do you know them?

LUC. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their And half their faces buried in their cloaks, [ears,]

That by no means I may discover them By mark of favour.

BRU. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show, or to hide us thus 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, but
Conceal it in smiles, and at all hazard. [spiration;]

For if thou path, they are thy own, and will stand on your
Not Ephesus itself was dim enough To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

CAS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

BRU. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know these men; that come along with you?

CAS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here, But our good friends: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

BRU. He is welcome hither.

CAS. This Decius Brutus.

BRU. He is welcome too.

CAS. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

BRU. Why? They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

CAS. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.

DEC. Here lies the east; Doth not the day break
CASNO. Here? Here? Here? 

CAS. As soon as, sir, is doth; and you grey lines, That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess, that you are both de-
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; [celv'd.
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the He first presents his fire; and the high east [north
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRU. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CAS. And let's swear our resolutions.

BRU. No, not an oath: If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur, but our own cause, To prick us to redress what other bond, Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter, and what other oath, Than honesty to honest engag'd. What this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious, Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain The virtuous course of an enterprise, Nor the insupportable metal of our spirits, To think, that, or our cause, or our performance, Did need an oath; when every drop of blood, That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is bastard of a several bastard,
If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CAS. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CAS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed, he is not fit.

CAS. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
CAS. Decius, well urg'd.— I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar.

Should outlive Caesar: We shall end all of him A shrew'd 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 Caesar, fall together. [Cassius,

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, 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 Caesar.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Cassius, we all stand up against the soul of Caesar; And in the spirit of men there is no blood: O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wholly: Let's carse him as we shall fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carricase 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. I 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 Caesar's arm, When Caesar's head is off:—

CAS. Yet I do fear him: For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar.

BRU. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: If he love Caesar, all that he can do Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar And that were much he should; for he is given To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREB. There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

BRU. Peace, count the clock.

CAS. The clock hath stricken three.

TREB. 'Tis time to part.

CAS. But it is doubtful yet, Where Caesar will come forth to-day, or no: For he is superstitious grown of late: Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies: It may be, these apparent prodigies, The unaccustomed terror of this night, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DEC. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd, I can oversway him: for he loves to hear That unaccustomed may be betray'd with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers: But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers, He says, he does; being then most flattered. Let me work to this end:

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 eleventh hour: Is that the uttermost?

CAS. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. Calus Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus.—[Exit.

And, friends, use yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman accent,
With untird spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Brutus!—Fast asleep! It is no matter; Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!—

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And while we walk'd, you what I call'd matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Would not destroy his heart with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep:
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk 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 unmy'ed 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 charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And sometimes whisper in your ear?

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
Grant, I am a woman; but, withal, [secret.
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that became, I say, his daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husband'd?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:

[Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?

Lucius. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble near me,
Caius, you, which doth speak for Caius Ligarius, that
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
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 as I exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable joins!
 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
Bru. That must we also. What is it, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fr'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in Caesar's Palace.
Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Caesar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[Exit Servant.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Caesar shall forth: The things that threaten
end me.

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies.
Yet now they fright me. There is one within.
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
JULIUS CAESAR.

Act 2.

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets; and graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead: Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks, and squadrons, and straight into war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle turmoil'd in the air, Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan; And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets. O Caesar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

What can be avoided, Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these predictions And the world in general, mark Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear; Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers? Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, [day. This, in the face of such a day, and to find the heart.

Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: Caesar should be a beast without a heart, If he should stay at home to-day for fear. No, Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well, The Caesar is more dangerous than he. We were two lions lither'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible; And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord, Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence. Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear, That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house; And he shall say, you are not well to-day: Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well; And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy I come to fetch you to the senate-house. [Caesar: Caes. 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, is false; I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius. Cal. Say, he is sick.

Shall Caesar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretch'd my arm so far, To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some Leat he laugh'd at, when I tell them so. [cause, Caes. The cause is in my will, I will not come; That is enough to satisfy the senate. But, for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know; Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: She dreamt to-night she saw my statues, Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts, Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these does she apply for warnings, portents, Anvil's imminent; and on her knee Hath begged, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted; It was a vision, fair and fortunate: Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood; and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Caes. 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 Caesar. 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 Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams. If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, Let, Caesar is afraid! Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this; And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal! I am ashamed I did yield to them.— [Calphurnia? Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cassa, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius.—What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? Good morrow, Cassa.—Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy, As that sameague which hath made you lean. What is't o'clock?

Brut. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights, Is notwithstanding up:

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Did them prepare within:— I am not blame to be waited. Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius? I have an hour's talk in store for you; [nius! Remember that you call on me to-day: Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tr. Caesar, I will;—and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further,

[Aside: with me:

Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine And we, like friends, will stir and go together. Brut. That every like is not the same. O Caesar, The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou best not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artémidorus. Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along, And as a sutor will I give him this, My heart laments, that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Caesar, thou may'st live; If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone; Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

2 Q.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there,— 0! constancy, be strong upon my side! Set a large mark in the wide world, pour out 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?  
Por. Read to the Capitol; read nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else?  
[well.  
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look For he went sickly forth: And take good note, What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. Har, boy! what noise is that?  
LUC. I hear none, madam.  
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well; I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.  
LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow; Which way hast thou been?  
Sooth. At mine own house; good lady.  
Por. What is't o'clock?  
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.  
Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?  
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.  
[not.  
Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou? Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar To be so good to Caesar, 'as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.  
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to wards him?  
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance. Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow: The throng that follows Caesar at the heels, Of senators, of preachers, common suitors, Will crowd a foole man almost to death: I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [Exit.  
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing The heart of woman is! O Brutus! The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! Sire, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit, That Caesar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:— Run, Lucins, and commend me to my lord; Say, I am merry: come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them Artemidorus, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

CASS. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this: Thehe of the Capitol.  
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.  
Art. O, Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Caesar nearer: Read it, great Caesar.  
Cas. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.  
Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.  
Cas. What is, the fellow mad?  
Pub. Sirrah, give place.  
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.  

CAESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.  
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Act 3.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Br u. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid. Cas ca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus. Deci. And Cassius too. 

Br u. Where's Publius? Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny. Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Should chance.—[Cæsar's voice.]

Br u. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good There is no harm intended to your person, [cheer; Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius. Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief. Brut. Do so: and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers.

Re-enter Trobonius.

Cas. Where's Antony? Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd: Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

Br u. Fates! we will know your pleasures:— That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon. Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, Cuts off so many years of fearing death. Brut. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So were Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords; Then walk we forth, even to the market-place; And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads. Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, [hence, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown? Brut. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's brows lies along, No worthier the dust than the.

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave our country liberty. Decr. What, shall we forth? 

Cas. Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down: And he, whom he so coloured, made me say. Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest: Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving: Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him: Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolv'd How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of Brutus, Though the hazards of this undotred state, With all true faith. So says my master Antony. Brut. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse. Tell him, so please him come unto this place, He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Br u. 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 shrivelly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Br u. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Drunk to this measure?—Fare thee well.— I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no hour so fit As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument Half that the fears our swords, made With the most noble blood of all this world. [rich I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die: No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age. Brut. O Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As by our hands, and this our present act, You see we do; yet see you but our hands, And this the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,) Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony: Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts, Of brothers' temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence. Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's, In the disposing of new dignities. Brut. Only be patient, till we appear'd The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause, Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you: Next, Calus Cassius, do I take your hand; [telus; Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me- Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Cassius, yours;— Though last, not least in love yours, good Trebo- Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? [nius. 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, Caesar, O, '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 our corps? 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. [hart; Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand, Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lute. O world! thou wast the forest to this hart; And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.— How like a deer, stroke by many princes, Dost thou here lie! 

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Calus Cassius: The enemies of Caesar shall say this: Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty. Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar 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 upon you? [deed, And. Therefore I took your hands, but was, In- Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar. Friends am I with you all, and love you all; Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons, Why, and wherein Caesar was dangerous. Brut. Or else were this a savage sacrifice; Our reasons are so full of good regard, That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, You should be satisfied.
Scene II.—The same. The Forum.
Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, Cassius; go you into the other street, [friends.—And part the numbers.—Those that will hear me speak, let them stand here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And publick reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and, compare their When severally we hear them rendered. [reasons, [Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.]

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence! Brutus be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Caesar were dead to live all free men. As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambiguous, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his death; and, death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a Traitor to this cause? If any speak, for him I have 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 his cause speak I now, and will be silent.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[Several speaking at once.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar'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 commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 Cit. Brin him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Cit. Let him be Caesar.

4 Cit. Caesar's better parts Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shaws and clouts.

Bru. My countrymen,—[and clouts.

2 Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho! Brutus. Good countrymen, let us be patient alone, And, for my part, I stay here with Antony: Do grieve not Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

2 Cit. Let him go up into the publick chair; We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
Act 3

JULIUS CESAR

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4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

he finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus

1. This Caesar was a tyrant, [here]

3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,

And, friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

Thieves steal not only with their hands;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar 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 Caesar'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 Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor had cried, Caesar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercaal,

I presented him a golden 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 must profess what I do know.

You all did see him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fitter for the earth,

And no mistaken; let me, as you are wise,

And hear me speak to Caesar!—Hear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his saying.

2 Cit. Consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dare abide it.

2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

[Antony.

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome, than

4 Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were your lord:

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,

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,) and they would go and kiss dead Caesar'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, Begging that thing, as a rich legacy, Unto their issue.

4 Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Ant. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

[read it;

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.

If you are not worthy, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

1 Cit. Read the will; we will hear, Antony;

You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors: Honourable men!

Ant. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

1 Cit. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit.

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

4 Cit. A ring; stand round.

2 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Cit. Read it, Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! hear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You will now must this mantle: I remember

The first time ever over Caesar's crown,

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervil:—

Look! In this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Cassius made!

Through this, the noblest and most beloved Brutus stab'd; And, as he pluck'd it, his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it; As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus was unkindly knock'd, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him! This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, world, and all things false,

Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart, And, in his mantle mufling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

0, 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 Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O noble Caesar!

3 Cit. O woeful day!

4 Cit. O traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,— see, burn,—fire,—kill,—slay:—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir To such a sudden flood of mutiny. [you up 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 ho-—

Bess Number.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts; I am no orator, as Brutus is:
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
2 C. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed; directly.
Ciu. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
1 C. As a friend, or an enemy?
Ciu. As a friend.
2 C. That matter is answered directly.
4 C. For your dwelling.—briefly.  
Ciu. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 C. Your name, sir, truly.
Ciu. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 C. Tell him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Ciu. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4 C. Tell him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
2 C. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 C. Tell him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius; burn all.  
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.  
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Antony's House.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are pricked.  
[Lepidus?]  
Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you,  
Let, I do consent.  
Lep. Upon condition Fulvius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.  
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn But, Lepidus, let him to Caesar's body in the holy place.  
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.  
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent out 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 pricked to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.  
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.  
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, at his last taste, is Lepidus but so?  
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth:  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arched and imitations;  
Which, out of use, and stale'd by other men,  
Begs in his fashion: Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
Are leery powers: we must straight make head:  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
And let us presently go sit in council.
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And how the perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.]

SCENE I.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Sol-
diers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Brut. Stand here.
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brut. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand: and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[Enter Titinius and Pindarus.

Brut. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-
In his own change, or by ill officers, [dariis,
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.

Brut. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough:
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: every note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sink and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
the greater part, the horse in general, [ter'd;]
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Brut. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong. 
I have not, so, how should I wrong a brother?

Brut. Judge me, you gods? Wrong I mine
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
And when you do them— [wrong; Brutus, he 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 to my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground:

Brut. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Within the Tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
I or taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a
case. In such a time as this, it is not meet [case]
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To underserves.

Cas. I am an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brut. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion;
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!—remember! Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
Which villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abier than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Cas. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted with a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, and more: Fret, till your
proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your tempest humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter;
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
I said, an elder soldier, not a better: [Bruatus;
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Cas. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempt-
Cas. I durst not? [ed him.

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 drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send

JULIUS CAESAR. 599
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Cassius so? [sius?
When Mars, therefore, Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
Immediately to us. [Exit Lucullus and Titinius.

Bru. Lucullus, 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. If your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
Cas. Ha! Portia? [dead.

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
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 died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I burn all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine overflow the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here, [sala—
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. Do more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;—
Mine have note of seventy senators, that died,
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?


Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
Mes. No, my lord. [your—

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:

Cas. With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should end.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you. [dure.
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. 'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. [better.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a fore'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon,—You must note be
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends, [side
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now adown;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.] Farewell,
good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother! This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'twixt our souls
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art over-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

[Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise betheak me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, getful.
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Musick, and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous lumber!
Lay'st thou thy leader mace upon my boy,

That plays thee musick?—Gente knave, good
night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [down,
[He sits down.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of my 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? Thou art;
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord! [cry'dst out

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
Luc. Nothing, my lord. [thing

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius:
Fellow thou awake.

Var. My lord!

Cla. My lord!

Bru. Why didst thou so cry out, sirs, in your sleep.

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Cla. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
Bid him set on his powers betimes before, [sius;
And we will follow.

Var. Clau.

It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tutt, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. The gods to-day stand friendly; what may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himselves:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

[Roman,

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the issue 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
The end of this day's business, ere it come! I know
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known,—Come, ho! away!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. The Field of Battle.

Avalorum. Enter Brutus and Messallus.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messalla, ride, and give these
Unto the legions on the other side:—[bills

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
Swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Luc. My lord.

[Brutus and Lucullus converse apart.

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messallus,—

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messallus:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon the battle to all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eddies fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippo here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away; and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

Scene III.—The same. Another Part of the Field.

Avalorum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O, Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Findarbus.

Pis. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly, far off. [nins;

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
Bide 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.

[Exit.}
July 5.

**Julius Caesar.**

*Act III.*

**Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I will do his bidding.** — Brutus, come space, and see how I regarded Caius Cassius. — By your leave, gods: — This is a Roman's part: — Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

**Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus. [Dies.]**

Cato. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? — Mess. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it. — Cato. Titinius' face is upward. — Brutus. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet: — Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords in our own proper entralis. — Low alarums. — Cato. Look, where he have not crown'd dead Cassius! — Brutus. Are yet these Romans living such as these? — The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! — It is impossible, that ever Rome should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more — To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. — I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. — Come, therefore, and to Thasses send his body; — His funerals shall not be in our camp, — Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; — And come, young Cato; let us to the field. — Lafeo, and Flavius, set our battles on: — 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet another night — We shall try fortune in a second fight. — [Exeunt.]

**Scene IV.** Another Part of the Field.

**Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies, then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.**

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads! — Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with I will proclaim my name about the field: — I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! — A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; — I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! —

[Charges the enemy.]

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; — Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus. — [Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? — Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; — And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son. — I sold. Yield, or thou diest. — Luc. Only I yield to die; — There is much, that thou wilt kill me straight; — [Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death. — 1 sold. We must not. — A noble prisoner! — 2 sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en. — I sold. I'll tell the news. — Here comes the general: —

**Enter Antony.**

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord. — Ant. Where is he? — Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough; — I dare assure thee, that no enemy shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: — The gods defend him from so great a shame! — When you do find him, or alive, or dead, — He will be found like Brutus, like himself. — Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure a prize no less in worth: keep this man safe, — You, Give him all kind offices: I had rather have Such men my friends, than enemies. — Go on, — And see where Brutus be alive, or dead: — And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent, — How every thing is chanc'd. — [Exit.]

**Scene V.** Another Part of the Field.

**Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Citius, Strato, and Volumnius.**

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on the rock.
That but have laboured to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.

Cly. Fly, my lord, fly.]

Bru. Hence: I will follow thee.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I pray thee, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strat. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be
I kill it not with half so good a will. [still:

[He runs on his sword, and dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Mes-

salas, Lucilius, and their army.]

Ocť. What man is that? [master? Mes. My master’s man.—Strato, where is thy

stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death. [Bru tus,
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
That thou hast provid Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them,
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Ocť. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How did my master, Strato? Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His soul was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man! Ocť. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Caesar,
M. Emili. Lepidus,
Sextus Pompeius,
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Cæsar,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Mecenas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus,
[triumvirs.

[friends of Antony.

[friends to Cæsar.

[friends of Pompey.

Varrius,
Taurus, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
Candidius, lieutenant-general to Antony.
Silius, an officer in Ventidius' army.
Euphorhnius, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes, at-
tendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
Octavia, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.
Charmian and Iras, attendants on Cleopatra.
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's

Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
Act I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a trumpeter's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reck'n'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. I grate me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony: Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, Do this, or this; Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love! Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer, your dismission Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.— Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say?— Both?— Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen, Thou blindest, Antony; and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame, When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space; Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing, And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind On pain of punishment, the world to 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 her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh; There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night? Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd! No messenger; but thine and all alone, To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and The qualities of people. Come, my queen; [note Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us. [Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight? Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. Then I'm full sorry.

Cleo. That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Another Room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will? [things? Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy, A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fater than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more believing, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former Than which is to approach. [fortune

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 fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are pry to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes. Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erroving Nilus presages famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend? Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hand to make a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd not.


Char. Not he, the queen
Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Char. No, madam. [sudden]

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus.

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas? [approaches.]

Alex. Here, madam, at your service. — My lord, Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us. [Exit Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field. [Exit.]

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Whose better issue in the way, from Italy, [Caesar; Upon the first encounter, drave them.]

Ant. Well, What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller. [Exit.]

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On; Things, that are past, are done with me.—'Tis th' th' Which tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus. [This is still news] hath, with his Parthian force, Extended—Asia from Ephrætes; His conquering banner shook, from Syria To Lydia, and to Ionias; [whilst.]

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome: [tongue; Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults With such full licence, as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds.]

When our quick winds lie still; and our ill told Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while. [us,]

Mess. At thy noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicily how the news? Speak there. 1 Att. The desert from Sicily. — Is there such an one? [Exit.]

Ant. He stays upon your will; — [one?]

Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break.

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in bondage. — What are you? 2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicily: Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.]

Ant. Forbear me—

[Exit Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it: What our complaints do often hurt from us, We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become The opposite of itself; she's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back, that should her I must from this enchanting queen break off; [on. Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir? —

Ant. I must with haste from hence. —

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing, though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I think, there is mettle in death, which commits some strong acting upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Black, 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 ma- nacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her, if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Sir? —

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a master from them, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grace is compensated with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleo- patra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our experience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the bare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,) Fill the desert from the west, but the desert is past, begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remembrance from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he did not send you; — If you find him sad, [does Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him You do not hold the method to enforce [dearly, The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not? 

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

[Exit Alex.]

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
ACT I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Chor. Tempt him not so far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breeding to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fail;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Now, my dearest queen,—

Ant. Pray you, stand further from me.

What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
Good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you there.
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

The gods best know,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you need staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then:—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleo. How now, lady! I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst
There were a heart in Egypt. [know.

Ant. Hear me, queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Pursues 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 dominick powers
Breeds scurrilous faction: The hated, grown to
Strength are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my
Is Fulvia's death. [going.

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;
Seep, when, and where she died.

Cleo. Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receive'd shall be.

Ant. O never more, but he prepar'd to know
The purporses I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice; Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nitus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come:—But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. Still of our love:—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; and let it look
Like perfect honours. Be it so.

You'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Now, by my sword,—

Ant. 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 charfe.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it:
That you know well; Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra bears this. Farmer, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet.

Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abide, and flies,
That thou residing here, go'st yet with me,
And, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away.

[Exeunt.


Enter Octavius Caesar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Caes. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Potency
More womanly than he: Let him, therefore, see,
Vouchsaft to think he had partners: You shall
A man, who is the abstract of all faults [find there
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Caes. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Potency; [not
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat:—say, this becomes
(As his composure must be rare indeed, [him,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear [Antony
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 child.
As we rate boys; who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

Most noble Caesar, 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 Caesar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught ns 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 deard, by being lack'd. This common
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Body, goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menocrates and Menas, famous pirates, [wound
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow: whom thou fough'tst against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded pudding
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
The roughest berry on the roudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The banks of trees thou brows'ist; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
With some did die to look on: And all this
(This woundst thine honour, that I speak it now,) Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. Cae. It is pity of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assembly we immediate council; Pompey
Thrive in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Ces. It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Ces. Doubt not, sir; [Exeunt.
I knew it for my bond.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away. [time,
Char. You think of him much.
Cleo. O, treasur !
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Char. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure
In angh't eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unsemann'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? [he
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
Upon a morrow.

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, Where's my serpent of old Nile?
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With fast things he did, do I think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. With all things he did, do I think on me,
He kis'd, the last of many double kisses,
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say, thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of heat and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but now
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?
Char. O that brave Caesar!
Alex. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Caesar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. 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 unpeopile Egypt.
[Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina.  A Room in Pompey's House.
     Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
     The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
     That they do delay, they do not deny.  [says
     Pom. While we are suitors to their throne, de-
     The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignobrant of ourselves,
     Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
     Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
     By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
     The people love me, and the sea is mine;
     My power's a crest, and my surging hope
     Says, it will come to the full.  Mark Antony
     In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
     No wars without doors: Caesar gets money, where
     He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
     Of both is flatter'd; but neither loves,
     Nor either cares for him.

Cesar & Lepidus

Men. Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
     Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

From Silvius, sir.

Men. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome
together,
     Looking for Antony: But all charms of love
     Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
     Let witchcraft join with beauty, better 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 procruge his honour,
     Even till his leth'rd dusts.  —How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
     Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
     Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
     A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
     A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
     This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
     For such a petty war: his soldiers
     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 ever last-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
     Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:
     His wife, that's dead, did trespass to Caesar;
     His brother war'd upon him; although, I think,
     Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
     How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
     Wre't not that we stand up against them all,
     'Twere pregnant they should square between them;
     For they have entertained cause enough [selves;
     To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
     May cement their divisions, and bind up
     The petty difference, we yet not know.
     Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
     Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome.  A Room in the House of
     Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
     And shall beco' you well, to entreat your captain
     To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
to answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
     Let Antony look over Caesar's head,
     And speak as loud as Menas.  By Jupiter,
     Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
     I would not shav't to day.

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
     Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
     Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
     But, pray you, stir no embers up.  Here comes
     The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia
     Hark you, Ventidius.

Ces. I do not know, Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends, [not
     That which combined us was most great, and let
     A leaner action rend us.  What's amiss,
     May it be gently heard: When we debate
     Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
     Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
     (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)  Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
     Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
     Were we before our armies, and to fight,
     I should do thus.

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!  Nay, [so;
     Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not
     Or, being, concern you not.

I must be laugh'd at,
     If, or for nothing, or a little, I
     Should say myself offended; and with you
     Chiefly: the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
     Once name you derogately, when to sound your
     It not concern'd me.

[Name Antony.

What was't to you?

Ces. No more than my residing here at Rome
     Might be to you in Egypt: Yet if you there
     Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
     Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Ces. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
     By what did here befal you.  Your wife, and brother,
     Made wars upon me; and their contention
     Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
     Did urge me in his act; I did enquire it:  [never
     And have my learning from some true reports,
     That drew their swords with you.  Did he not
     Discredit my authority with yours: [rather
     And make the wars alike against my stomach,
     Having alike your cause?  Of this, my letters
     Before did satisfy you.  If you'll patch a Quarrel,
     As matter whole you have not to make it with,
     It must not be with this.

Ces. You praise yourself
     By laying defects of judgment to me; but
     You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
     I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
     Very necessity of this thought, that I
     Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
     Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
     Which 'fronted mine own peace.  As for my wife,
     I would you had her spirit in such another:
     The third o'the world is yours: which with a
     You may pace easy, but not such awife... [snaffle
     Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
     men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her gabells, Caesar,
     Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
     Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieveing grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Antony. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria: you,
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did give my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted: then
There were things I had newly feasted, and did wish
Of what I was: the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have asked'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend;
Out of our question wip him.

Cas. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath,—

Cas. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
The which you both denied. [Theem; 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 me shew my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as hefts mine honour
To stop 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
Sparks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
For the instant, you may, when you hear no more word's
Of Pompey, return it again; you shall have time to
wangle 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
foget. [no more.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak
Eno. Go then; your considerate stone.

Cass. I did not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge of the world I would pursue it. [edge

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar;

Cas. Speak, Agrrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrrippa further speaks.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would, then, be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke:
For I am studid, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrrippa:
If I would say, Agrrippa, be it so,
To make this good.

Cas. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so clearly shows
Dreams of impediment—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cas. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cas. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cas. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Lep. Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ant. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. Eminent Caesar, Ant. and Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas!
—my honourable friend, Agrrippa!—
Agr. Good Emilius! Mec.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
And made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild bears roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feasts, which
worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
pursu'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The large she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
[silver; The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, 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 blow the delicate checks which they did cool,
And with which they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nerides,
So many mermaids, tended her the eyes,
And made their hand amors: in the same
A seeming Mermaid steers; the whole sail
Swell with the touches of those flower-hand softs,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharf. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone;
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

ACT. 2.

Sotho. To none but thee; no more, but when to
If thou dost play with him at any game, [thee
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee against 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.

Agr. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him—
[Exeunt Soothsayer.
He shall to Parthia. Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it.

[Exeunt.

ACT. IV.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
Your generals after.

Agr. [hasten
Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Tell I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. 
Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell.
[Exeunt.

ACT. V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody
Of us that trade in love.

[food
Attend. 

The music, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me.
Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle.—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. [sigh
'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippian. Of from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Iras. Madam, madam—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress.
But well and free.
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing
Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well! bring it to that,
Though I'll give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy illuttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be mad, 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 Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will't please you, hear me? Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well, (speak'st:
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said. Mess. And friends with Caesar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man. Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence; (eye upon but yet:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and had together: He's friends with Caesar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such re-
He's bound unto Octavia. [port.]
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the head.
Cleo. I am pale, Charman.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [Strikes him again.
Horrible villain! or I'll spur the eyes
Like hales before me; I'll unhair the head;
[She hates him up and down.
Thou shalt he whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
Smarting in ling'ring pickle. [Irone.
Mess. Gracious madam, I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can heg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[Drums a dagger.
Mess. Nay, then I'll run --
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[Exit.
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not hit him:—Call.
Char. He is afraid to come.
I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.
[Re-enter Messenger.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring had news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee I dost thou hold
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;—
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald's snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hast thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
To punish me for what you make me do, [you
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knife of thee,
[they hence: That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone! 'ny! [Exit Messenger.
Char. Good your highness' patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have displeas'd Caesar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence, Charman.—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, our greats,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[Exit Alexas.
Char. Let him for ever:—Let him not—Charman,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
'Tother way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
'To Mardian.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with drum
and trumpet: at another, Caesar, Lepidus, Anto-
ny, Enobarbus, Mecenas, with Soldiers march-
ing.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revenge want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
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, courtiers of haughty,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And what is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Pom. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st how much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed, thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house; 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 orders we have sent you.

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh what it is worth embrac'd.

Pom. To try a larger fortune. You have made me offer

Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must Rul all the sea of pirates; then, to send Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon, To start with unack'd edges, and bear back Our targe untindertied.

Cas. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then, I came before you here, a man prepar'd To take this offer: but Mark Antony put me to some impatience;—though I lose The praise of it by telling, you must know, When Caesar and your brothers were at blows, Young Antony 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. [you, Ant. The beds the east are soft; and thanks to That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither; For I have gain'd by it.

Cas. Since I saw you last, There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not what counts harsh fortune casts upon my face; But in my bosom shall she never come, To mar my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus:—thus we are agreed: I crave, our composition may be written, And seal'd betwixt us.

Cas. That's the next to do.

Pom. Well, we'll feast each other, ere we part; and draw lots, who shall begin. [let us

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first, Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery [Cesar Shal have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir;

And fair words to them. [Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

E no. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, what, I pray you? [Cesar A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress. [Know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier? E no. Well; And well I 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 behaviour.

E no. Sir, I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much As I have said you did.


Men. Thy father, Pompey, would never have made this treaty...—[Aside]—you and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true, sir.

Men. Then is Caesar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If we were bound to divinity of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, shall be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia of a holy, cold, and still composition.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sights of Octavia blow the fire up in his heart, and make his brain his purpose. Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our thraots in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind 't the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.
1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A senet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [To Caesar.] They take the flow o' the Nile.
By certain scales i'th pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if death,
Or foizou, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman
Upon the sable and o'er-scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpenters 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. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolomeys' 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. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain.

[Aside]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is as mad, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is,
And moves with its own organs: it lives by that
Which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of
It, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To Menas aside.] Go hang, sir, hang!
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [Aside]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[Rees, and walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:
Be jolly, lords. [What's else to say?

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?

Pom. How should that be?

[That's twice?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Has thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: [cup.
What'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
I'll else, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way

Men. These three world-sharers, these competi-
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; [tars,
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thing;

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldn't have done,
And not have spoke out! In me, 'tis villainy:

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must

'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 confound it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,

Pom. I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more—
Who seeks, and will not wait, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas. [Pompey.

Eno. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off

Men. Lepidus.

Men. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not ?

Men. The third part then is drunck: 'Would it
That it might go on wheels! [were all,

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reeds.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Caesar.

Cas. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cas. Possit me, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From an, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha', good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands!

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
In soft and delicate Lethe.

[Eno.

Men. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall
The holding every man shall bear, as loud [sing;
As his strong sides can volley.

[Musick plays.

Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eye:

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!

Cas. What would you more ?—Pompey, good

Antony, Good brother,

Let me request you off: our gravier business
Turns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;

You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobar-

is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath al-

most

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good

Antony, your hand. [night.

Men. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,

You have my father's house.—But what? we are
Come, down into the boat; [friends:

Eno. Take heed, you fail not.—

[Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony, and

Attendants.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conquest, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Paurus borne before him.

Ven. Now, daring Parthia, art thou struck; and please'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Paurus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sit. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when he who serves is away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossilus,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does the 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 to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sit. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt go to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effect'd;
How, with his hammers, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out of the field.

Sit. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposes to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[Exeunt.


Enter Agrippa, and Enobarbus, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted? [gone;]
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's death, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony:


Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonparell?

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar—
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves
Antony: [cannot]

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
[love
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
So,—[Trumpets.

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Ces. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approbation.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Ces. 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.

Ces. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

What, Octavia?

Ces. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
That stands upon that well at full of tide, [feather
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to Agrippa.

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
So is he, being a man. [horse.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a
Rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Ces. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Ces. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Ces. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
But Madam, my Thanks Excellent. I most at there. [lady, when She *-*' Antony's Our JIake Come Madam, [near. Three and She he A The 'Twill Wars What [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. Another Room in the same. Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros? Eros. There's strange news come, sir. Eno. What, man? Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey. Eno. This is old; What is the success? Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confines. [more; Eno. The world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony? Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns. The rush of the lives before him; cries, Fool, Lepidus! And threatsthe throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey. Eros. Our great navy's rigged. Got. Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius! My lord desires you presently; my news I might have told hereafter. Got. 'Twill be naught: But let it be.—Bring me to Antony. Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.


Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: A And more; In Alexandria—here's the manner of it,— I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat Cesarean, had they called my father's son; And all the unlawful issue, in 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. Ces. This in the publick eye? Ces. 'Tis the common show-place, where they exercise. His sons he there proclaimed, The kings of kings:
Till we perceive '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. Beyond the mark of thought:
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.
Oct. Is it so, sir? Cas. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why? Cleo. Thou hast forspok my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it? Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should
Be there in person? [not we
Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply——
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Phoebus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Cædinius.

Ant. Is't not strange, Cædinius, That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toreyne?—You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Cælery is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Cædinius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. Cædinius' sister! By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar was fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingres'd by swift impress; In Caesar'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.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—'Tb thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Turyne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be so.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egypt
And the Phœnicians, go a ducksing: we [flans,
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.
[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led, [grows
And we are women's men.

Ant. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeins,
Publicola, and Caecilius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguiled all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.
Can. 'With news, the time's with labour: and
threes forth,
Each minute, some.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus.—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoked not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on your side o'the hill,
In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[Exeunt.

Enter Candins, 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. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Euno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, [no longer:
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are hlasted.

Enter Scars.

Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Euno. What's thy passion?

Scars. The greater castle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Euno. How appears the fight?

Scars. On our side like the toker's pestilence,
Where death doth smite. Von'ribal-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! 'tis the midit o' the fight.—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Euno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scars. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a dotting mallard
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Euno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath;
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own. [night
Euno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnese are they fled.
Scars. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Euno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
 Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar. Fly! I not we;
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
Cowards [gone;
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you—I'll see you by and by.

[Sit down.

Enter Eros and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iris.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him—Comfort
him.
Anton' the O

Try

Ay, and

That

This

Give

Love,

and

Caesar,

For

audience, nor desire, shall fall; so she
From Egypt drive her all disloyal friends,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cas. Bring him through the bands.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[To Thyeus.

And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will per-

jure

Thyr.

Cleo. Observe how Antony becomes his faw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fleed
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question: "I was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy sailing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphranous.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
Note

Something particular: his coin, ships,legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon.
As 1 the command of Caesar: I care him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: 1'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt. Antony and Euphranous.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a swordsman.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them.
To suffer all alike. That he would dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness!—Caesar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Caesar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—Against the blown rose may they stop their nose, That kneel'd unto the hinds.—Admit him, sir. Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [Aside.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith more folly:—Yet, he, that can endure To follow with allegiance a fallen lord, Does conqu'rs him that did his master conquer, And earns a place it the story.

Enter Thuryes.

Cleo. Caesar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So—thy friends to Antony, Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has; Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know, Whose he is, we are; and that's, Caesar's.

Thyr. Thus then, thou most renown'd; Caesar entreats, Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal. Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O! Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deser'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows What is most right: Mine honour was not yield'd, But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quitt thee.

[Exit Enobarbus. Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desired to give. It much would please him, That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, And put yourself under his shrowd, The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?
Cleo. Thy name is Thuryes.

Eno. Most kind messenger, Say to great Caesar this, In disputation I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel; Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. "Tis your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combining together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.

Your Caesar's father
Oh, when he hath m'sd of taking kingdoms in, Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunder's!—What art thou, fellow?—
Thyr. One, that bnt performeth The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

Eno. Approach, there:—Ay, you kile!—Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me; Of late, when I cry'd, ho! Like boys unto a musk, kings would start forth, And cry, Your will? Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp, Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries, That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them So sanguy with the hand of she here, (What's her name, Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows, Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence. Thyr. Mark Antony,

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd, Bring him again:—This Jack of Caesar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

[Exit Attend. with Thuryes.

Ant. You were half bled ere I knew you.—Ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a stem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders? Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a hogger ever:— But when we in our vicious grow hard, (O misery on't!) the wise gods send our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut [as To our confusion.

Ant. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon Dead Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours, Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd off:—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 most low, your hand; this kingly seal, And plighter of high hearts:—O, that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outstrip The horned herd! for I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank For being yare about him:—is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thuryes.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. 'Tis he? and begg'd he pardon?
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou To follow Caesar in his triumph, since [sorry Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence The white fellow of a lady fever thee, [forth, Shake thou to look on!—Get thee back to Caesar, Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say, He makes me angry with him: for he seems Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am; Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry; And at this time most easy 'tis to do'; When my good stars, that were my former guides, Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires Into the asham of hell. If he mislike My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has Hipped me and my stand for enfranchis'd beams, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like, to quiet me: Urge it thou: Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit Thuryes. Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrerene moon is now eclips'd; and it portends alone The fall of Antony!

Cleo. And, to flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so, From my cold heart let her own engender hail, And poison it in the source; and the first stone Drop in my neck: as it determines, so Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discarding of this pelleted storm,
Lie groansless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied. Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sead'ry now too [like.
Have knok again, and fleet, threating'nest sea.-
Where hast thou been, my heart? - Dost thou hear,
If from the field I shall return once more [lady?
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I am my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord! Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one of these other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birth-day: I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra. [lord
Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force [queen;
The wine peer through their scars.—Come on, my
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 pestilest scythe.
[Exit Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.
Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious.
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.
[Exit.}

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Caesar, reading a letter: Agrippa, Mecænas,
and others.

Cas. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger [power
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,
Caesar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge. Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cas. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done:
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Exit.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not? Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
He is twenty men to one. [fortune,
SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charmian, and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros! Cleo. Sleep a little. Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour. Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—If fortune be not ours to-day, it is Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this. Cleo. Sooth, Ia, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well: We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely; He that unbucks this, till we do please To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—Thou fumbliest, Eros; and my queen's a squire More tight at this, than thou: Despatch. —O love, That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed. A workman't.—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 it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir, Early though it be, have on their riveted trim, And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general. All. Good morrow, general. Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads. This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes.—So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said. Fare thee well, dame, what'ers becomes of me: This is a soldier's kiss: it saves, to stand On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee Now, like a man of steel,—You, that will fight, Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exit Antony, Eros, Officers, and Solders.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber? Cleo. Lead me. He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony! Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once To make me fight at land! [prevail'd]

Sold. Had'st thou done so, The kings that have revolted, and the soldier That has this morning left thee, would have still Follow'd th'heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning? Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus; He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. He is with Caesar. Eros. Sir, his chest and treasure He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it; Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him (I will subscribe) gentle adiues, and greetings: Say, that I wish he never find more cause To change a master.—O, my fortunes have Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight, Our will is, Antony be taken alive; Make it so known.

Agri. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Agrippa and others. The time of universal peace is near: Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony Is come into the field. Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa: Plant those that have revolted in the van, That Antony may seem to spend his fury Upon himself. [Exit Caesar and his Train. Eros. Alexander did revolt; and went to Jewry, On affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar, And leave his master Antony; for this pains, Cæsar hath hang'd him. Cambidus, and the rest That fell away, have entertainment, but No honourable trust. I have done ill; Of which I do accuse myself so sorely, That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with His bounty overplus: The messenger Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now, Unloading of his mules.

Eros. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus. I tell you true: Best that you sa'ld the bringer Out of the host; I must attend mine office, Or would have done't myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier. Eros. I am alone the villain of the earth, And feel I am so most. O Antony Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid My better service, when my turpitude [heart: Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my I swift thought break it not, a swifter mean Shall destroy thought: but thought will do'st, I I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits My latter part of life. [Exit
SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Ag. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far: Caesar himself has work, and our oppression exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarsus, soundly.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed! Had we done so at first, we had driven them home With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace. Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have Room for six, and the rest on.

[Yet Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage For a fair victory.

[Servants present.

Ant. Let us score their backs, and snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind; 'Tis sport to mail a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For so good a valour. Come, have thy way.

Scar. I'll hail after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scarsus, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,

[Row, And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all; For doughty-handed are you; and have fought Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors. Enter the city, clog 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 Scarsus.

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, [world, Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphant.

Cleo. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey, Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Command unto his lips thy 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 deserved it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phoebus' car.—Give me thy hand; Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe Had our great palace the capacity [them: To camp this host, we all would sup together, And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear; Make mingle with our rattling tabourines; That heaves and earth may strike their sounds to- gether, Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 Sold. If we be not reliever'd within this hour, We must return to the court of guard; The night Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle By the second hour! the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?—

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon, When men revolted shall upon record Hear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus! Peace;

3 Sold. Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy, The poisonous damp of night dispone 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 pow, And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, [der, Nobler than my revolt is infamous, Forgive me in thine own particular; But let the world rank me in register A master-leaver, and a fugitive: O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks May concern Caesar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sold. Go to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?—

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums. [Drums after off. Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him To the court of guard; he is of note; our hour Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then;

Hark he may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarsus, with Forces marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea; We please them not by land.

Scar. But for both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight! the fire, or in the air; We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot Upon the hills adjoining to the city, Shall stay with us; order for sea is given; They have put forth the haven: Further on, Where their appointment we may best discover, And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, and his Forces marching.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by land, Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales, And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and Scarsus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd? Where yonder pine does stand, 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 augurers Say, they know not,—they cannot tell:—look grily, 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.
Antony. All is lost; This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder They cast their caps up, and close together Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore tis Hast told me to this novice; and my heart [thou 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. [Exeunt Scarsus. O sun, thy rise shall I see no more; Fortune and Antony part here; even here Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts is That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave Their blessings, do discandy, melt their sweets On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd, That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am: O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home; Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose, Replied to the very heart of loss.— What, Eros, Eros! Enter Cleopatra. Ah, thou spell! Avaunt. Cleo. Why is my lordungen'd against his love? Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thy thy deserving, And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee, And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians: Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot Of all the sex; monster-like, be shown For poor'st diminutives, to do'st; And let Patient Octavia plough thy visage up With her prepared nails. [Exeunt Cleo.] 'Tis well thou'rt gone, 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: Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon; And with these hands, that grasp'd the highest club, Subdue my worthiest rival. The witch shall die; To the Roman hoy she hath sold me, and I fall Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exeunt.] SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian. Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly Was never so emboss'd. Char. To the monument; There lock yourself, and send him word you are The soul and body rive not more in parting; [dead. Than greatness going off. Cleo. To the monument:— Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself; Say that the last I spoke was, Antony, And word it piteously: Hence, Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.— To the monument. [Exeunt.] SCENE XII.—The same. Another Room. Enter Antony and Eros. Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me? Eros. Ay, my lord. Ant. That is now a horse, even with a thought, The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct, As water is in water. Eros. It does, my lord. Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is Even such a body: here I am Antony; Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave, I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,— Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine; Which, whilst it was mine, had annex't unto A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false play'd my glory Unto an enemy's triumph. Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us Ourselves to end ourselwes.—O, thy vile lady! Enter Mardian. She has robb'd me of my sword. No, Antony; My mistress love'd thee, and her fortunes mingled With thine entirely. Ant. Hence, sancy emmich; peace; She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death. Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once, And that she has discharge'd: but thou wouldst be Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake [do, Was, Antony! most noble Antony! Then in the midst a tearing groan did break The name of Antony; it was divided Between her heart and lips; she render'd life, Thy name so buried in her. Ant. Dead then? Mar. Dead. Eros, unarm, the long day's task is done, And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe, Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;— [Exeunt Mardian. The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides! Heart, once be stronger than thy continent. Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace. No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go; You have been nobly borne. From me a while. [Exeunt Eros. I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is torture:—Since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour Many are the woes; yea, very woes; I will Itself with strength; Seal then, and all is done.— Eros! I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me: Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand, And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze: Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops, And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros! Re-enter Eros. Eros. What would my lord? Ant. Since Cleopatra died, I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword Quarrel't the world, and o'er green Neptune's back With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack The courage of a woman; less noble mind Than she, which, by her death, our Caesar tells, I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros, That, when the exigent should come, (which now Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me The inevitable prosecution of Disgrace and horror, that, on my command, Thou then would'st kill me; do't; the time is Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy cheek. Eros. The gods withhold me Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts, Though enemy, lost aim, and could not? Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleas'd arm's, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdue'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swear'st thou
Not to do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpo'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.


Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. No, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then. [Pulling on his sword.

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

[Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
[Eros I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and 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
[Putting on his sword.

I learn'd of thee. How I not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter Dercetas and guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise? Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
Of what I have begun. [an end

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

2 Guard. Alas, and woe! Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dis. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.


Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dis. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dis. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dis. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesy'g fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard,
I pr'ythee.

Dis. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The Come, your lord calls. [guard, what, ho! Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may not live to
All your true followers out.

[wear 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;
'Tis pleasing to hear it lightly. 'Take me up!' I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing Antony. SCENE XIII. The same. A Monument.

Enter above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence. Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. I strike. No, I will not
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead? Dis. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony! Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras; Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impart a truth a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not, Lest I be taken: not the imperious show Of the full-fur'nd Caesar ever shall Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe: [have Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes, And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony,— Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up,— Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone. Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weigh Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my lord! That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power, The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,— Wishes were ever fools;—O, come, come, come; [They draw Antony up. And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd; Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power, Thus would I wear them out.

Ant. A heavy sight! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high, That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, Provok'd by my offence. 2 S
And. One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety—O—!
Cle. They do not go together.
And. Gentile, hear me
None about Caesar's trust, but Proculeius.
Cle. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Caesar.
And. 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 of the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My triumvir, a Roman, by a Roman
Violently vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.
Cle. Noblest of men, woot dle?
Hat thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt,—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men; the gods are gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable.
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.
Char. O, quietness, lady! I
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Cle. Lady. Madam,
Iras. O madam, madam, madam! I
Empress!
Cle. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cle. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest charies. It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience
Does become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
ERE death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, bow now, Cham-
rian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women I look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take
The guard, and keep—[To the Guard.
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, [noble,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women I come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenæus, Gal-
lius, Proculeius, and others.

Caes. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, be mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
Appear thus to us? [dare's

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 Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yeld thee up my life.

Caes. What is't thou say'st?
Antony. Pray, hold, and rather Proculeius, realms so, gentle what's though they which if in hear and what, yet, for, rise, be which I'll do of my blow I'll once are never given kneel'd him sweet have him comfort have, that will, pray in aid for kindness, where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him the greatness he has got. I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience; and would gladly look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady. Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied of him that caus'd it.

God. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd; [Here Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates. Guard her till Caesar come. [To Proculeius and the Guard. Exit Gallus. Iras. Royal queen! Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen! — Cleo. Quick, quick, good hand; [Drawing a dagger. Hold, worthy lady, hold; [Seizes and disarms her. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this relieve'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rides our dogs of languish?

Pro, Cleopatra, do not abuse my master's bounty, by the undoing of yourself: let the world see his nobleness well acted, which your death will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death? Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen with many babes and beggars! O, temperance, lady! Pro. Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir; if idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin, do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I will not wait plinon'd at your master's court; nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up, and show me to the shouting variety Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies Blow me into abhorring! rather make My country's high pyramids my gibbet, and hang me up in chains!

Pro. You soo extend These thoughts of horror further than you shall Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius, What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows, and he hath sent for thee: as for the queen, I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella, it shall content me best: be gentle to her.—To Caesar I will speak what you shall please.[To Cleopatra.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt Proculeius, and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, have you heard of me? Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me. Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known. You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams; Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony; — O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,— Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and the little O, the earth. [Lighted. Most sovereign creature,

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm Crested the world: his voice was propertied As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas, That grew the more by reaping: His delights Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above The element they liv'd in: in his liver Walk'd crowns, and crowne's; realms and islands As plates drop'd from his pocket. [were

Dol. Cleopatra,— Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a As this I dream'd of? [man

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were one such, It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite. Dol. Hear me, good madam: Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it As answering to the weight; 'Would I might never O'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 Caesar means to do with me? Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,— [knew.

Dol. Though he be honourable,— Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cesar.

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mccenas, Seleucus, and Attendants.

Cas. Which is the queen Of Egypt?

Dol. *'Tis the emperor, madam. [Cleopatra kneels.

Cas. Arise, You shall not kneel: I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods Will have it thus; my master and my lord I must obey.
Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts: The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well To make it clear; but do confess, I have been laden with like frailties, which before Have often sham'd our sex.

Ces. Cleopatra, know, We will extenuate rather than enforce; If you apply yourself to our intents, (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall A benefit in this change; but if you seek [find To lay on me a cruelty, by taking Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself Of my good purposes, and put your children To that destruction which I'll guard them from, If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [and we

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours: Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Ces. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra. Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels, I am posses'd of: 'tis exactly valued; Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus? Sel. Here, madam. Cleo. And my messenger; let him speak, my Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd [lord, To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus. Sel. Madam, I had rather see 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.

Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold, How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours; And, should we shift estates, yours would be The ingratitude of this Seleucus does mine. Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust Than love that's hir'd!—What, guest thou back? thou shalt Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes, Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, Only base [dog; Good queen, let us entreat you. Ces. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this; That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar, That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, Immoments, things of such dignity As we great modern friends withal; and say, Some nobler token I have kept apart For Livia, and Octavia, to induce Their mediation; must I be unfolded With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites Beneath the fall I have. Prythee, go hence; [me Forbear, Seleucus. Out shall I show the cinders of my spirits Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a Thou would'st have mercy on me. [man, Ces. 

[Exit Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought For things that others do; and, when we fail, We anger others' merits in our name, Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra, [ledg'd, Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledge Put we 't the rol of conquest: still be it yours, Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd; Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear For we intend so to dispose you, as [queen Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep: Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remain your friend; and so adieu. Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Ces. [Exeunt Caesar, and his Train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian. [Whispers Charmian. 

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done. And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again: I have spoke already, and it is provided; Go, put it to the haste. 

Char. Madam, I will. Re-enter Dolabella.


Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command, Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this: Caesar through Syria Intends his journey: and, within three days, You with your children will be sent before: Make your best use of this: I have perform'd Your pleasure, and my promise. Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your debtor. Dol. I your servant. Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar. Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.] Now, Iras, what think'st thou? Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths, Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed, And fore'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid! 

Cleo. Nay, tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymer Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present Our Alcibiades, which revels The gods of his hire. And, I shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness I the posture of a whore. Iras. O the good gods! Cleo. Nay, that is certain. Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way To fool their preparation, and to conquer Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?— Enter Charmian.

Show me, my women, like a queen:—Go fetch My best attire;—I am again for Cydus, To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go. Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed: And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave To play till dooms-day. Bring our crown and all. Wherefore's this noise? [Exit Iras. A noise within. Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow, That will not be denied your highness' presence; He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument [Exit Guard. May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty. My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing Of woman in me: Now from head to foot I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon No planet of mine.
Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, That kills and pains not? [Exeunt Cleopatra and Antony to his right]

Guard. I hear of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should do not, but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report of the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the basket.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.

Re-enter Iris, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me: Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:— Yare, yare, good Iris; quick—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To raise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men To exult in after death. 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, take, and let the last warmth of my lips Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell. [Kisses them. Iris falls and dies.

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I To gods themselves do weep. [may say, Cleo. This proves me base, If she first meet the cruel Antony, He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal woes To the asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak! That I might hear thee call great Caesar, as Unpoliced! Char. O eastern star! Peace, peace!

Cleo. Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That suck's the nurse asleep?
Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman, husband to

Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under

the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.

Philario, friend to Posthumus, Italians.

Iachimo, friend to Philario.

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Calius Lucas, general of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

Helen, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE I.—sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Yon do not meet a man, but frowned: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtilrs
Still seem, as does the king’s.

2 Gent. But what’s the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos’d to his wife’s sole son, (a widow,)
That late he married,) hath refer’d herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She’s wed
Her husband banish’d; she imprison’d: all dêd;
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch’d at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir’d the match: But not a courier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king’s looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss’d the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—slack, good man!—
And therefore banish’d,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. Yon speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gent. What’s his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call’d Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv’d with glory and admir’d success:
So gain’d the sur-addition, Leonatus.
And bad, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars of the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased

As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast, as ’twas minister’d: and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv’d in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais’d, most lov’d:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feared them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish’d,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem’d him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honor him
Even out of your report. But, ‘pray you, tell me
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing, Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in
Which way they went.

2 Gent. Long since is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years. [Ye’v’d!]

2 Gent. That a king’s children should be so con
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them?

1 Gent. Howso’er ’tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be lann’d at,
Yet it is true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

2 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen, and princess.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured, ye shall not find me,
After the slander of most step-mothers, [daughter,
Evil-ey’d unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offender king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and ’twere good,
You learn’d unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I’ll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr’d affections; though the king
Hath charg’d you should not speak together.

Exit Queen.
Cymbeline.

Act 1.

Imo. O Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds.—My dearest husband, I something fear my father’s wrath; but nothing, (Always reserved my holy duty,) what His rage can do on me: You must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!— O, lady, weep not more; lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyalest husband that did e’er plight troth. My residence in Rome, at one Flahario’s; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter: thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I’ll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure: Yet I’ll move him [Aside.]

To walk this way: I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu! Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother’s: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another!— You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And seal up my embracings from a next With bonds of death—Remain thou here [Putting on the ring.]

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles I still think of you: For my sake, wear this; It is a manacle of love; I’ll place it Upon this fairest prisoner. [Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Imo. O, the gods! WHEN SHALL WE SEE AGAIN?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king! Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight! If, after this command, thou fraud the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you! And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest A year’s age on me! Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation; I Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience? Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace! [Queen.

Cym. That might’st have had the sole son of my Imo. O bless’d, that I might not: I chose an And did avoid a puttock. [Eagle, Cym. Thou tookst a beggar; wouldst have A seat for baseness. [made my throne

Imo. No; I rather added

A justre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have lov’d Posthumus: You bred him as my playfellow; and he is A man, worth any woman; overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!— Would A neath-herd’s daughter! and my Leonatus [I were Our neighbour shepherd’s son!—

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Thou foolish thing!— They were again together: you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience! Peace, Dear lady daughter, peace;—sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some Out of your best advice. [comfort

Cym. Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way: Here is your servant. How now, sir? What news? Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha! No harm, I trust, is done? Pis. There might have been, But that my master rather play’d than fought, And had no help of anger: they were parted By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on’t. Imo. Your son’s my father’s friend; he takes his To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!— [part.

I would they were in Afric both together; Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The goer back.—Why came you from your master? Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me To bring him to the haven: left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour, He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least, Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—A publick Place.

Enter Cloten and Two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there’s none abroad so wholesome as that you vent. Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it— Have I hurt him? 2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body’s a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt. 2 Lord. His steel was in debt: it went o’ the backside the town. Clo. The villain would not stand me. 2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. Clo. I would stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! Clo. I would, they had not come between us.
2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!' [Aside.

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou gav'est unto the shores o'the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, His queen, his queen!

Imo. Then war'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen I happen therein 1:

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shoul'dst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;

crack'd them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Now, when the wish, till he had rest'd from

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good

When shall we hear from him?

[Pisanio.

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

How I would think on him, at certain hours,

Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then

I had heav'n for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,

Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them de-

I will attend the queen. [spatch'd.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.


Enter Philaris, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutch-

man, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir; I have seen him in Britian;

he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove

so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of:

but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabulated by his side, and I to pencil him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish-

ed, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daugh-

ter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep

this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonder-

fully to extend him; be it but to forfeit her judg-

ment, which else an easy batterie might lay flat, for

taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to

whose I have been often bound for no less than my life:

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amidst your, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his France.

French. Sir, we have known together in Or-

leans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it bad been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel is not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of words; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publik, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmations) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and least attemptable, than any the rest of our fair ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentle-

man's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far piefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-

hand acquaintance,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.
Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.
Iach. What do you esteem it at?
Post. More than the world enjoys.
Iach. Which of your house shall be mistress of the gods?
Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.
Iach. Which of the gods have given you?
Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.
Iach. You may wear her in tithe yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. You may lose her by the breath of an unprizeable estimation; the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished curliter, would hazard the winning both of first and last.
Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the bolding or loss of that, you term her frail.
Iach. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.
Phi. Let us leave here gentlemen.
Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signor, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.
Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should make her a fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.
Post. No, no.
Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.
Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a person: I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.
Iach. What's that?
Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.
Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.
Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.
Post. What lady would you choose to assail?
Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.
Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.
Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.
Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a greater purpose, I hope.
Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.
Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.
Iach. Let there be covans drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the huggeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.
Phi. I will have it no longer.
Post. Is it done?—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have her jewel, this is your jewel, and my gold are yours—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.
Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.
Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.
Post. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.
Iach. Will this hold, think you?
Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

SCENE VI.—Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelia.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleases, for your highness, and they are, madam:

[Presenting a small box.

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been told

Thy pupil long ago? or taught me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yes; so,

That our great king himself doth woo me o'er For my confessions? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none hu-

To try the vigour of them, and apply [man, Allayments to their act; and by them gather At the several virtues, and effects.

Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [Aside. Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio?— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;—

[Aside. You shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word—

Pisanio. To Pisanio.

Cor. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think, she has Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature; Those she has, Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and Then afterward up higher; but there is no danger in what you know of death, it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor.

Until I send for thee.
Cymbeline.

Act 1.

Scene VII—Another Room in the same.

Enter Imogen.

I'mo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false:—A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,—[band] That hath her husband banish'd:—0, that hus-
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fye!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presenta a letter.

I'mo. Thanks, good sir, you are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Ride, be dirk. [Exit.

I'mo. [Reads.] He is one of the noblest note, to
Whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
Upon him accordingly, as you value your trust
Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. —
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady,—

Well are men mad? Hath nature given them
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop [eyes
Of sea and land, which can distinguish twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Parison make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul? infl

I'mo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be t'he eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor t'he jugde:
For idiots, in this case of favour, would ment;
Be wisely definite: Nor t'he appetite;
Smitery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

I'mo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
Whose club both fild' and running,) ravishing first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

I'mo. What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—Beseech you, sir;

[To Pisanio.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

I'mo. I was going, sir,

To give you welcome. [Exit Pisanio.

Iach. Continue well my lord? His health, he?

Iach. Well, madam. [Exit. I'mo. Is he dispose'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gameous: he is call'd
The Briton reveiler.

I'mo. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent specimen, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from his free lungs,
Cries, 0! Can my heart behold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Aimed bondage? Will my lord say so?

I'mo. Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be by, [laughter.
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens;
Some men are much to blame. [know.

I'mo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heav'n's bounty towards him
Might be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;—
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

I'mo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

I'mo. Am I one, sir? You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What! To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
The dungeon by a snuff?

I'mo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

I have spoke this, to know if your alliance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
Of the truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

You make amends.

He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare.

Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, charless. Fray, your pardon.

All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

I have almost forgot To entertain your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord; myself; and other noble friends, Who are partners in the business.

Pray, what is't?

Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the faction of the rest, have done In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form; their values great; And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safe stowage: May it please you To take them in protection?

Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

They are in a trunk, attended by my men: I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night; I must abound to-morrow.

O, no, no.

Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Galia I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

I thank you for your pains;

But not away to-morrow?

O, I must, madam: Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: I have outstayed my time; which is material To the tender of our present.

I will write. Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten and Two Lords.

Cloten. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your howl.

2 Lord. If his wit have been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [Aside.

Cloten. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [Aside] crop the ears of them.

Cloten. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would, he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [Aside.
Cymbeline.

Act 2.

Cloe. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth, — A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother; every jack-slaw hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Cloe. What thou say'st?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Cloe. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloe. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Cloe. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Cloe. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this strange make?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Cloe. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cloe. Not entirely, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate.

Cloe. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What have I lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exit Cloten and first Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass? a woman, that Bears up her head with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from two from for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly concluding plots; a wiser, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens bend firm The walls of thy dear honour; keep ushak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

I mo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed: Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if you canst awake by four o'the clock, I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods! From fairies, and the tempters of the night, Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Ichimoho, from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's over-labour'd Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus [sense Did solace, so the rushes, ere he wak'n'd The chastity he wound'd—Cytherea, How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily! And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do!—'Tis her breathing that Perfuces the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids, To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these wavers, spent and gone, ced, With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design? To note the chamber:—I will write all down:— Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures, Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the story,— Ah, but some natural notes about her body, Above ten thousand meaner moveables Would testify, to enrich mine inventory: O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her! And be her sense but as a monument, Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off; [Taking off her bracelet. As slipperily, as the Gordion knot was hard,— 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly, As strongly as the conscience does within, To the madding of her lord. On her left breast A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher, Stronger than ever law this secret will. Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and talen [end The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what Why should I write this down, that's riveted, Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down, Where Philomel gave up:—I have enough: To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear; Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes. One, two, three.—Time, time! [Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

SCENE III.—An Anti-Chamber, adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man I know, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Cloe. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Cloe. Winning would put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough; It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Cloe. I would this musick would come; I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: If none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give her a most excellent good-conceived thing; after, a wonderfull sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phoebus' gins arise, Hearts dead to water at those springs On chalied flowers that lies; And twinkling Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes; With every thing that pretty bin: My lady sweet, arise; Arie, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, It is a vice in
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.  

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early! He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to your gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
Will she not forth?

[daughter?]

Clo. I have assaulted her with music, but she would not remove.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new:
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter; Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem, as if
You were insipid to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your disposition tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Calius Lucius.

Clo. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now:
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards him his goodness forespent on us.
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her: What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
Dianna's rangers false themselves, yield up
[makes]
Their deer to the stand of the steealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
What one of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentlewoman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person; Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. H ow ! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand;

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can pay them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer. [silent.]

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: if faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your best knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To I will leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:

I. I. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you're patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the best truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity,
[To accuse myself] I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
[Yet who, than he, more mean?] to knit their souls
[On whom there is more dependency]
But brats and beggary in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
The precious note with it, with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be sty'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more miscarriage, than
come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee.
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisario?

Enter Pisario.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman lie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprightled with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew
If I would lose it for a revenue

[me,]
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.  

[Exit Pis.]

You have abuse'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.  

[Exit.]
Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
That quaker in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd
I barely gratify your love; they failing, [hopes,]
I must die much to your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoughtfully: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arraenges,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Stating, though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar
Smill'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo?
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal, the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To whom shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching.) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cyduns swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me;
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. Or do your honor injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was another nature, damn: outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, mnnch spoke of.

Post. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
Praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Yes, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I saw her yet;
Her pretty action did out-carry her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pinck'd it off;

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
[ Gives the ring.
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honor,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of you more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virgins; which is nothing:
O, above measure false;

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It shall, I hope, the other, reject it: or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;
Act 2.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women Must be half so old as that? I'll write against them, Detest them, curse them; — yet 'tis greater skill In a true hate, to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar With us? [yet

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibellam, thine utile, (Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee Is left unrender'd. [lately

Queen. And, to kill the marvell, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars, Ere such another Julius. Britain Is a world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses. — That opportunity Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rock's unscaleable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, [conquest

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of Caesar made here; but made not here his brag Of, came, and saw, and overcame: with shame (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping (Poor ignorant baser!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibellam, who was once at point (O, rigot fortune!) to master Caesar's sword, Made Laud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strait with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibellam: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? if Caesar can hide the sun from us within a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort [tion, This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's ambi- (Which swept'd so much, that it did almost stretch The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here Did put the yoke upon us: why should to shake off, Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar, Our ancestor was that which Multumus, which Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Caesar Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran- chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry;) Multumus Who was the first of Britain, which did put

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them, Detest them, curse them; — yet 'tis greater skill In a true hate, to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit

PCYMBELINE.

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Render to me some corporal sign about her, More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 'Tis true; — nay, keep the ring—'tis true, I am She would not lose it: her attendants are [sure, All sworn, and honourable; — they induc'd to steal it! And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her: The cognizance of her incontinency [dearly.— Is this,—she hath bought the name of whom thus That, a take thy hire; and all the flames of hell Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient! This is not strong enough to be believ'd

Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't; She hath been colt'd by him. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast (Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging: By my life, I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie; And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny Thou hast made me cuckold. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-mean!

I will go there, and do'lt: I'll the court; before Her father — I'll do something——

[Exit

PHI. Quite besides The government of patience! — You have won: Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women Must be half so old as that? We are bastards all; And that most venerable man, which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd The Diana of that time: so doth my wife The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance! Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, And pray'd me, oft, for forbearance: did it with A pendency so rosy, the sweet view on't; [her Might well have warm'd old Saturn: that I thought As chaste as unsum'd snow: — o, all the devils!— This yellow latchimo, in an hour, — was not 0? — Or, less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but, Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition But what he look'd for should oppose, and she Should from encounter guard. Could I find out The woman's part in me! For there's no motion That does to vice in man: I affirm It is the woman's part: Be it how, note it, The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers; Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenge, hers; Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain, Naiad knockings, mutinies, snares, her; All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows, Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all: For ev'n to vice They are not constant, but are changing still One vice, but of a minute old, for one
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

Luc.  I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar (Caesar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy: Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion, In Cæsar's name pronounce I'gainst thee: look For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defined, I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gathered honour; Which he to seek of me in his assaults, Before I keep at utterance: I am perfect, That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, For their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold: So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Cle. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us In our salt-water gilders; if you beat us out of it, it will content you. But if you fall In the adventure, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir. Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same. Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adulteries? Wherefore write you What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus! [not O, master! what a strange infection Is fallen into thy ear? what false Italian (As poisonous tongue'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No! She's pure as her truth: if any, beggars goes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue,—O, my master! Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her? Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command?—I, her?—If it be so to do good service, never [blood? Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to?—Do'T: The letter That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity: O damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble, Art thou a foalery for this action, and look'st So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes. Enter Imogen. I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio? Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus? O, learnt indeed were that astronomer, That knew the stars, as I his characters: Here lay the future open.—You good gods, Let what is here contain'd relish of love, Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not, That we two are asunder, let that grieve him, (Some grieves are medicinable:) that is one of them, For true love of his content. [Reads. He, all but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Besid's You bees, that make these locks of counsel! lovers, And men in dangerous hoods, pray not alike; Though forfeitors you cast in prison, yet You clasp young Cupid's tabs:—Good news, gods! [Reads.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he relishes all happiness, that remains loyal to his own, and your, increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far's thy thither. If one of mean affairs May hold it a week, why, and why, why Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Wholost'g, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st, O, let me bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st, But in a fainter kind—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To in a haren: But I say, how we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? [hence] We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride Twixt hour and hour? Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could not go so slow: I have heard of riding waggers, Where horses have been nimblier than the sands That run 't the clock's behalf. But this is Go, bid my woman feign a sickness: say [foolery She's gone to her father: and provide me, pre-A riding suit; no costlier than would fit [sently, A franklin's housewife. Pis. Madam, you're best consider. Imo. I must before me, man, nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues: but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I prythee, Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say: Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountaineous Country, with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aturiragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and hows you To your late holy office: The gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high, that giants may yet through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven! We house it the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Guiderius. Hail, heaven! Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to you hill, Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Con. When I above perceive me like a crow, [sider, That it is place, which lessens, and sets off. And you may then revolving what tales I have told Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: [you This service is not service, but an empty dominoe But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see: And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. In this life Is master, than attending for a check; Richer than doing nothing for a bade; Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk: Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guiderius. By your proof you speak: we, poor unfeidg'd, Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know What air's from home. Haply, this life is best, (not If quiet life be best; sweeter to you, That have a sharper known; well corresponding With your stuff'age: but, unto us, it is
Cymbeline.

A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are but as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toll of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour: which dies i'the
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, [search; as record of fair act: nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well: what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will, [night,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gu. This is an uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline, I was confederate in the Romans' plot,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these desmesmes, have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom: paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all [tains;
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountThis is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
Two other shall be courted:
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. [Exeunt Gu. and Arv.
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
There is little: they know the king:
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly
The cave, wherein they how, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prance it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius.—Jove! Thou didst accuse him of impiety:
Tell the warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—Thus mine enemy fell; And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cad (Once Arvlagus), in as like a figure, [wal,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
Himself conceiving; I am round'd:—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babs;
Thinking to bear thee of succession, as
Thou rearedst me of my lands. Eurithile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:

Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
The place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! Man! Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh.
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explanation: Put thyself
Into a haven of less fear, ere wildness
Vanguish my staidler senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st [hand!
But keep that countenance still:—My husband's That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craft'd him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read:
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the trumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief; and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give the opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Outvomens all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the postind winds, and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This vipersous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge To break it with a fearful dream of him, [nature, And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. False? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo
Did shun the fatal monument; thou didst accuse him of impiety:
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough.—Some joy of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; [him: And, for I am richer than to hang by the wall, I must beripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's rows are women's traitors! All good seemBy thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought [ing,
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows; But, corn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false 

Æneas, Were, in his time, thought false; and Simon's Did scandal mark a holy face; took pity [weeping From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthu-Will lay the leave on all proper men: [mus, Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou ho-
nest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st
A little witness my obedience: Look! [him,
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
'Tis my master is not there; who was, indeed,
The fruition of it: Do his bidding: strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damu my hand.

Iwo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine, [heart;
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
Something's afoot';—Soft, soft; we'll on defence;
Obedient as the scabard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corruptors of my faith! thou shalt no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are be
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor [tay'd
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience against the kiss of my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
That thus thou hast disdained me, my heart's dearest
That now thou tirst' on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Frythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
Wilt thou deseire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Iwo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll make mine eye-balls blind first.

Iwo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
To do what is such? the precious'g'd by her
For my being absent; whereunto I uver
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbell, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Iwo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak;
I have heard, I am a trumpeter; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Iwo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither.

Iwo. But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master knows
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Iwo. Some Roman countenance.

Pis. Not on my life.

Iwo. I'll give but notice you are dead; and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Iwo. What shall I do the while? Where hide? How
Or in my life what comfort, when I am [live?
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Iwo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Iwo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun this times? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'm the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Frythee, think
There's lives out of Britain.

Iwo. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow; now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and bnt disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be;
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so uigh, at leat,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Iwo. O, for such meaus!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and uincees.
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in giber, quick-answer'd, sarsity,
And quarellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titian: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, whereu
You made great Juno angry.

Iwo. Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. 
Fore-thinking this, I have already st
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doubled, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serv-
And with that imitation you can borrow
(In, from quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Presume, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him kno
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
Double this, that he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
You have me, rich; and I will never fail [abroad:
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Iwo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Frythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we meditate a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected
Of your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: — May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Iwo. Amen: I thank thee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and
Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote: I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye my master's enemy.

Cyn. Our subjects, sir, will not endure his yoke; and for ourselv es to show less sovereignty than they, must needs appear unkingle.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you a conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you! Cyn. My lords, thou art appointed for that office: the due of honour in that point:—So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord. Sirrah, and, the, and, _Tis_ or and, Royal let Sirrah, and, and, I that make of Britain. Re-enter Coten.

Cyn. Receive it friendly: but it honours what we have given him cause.

'Tis all the better: Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it; Cyn. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor; How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripe, our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness: The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves his war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business; But must be look'd on speedily, and strongly.

Cyn. Our expectation that it would be thus, Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen, Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day: She looks us like A thing more made of malice, than of duty: We have noted it. Call her before us; for We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant. Royal sir, Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, And strikes death to her. Re-enter an Attendant.

Cyn. Where is she, sir? How Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant. Please you, sir, her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereunto constrain'd by her infirmity, She should that duty leave unpaid to you, Which daily she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make known; but our great court Made me to blame in memory. Cyn. Her doors lock'd?

Queen. Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear, Prove false! Son, I say, follow the king. Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant, I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—[Exit Coten. Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Happy, despair hath seiz'd her; Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is To death, or to dishonour; and my end Can make good use of either: she being down, I have the possession of the British crown. Re-enter Coten.

How now, my son? Cyn. 'Tis certain, she is flied. Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; May this night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit Queen.

Cyn. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal, And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Outuells them all: I love her therefore; But, Disdaining me, and throwing favours on The low Posthumus, slander's her judgment, That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point, I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall.—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah? Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain, Where is thy lady! In a word; or else Thou art straightforward with the friends. Pisan. Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? From whose so many weights of baseness cannot A dram of worth he drawn.

Pisan. Alas, my lord, How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer; No further halting: satisfy me home, What is become of her? Pisan. O, my all-worthy lord! Clo. Discover where thy mistress is, at once, At the next word.—No more of worthy lord,— Speak, or thy silence on the instant Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pisan. Then, sir, This paper is the history of my knowledge, Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter. Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne. Pisan. Or this, or perish. She's far enough; and what he learns by this, May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph! Pisan. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen, Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [Aside. Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pisan. Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, If thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so'e'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shoudst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pisan. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pisan. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession? Pisan. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mirth, Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pisan. I shall, my lord. [Exit Pisan. Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember anon:—Even
there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it, I now relish from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her. First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her conceit. He on the ground, my speech of insult ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third (if thou wilt) and a contrary mute to my design. Be bat duteous, and true, preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to Were to prove false, which I will never be, [thee, To him that is most true. To Milford go,

And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his need! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:

I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together

I have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford

When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken: O joy! I think,

Foundations fly the wretched: such I mean,

Where they would be rejected. Two beggars told

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, [me,

That have affiliations on them; knowing 'tis

A punishment, or trial? Yes, no wonder,

When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in ful.

Is soer, to lie for need; and falsehood less

Is set in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!

Thou art one of the false ones: Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was

At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:

I was best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever

Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,

Take, or rob me. Ho!—No!—Now I'll enter,

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't;

Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arrivagus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman.

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, [and

Will play the cook, and servant; 'twas our match:

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,

But my soul works to. Gore; our stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,

Poor house, that keep'st thyself.

Guil. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guil. There is cold meat 'tis the case: we'll browse

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [on that,

Bel. Stay; come not in: [Looking in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy.

Guil. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness

No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begged, or bought what I have took:

Good truth, [found

I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had

Gold strew'd o'th' floor. Here's money for my

I would have left it on the board, so soon [meat

As I had made my meal; and parted

With prayers for the provider.


Are. All gold and silver rather torn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckond, of those Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who

Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;

To whom being gone, almost spent with hunger,

I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,

Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd:

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

Here you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it—

Boys, bid him welcome.

Guil. Were you a woman, youth,

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In

I bid you for, as I'd buy. [honesty,

I'll make't my comfort,

He is a man; I'll love him as my brother—

And anch a welcome as I'd give to him,

After long absence, such as yours:—Most wel-

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. [come! Imo. 

'Mongst friends? If brothers?—Would it had been so, that

they [prize

Had been my father's sons, then had my Aide

Been less; and so more equal ballasting

To thee, Posthumus.

He wrings at some distress.

Guil. 'Wold, I could free't!

Arr. Or I: what'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[Whispering.

Imo. Great men,

That had no court no bigger than this cave.

That did attend themselves, and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by

That nothing gift of differing multitude,

Could not out-peep these twin.' Pardon me, gods! I

'd change my sex to be companions with them,

Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so: [in

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sopp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guil. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,

less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians; And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against Theirs. The immediate commissions; that we do incite The gentry to this business: He creates Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commands His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! 2 Sen. Is Lucius general of the forces? Ay. 2 Sen. Remaining now in Gallia? With those legions Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy Must be supplyant: The words of your commission Will tie you to the numbers, and the time Of their despatch. 

Tri. We will discharge our duty.  

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his performances seem! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his: no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes; beyond him in the advantage of the time; above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverent thing loves me in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, he a little angry for so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testines, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword! I am for a purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: [To Imogen.] remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.  

Arv. Brother, stay here:  

[To Imogen.]

Are we not brothers?  

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.  

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.  

Imo. So sick I am, I fear:—yet I am not well: But not so citizen a wanton, as To seem to die, ere sick:—so please you, leave me; Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me Can find no amends: Society is no court To one not socable: I'm not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here: I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Staining so poorly.  

Bel. And I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.  

Bel. What? how? how?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why should I yield to thee?

Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

No, not thy tailor, rascal;
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

What's thy name?

It, Cloten, thou villain.

Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

I'm sorry for it; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Art not afraid?

Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads;
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [Exit, fighting.]

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad. [Sure.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
Bel. I cannot tell: Long it is since I saw him,
But time hath nothing burred those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
Twas very Cloten.

In this place we left them:
I wish my brother made good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of running terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty parse,
There was no money in't; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains. He had not
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
Son to the queen, after his own report; [head,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Through his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse: not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hear-
(As it is like him,) might break out and swear [ing,

He'd fetch us in; yet it's not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or try so suffering: then on good ground we fear
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods forsay it: hawwso'er,
My brother hath done well. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Bel. With his own sword, and
Which he did wave against my throat, I have taken
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I teck.

K. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hast'd not done't! though
Becomes thee well enough. [value

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envious,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
And put us to our answer. [through,

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pray thee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele! I
Willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And raise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine NATURE, how thyself through lazโรงแรม
In these two princely safe! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gu. Where's my brother?

Bel. Where to sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solem music.

Bel. My lugubrious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! what but occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear's mother.

It did: then speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imoene as dead in his

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have saw this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought, he slept; and
put [nesh
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If lie be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be honor'd,
And worms will not come to thee.

Gui. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, or like thee veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweet in th'azure, that didst not Ruddock would
With charitable bill [O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! bring thee all this;
Yes, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
To winter-ground thy corse.

Pr'ythee, have done; And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave:

Gui. Say, where shall lay'st him?

Gui. By good Euphrile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so! And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannick crack, sing him to the
ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euphrile must be Fidele.

Cass. I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Gui. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
Together, have one dust; Yet reverence, [rotting
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was prince:
And though you took his life, as being our foe, [ly
Yet bury him as a prince.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
My father hath a reason for't.

Gui. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. —Brother, begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
My father hath a reason for't.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Gui. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Guil. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rage;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-destroying thunder-stone.
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Nor any witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost un laid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,
The herds, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fit'st for graves. — Upon their faces:
You were as fair as angels; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew:
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

Euriphile, Gui.nderius, and Arviragus.

Imo. 'Awaking! 'Ere, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?

[thither
I thank you. — By you bush? — Pray, how far
'Ods pittikins! — can it be six miles yet? — [sleep,
You have gone all night; — Faith, I'll lie down and
But, soft! no bedfellow! — O, gods and goddesses! [seeing the body]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on! — I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
Good if trembling still betheet fear: But if there
[faith,
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it
Without me, as within me; not imag'd, felt.
A headless man! — The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial: his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? — How? — 'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darte on thee! Thou,
Conspire'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous! — Dam'd Pisanio
Hath with his beard'd letter wond'ried Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! — O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, [that
And left this head on. — How should this be?
Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lure in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
nant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord.
Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia, After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships: They are here in readiness.

LUC. But what from Rome? Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confederates, And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits, That promise noble service: and they come Under the conduct of bold Tacitum, Sienna's brother.

LUC. When expect you them? Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

LUC. This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir, What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

SOOTH. Last night the very gods show'd me a (I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus—I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spungy south to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeam's glare, which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

LUC. Dream often so, And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here, What's the run on? That sometime It was a worthy building. How! a page!— Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather: For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face. Cap. He is alive, my lord.

LUC. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, [one, They crave to be demanded. Who is this, Tho' makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? What art thou?

IMO. I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were letter. This was my master. A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain:— alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly; never Find such another master.

LUC. 'Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, Than thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend.

IMO. Richard da Champ. If I do lie, and do No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope They'll pardon it. [Aside.] Say you, sir? LUC. Thy name? IMO. Fidele.

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Wilt thou chance with me? I will not say, Thou dost well master; but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee; Go with me. IMO. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the' ll hide my master from the flies, as deep [as gods, As these poorpickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd And on it said a centuary of prayers, [this grave, Such as I can, twice over, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

LUC. Ay, good youth; and rather father thee, than master thee.— My friends, The boy hath taught me many duties: Let us Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and parisians A grave; Come; arm him. Boy, he is prefer'd By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt. SCENE III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisani.

CYM. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with A fever with the absence of her son; [her. A madness, of which her life's in danger.— Ha ven, How deeply you at once do torch me! I mogen, The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen Upon a desperate bed; and in a time, When fearful war's point at me, her son gone, So needful for this present: It strikes me, past The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, for when she purposes return. 'Besech you Hold me your loyal servant. [highness, 1 Lord. Good my liege, The day that she was missing, he was here: I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform All parts of his subjection loyalty.

For Cloten— There wants no diligence in seeking him, And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome: We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty, The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn, Are landed on your coast; and, with a supply Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent. CYM. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen! I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege, Your preparation can afford no less; you're ready: Than what you hear of: come more, for more The want is, but to put those powers in motion, That long to move.

Cym. And meet the time, as it seems, with a supply To yield me often tidings: Neither know I What can from Italy annoys us: but We grieve at chances here. [Away. [Exeunt. PIS. I heard no letter from my master, since I wrote him, I mogen was slain: 'Tis strange; Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings: Neither know I What is betid to Cloten; but remain Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work: Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be Sure. These present wars shall find I love my country, Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them. All other doubts, by time let them be cleared: Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

GUI. The noise is round about us. BEL. Let us from it. ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?

GUI. Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after. BEL. Son, We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us. To the king's party there's no going: newness.
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mus-
Among the hands, may drive us to a render [ter'd]
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be
Drawn on with torture. {death
Gus. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arm. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes,
And ears so col'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Q, I am known
Of secrecy in the army: many years
[Aside. Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arm. By this sun that shines,
I'll theor: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood;
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore robe
Nor iron on his head, that am shad'm
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknoun.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go;
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arm. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. The time seems long; their blood
Thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Field between the British and
Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For crying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
To have them fall no more: you some permit [love,
To stand ill with ill, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doers' thirft.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills, [hither
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
Heart patient in my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and this unknown,
Pitted nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More value in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shone the guile o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman
army; at the other side, the British army; Leonatus
Posthumus following it, like a poor soldier.
They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then
enter again in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus:
he vanquisheth and discarrieth Iachimo, and then
leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of the sly ruddy, and this country,
Revengeingly enfeebles me; Or, could this car.
A very drudge of nature's, have subdud me,
In my profession? Kindness and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit

The battle continues: the Britons fly; Cymbeline
is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius,
Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the
ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arm. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: They
rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then, enter
Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the back of Britons, all a flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted.
Lolling the tongue with slaughterings, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through their fear; that the strat pass was
damned
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—atthwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The part by chance, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cast'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage: cry'd to those that died,
Our Britain's haris disfig'ring, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These
three
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, and more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
(turn'd;
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some
But by example (O, a sin in war, [turn'd coward
Damm'd in the first beginners!) gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the broken; the hunters then began
A stop i'the chace, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
And flies.

The strides they victors made: And now our
Like fragments in hard voyages, became [open
The life o' the need; having found the back-door
Of the ungarded hearts, Heavens, how they
Would have us [friends
Some, shain before; some, dying; some, the
O'erborne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o'the field.

Lord: This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you bear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon it,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.
Lord. Nay. be not angry, sir,
Post. What, black, to what end?
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you are angry.
Exeunt. 

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a zilly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is
A Roman; [there?]
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [service
If these crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, attended : Belarius, Guiderius,
Arriragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captains.
The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who
delivermes over to a Gaoler: after which, all
go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and Two Gaolers.

1 Goo. You shall not now be stolen, you have
So, grace, as you find pasture. [locks upon you;
2 Goo. Ay, a story:—[Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better [way,
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had ra-
Dropt the way to secrecy, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key.
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd
[give me
More than in my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
The pen of instrument, to pick that bolt.
Then, free for ever! 'tis enough, I am sorry
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyres,
Dress'd more than constraint'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more excellent than vile men,
Who of their broken debters take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
Two men and man, they weigh not every
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
If you will take this audit, take this life, [powers,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.
[He sleeps.

Solemn music. Enter, as an appari tion, Sicilius
Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man,
Attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an an-
cient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus,
With music before them. Then, after other mu-
ic, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to
Posthumus, with wounds, as they died in the
wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies
sleeping.

Stel. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Razes and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-exing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my threes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Act 5.

Cymbeline.

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair, That he deserv'd the praise o'the world, As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he That could stand up in this parallel; Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd, To be exil'd, and thrown From Leonati seat, and cast From her his dear delight, Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo, Slight thing of Italy, To taint his nobler heart and brain With needless jealousy; And to become the gheck and scorn O' the other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came, Our parents, and us twain, That, striking in our country's cause, Fell bravely, and were slain; Our featly, and Tenantius' right, With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd; Then Jupiter, thy king of gods, Whay hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due; Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out; No longer exercise, Upon a valiant race, thy harsh And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good, Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help! Or we poor ghosts will cry To the shining synod of the rest, Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal, And from thy justice fly.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low, Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts, Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know, Sky-plant'd, batters all rebelling coasts? Poor shadows of Elysium, hence! and rest Upon your never-withering banks of flowers: Be not with mortal accidents opprest: No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours. Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift, The more delay'd, delighted. Be content; Your low-laid row, our godhead will uplift: His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent. Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade I! He shall be lord of lady Imogen, And the glesier much, and his ascension made. This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein Our pleasure his full fortune dot confine; And so, away: no further with your din Express impatience, lest you stir up mine— Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends. Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak, As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter! Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest, Let us with care perform his great behest. [Ghosts vanish.

Post. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grand sire, and begot A father to me: and thou hast created A mother, and two brothers: But, (O scorn!) Gone! they were born so soon as they were born. And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend On greatness' favour, dream as I have done; Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve: Many dream not to find, neither deserve, And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I. That have this golden chance, and know not why, What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment [one! Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, As good as promise.

[Reads.] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be cut off a branch, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing: Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot unite. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?


Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for part of meat, depart feeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your Journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. If I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Cym. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.

Cym. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young giblets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, the more to believe, there are verier knives desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; 0, there were desolation of Gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.  

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, [breath Whose rags sham'd glad arms, whose naked Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. Such noble fury in so poor a thing: Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and But no trace of him. [living

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, [To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus. By whom I grant she lives: 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are.—report it.

Bel. Sir, in Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: Arise, my knights o'the battle; I create you Companions to our person, and will you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not of the court of Britain.

Cor. To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician Would this report becall?—I know you, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she? Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd I will report, so please you: These her women Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finish'd.  

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; Affected greatness got by you, not you: [only Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. [love Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand To such integrity, she did confess

Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had To'urn off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman?—is there more? Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, She for you a mortal mineral; which, being took, [had Should be the minute feed on life, and, l'ing'ting, By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to (Exeunt with you her show; yes, and in time, (Which she had fitt'd you with her craft,) to Her son into the adoption of the crown. [work But failing of her end by his strange absence, Gave shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effect'd; so, Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?  

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flatt'ry; nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming: it had been vic'rous, Have mistrusted her: yet, my daughter! That is a tale, I must not say, nor prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!  

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit, [slaughter That their good souls may be appealed with Of you their captives, which ourselves have granted: So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat'red Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth, A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer: Augustus could not think on't:—and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born, Let him be ransom'd: never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasion that I ask, So fest, so nurse-like; let his virtue Join With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, Though he have serv'd a Roman; save him, sir, And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him His favour is familiar to me.—  

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, And not for his sake nor for thy, nor wherefore, To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live: And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, The noblest ta'en.  

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee hag my life, good lad; And yet I, know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack, There's other work in hand; I see a thing; Bitter to me as death: your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself.  

Luc. The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys, That place them on the truth of girls and boys.— Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy? I love thee more and more; think more and more


What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?  

Speak,  

Will have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?  

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  

Than to your highness; who, being born your  

Am something nearer. [vassal.  

Cym. Wherefore es't he so?  

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  

To give me hearing.  

Aye, with all my heart,  

And lend my full attention. What's thy name?  

Imo. Fidele, sir.  

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;  

I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.  

[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.  

But, Is this boy reviv'd from death?  

Cym. No more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,  

Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?  

Guif. The same dead thing alive.  

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;  

forbear;  

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  

He would have spoke to us.  

Guif. But we saw him dead.  

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.  

Pis. It is my mistress.  

[Aside.  

Since she is living, let the time run on,  

To good, or bad.  

[Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.  

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;  

Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [to Iach.] step you  

forth;  

Give answer to this hoy, and do it freely;  

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  

[him.  

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to  

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render  

Of whom he had this ring.  

Post. What's that to him?  

[Aside.  

Cym. That diamond upon your finger say,  

How came it yours?  

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.  

Cym. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  

Torments me to conceal. By vassalry [which  

I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  

Whom thou diest banish; and (which more may  

As doth meth), a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  

Cym. All that belongs to this. [lord?  

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter—  

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false  

spirits  

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.  

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  

strength:  

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  

Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.  

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  

That struck the hour 'tis it was in Home, (accurs'd  

The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O would  

Our lands had been poison'd or, at least,  

Those which I heas'd to head!) the good Posthumous  

(What should I say? he was too good, to be [mus,  

Where ill men were; and was the best of all  

Amongst the rast of good ones,) sitting sadly,  

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  

Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming  

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,  

A shop of all the qualities of Italy  

Loves woman for: besides, that hook of wiving,  

Fairness, which strikes the eye:—  

Cym. Come to the matter.  

Iach. All too soon I shall,  

 Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-  

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one [humus,  

That had a royal lover,) took his hint;  

And, not displeasing whom we prais'd, (therein  

He was as calm as virtue) he began [made,  

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being  

And then a man mind in't, either our being  

Were crack'd of kitchen trull's, or his description  

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.  

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.  

Iach. Your daughter's chastity.—There it begins.  

She spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  

And she alone were cold: Whereat, I wretch!  

Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  

Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  

In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  

By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,  

No lesser of her honour confident  

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  

And would so, had it been a carbuncle  

Of Phæbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it  

Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain  

Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,  

Remember me at court, where I was taught  

Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  

'Twixt amourous and villainous. Being thus  

quench'd  

Of hope, not longling, mine Italian brain  

'Gain in your duller Britain operate  

Most viliely: for my vantage, excellent;  

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  

That I return'd with simulur proof enough  

To make the noble Leonatus mad,  

By wounding his belief in her renown  

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  

Of chamber-hanging pictures, this her bracelet,  

(0, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  

Of secret on her person, that he could not  

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereasupon,—  

I think's, I see him now,——  

Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.  

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  

That's due to all the villains past, in being.  

To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  

Some upright justice! Thou, king, send out  

For torturers ingenious: it is I  

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,  

Fly being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  

That kill'd thy daughter—villainise, I lie;  

That caus'd a lesser villain than myself.  

A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple  

Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  

The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain  

He call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and  

Be villainy less than 'twas L—O Imogen!  

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  

Imogen, Imogen!  

Peace, my lord; hear, hear.  

Post. Shall's! have a play of this? Thou scornful  

page,  

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.  

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help.  

Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!  

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!  

Mine honour'd lady!  

Cym. Does the world go round?  

Post. How come these staggers of Italy?  

Pis. Wake, my mistress!  

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  

To death with mortal joy.  

Pis. How fares my mistress?  

Imo. O, get thee from that sight  

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  

Breathe not where princes are.  

Pis. The tune of Imogen!  

Pis. Lady,  

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me:
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

**Cym.** New matter still? [To the guard.]

**Imo.** It poison'd me. [For O gods!—]

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

**Cym.** What's this, Cornelius? [To the guard.]

**Cor.** The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs.

**Cym.** Deaf and dumb, I dread the purpose
Was of more danger, did compend for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

**Imo.** Most like I did, for I was dead. [To the guard.]

**Bel.** There was our error.

**Gui.** This is sure, Fidele.

**Bel.** Why did you throw your wedded lady from
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now,
Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

**Post.** Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

**Cym.** How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a drollard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

**Imo.** Your blessing, sir.

**Bel.** Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
You had a motive for it.

[To Guiderius and Arviragus.]

**Cym.** My tears, that fall,
Pour holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's death.

**Imo.** I am sorry for't, my lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
Swore:

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he incord'd from me, away he postes
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

**Gui.** Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

**Cym.** Marry, the gods forewarn'd!
I would not thy good deeds shroud from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

**Gui.** I have spoke it, and I did it.

**Cym.** He was a prince.

**Gui.** A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

**Imo.** That headless man
Thought had been my lord.

**Cym.** And take him from our presence.

**Bel.** Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descend'd as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Cloten's
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

**Cym.** Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

**Avv.** In that he spake too far.

**Cym.** And thou shalt die for't.

**Bel.** We will die all three
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For our own wrongs, not fortell some dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

**Avv.** Your danger is
Ours.

**Gui.** And our good his.

**Bel.** Have at it then.—

By leave:—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

**Cym.** Of what him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

**Bel.** He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

**Cym.** The whole world shall not save him.

**Bel.** Not too hot: First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

**Gui.** Nursing of my sons?

**Bel.** I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begettings.

**Cym.** How! my issue?

**Bel.** So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have known me as you: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphe,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Heaven for loyalty,
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

**Cym.** Thou weep'st, and speakest.

**Bel.** The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

**Gui.** Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

**Gui.** Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

**Bel.** This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature’s end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

**Cym.**
O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne’er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more: I’ll say may be you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

**Imo.**
No, my lord; I have got two worlds by’t.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call’d me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

**Cym.**
Did you ever meet?

**Arv.** Ay, my good lord.

**Cym.**
And at first meeting lov’d?
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen’s dram she swallowed’d.

**Cym.**
O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement,
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which [you?]
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how liv’d
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
Will serve the long intergatories. See, [place,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let’s quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we’ll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.]

**Imo.** You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

**Cym.**
All o’erjoy’d, Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

**Imo.**
I will yet do you service.

**Luc.** Happy be you! I am, sir.

**Cym.**
The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become’d this place, and grac’d
The thankings of a king.

**Post.**
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; ‘twas a fitiment for
The purpose I then follow’d;—That I was he,
Speak, Ichimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

**Luc.**
I am down again; [Kneeling,
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first; [you,
And here the bracelet of the trustiest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

**Post.**
Kneel not to me; The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

**Cym.**
Nobly doom’d; We’ll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon’s the word to all.

**Arv.**
You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy’d are we, that you are.

**Post.**
Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought, Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appeard to me, with other spriently shows
Of mine own kindred; when I wak’d, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

**Luc.**
Here, my good lord.

**Philarmonus.**

**Luc.**
Read, and declare the meaning.

**Sooth.** [Reads.] When as a lion’s whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking, find, and be embrac’d by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grove; then shall Posthumus end his miseries. Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

**Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;**
The fit and apt construction of thy name, Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, Forlorn Cymbeline.

Which we call mollia aer: and mollis aer
We term it mulier: which mulier I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsusught, were clipp’d about
With this most tender air.

This hath some seeming.

**Sooth.**
The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp’d branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revi’d,
To the majestic cedar join’d; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

**Cym.**
Well, My peace we will begin.—And, Caesars Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wondrous tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
When heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,) Have laid most heavy hand.

**Sooth.**
The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen’d herself, and in the beams o’the sun
So vanish’d: which foreshow’d our princely eagle,
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

**Cym.**
Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smoke’s climb to their nostrils
From our bless’d altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud’s town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we’ll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there: Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash’d, with such a peace.

[Exeunt.]
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.
Cassius, 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.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
Publius, son to Marcus the tribune.
Emilius, a noble Roman.
Alarbus, Chiron, sons to Tamora.
Demetrius, Aaron, a moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown: Romans.
Goths and Romans.
Tamora, Queen of the Goths.
Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.
Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators alight, as in the Senate. Enter, below,
Sat. Noble 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 his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father’s honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
If ever Bassianus, Caesar’s son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, contention, and nobility;
But let set in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, alight, with the crown.

Mar. Princes—that strive by factions, and by
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Friends, know, that the people of Rome, for whom we
A special party, have, by common voice, [stand
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A noble man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accosted home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to the foes,
Hath yok’d a nation strong, train’d up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies’ pride: Five times he hath return’d
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour’s spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthy, 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,
Flee your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do aby [thoughts!]
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are 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 balance to be weigh’d.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all; [right,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Execut the Followers of Saturni:ns.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.
[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and execut
with Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter a Captain and others.

Cap. Romans, make way: The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome’s best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return’d,
From where he circumambled with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter Mutius and Mar-
tius: after them, two men bearing a coffin covered
with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After
them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with
Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, and other
Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following.
The bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tif. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds! Lo, as the bark, that hath discharge’d her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh’d her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
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 amongst their ancestors:
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
With hopeless hope, thou thy brother's obsequies;
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx.
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slay in your country's wars!
Sacrificed to the lusts of the Goths,
That we may mew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not appeas'd,
Now in cheerful conversation;
Titus. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distrest queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious con-
victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed, [queror, A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficed not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive of Rome, and to the streets escape;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For vainall doings in their country's cause?
O! If to fight for king and common weal
Were pitiful in it, they are now.
And how hast thou drawn near the nature of the gods?
Wilt thou draw near then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Luc. Give us the prisoner, that we may pardon him.
These are their brethren, whom thou Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this thy son inark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him; and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.
[Exit Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius.
TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
And we are ready to rest, and we survive;
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian and the tyrant,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)To quiet the bloody wounds upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their swords bloody.
Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perfum'd Our Roman rites; Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud lamentations welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brother's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind Rome, that hast this truly serv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!—[ceus.
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Mar.
Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful You that survive, and you that sleep in fame. [wars, 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 aspired 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, and the trust,
This palliation, that the sword may be true,
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 heed than glory's noble body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you? Be chosen with proclamations to-day:
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for my age?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knield 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 scepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou Tit. Patience, prince Saturnus Alarbus.
Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor;—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell, Rather than one 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 thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them.- Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, [selves.
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 reward.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus? Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus, And make tincture of virtue in the age,
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, Restore Titus' line laid in the tomb.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
None of them readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from world's chances and mischaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long; [A long flourish.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done To us in our election this day,

2 U
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, And will with deeds requite thy gentleness: And, for an onset, Titus, to advance Thy name, and honourable family, Lavinia will I make my empress, Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart, And so be pleas'd, the sport of my purpose;
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Titus. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match, I hold me highly honor'd of thy grace: And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, King and commander of our common-weal, The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners; Present well worthy Rome's imperial lord: Receive them then, the tribute that I owe, Minors' estates blemished 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 unspakable deserts, Romans, forget thy fealty to me.

Titus. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; 
[To Tamora.]
To him, that for your honour and your state, Will use you nobly, and your followers. Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue That I would choose, were I to choose anew. Clear up, fair queen, that cloud countenance; Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer.

Thu. How could I not be made a scorn in Rome: Princely shall be thy usage every way. Rest on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you, Can make you greater than the queen of Goths— Lou. In our hearts are not displeas'd with this? Lut. Not I, my lord; such true nobility Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go: Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free: Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [Sending Lavinia.]

Titus. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord? Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolve'd withal, To do myself 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. Titus. Traitors, awa! Where is the emperor's Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd. [guard. Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom? Bas. By him that justly may Bear his betroth'd from all the world away. [Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia. Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away, And with my sword I keep this door safe. [Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius. Titus. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back. Mut. My lord, you pass not heed of me. [Exeunt. Titus. Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Titus kills Mutins. Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [Exeunt. Lucius. Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so, In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son. Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine: My sons would never so dishonour me: I thank thee, Lavinia, to the emperor. Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife, That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit. Sat. No, Titus; no; the emperor needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: I'll fast, by leisure, him that seeks me once; Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons, Confederates all thus to dishonour me. Was there none else in Rome to make a state of, But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine, That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands. Titus. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these? [piece. Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing To him that flourish'd for her with his sword: A world, and me, he hath then propos'd: One fit to bandy with thy lawless son. Titus. To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome. Titus. These words are razors to my wounded heart. [Goths,- Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs, Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome, If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice, Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, And will create thee emperor of Rome. [choice? Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud me? 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 stance, I will not re-salute the streets of Rome, Or climb my palace, till from forth this place I lead espous'd my bride along with me. Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths, [sware, The very mendicant be to his will, A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. [compar. Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac— Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine, Whose issue hath their fathers' kingdom sever'd: There shall we consommate our spousal rites. [Exeunt Saturninus, and his Followees: Tamora, and her sons; Aaron, and Goths. Titus. I am not bid to wait upon this bride; Titus, we have sworn thou shalt walk alone, Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs? [Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius. Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done! In a bad quarrel, this a virtuous life I. Titus. 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! Let us see what we can do to undo these, Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Titus. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb. This monument five hundred years hath stood, Which I have sumptuously re-edified: This porch with hundred soldiers, and with pavilions, 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' deeds do plead for him; He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accom— [word. Titus. And shall? What villain was it spoke that Quin. He that would vou'th'n in any place but here. Titus. What, would you bury him in my despite? Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee To pardon Mutius, and to bury him. [Crest, Titus. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast My foes I do repute you every one; Wounded. So trouble me no more, but get you gone. Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw. Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried. Mar. Mar. and the sons of Titus kneel. [Re-enter Marcus. Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead. [speak. Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature Titus. Speak thou no more; if all the rest will speed. Mar. The renowned Titus, more than half my soul, Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,— Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did gravely plead for his funeral,
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismal'd it day is this, that e'er I saw,
To do honours by my son in Rome—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Mutius is put into the tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends.
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goth
Is of a sudden thus advance'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter at one side, Saturninus, attended;
Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, and Aaron:
At the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But I have break'd my laws out of despair 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.
Dis. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saurinie;
That hath express'd himself, in all he sees,
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 was love'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then bear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

And I in thy behalf shall boldly open,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore
Should be author to dishonour you! [fend,
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence?
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My learned friend, he would by words,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontent:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And from thee proclaim us for his master.
(Which Rome repute to be a heinous sin,) Yield at entreats, and then let me alone;

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life:
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus; rise; my empire hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tom. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopt'd happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarells die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcile'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor.
That you will be more mild and tractable,—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia:—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty; [highness.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, now, I'll 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,
At] that, in Rome,
And by your gracious kindness,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend in my friend as I swore,
And I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace bon jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash:
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallop the rosidack in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora,—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish words, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This tyrant, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weals!
Holla! what storm is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge, and maturers, to Intrude where I am graced; and may, for saught thou know'st, affected he. Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all; and so in this to bear me down with braves. "Why not the difference of a feather 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 please my passions 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 disorderly, to threat your friends? go to: have your lath glued within your sheath, till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. 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.

Chi. Why, how now, lords? so near the emperor's palace dare you draw, and maintain such a quarrel openly? Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge; I have maint. for a million of a vengeance to execute, will we acquittance with all that we intend; and she shall file our engines with advice, that will not suffer you to square yourselves, but to your wishes' height advance you both. There is my court is like an house of fame, the palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears. the woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull; there speak, and strive, brave boys, and take your turns: there by your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye, and revel in Lavinia's treasury.


Dem. Siths and nefis, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits, Per Stygas, per maes vehor. [Exeunt.


Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c. Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey, the fields are fragrant, and the woods are green: Uncouple here, and let us make a hay, 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.

Horns wind a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—Madam, to you as many and as good!—I promised your grace a hunter's peal. Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords, somewhat too early for new-married ladies. Bass. Lavinia, how say you? "I am, no; I have been brood 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 Rainy and vengeance you intimate. To Tamora. 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 wind makes, and run like swallows over the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A desert Part of the Forest.
Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had
To bury so much gold under a tree, [none,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest.
[Hides the gold.
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad?
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground;
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And, as thou lookest, an ostrich thou'ldst be.
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave.—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pantings done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and hounds, and sweet melodious
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song [birds,
Of tullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is domiciliary in your house:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll,
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Whose passions done, possess a golden slumber;
This is the day of doom for Bassianus. [thee,—
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
Tom. When spring a 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, whatsoever they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bass. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
What hath abandoned her bare groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be painted presently
With the same painted pansies: 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 single forth to try experiments;
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day.
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Tam. Believe me, queen, your swarthy Cinemarian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you so cross'd from your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well. [this.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note of you.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd! [long:

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I no reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tied me hither from my place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'recome with moss, and baleful mistake.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the night, or fury, or fate you bid,
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
With such fearful and confus'd 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
Unto the body of a dismal yew; [here
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, soul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect,
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

Chi. And this for me, struck him to make my strength.
[Stabbing him likewise.

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tar—
For no name fits thy nature but thy own! [mora
Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know my boys.

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
Lem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrust the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stoned her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope bravest your mighti—
And shall she carry this unto her grave? [ness:
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wax outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that
Come, mistress, now perforse we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou hast a woman's face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lady, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain. [dam?
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to quarts.
Even at thy test thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her a woman pity.

[To Chiron.]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children:
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. O, let me teach thee; for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
[slain thee,
Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save thy brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. Be she the murder'd 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 died.
Tam. What begg'dst thou then? fond woman, let me more.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
0, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never spring, nor sun, nor wind can come:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beauty creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth—Bring thou her husband; [Draughts off Lavinia.]
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[Exeunt.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronic be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull defoul.[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I esp'y'd the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whatsoever it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; we't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[Martius falls into the pit.]

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very servile morning; how can I find
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[Exit Aaron.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surpriz'd with an uncoth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspends more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron, thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold [heart
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how best; for I'll look for it.
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Upon this moment bring me the queen,
As hateful as Coecytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be lack'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus pit.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
Till thou art here aloft, or I below;
[again
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Throws in.

Enter Saturninus and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping abode of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. Thy brother dead? I know, thou dost but
He of this moment both are at the earth's base:—[jest
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'tis not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora: though griev'd with killing
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus? [grief.
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal write,
[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] An if we miss to mock him hand-somely,

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
[shovel
It shows not our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshares the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lastling friends.
O, Tamora! thou was ever heard to say
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.
Aa. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. [Showing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [to Tit.] fell curs of bloody kind.

Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bite, until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tarn. What, are we to answer to this? 0 wondrous
How easily murder is discovered! [thing]

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this tell fault of my accursed son,
And if the fault be proved in them.

Sat. If it be proved 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 his ball;
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
thee.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murder-
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by our soul, there were worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Plead not the cause, they shall do well to stay.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [Exit severally.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who was 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
speak. [Hands.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
head. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
And so let her leave to her silent walks. [wash;
Chi. An' twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hast hands to help thee knit the
cord. [Exit Demetrius and Chiron.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so
fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would make
If I do wake, some planet strike me down, me!
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
And might not gain so great a happiness, [in:
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee;
And, lest thou shouldn't detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet doth a swan seek his mate as his face,
Blushing to be encountered, with a cloud;
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Pair Philomela, she but lost her tongue.
And in a tedious sampler swed her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster some; those lids hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a light breeze.
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Some sweet song that he had sung?
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell 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's buffetings work as much means;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice,
with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to
the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkled 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,
For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write
[Throwing himself on the ground.
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sweet's death will make it shame and blush.
[Exeunt Sen., Trib., &c. with the prisoners.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I shall melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter; man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Reprove me; turn to me; fall upon my head;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
A stone is silent, and offended not; [stones:
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
[drawn?
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounce'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
TIT. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
There is no pity, and Rome holds no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devouners to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consumming sorrow to thine age.
TIT. Will it consume me? let me see it then.
Mar. This is the likeness.
TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!
TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
Speak, my Lavinia, what accurséd hand [her:—
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou came'st,
And now, like Niils, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd thee 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 they will help to cut off this 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 varied notes, enchanting every ear! [deed
Luc. Hath for her, whom thou hast done this
Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecouning wound.
TIT. It was my deer; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the washing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some ensuizg surge
Will wash my varnish'd thoughts, out to a sand-hill;—
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 span,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madd'd me; What shall I do
Now! behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Not tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband 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 daw
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.
TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may ease 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 myr lime 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 make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues.
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come. [grief,
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your See,
Now my wretched sister sob and weep.
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, [own
For mine is deeper, and my water daff'd with thine
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word:—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And he that will be king: shall have, in Rome,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
TIT. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark?
That gives sweet tidings of the man's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father: for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than yon:
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Rome,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
0, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been bnt idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have sweet tidings of the man's uprise.
Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
For fear they die before their pardon come. [along.
Mar. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.
TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for pinicking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Mar. And tell, for our father's sake, and mother's
Now let me show a brother's love to thee. [care.
TIT. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
Mar. But I will use the axe.

[Exeunt 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 do whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[Aside.

He cuts off Titus's hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus.

TIT. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is de-
spatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Lent me a sight of thee to each one of you,
That I may turn my eyes to it again.
They head's mean. — O, how this villainy! [Aside.
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit. 

Tit. There, here I lift this one hand to heaven,
And bow this feeble root to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: — What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[To Lavinia.

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers:
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Of brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
To if there were no miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes: — flow?
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
The winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swolin face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this woe?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou send'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is mine to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
And yet detested life not shrink thereat! [wound,
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

Lavinia kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss so comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewell, flattery; Die, Andronicus;
You dost not slumber; see, thy two sons' heads;
That way-like hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a snowy image, cold and numb.

Luc. I know no more will I control thy griefs;
Refrain these filthy hands,
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! [Exit.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this.

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 his tribute 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 mischief he return'd again,
Even in their threats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn my eyes to each one of you,
And sweat upon 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, hoy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
He to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till I cuisus come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister; 0,
'Would thou wert as thou 'forest hast been;
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives;
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.
[Exit.


Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Mar. unkin that sorrow-wrack'd and tear-burnt; —
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumb it down: —

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beats;
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still. [ing,
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 it,
Drown the lamenting fou in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life. [already]

Tit. How now, that you so much the worse dote
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherfore dost thou urge the name of hands; —

To bid. Eness tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable? —
Oh, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fye, fye, 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 own sorrow, mesh'd with her cheek's:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers: [yes,
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to hea-
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
ACT IV.


Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter young Lucius, Lavinia running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia, Follows me every where, I know not why —
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean. Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt. Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee any harm. Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did. Mar. What means this, my niece Lavinia by these signs? [mean?]

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: — Somewhat doth she see, Lavinia, see, how much she makes of thee; Somewhither would she have thee go with her. Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to a heaven, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator. Canst thou not guess wherefore she pleaseth thus? Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her. For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear; Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt Lavinia筑s it, but I have no power to fly; And would not, but in fury, fright my youth Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Causes, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt: And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will. [Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius has let fall.]

Tit. How now, Lavinia? — Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see: — Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy, — But thou art deeper read, and better skilled; Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguil me sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. — Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus? Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one. Confedrate in the fact: — Ay, more there was: Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so? Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosia; My mother gav't me. Mar. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps she cul'd it from among the rest. Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves! [Exeunt.]

What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read? This is the tragic tale of Philomel, And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thin annoyance. Mar. So, grandsire, see; note, how she quotes the leaves. [girl.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus snrpriz'd, sweet Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was, Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? — See, see, she. 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. So, grandsire, see, — In the depth do 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 clunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst, That left the camp to sin in Lucrce's bed? Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; — brother, sit down Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, [by me. — Inspire me, that I may this treason find! — My lady looks here; — Look here, Lavinia: This sandy plot is plain: guide, if thou canst, This after me, when I have writ my name Without the help of any hand at all. [He writes his name with his staff, and guides it through the earth with his feet and with his staff. —

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift! — Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last, What God will have discover'd for revenge: Heaven guide thine pen to print thy sorrow plain, That we may know the traitors, and the truth! [She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it through the earth with her stumps, and writes.

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius. [write signs? Mar. What, what? —the faultless sons of Tamora Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? Tit. Magne Dominator poli, Tam lentus audia sceleras I tam lentus vides! O, calm thee, gentle lord! although I There is enough written upon this earth, [know, 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 kneel before me, —as with the woful seers, And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame, Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrce's rape, — That we will prosecute, by good advice, More enraged upon these mutinous Goths, And see their blood, or die with this reproach. Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear selps, then beware:  
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once, 
She 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,  
There's no bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.  
Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful country done the like.  
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.  
Tit. Come go with me into mine armoury;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and, whithal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents, that I intend to send them both: [not]  
Come, come; thou'd do thy message, wilt thou  
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-  
sire.  
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another  
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;  
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;  
Ay, marry, will we go; and we'll be waited on.  
[Execute Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.  
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compass him?  
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;  
That hath more scarce of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield:  
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—  
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [Exit.  

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.  
Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door;  
at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant,  
with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon  
them.  
Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver to us. [father  
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-  
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—  
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.  
[Aside.  
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?  
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the  
For villains mark'd with rape. [Aside. May it  
please you,  
My grandsire, well-adv'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well;  
And so I leave you both. [Aside. Like bloody vil-  
ains, he sends the emperor's son and an Attendant.  
Dem. What's here? [a scroll; and written round  
Let's see; [about?  
Integer vita, scelerisque purus,  
Non ego, Mauri jaculis, nee arcu.  
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:  
I read it in the grammar long ago. [have it  
Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
Here's what is found on the old man hath  
Their guile; and sends the weapons wrapp'd about  
with lines, [quick.  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the heart,  
Wore with our witty empress; she would not be safe  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile,—  
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,  
Captors, 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 day, by turn to serve our lust.  
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.  
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.  
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand  
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  
[Aside. Flourish.  
Aar. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
thus?  
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.  
Dem. Soft; who comes here?  

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor child in her  
arms.  
Nur. Good morrow, lords:  
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.  
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?  
Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or we betide thee evermore!  
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou range and fumble in thine arms?  
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's  
eye,  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.  
Aar. To whom?  
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.  
Aar. Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath she sent her?  
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful  
issue.  
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful is  
Here the babe, as losslambe 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 blowe, you are a baseuous blossom, sure.  
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?  
Aar. Done! that which thou  
Canst not undo.  
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.  
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.  
Dem. And therein, bellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!  
Chi. It shall not live.  
Aar. It shall not die.  
Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.  
Aar. What must it, nurse? the, or no, let no man,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood. [but I  
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's  
point;  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.  
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.  
[ Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.  
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your bro-  
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky  
ther?  
That shone so bright when the pest 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 threatening band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alpsis, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal-black is better than another hue,
Titus. And this, Tit. but When
"...sensibly..." So and Now
Act
And
But
And
Then
With
Go
But,
My
Although
Nay,
To
Can
In
Aar.
Dem.
Aar.
Dem.
eke,
Nur.
Cki.
...secrets.

For it is you that puts us to our shifts: [hence: I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots, And feed 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.

SCENE III.—The same. A publick Place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with bowls.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is Sir boy, now let me see your archery: [the way: Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astra re uitque:
You be remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take, and try it, your tools, 'tis you shall Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:
No: Publins and Sempronius, you must do it:
'Tis not for you to dig with mattock and spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's snarflages
Over him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me—
Go, get, and write gone; and pray be all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
Marcus, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus discover'd?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Then take some beget some careful remedy.
Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Gouts; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
What, Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? Have you your old uncle's letters? [word
You will to him this:
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He did it thou this?
Tt. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we can cut no shrubs, no cedars, or
No big-bond' men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
But metal, Marces, steel to the very back: [bear
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jerem, that's for you.—Here, ad Apollinem:—
Ad Naecum, that's for you, and to the people.
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury;
To Saturn, Calus, not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind:—
To it, boy, Marcus, loose when I bid:
O'more, as it is not to be written, I say:
There's not a god left unsolicited.
Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [coon:
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well
Lucius: Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done
Act 4.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns. 

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot, 
The bull being gall'd, gave Arius 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 
But give them to his master for a present. [joy. 

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship 
Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons. 

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. 

Sirrah, what tidings have you any letters? 
Shall this play justice? says Jupiter? 

Clo! Ho! the gibbet-maker? Why, says he, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd next the wall. 

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? 

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life. 

Tit. Why, villain, art thou not the carrier? 

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else. 

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven? 

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should bring you to press to heaven 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 emperor's [choose. 

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, and grace away as well? 

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life. 

Tir. Sbirah, come hither: make no more ado, 
But give your pigeons to the emperor: 
Be not so slow, thou hast justice at his hands. 
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy Great pin and ink.—[charges. 

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication? 

Clo. Ay, sir. 

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely. 

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone. 

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; [see it. 

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant;— 
And when thou hast given it to the emperor, 
Keep at thy door, and tell me what he says. 

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. 

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go.—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt. 

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the Palace. 

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others: Saturninus, with the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot. 

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was an emperor of Rome thus overborne; [ever seen 
Troubled. confronted thus; and, for the extent 
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt? 
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods; 
However these disturbers of our peace 
Buzz in the people's ears, there hath nought pass'd, 
But even with law, against the wilful sons 
Of old Andronicus. And what an if 
His sorrows have so overwhell'd his wits, 
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wicks, 
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? 
And now he writes to heaven for his redress: 
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury; 
This to Apollo; this to the god of war; 
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome! 
What's this, but libelling against the senate, 

And blazoning our injustice every 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' heart still, whether he sleep, 
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall 
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives. 

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine, 
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, 
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age, 
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons; 
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scar'd his 
And rather comfort his distressed plight, [heart; 
Who prosecute the meaneast, or the best, 
For these contemptuous wrongs. Why, shall they not 
Become High-witted Tamora to glove with all? [Aside 
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick, 
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise, 
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.— 

Enter Clown. 

How now, good fellow, wouldn't speak with us? 

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial. Empress I am but, yonder sits the emperor. 

Clo. This be.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den; I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [Saturninus reads the letter. 

Sat. Go, take this away, and bring him presently. 

Clo. How much money must I have? 

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd. 

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought 
up a trick to a fair end. [Exit, guarded. 

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs! 

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy? 
I know from whence this same device proceeds; 
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons, 
That died by law for murder of our brother, 
What they have by my means been butcher'd shamefully,— 
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair; 

Nor age, nor honour, shall shade privilege: 
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man; 
Sil frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great, 
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 

Enter Æmilius. 

What news with thee, Æmilius? [more cause! 

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had 
The Goths have had here a battle, and with a power 
Of high-resolved men bent to the spoil, 
They hither march amain, under conduct 
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus; 
Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do 
As much as ever Coriolanus did. 

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths? 

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head 
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with 

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach: [storms. 

Tis he, the common people love so much; 
Myself hath often over-heard them say, 
(When I have walked like a private man,) 
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, 
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor. 

[strong. 

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city 

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius; 
And will revolt from me, to succour him. 

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy 
Is the sun dimm'd, that great do fly in it? [name. 
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 sovereign lord 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,
Act 5

Scene 1.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from the city of Rome, Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor, And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs; And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe, Let it with me embitter satisfaction. 

[Drum. Amon the hearse.]

Luc. Brave slip, sprung from the great Anagnus; Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds, Ingratate Rome with universal contempt, Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou leadest,— Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,— Led by their master to the flower'd fields,— And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him. Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all. But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; [stray'd, And as I earnestly did fix my eye Upon the wasted building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall; I made unto the noise; when soon I heard The crying babe compounded with this discourse: Peace, famine slave; half me, and half thy dam! Did not thy hue benvray 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 be begot to a coal-black elf. 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 the incarnate devil, That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand; This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye; And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.— Say, wall-eyed slave, whither would'st thou convey This growing image of thy fiend-like face? [word? Why dost not speak? What! dead? No; not a halter, soldier: hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood. Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.— First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl; A sight to vex the father's soul withal. Get me a halter, [A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to ascend. Luc. Save the child; And bear it to me to the empress. If by this, I'll show thee wonderful things, That highly may advantage thee to hear: If thou wilt not, befall what may befall, I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all! Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou thinkest. Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd. Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius, 'Twixt eydthy soul to hear, when I shall speak; For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres, Acts of black night, abominable deeds, Complots of mischief, treason; villanies 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 shold I swear by? thou believ'st no god. That granted, how canst thou believe an oath? Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not: Yet,—for I know thou art religious, And hast a thing within thee, called conscience; And two or three 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 banche for a god, And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears; I'll urge thee hence. —The child must go By that same god, what god se'ener it be, That thou adost hast and reverence,— To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up; Or else I will discover nought to thee. Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will. Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress. Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman! Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity, To that I thoroughly shall bear 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. [trimming?] Luc. O detestable villain! I call'st thou that Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and was Trim sport for them that had the doing of it. Luc. O,barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself: I need, 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. The deed of deed be witness, from the earth, I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole, Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And hid the gold within the letter mention'd, Confedurate with the queen, and her two sons; And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue, Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand; And, when I had it, drew myself apart, And broke my heart with talking to my daughter. I led me through the crevice of a wall, When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads; Befiled his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the empress of this sport, She swounded almost at my pleasing tale, And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working woe and suffering in thy foes,
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or dextre's rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a tormenter of my enemies?
[me.
Tit. I am; therefore come down, and welcome
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirll along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To take thine wengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaded with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Troth, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tit. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tit. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called to,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they
And you, the empress! But we worldly men [are]
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[Exit Titus, from above.
Tit. This closing with that 
Titus. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronico?
Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Tit. Who dost 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.
Tit. Your Titus, I am come to take with thee.
Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk, Wanting a hand to give it action? Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tit. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough: Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines; Witness these tremors, made by grief and care; Witness the tiring day, and heavy night; Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.
Tit. Doth Jolnest mock 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.
Tit. Your Titus, I am come to take with thee.
Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk, Wanting a hand to give it action? Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tit. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough: Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines; Witness these tremors, made by grief and care; Witness the tiring day, and heavy night; Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.
Titus Andronicus

Good rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she breeds most dreadable thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we
But what it please thee, good Andronicus, [do] To send for such a son, thus thric'e valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all the Goths;
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 a sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tam. Nay, say, let Rape and Murder stay with
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
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,
And tarry with him, till I come again.

[Aside.]

Tid. I know them all, though they suppose me
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[Aside.]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a compot to betray thy foes. [Exit Revenge.
Tit. Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell. [ploys?]
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be en?
Tit. Tit. I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius, and others.

Pub. What's your will?
Tit. Tit. Know you these two?

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius. [devi'd.]
Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much
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 I heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit Titus.—Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

[word.]
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus Andronicus, with Lavinia; she bearing a bason, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia: look, thy foes are bound:—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me; But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! [mad.]
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault, Two of her brothers were condemned to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest: [dear
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, or ther Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and for'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bosom, that shall receive the guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me, And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains: I will grind your bones to dust, And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste; And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 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'd my daughter, And worse than Progne I will be revenge'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[He cuts their throats.
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead, Let me go grind their bones to powder small, And with this hateful liquor temper it; And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Cenotars' feast.
So, now hring them in, for I will play the cook, And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[Exit, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III.—The same. A PavilHon with Tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron,
prisonar.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

[will.]
1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
thine; for, O tiger! this a Centaur's feast.
More stern and bloody than the Cenotars' feast.
So, now hring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[Exit, bearing the dead bodies.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes,
Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
These quarrels must be quietly debated. [parie;]
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
Seat, Marcus, we will. [places.
[Harbours sound. The company sit down at table.

Enter Titus, dressed like a cook, Lavinia, veiled,
young Lucius, and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor, 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 do the business of my sacred vow. 

Tom. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus. Tit. And if thy hightness knew my heart, you were. My lord the emperor, resolve me this; Was it well done of rash Virginius, To slay his daughter and op'd their right hand, Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and defor'd? 

Sat. It was, Andronicus. Tit. Thy reason, mighty lord! [shame, Sat. Because the girl should not survive her father's, And by her presence, fall to his sorrows. Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual; A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant, For me, most wretched to perform the like:— Die, die, Laevin, and thy shame with thee; And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die! 

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind! [me blind. 

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made I am a greater as Virginius was: And have a thousand times more cause than he To do this outrage; and it is now done. Sat. What, was that she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed? Highness feed! Tit. Will't please you eat? with your pleasure. 

Tom. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus? 

Tit. Not 1; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue. And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong. Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently. 

Tit. Why, there they are both, baki'd in that p'ye; Whereof their mother daintily hath fed, Eating the flesh that herself hath shed. 'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. 

[Killing Tamora. 

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurs'd deed. 

[Killing Titus. 

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father's blood? 

Tit. Not: 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue. And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong. Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently. 

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[Killing Tamora. 

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurs'd deed. 

[Killing Titus. 

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father's blood? Thare's need for meed, death for a deadly deed. 


Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of By uproot sever'd, like a flight of fowl [Romne, Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts, O, let me teach you how to knit again This scattered people, and preserve the peace of These broken limbs again into one body. 

Sen. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself; And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sty to, Like a forlorn and desperate cast-aways, Do shameful execution on herself. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age, Grave witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words,— Speak, Rome's dear friend; [To Lucius.] as erst When with his solemn tongue he did discourse, To love-sick Didos's sad attending ear, The story of that baleful burning night, When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy; Tell us, what Simon 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 utterance; even 'tis the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind commiseration: Here is a captain, let him tell the tale; Our hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak. 

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you, That cursed Chiron and Demetrius Were they that murdered our emperor's brother; And they it were that ravish'd our sister; For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded; Our father's tears despir'd; and basely cozen'd Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out, And sent her name into the pleasant way. Lastly, myself unkindly banish'd, 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, Steps, and plotter of these vile acts. And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you, That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood; And from her bosom took the enemy's point, Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body. Alas! I know I am a wretch, I know, My scars can witness, doubt although they are, That my report is just, and full of truth. But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much, Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me; For when no friends are by, men praise themselves. 

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child, [Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendant. Of this was Tamora delivered; The issue of an irreligious Moor, Chief architect and plotter of these woe's; The villain is alive in Titus' house, Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true. Now Judge, what cause had Titus to revenge death of these wrongs, past patience, Or more than any living man could bear. [mams? Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro- Have we done ought amiss? Show us wherein, And, from the place where you behold us now, The poor remnant of his most wretched race, Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down, And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains, And make a mutual closure of our house. Speak, Romans, speak; and, if, you say, we shall, Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I, 

[EMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, And bring our emperor gently in thy hand, Lucius our emperor; for, well I know, The common voice do cry, it shall be so. 

Rom. [Several speak.] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor! 

Lucius, &c. descend. 

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house; 

[To an Attendant. And hither hale that misbelieving Moor, To be adjudge'd some direful slaughtering death, A punishment for this most wretched race. [Several speak.] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious conqueror! 

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so, To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe! But, gentle people, give me eye at wile.— For nature puts me to a heavy task; Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near, To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:— O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, Our ancestress Titus. These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face, The last true duties of thy noble son! 

Mar. Fear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss, Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips: O, were the sum of them 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 show'rs: Thy grandsire 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 thine infancy; In that respect then, like a loving child, Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring, Because kind nature doth require it so: Friends should associate friends in grief and we—
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my soul! Would I were dead, so you did live again! (heart broken, I cannot speak to him for weeping; My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with Aaron.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with Sorrow; That has a sadder breed 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 office he did: This is our doom. Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth. Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury in my face? I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,  1 dumb?

1 I should repeat the evils I have done; Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did, Would I perform, if I might have my will. If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor And give him burial in his father's grave: [hence, My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith Be closed in our household's monument. As for that heinous tiger, 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, shall have like want of pity. See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor, By whom our heavy haps had their beginning: Then, afterwards, to order well the state; That like events may ne'er it ruinate.  1 Exeunt.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.


Bouti, their servant. Gower, as Chorus.


SCENE,—dispersely in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung, From ashes ancient Gower is come; Assuming man's infortunes, To glad your ear, and please your eyes. It hath been sung at festivals, On ember-eyes, and holy-ales; And lords and ladies of their lives Have read it for restoratives: 'Purpose to make men glorious, Et quo antiquus, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times, When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes, And that to hear an old man sing, May to your wishes pleasure bring, I life would wish, and that I might Waste it for you, like taper-light.— This city then, Antioch the great Built up for his chiefest seat; The fairest in all Syria; (I tell you what mine authors say;) This king unto him took a pheare, Who died and left a female heir, So buxom, blythe, and full of face, As he had lent her all his grace; With whom the father liking took, And her to incest did provoke: Bad father! to entice his own To evil, should be done by none. By custom, what they did begin, Was with long up, and account no sin. The beauty of this sinful dame Made many princes thither frame, To seek her as a bed-fellow, In marriage pleasures play-fellow To sing her, and make her wise.

Which to prevent, he made a law, (To keep her still, and men in awe,) That whose ask'd her for his wife, His riddle told not, lost his life: So for her many a wight did die, As you grim looks do testify. What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large The danger of the task you undertake: [receive'd Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, Thinks death no hazard, in this enterprise. [Music. Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride, For the embracements even of Jose himself; At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,) Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence, The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections. [Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring, Grace her subjects, and her thoughts the king Of every virtue, fittest renown to men! Her face, the book of praises, where is read Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence Sorrow were ever ras'd, and angry wrath Could never be her mild companion. Ye gods that made me man, and fray in love. That have inflam'd desire in my breast, To taste the fruit of ye celestial tree. Or die in the adventure, be my helps, As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!  Ant. Prince Pericles,

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides.

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And in all, save that, and such fair, fair eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire, [pale,

Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
That here thou seest, as one, the brightening, raving stars,
They here stand marching, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world but in their hour, but feeling weak,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my unsannot fire of love return to you;
[To the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove pros.
In all, so blessed, I wish thee happiness! [pensive

Per. Like a bold charger for the lists the time,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, welst, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve if you.

Sharp physick is the last: but O my powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
A hold of the hand of the Princess.

Were not this glorious casket stord with ill:
But I must tell you, now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfection wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair world, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to the heart, his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
But, being play'd upon before your time, [hearken;
Hell only danceth at so harsh a clime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Great King,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For the very wind, is like the wind's winged wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die fort.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit;
What being more known, grows worse, to smother,
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found

The meaning:—
But I will glide with him. [Aside.] Young prince
Though by the tenour of our strict edict, [of Tyre,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
[Enter Antiochus, his daughter, and Attendants.

Per. How courtsey would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasping with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husb'd, nor a father;) And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antiochus, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
A y, and the targets to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be copp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which
To have his head.

Tha. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaiard, you're of our chamber, and our
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy: [mind
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
[him;
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Tha. Because done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou
Will live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at nor so e'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Tha. My lord, if I

2 x 2
Can get him once within my pistol's length, 
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.  
[Exit.

Ant. Thaiilardi, adieu! till Pericles be dead, 
My heart can lend no succour to my head.  
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of 
thoughts? 
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy, 
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour, 
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night; 
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me 
quiet! 
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun 
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch, 
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here: 
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits, 
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind, 
That have their first conception by mis-dread, 
Have after-nourishment and life by care; 
And what was first but fear what might be done, 
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done. 
And so with me;—the great Antiochus 
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend, 
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,) 
Will think me speaking, though I swear to si-
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him, [fence; 
If he suspect I may displease him: 
And what may make him flush in being known, 
He'll stop the course by which it might be known; 
With both he might be the king, that flourishes land, 
And with the ostent of war will look so huge, 
Amazement shall drive courage from the state; 
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist, 
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence: 
When am no more husht as the tops of trees, [them,] 
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend 
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish, 
And Punish that before, that he would punish. 
I Lord.  Joy and all comfort in your sacred 
breath! 

2 Lord.  And keep your mind, till you return to 
Peaceful and comfortable!  

Hel.  Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience: 
They do not be the king, that flourishes land, [tongue. 
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin; 
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 
To which that breath gives heat and stronger 
Whereas reproach, obedient, and in order, [glowing; 
This make the king, that flourishes land, 
When signor Sooth here does proclaim a peace, 
He flatters you, makes war upon your life: 
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please; 
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per.  All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook 
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven, 
And then return to us.  [Exeunt Lords.]

Helicanus, 

thou 

Hast pr'ythee us: what seemest thou in our looks? 

Hel.  A fiery brow, dread lord. 

Per.  If there be such a dart in princes' frowns, 
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?  

Hel.  How dare the plants look up to heaven, from 
They have their nourishment.  

[whence 

Per.  Then know'st I have power 
To take thy life. 

Hel.  [Kneeling.]  I have ground the axe myself; 
Do you but strike the blow.

[Exit.

Hel.  Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer. 
They thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid, 
That kings should let their ears hear their faults 
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince, [bid: 
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant, 
What wouldst thou have me do? 

Hel.  With patience bear such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per.  Thou speakest like a physician, Helicanus: 
Who minister'st a potion unto me, 
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself. 
Attend me then.  I went to Antioch, 
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death, 
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, 
From whence an issue I might propagate, 
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys. 
Her face made mine eye beyond all wonder; 
The rest (hark in thine ear,) I ask as black as incest; 
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father 
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st 
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss, 
[thia, 
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 
Under the covering of a careful night, 
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here. 
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. 
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears 
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years: 
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,) 
That I should open to the listening air, 
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, 
To keep his hold of blackness unaided,—
To top that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, 
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him. 
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence, 
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: 
Which love to all (of which thyself art one, 
Who now reprovest me for it)—

Hel.  Alas, sir! 

Per.  Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my 
cheeks, 
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts 
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came; 
And finding little forces, not sufficient ground, 
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 

Hel.  Well, my lord, since you have given me 
leave to speak, 
Freely I'll speak.  Antiochus you fear, 
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, 
Who either by publick war, or private treason, 
Will take away your life. 
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, 
Till that his rage and anger be forgot, 
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life. 
Your rule direct to any; if to me, 
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be. 

Per.  I do not doubt thy faith; 
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel.  With this little power, as black as incest, 
From whence we had our being and our birth. 

Per.  Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to 
Tharsus 
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee; 
And by whose letter I'll dispose myself. 
The care I had and have of subjects' good, 
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. 
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath; 
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both: 
But in one case, I'll live so round and safe, 
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince, 
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Tyre.  An Ante-chamber in the 
Palace.

Enter Thaiilardi.

Thal.  So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. 
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I 
am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. 
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had 
good discretion, that being bid to ask what he 
would of the king, desired he might know none of 
his secrets: if I do so, I see him reason for it: 
for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound 
by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, 
here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords.

Hel.  You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 
Further to question of your king's departure.
Scene IV.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.

Cleon. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, and by relating our mother's griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own? [it; Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher. O, my distressed eye, even such our griefs; Here they're but felt, and seen with misty eyes, But to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise. Cleon. O Dionyza, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, Or come we to console his hunger, till he famish? Our tongues are dry, and sorrows do keep our woes Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs [that, Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; If heaven slumber, while their creatures want, They will awake their helps to comfort them. I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years, And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears. Dio. I'll do my best, sir. Cleon. This Tarsus, o'er which I have government, (A city, on whom plenty held full hand,) For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets; Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds, And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at; Who by desire of homes so jetted and adorn'd, Like one another's grace to trim the place! Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight, And not so much to feed on, as delight; All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, The name of god was not grievous to repeat. Dio. O, 'tis too true. [change. Cleon. But see what heaven can do! By this our These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and Were all too little to content and please, [air, Although they gave their creatures in abundance, As houses are des' d for want of use. They are now starv'd for want of exercise: Those palates, who not yet two summers younger, Must have inventions to delight the taste, Would now be glad of bread and beer for it; Those mothers who, to nurse up their babes, Thought not too curious, are ready now, To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd. So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life: Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping; Here many sing the fate which see them fall, Have scarce strength left to give them burial. Is not this true? Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it. Cleon. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup And her prosperity, so late and taste, With their superfluous riots, hear these tears! The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor? Cleon. Here. Speak out thy sorrow which thou bring'st in haste. For comfort is too far for us to expect. Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring A portly sail of ships make hitherward. [shore, Cleon. I thought as much. One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir, That may succeed as his inheritor; And so in ours: some neighbour ing nation, Taking advantage of our misery, Have stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power, To beat us down, the which is done already; And make a conquest of unhappy me, Whereas no glory's got to overcome. [blanche Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the sem Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace, And come to us as favourers, not as foes. Cleon. Thou speak'st like him's untutored to repeat, Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit. But bring they what they will, what need we fear? The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there. Go tell their general, we attend him here, To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, And what he craves. Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit. Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist; If wars, we are unable to resist. Enter Pericles, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, Let not our ships and number of our men, Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes. We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, And seen the desolation of your streets: Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, But to relieve them of their heavy load; And these our ships you happily may think Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within, With bloody views, expecting overthrow, Are stow'd with corn, to make your needy bread, And give them life, who are hunger-starr'd, half All. The gods of Greece protect you! [dead. And we'll pray for you. Per. Rise, I pray you, rise; We do not look for reverence, but for love, And harbou rage for ourselves, our ships, and men. Cleon. The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves, The curse of god and men succeed their evils! Till then, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,) Your grace is welcome to our town and us. [while, Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [Exeunt. ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here have you seen a mighty king His child, I wis, to incest bring: A better prince, and benign lord, Prove awful both in deed and word. Be quiet then, as men should be, Till he hath past his necessity. I'll show you those in troubles reign, Losing a mine, a mount ain gain. The good in conversation
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

Act 2

Enter at one door Pericles, with Cleon, and all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home, Not to eat honey like a drone, From others' labours; forth he strive To killen bad, keep good alive; And, to fulfil his prince's desire, Sends word of all that hap in Tyre; How Thallard came full bent with sin, And hid intent, to murder him; And that in Tharazus was not best Longer for him to make his rest; He looks to do so; put forth his arms, Where when men been, there's seldom ease: For now the wind begins to blow; Thunder above, and deeps below, Make such unquiet, that the ship should house him safe, is wreck'd and split; And he, good prince, having all lost, By waves from coast to coast is lost; All perishen of man, of pelf, Ne'er aught escape but himself; This is the third time mad; Threw him ashore, to give him glad, And here he comes: what shall be next, Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea Side.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven! Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man Is but a substance that must yield to you; And I, as fits my nature, do obey you. Also see hasten me out of this storm, Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath Nothing to think on, but ensuing death: Let it suffice the greatness of your powers, To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes; And having made him from your watry grave, Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pliche!

2 Fish. He! come, and bring away the nets.

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon.

3 Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now. 1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounded and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as a whale: 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, master? 3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeples, churches, and priests, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How do the sooty subject of the sea These fishes tell the infirmities of men; And from their watry empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it. Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

3 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him: He asks of that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

3 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then? Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a. Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep the warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fastings, days, and more or less puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. Did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your baggers whipped then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your baggers were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beside. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. About a day's journey, and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and
what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—
his wife's soul.

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! I'm on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour. [Pericles, 2.6.79.]

Jove! how honour 'twas my host. [Enter Pericles, as he leaves his life in that manner, and is mounted on a horse, with a shroud over his head.]

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me
Thank, fortune, yea, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me something 'gainst to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heral—
Which my dead father did bequeath to me, (tage,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,) Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
Twixt me and death; (and point with this brace:) For that so sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, they giv'n again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir? [To the king, kind friends, this coat of
For it was sometime my target to a kind breath, and
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you guide me to your sovereign's court,
We are wish'd to appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain walls, I hope, sir, if you thrive,
you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his setting on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bascinets.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else arise ill to. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simenides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? 1 Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present yourselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.]

Thais. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My compliments great, whose merit's less.
Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes likely to itself;
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device. [form.

Thais. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thais. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, Lux tua vita mih; 2 Lord. He loves you well, that holds his life of you. [The second Knight passes.

Sim. Who is the second, that presents himself?
Thais. A prince of Macedon, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, Pin per duleura que per durea. [The third Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the third?
Thais. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, Me Pompe proverxit apex. [The fourth Knight passes.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thais. A burning torch, that's turned upside
The word, Quod me altit, me extinguit. [down;
Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power—
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

Thais. The fifth Knight passes.

Thais. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides. [The fifth Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thais. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, In hac sep tivo. Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears [lance.
To have practis'd more the whispstock, than the

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes to
An honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw into the gallery. [Exeunt.

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.

SCENE III.—The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simenides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights, To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every wound in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.

Thais. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wrath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

Per. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you're her labour's scholar. Come, queen o'the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are.) here take your place:
Marschal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simenides.
[love.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

March. Sir, yond's your place.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. Act 2.

Per. Some other is more fit. 1 Knight. Contend not, sir, for we are gentle-

men, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise. Per. You are right courteous knights. Sim. Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me, she not thought upon. Thai. By Juno, that is queen Of her marriage, all the virgins that I eat Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat? Sure he's a gallant gentleman. He's but A country gentleman; He has done no more than other knights have Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass. —done; Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass. Per. You king's to me, like to my father's pic-Which tells me, in that glory once he was; [tire, Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence. None that beheld him, but like lesser lights, Did vail their crowns to his supremacy; Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light; Whereby I see that Time's the king of men. For he's their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave. Sim. What, are you merry, knights? [sence? 1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal pre-

sence, But do as much as in you is to do. (As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,) [brim, We drink this health to you. Knights. We thank your grace. Sim. Yet pause a while; You knight, methinks, do sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth. Note it not you, Thaisa? Thai. What is it To move, my father? Sim. O, attend, my daughter; Princes, in this, should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them; and princes, not doing so, Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at. Therefore to make'st entrance more sweet, here say, We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him. Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me Upon my younger knights to be so joyous; He may my proffer take for an offence, Since men take women's gifts for impudence. Sim. How! Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else. Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [Aside Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know, Of a'heence he is, his name and parentage. Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you. —thank him. Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life, Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely. Thai. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your name and parentage. Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pe- My education being in arts and arms :)— [ricles; Who looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men, And he, them driven upon this shore. Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pe- A gentleman of Tyre, who only by [ricles, Misfortune of the sea has been bereft Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore. Thai. I thank the gentleman, and will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armours, as you are address'd Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying this Lord musick is too harsh for ladies' ears; Since they love men in arms, as well as beds. [The Knights dance. So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd. Some, sir. Here's a lady that wants breathing too; And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip; And that their measures are as excellent. [lord. Per. In those that practise them, they are, my Sim. O, that's so much as you would be denied [The Knights and Ladies dance Of your fair courtesy.—Unclap, uncclasspath; Thanks, gentlemen, to all: all have done well, But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and lights, These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, We have given order to be next our own. [sir, Per. I am at your grace's pleasure. Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love. For that the mark I know you level at: Therefore each one betake him to his rest; To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt. SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House. Enter Helicanus and Escanes. Hel. No, no, my Escanes: know this of me,— Antichus from incest liv'd not free; For which, the minder Tyre, to the Tyre With this heinous capital offence: Even in the height and pride of all his glory, When he was seated, and his daughter with him, In a chariot of inestimable joy; A fire from heaven came, and surivell'd up Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk, That all those eyes ador'd the...ere their fall, Scorn now their hand should give them burial. Esc. 'Twas very strange. Hel. And yet but just; for though This king were great, his greatness was no guard To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward. Esc. 'Tis very true. Enter Three Lords. 1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference, Or council, has respect with him, but he. [proof. 2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve, without re- 3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it. A Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicanus, a word. [lords. Hel. With me? and welcome! Happy day, my 1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the And now at length they overflow their banks. [top, Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love. 1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Hel- But if the prince do live, let us salute him, [eane; Or know what ground's made happy by his breath. 2 Lord. If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; It in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us, Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral, And leaves us to our own free election. [our censure: 3 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in And knowing this kingdom, if without a head, (Like goodly buildings left without a roof,) Will soon to ruin fall. your noble self, That best tells us how to rule, and how to reign, We thus submit unto,—our sovereign. All. Live, noble Helican! Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your sufferages If that you love prince Pericles, forbear. Take what you have, and lay it in your purse. Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease. A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you To forbear choice i' the absence of your king; In which time expir'd, he not return, I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
Act 2. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
And, since lord Helican enjoyneth us, [yield]
We with our travels will endeavour it. [hands]
Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
When peers thus knelt, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
To her chamber, that it is impossible,
Tied her one twelve moons more, she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And her virgin honour will not dishonour it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

Sim. So [letter];
They're well despatch'd: now to my daughter's
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no:
Well, I commend her choice; and
Will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet musick this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord;
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
My daughter? [sir, of Per.]
As of a most virtuous princess,
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; would't not seem.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so: perseus this writing else.
Per. What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's suituity, to have my life.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
A villain.

[art]
Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.
Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,) That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[Aside.]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent,
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er soli't, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thaisa. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart. [Aside.] I'll tame
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you not, having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [Aside.]
Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rule'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—(God give you joy!)
What, are you both pleased?

Thaisa. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'tis your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y'sladk hath the rout
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouze's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blitter for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—lie attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shews it to Simonides, the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thalsa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides shews his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart. Then Simonides, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dear and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing colons in Art,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquirer,
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t' appease;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twelv six moons, home, He, obedient to their doom, Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis, I-varied them the regions round, And every one with claps, 'gan sound, Our heir apparent is a king: Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing? Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: For flesh with child makes her desire (Which who shall cross?) along to go; (Omit we all their dole and woe;) Lychorida, her nurse, she takes, And so to sea. Their vessel shakes Their hails hissow; half in the flood, Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood Varies again; the grizzled north Disgorges such a tempest fast, That, as a duck for life that dives, So up and down the poor ship drives, The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near! Doth fall in travail with her fear: And what ensues in this fell storm, Shall, for itself, itself perform. I will relate, action may Conveniently the rest convey: Which might not what by me is told, In your imagination hold This stage, the ship, upon whose deck The sea-twist prince appears to speak. ...Exeunt...

**SCENE I.**

**Enter Pericles, on a ship at sea.**

**Per.** Thy God, of this great vast, rebuke these surges. (bass) Which wash both heaven and hell; and then, that Upon the winds command, bind them in brass, Call'd them from the deep? 0! still thy dea'ning, Thy dreadful thunderers; gently quench thy nimble, Sulphureous flashes! 0 how, Lychorida, [mourns] How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! ven0-Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard.—Lychorida—Lucina, O Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy deity Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

**Enter Lychorida, with an infant.**

**Lyc.** Here is a thing Too young for such a place, who, if it had Conceit, would die as I am like to do. Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen. **Per.** How! how, Lychorida! **Lyc.** Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm. Here's all that is left living of your queen,— A little daughter for the sake of it, Be manly, and take comfort. **Per.** Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away? We, here below, Recall not what we give, and therein may We honour with yourselves. **Lyc.** Patience, good sir, Even for this charge. **Per.** Now, mild may be thy life! For a more blustering birth had never bae: Quiet and gentle thy conditions Were for thee, the rudest we command'd to this world, That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows! Thou hast as chiding a nativity, As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make, To herald thee from the womb; even at the first, Thy presence more than thy portage quit, With all thou canst find here. Now the good Throw their best eyes upon it! —Exeunt Two Sailors. **Sail.** What courage, sir? God save you. **Per.** Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw; It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, I would, it would be quiet. Look, the billows there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself. **2 Sail.** But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not. **1 Sail.** Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead. **Per.** That's your superstition. **1 Sail.** Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight. **Per.** Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched **Lyc.** Here she lies, sir. [queen **Per.** A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements; [dear; Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time To give thee ballow'd to thy grave, but straight Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the oze; Where, for a monument upon thy hones, And eye-remaining lamps, the belching whale, And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse, Lying with simple shells. Lychorida, Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper, My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander Bring me the sattin coffer; lay the babe Upon the pillow; be thee, whiles I say A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. **Sail.** Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, canik'd and hitum'd ready. **Per.** I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is **2 Sail.** We are near Tharsus. [this / **Per.** Thidier, gentle mariner, After thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach **2 Sail.** By break of day, if the wind cease. [it? Per. **O make for Tharsus.** There will I visit Cleon, for the sake Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner; I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt...

**SCENE II.**—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House. **Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.** **Cer.** Philemon, ho! **Enter Philemon.** **Phil.** Doth my lord call? **Cer.** Get fire and meat for these poor men. It has been a turbulent and stormy night. **Serv.** I have been in many; but such a night as Till now, I ne'er endur'd. [this, **Cer.** Your master will he dead ere you return; There's nothing can be minister'd to nature, That can recover him. Give this to the phocery, And tell me how it works. [To Philemon. [Exeunt Philemon, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked. **Enter Two Gentlemen.** **Gent.** Good morning, sir **2 Gent.** Good morrow to your lordship. **Cer.** Gentlemen, Why do you stir so early? **Gent.** Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook, as the earth did quake; The very principals did seem to rend, And all to topple; pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house. **2 Gent.** That is the cause we trouble you so 'Tis not our husbandry. [early; **Cer.** O, you say well. [having **1 Gent.** But I much marvel that your lordship Rich care about you, should at these early hours,
Act 3.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell’d.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments more
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attains the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the best infusions
That dwell in vegetines, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after towering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death. [pour'd forth

Enter Two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight; If the sea's stomach be o'ergorg'd with gold, It is a good constraint of fortune, that It bejelches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caul'd and butt'md!—

Did the sea cast it up?
Serv. I never saw so huge a bilow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! What's here? a corsie! 1 Gent. Most strange! [entreast'ur'd
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and With bags of spices full! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me! the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll.

Here I give to understand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-hand,) I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee;
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chance'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Deaths may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The oppressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you. [block
The vial once more:—How thou stir'st, thou
The musick there.—I pray you, give her air:—

Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her, she hath not been encranc’d
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels Which Pericles hath lost.
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most prais’d water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature, Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Thal. O dear Diana, [this?
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. [hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: the next chamber hear
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to, [her.
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And [Esclusipus guide us!

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyzia, Lychorida, and Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone; My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands In a litigious peace. You, and your lady, Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods Make up the rest upon you! 1 Cleo. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt Yet glance full wand'ringly on us. [you mortally, Dion.
O your sweet queen! That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought To have bless'd mine eyes! [her hither, Per.
We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom or she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here I charge your charity withal, and leave her The infant of your care; beseeching you To give her princely training, that she may Be manner'd as she is born. 1 Cleo. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn, (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,) Must in your child be thought on. If negligence Should therein make me vile, the common body, By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty: But if to that my nature need a spur, The gods revenge it upon me and mine, To the end of generation! [Per.
I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit, Without your vows. Till she be married, madam, By bright Diana, whom we honour all, Unmiscarr'd shall this hair of mine remain, Though I show will 'in't. So I take my leave. Good madam, make me blessed in your care In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

1 Cleo. Kind ad, madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dearst madam.—O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears.
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon’s House.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffer: which are now At your command. Know you the character? 

That. It is my lord’s.

That I was ship’d at sea, I well remember, Even in mine eating time; whether there Delivered or no, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles, My wedded lord, I ne’er shall see again, A vestal livery will I take me to, And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak, Diana’s temple is not distant far, Where you may ’bide until your date expire. Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine Shall you have, and me you do.

That. My recompence is thanks, that’s all; Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre, Welcom’d to his own desire. 
His woful queen leave at Ephesus, To Dion there a votress. 
Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast growing scene must find 
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train’d in musick, letters; who hath gain’d Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But alack! That monster envy, oft the wrack Of earned praise, Marina’s life Seeks to |ke off by treason’s knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid Hight Philoten: and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be: 
Be’t when she wear’d it, gildèd silk With fingers, long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp needl wound The cambrick, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the lute She sung, and made the night-bird mite, That still records with moan; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dion; still This Philoten contends in skill With absolute Marina: so With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white. Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks In Philoten all gracefull marks, That Cleon’s wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychoria, our nurse, is dead; And cursed Dionyza bathe The pregnant instrument of wrath Frest for this blow. The unborn event I do commend to your content: Only I carry, winged time Post on the lame feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey. Unless your thoughts went on my way.

Dionyza does appear, With Leonte, a murderer.  

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open Place, near the Sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonte.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to it: 
’Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing; the world so soon, To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, Which is but cold, inflame thy bosom, inflame too nicely, nor let pity, which Even hopes to have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I’ll do’t; but yet she is a goodly creature. 

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here!

Weeping she comes for her old nurse’s death. Thou art resolv’d?

Leon. I am resolv’d.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Telius of her weed, To stew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues, The purple violets, and marigolds, Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave, While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid, Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, With no room more from my friends. [alone] 

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour’s chang’d With this unprofitable woe! Come, come; 
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it. Walk forth with Leonte: the air is quick there, Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come; — 
Leonte, take her by the arm, walk with her. 

Mar. No, I pray you; I’ll not bereave yon of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself, With more than foreign heart. We every day Expect him here: when he shall come, and find Our people and all reports thus blast’d, He will repent the breadth of his great voyance; Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta’en No care to your best courses. Go. I pray you, Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve That excellent complexion, which did steal The eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go; 
But yet I have no desire to it. 

Dion. Come, come, I know ’tis good for you. Walk half an hour, Leonte, at the least; 
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam. 

Dion. I’ll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while; Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood: What! I must have a care of you. 

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—  

[Exit Dionyza.]

Is this kind westerly that blows? 

South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was’t so? 

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear, But cry’d, good seaward! to the sailors calling His hearty hands with hauling of the ropes. And, clasping to the mast, endur’d a sea [tackle That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder- Wash’d off a canvas climber: Ha: says one, Will out I and, with a dropping industry, [tied, and To the topmost stay tenn: the boatswain whis- The master calls, and trebles their confusion. 

Leon. And when was this? 

Mar. It was when I was born; Never was waves nor wind more violent.
Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why should she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life; I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature; believe me, I, I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm against my will, But I wept for it. How have I offended, Wherein my death might yield her profit, or My life imply her danger?
Leon. My commission Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope. You are well-fav'rd, and your looks foreshow You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately, When you caught hurt in parting two that fought: Good sooth, I shou'd well in you; do so now! Your lady seeks your life; come you between, And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn, And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.
2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!
3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.

SCENE II.—The same.

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go: There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead, And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further; Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, Not carry her aboard. If she remain, Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult.
Boult. Sir.
Pand. I would buy the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too whench.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.
Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.
Pand. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven.
Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?
Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.
Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome—of conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.
Boult. Ay, she quickly po'd him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[Exit Boult.
Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?
Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wags not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'tis not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.
Boult. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.
Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates and Boult, dragging in Marina.

Boult. Come your ways. [To Marina.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.
Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.
Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?
Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.
Bawd. What's her price, Boult?
Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.
Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may, not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity: and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.
Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boult.
Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke) that of these pirates, (Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!
Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?
Mar. That I am pretty.
Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.
Mar. I accuse them not.
Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.
Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.
Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.
Mar. No.
Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentle-

men of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?
Mar. Are you a woman?
Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?
Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.
Bawd. Marry, whip the girl, gutting: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.
Mar. The gods defend me!
Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?
Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.
Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?
Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would
have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his boots ruff.

Boul. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that owes i'the hams ?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles ?

Boul. Ay ; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well ; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we shall lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly ; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul. O, take her home, mistress, take her home, the rest of the business must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, I'faith, so they must : for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint.

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it ? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a pagon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters urgent, I still my virgin knot will keep. [deep.

Diana, at a distance.

Diana. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us ? [Exit.

Scene IV.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionyzia.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyzia, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I'the justice of compare! 0 villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too! If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy feat: what can'st thou say, When he's passion stands for true old woe? And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, [show'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er Leave's Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and toad-sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, And yet he rides it out. Now please you writ The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyzia.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet some does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: None would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst she was but a child, at, and held a matkin, Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough; And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It grieves me, as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles
What should he say? We wept after her hearse, And even yet we mourn: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her head must be, In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. You art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face, Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstition
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies; But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exit.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for 't ;
Making, (to take your imagination,) From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, (Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To bear his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind
Old Helicanus goes along behind. [brought Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds have
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought: So with his steereage shall your thoughts grow on.)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. Like moes and shadows see them move awhile,
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, Pericles with his Train : Cleon and Dionyzia, at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyzia retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show ! Then uses his passion stand for true old woe; And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, [show'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and toad-sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vesselears, And yet he rides it out. Now please you writ The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyzia.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. 687

Act 4.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.] The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here, Who wither'd in her spring of year. She was of Tyria, the king's daughter, On whom foul death had made this slaughter; Marina was she call'd; and at her birth, [earth, Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the Therefore the earth bearing to be deflow'd, Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heauen bestow'd: Wherefore she does, (and swear she'll never stint,) Make raging battery upon shores of limb. No visor does become black villainy, So well as soft and tender flattery. Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead, And bear his courses to be ordered By lady fortune; while our scenes display His daughter's wo and heavy well-a-day, In her unholy service. Patience then, And think you now are all in Mytyleen. [Exeunt.] SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel. Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen. 1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like? 2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone. 1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing? 2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we hear the vestals sing? 1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.] SCENE VI.—The same. A Room in the Brothel. Enter Pander, Bawd, and Bawd. Paud. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here. Bawd. Fye, fye upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or e'er rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. Bawd. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearer priests. Paud. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me. Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyssmachus, disguised. Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 

Enter Lyssmachus.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities? Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour! Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health. Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your ressorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon? Bawd. We have here one sir, if she would— but there never came her like in Mitylen. Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say. Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough. Lys. Well; call forth, call forth. Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she was a rose indeed, if she had but— Lys. What, pr'ythee? Boult. O, sir, I can be modest. Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. Enter Marina. Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature? Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you,—leave us. Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently. Lys. I beseech you, do. Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [To Marina, whom she takes aside. Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him. Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to. Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold. Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive. Lys. Have you done? Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. [Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult. Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade? Mar. What trade, sir? Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend. Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it. Lys. How long have you been of this profession? Mar. Ever since I can remember. Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven? Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one. Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale. Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place. Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? Mar. Who is my principal? Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of fame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooling. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come. Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more: Mar. For me, [be sage. That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stile, Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place. Though they did change me to the meavest bird That flies i' the purer air! Lys. I did not think Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st. Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for Persever still in that clear way thou goest, [thee And the gods strengthen thee! Lys. The gods preserve you! Mar. For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent: for to me The very doors and windows savour villely.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Act 5

Scene I.—On board Pericles' Ship, off Mytilene.

A close Partition on deck, with a Curtain before it: Pericles not yet, recites on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyrr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mytilene.]

O here he is.—Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene, And in it is Lysimachus the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? Hel. That he has his. Call up some gentlemen. Tyrr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls. Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, Then that which would of worth would come aboard: I To greet them fairly. [pray you,

[T he Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.

Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyrr. Sail. Sir, This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you. [You wish me well. Barse is safe for them; the gods preserve you! Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am, And die as I would do. Lys. Sir, this is the man you are; returning, and seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made it, to know of whom you are. Hel. First, sir, what is your place? Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre - Act 5

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to pronounce his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir.

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any one.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir; ['Pericles discovered.'] this
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this. [Hail!]

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene, I durst
Would win some words of him. [wager,

"Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery against his desolation parts;
Whilome now are midway stopp'd;
She, all as happy as all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendants.]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness,
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you furth;
For that our gold we may provision have, [ther,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar
And so inflect our province. — Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it:—
But, see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in beauty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient;
If that thy prosperous artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,"Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desire can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

Marina sings.

Mark'd he your musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on her.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that never before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

[Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, Go not till he speak.

[Aside.

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you? [Per.
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my pa
You would not do me violence.

[rentage, Per.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countryw
Here of these shores?

[Mar.

No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortal brought forth, and am
No other than I appear. [ing.

Per. I am great with weep, and shall deliver weep.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been; my queen's square
brows;
Her stature ten in., as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like;
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
[ live?

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you

Mar. Where am I but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe? [Mar.

Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Mostly as noble, and thou seem'st a prince
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou
From good descending?

[Can'st

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou say'st
Thou hadst been a tos'sd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
If both were open'd.

[mine,

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazin' on king's graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incense god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me;

Mar. Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar. Thou said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

2 Y
How sure are you my daughter.—But what mu-
Hels. My lord, I hear none. [sick?
peri. None?
The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.
peri. Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?
Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—
peri. Most heavenly music.
It nips me unto listning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids: let me rest. [He sleeps.
Lys. A pillow for his head;
{The curtain before the pavilion of Pericles is closed.
So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just relief,
I'll well remember you.
[Exeunt Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and
attendant Lady.

SCENE II.—The same.

Pericles on the deck asleep: Diana appearing to him
as in a vision.

Dian. My temple stands in Ephesus; thee thee
And do mine altar sacrifice. [thither,
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the king.
Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.
peri. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

{Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir.
peri. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but now
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eswoons I'll tell thee why.—
[To Helicanus.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?—
Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
I have another suit. [ashore.
peri. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend your arm.
peri. Come, my Marina.
[Exeunt.
\\n
Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gom. Now our sands are almost run
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me),
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
That minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylene,
To greet the king. So he has th'ird,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: where'to be bound,
The interim, pray you, to confound,
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd
And wishes fall out as they w'll'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Thaisa standing near the Altar, as high Priestess
a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and
other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.
Enter Pericles, with his Train. Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre; who, frightened from my country, did wed the fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childhood died she, but brought forth a maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess, Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years He sought to murder; but her better stars Brought her to Mytilene; against whose shore Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us, Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she Made known herself my daughter.

Thais. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—[She faints.]
Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen! If you have told Diana's altar true, This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no; I threw her o'erboard with these very arms. Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you. Per. [To Thaisa.]
Cer. Look to the lady,—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one bust'ring storm, this lady was thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her here in Diana's temple.

Hail, O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord, Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak, Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest, A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thaisa. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian! Thaisa. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis, The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [Shews a ring.]
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well, That on the touching of her lips I may Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried A second time within these arms. Mar. My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. [Kneels to Thaisa.]
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa; Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, For she was yield'd there.

Thaisa. Bless'd, and mine own! Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen! Thaisa. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly I left behind an ancient substitute. [From Tyre, Can you remember what I call'd the man?] I have nam'd him off. Thaisa. 'Twas Helicanus then. Per. Still confirmation: Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found; How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank, Besides the gods, for this great miracle. Thaisa. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man Through whom the gods have shown their power From first to last resolve you. [That can Per. Reverend sir, The gods can have no mortal officer More like a god than you. Will you deliver How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord. Beseech you, first to go with me to my house, Where shall be shown you all was found with her; How she came placed here within the temple; No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana! I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer My night oblations to thee. Thaisa, this Prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter, Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now, This ornament that makes me look so dismal, Will I, my lov'd Marina, clipping to form; And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd, To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thaisa. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, Sir, that my father's dead. [To his queen.]
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves Will in that kingdom spend our following days; Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign: Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay, To hear the rest unfold.—Sir, lead the way. [

[Exeunt.]

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter you have heard Of monstrous lust the due and just reward: In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen (Although assai'd with fortune fierce and keen,) Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast, Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last, In Helicanus may yet well descry A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty: In reverend Cerimon there well appears The worth that learned charity aye wears. For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame Had spread their cursed deed, and honour Of Pericles, to rage the city turn: [name That him and his they in his palace burn. The gods for murder seemed so content To punish them; although not done, but meant. So on your patience evermore attending, Now joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[Exit Gower.]
KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloucester.
Edgar, son to Gloucester.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.
Goneril.
Regan.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear’s Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

GLO. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh’d, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either’s moiety.

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush’d to acknowledge him, that now I am bailed to it.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow’s mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb’d; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLO. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat sanctily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLO. I shall, my liege.

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose. [divided.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent, To shake all cares and business from our age: Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden’d crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters’ several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter’s love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, [daughters, And here are to be answer’d.—Tell me, my (Since now we will divest us, both of rule, interest of territory, cases of state,) Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON. Sir, I

Do you love me more than words can wield the matter, Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; [nour: No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, ho- As much as child e’er lov’d, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech un- Beyond all manner of so much I love you. [able;
Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these hounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich’d, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: To thine and Albany’s issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?—Speak.

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short,—that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses; And find, I am alone felicitate In your dear highness’ love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.
And yet not so, since I am sure, my love’s More richer than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity, and pleasure, Than that confirm’d on Goneril. Now, our joy. Although the last, not least; to whose young love The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be interest’d; what can you say, to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
Act I.  

KING LEAR.

My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.  

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.  

[King. Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and must honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall  

carry  
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father ill.  

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?  

[King. Ay, good my lord.  

Lear. So young, and so untender?  

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.  

[dower. Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun:  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scy-  
Or he that makes his generation messes  
[thian,  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou my sometime daughter.  

Kent. Good my liege,—  

Lear. Peace, Kent!  

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:  
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!  

[To Cordelia.  

So be my grave, my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—  
Who stirs?  

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty—ourselves, by monthly  
With reservation of a hundred knights, [course,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns, only we still retain  
The name, and all the additions to a king:  
The sway,  
Revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you.  

[Giving the crown.  

Kent. Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—  
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.  

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old  
man?  

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When power to flattery bows? To plainness ho-  

nour's bound,  
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;  
And in thy best consideration, check  
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
Reverses no hollowness.  

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.  

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.  

Lear. Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.  

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—  

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king  
Thou swearest thy gods in vain.  

Lear. Thou, O, vassal! miscreant!  

[Laughing his hand on his sword.  

Cor. Kent. Do;  
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.  

Lear.  

Hear me, recreant!  

On thine allegiance hear me!—  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd  
pride,  
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.  

Lear. Kent. Take thee well, king: since thus thou wilt  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here,—  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,  

[To Cordelia.  

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said.—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve.  

[To Regan and Goneril.  

That good effects may spring from words of love.  
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.  

Re-enter Gloster; with France, Burgundy, and At-  

tendants.  

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.  

Lear. My lord of Burgundy;  
We first address towards you, who with this king  
Hath rival'd for our daughter; What, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?  

Bur. Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.  

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;  
But now her price is fall'n! Sir, there she stands;  
If aught within that little, seeming substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piece'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.  

Bur. I know no answer.  

Lear. Sir,  
Will you with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our  
Take her, or leave her?  

[Exit,  

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.  

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,  

[To France.  

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthy way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
Almost to acknowledge her.  

France. This is most strange!  
That she, that even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
The bestest, most dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle  
Could never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty, (If for I want that glib and oily art, [tend, To speak and purpose not; since what I well in- will'd before I speak,) that you make known It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, No blameless action, or dishonour'd step, That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour: But even for want of that, for which I am richer; A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it, Had lost me in your liking. Better thou [better. 

But, Royal Lear, 

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd, And here I take Cordelia by the hand, Duchess of Burgundy. 

Lear: Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm. 

Cor. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father, That you must lose a husband. 

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are his love, I shall not be his wife. [being poor: 

France. Fairer Cordelia, that art most rich, Most choice, forsoaken; and most lov'd, despis'd! 

Thy and thy virtues here I seize upon: Be it lawful, I take up what's east away, [neglect Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.— 

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance, Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: Not all the dukes of wath'rish Burgundy, Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. 

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind: Thou lostest here, a better where to find. 

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine; Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see [for we That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone, Without our grace, our love, our benison. 

Come, noble Burgundy. 

[Flourish. Exit Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants. 

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 

Cor. If our parent, with wash'd eyes Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are; And, like a sister, am most loath to Call your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father: To your professed bosoms I commit him: But yet, alas! stood I within his grace, I would prefer him to a better place. 

So farewell to you both. 

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties. 

Reg. Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you At France's alms: You have obedience scanting, And well are worth the want that you have wanted. 

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides; 

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides. 

Well may you prosper! 

France. 

Come, my fair Cordelia. 

[Exeunt France and Cordelia. 

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what mostly nearpattains to us both. I think, one taller, then hence to-night. 

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us. 

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been tis; You all, I loved our sister most; and with that poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly. 

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself. 

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that inform and choleric years bring with them. 

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment. 

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Fray you, let us hit it; if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us. 

Reg. We shall further think of it. 

Gon. We must do something, and 'tis the heat. 

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle. 

Enter Edmund, with a letter. 

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound: Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom; and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For some twelve or fourteen moon-shines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us Most illustrious? with whom? base? base? base? 

Whos, in the lasty stead of nature take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, state, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got from asleep and wake?—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow: I prosper: Now, gods, stand up for bastards! 

Enter Gloster. 

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted; 

And the king gone to night! subscrib'd this power! Confin'd to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad!— Edmund! How now; what Edm. So please your lordship, none. [news? Cor. I open the letter. 

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that Edm. I know no news, my lord. 

[letter] 

Glo. What paper were you reading? 

Edm. Nothing, my lord. 

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see, Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles. Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so soon as I was persued, I find it not fit for your looking-over. 

Glo. Give me the letter, sir. 

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. 

The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame. 

Glo. Let's see, let's see. 

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue. 

Glo. [Reads.] This policy, and reverence of age, make them more ready and bitter to the times: keep our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relieth them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny: who aways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffed. Come to. me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. Humph! Conspiracy! Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son
Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the case- door of my closing.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst wear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—his very opinion in the letter!—Ahorred villain! Unnatural, detestable, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaken of this purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. To avoid?—

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom; I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects; love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us diquity to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange.

[Exit Edm.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters ourselves. He that without malice gives us cause is just in doing us wrong: we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail: and my nativity was under ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needful differences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Fond you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some time hath effaced the heat of his displeasure: which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. Thank God, sir; I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak; Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you; I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[Exit Edg.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every He flashes into one gross crime or other, [hour time.

That set us all in odds: as if I had been When he returns from hunting, He'll not speak with him; say, I am sick:— I will not speak with him;—When he returns from hunting, I'll not speak with him; say, I am sick:— If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. It's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to ques- If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be overruled: Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away: Now, by my life, Old fools are the babes again; and must be us'd With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen Remember what I have said. [aburs'd.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gos. And let his knights have colder looks among them.

[so.]

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, hanish'd Kent, [dem'd, If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand con- (So may it come?) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Hor. within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us? Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow? Kent. Nay, but you have that in your coun-
tenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do? Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain mes-
 sage bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knife? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you. [Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-
poll back.—Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel? Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I calle'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!
Lear. This is nothing, fool.
Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeud'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?
Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.
Fool. F'rythee, tell him, so much the rest of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A better fool!
Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a better fool and a sweet fool?
Lear. No, lad; teach me.
Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.
Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?
Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.
Lear. This is not altogether fool, my lord.
Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't; and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee. Lear.

Lear. What was half they be?
Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou hast best thine ass on thy back over the dirt; Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing: For wise men are grown foppish; And know not how their wits to wear, Their manners are so apish.]

Lear. What were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?
Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,
Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing: And I for sorrow sung, That such a king should play bo-peep, And go the fools among.]
F'rythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.
Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.
Fool. I, master, what kin thou and thy daughters are; they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'll have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the pair's.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontier on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.
Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; thou art face [to Goner.] bides me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—
That's sheald! [Pointing to Lear.]
Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow wary By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; In a tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.
Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.
Lear. Are you our daughter?
Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.
Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.
Lear. Does this know the cause? Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are ethargic.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! I sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can make me who am Lear, know what I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.
Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. Come, sir; this
This admiration is much o'the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright: As you are old and reverend, you should be wise: Here do you know a hundred knights and equites; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern or a brothel, Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth For instant remedy: Be then desir'd [speak by her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquintity your train; And the remainder, that shall still depend, To be so much as may beborst your age, And know themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people: and your disorder'd Make servants of their betters. [rattle

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repent'st,—O, sir, are you come? [my horses. Is it your will? [To Alb.] Speak, sir.—Prepare Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, Than the sea-monster! [To Alb.] Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To Goneril.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know; And in the most exact regard support The worship of their name.—O most small fault, How ugly disd 'st thou in Cordelia show! Which, like an engine, wretch'd my frame of nature From the fix'd place: drew from my heart all love, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Heat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath mov'd you. [To Lear.]

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspense thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her: if she must teen,
Create her child of spleen: that it may live,
And be a thart dismatur'd torment to her:
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight? Alb. What! the matter, sir? Lear. I'll tell thee:—Life and death! I am
asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thine:
That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,
Upon thee! Should make thee worth them.—Plasts and fogs
The untended woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about the head.
Old fond eyes, Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you loe,
To temper clay. —Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll play thy wofish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord? Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonerril,
To the great love I bear you.
Gon. Pray you content. —What, Oswald, ho! You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[To the Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.
A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel: —A hun-
dred knights!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep [dream,
At point a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
Each bush, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. —Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. So safe, so than trust:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath uttered, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness. —How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Sten. Ay, madam. [horse: Gon. Take you some company, and away to
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may consent it more. [lord, And hasten your return. [Exit Stew.]

No, no, my This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attach'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell; Striking it better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

SCENE V.—Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquire a daughter no further with any thing you
know, than comes from her demand out of the
letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be
there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-

divered your letter.

[Exit. Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't
not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall
not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab
is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. I will taste as like this, as a crab does to
a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands in
the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may
spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Can'tst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. No. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
away to his daughters, and leave his horns without
a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!
Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a
pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good
fool.

Lear. To take it again perforse!—Monster in-
gratiation!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before
thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy. [departure. Fool. She that is mad now, and laughs at my
Shall not be maid long, unless things be cut
shorter.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl
of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.
Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your fa-
ther; and given him notice, that the duke of Corn-
wall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with
him to-night.
Edm. How comes that?
Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are but ear-kissing arguments.

[Exit.]
Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better this weaves itself perforce into my business! [Best!]
My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act:—Brevity, and fortune, work.
Brother, a word;—descend, Brother, I say;

 Enter Edgar.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, 'tis the night, 'tis the haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.
Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: Seems to defend yourself: Now quit you
well.
Yield: come before my father;—Light, ho, here!...
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.

[Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion:
[Wounds his arm.
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunk
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! [ards
Stop, stop! No help?

 Enter Gloster and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain? [fou.
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:

Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fle'd this way, sir. When by no means he
could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [Exit Serv.]
By no means, what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lord—
But that I told him, the revenging gods [ship;
Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;—
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lane'd mine arm,
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught:
And found.—Despatch.—The noble duke my mas-
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: [ter,
By his authority I will proclaim it, [thanks,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him plight to do it, with curt speech I
Threaten'd to discover him:—He replies,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what I should deny,
As this I would: ay, though thou didst produce
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dudall of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurt
To make thee seek it.

Strong and fastid'nt villain! He
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes:
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

 Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
hither,
[Which I can call but now. I have heard strange
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
[crack'd?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid;
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
That tend upon my father? [knight?
Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill af-
ected.
'Tls they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister [tions,
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cau-
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glo. He did hewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursed?
Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.
Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise, [night.
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
I serve you, madam;
Your graces are right welcome.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before Gloster's Castle.

 Enter Kent and Steward, severely.
Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the
Kent. Ay.
[house?
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I'the mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee. [not.
Stew. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stock'd knave; a dog, live'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, slave, and thou art he.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rave on one, that is neither known of thee, nor known thee?
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue, for though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw. [Drawing his sword.
Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the true and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glostere, and Servants.

Kent. With you, good man, boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.
Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives.
Heares, that strikes again; What is the matter? Reg. The messengers from our sister and the Corn. What is your difference? speak. [king.
Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your va-lour; a cowardly rascal, nature disclaim'd in thee; a tailor made thee.
Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?
Kent. Ay a tailor, sir; stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.
Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
At suit of his grey beard,--[spard, Kent. He was, whom I saw? thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolst'd villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?
Reg. Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a Wiltshire, a county of Rogues, as Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain [these. Which are so intrinsick t'union: smooth every That in the natures of their lords rebels; passion Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Hatred, ake, and turn their halcyon beams With every gale and vary of their masters, As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.
Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out?

Say the.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave. [his offence? Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's Kent. His countenance likes me not. [for hers.
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, Kent. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Than twenty silly ducking observers,
That stretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in mere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wraith of radiant fire On flickering Phoebus' front.

Corn. What mean'st by this? Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-consider so much. I know, sir, I am no flat-terer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave: which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your di-pleasure to entreat me to it.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Never any:

If pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruc-tion;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure, Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me before.
Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverence brag-ger,
We'll teach you—[garts,
Sir, I am too old to learn.
Reg. Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
Night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[Stocks brought out.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'ld low corre-sect
Is such, as basest and contemn'dst wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
KING LEAR.

Act 2.

For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[Kent is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord; away.

[Goes again to Regan and Cornwall.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,

Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd; I'll entreat for thee.

[well'd hard; and tra.

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle. A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morn!}

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st [saw!]

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles;

But misery — I know, 'tis from Cordelia; Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course; and shall find time From this enormous state,—seeking to give Louses some remedies:—All weary and over-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shamefull lodging. Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[He sleeps.]

SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;

And, by the happy hollow of a tree, Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I may scape, I will preserve myself; and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape, That ever penury in contempt of man, Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth; Blanket my loins; e'f all my hair in knots;

And with presented nakedness out-face

The winds, and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent

Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortifying arms Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills, Sometime with funatick ban, sometime with players. [To Kent.

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turligood! Poor That's something yet; — Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart And not send back my messenger. [from home, Gent. The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove. Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! Lear. Maks't thou this shame thy pastime? Kent. No, my lord. Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monsters by the loins, and men by the legs; when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that so much thy pleasure To set thee here? [mistook Kent. It is both he and she, Your son and daughter Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Jove, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not; 'tis murder, They could not, would not not; 'tis worse than To do upon respect such violent outrage: Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way Thou might'st desire, or they impose, this usage, Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness' letters to them, Ere I was risen from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, I w'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth From Gonerill her mistress, salutations; Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read: on whose contents They summon'd up their meinty, straight took Commanded me to follow, and attend (horse; The leisure of their answer: gave me cold looks: And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceive'd, had poison'd mine, Being the very fellow that of late Display'd so saucily against your highness,) Having more man than wit about me, drew; He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries: Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly Fathers, that wear rags, [that way. Do make their children blind; But fathers, that bear bags, Shall see their children kind. Fortune, that arrant whore, Never turns the key to the poor.— But, for all this, thou shalt have as many doolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! Hystericas passis!—down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below! — Where is this daughter? Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; Stay here. [Exit. Kent. Made you no more offence than what you Kent. None. [speak of? How chance the king comes with so small a train? Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that paper, thou hadst well deserved it. Kent. Why, fool? Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labou'ring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill; lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it. That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain, And follows but for form, Will pack, when it begins to rain, And leave thee in the storm; But I will tarry; the fool will stay, And let the wise man fly: The knave turns fool, that runs away; The fool no knave, perdy. Kent. Where learn'd ye this, fool? Fool. Not I the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary? They have travel'd hard to-night? Mere fetches; The images of revolt and flying off! Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke;
KING LEAR.

Act 2.

How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them
My son is gone and perhaps you may find him.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
Glo. Ay, my good lord.[Dear father]

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
Would with his daughter speak, commands her
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear:
Mind and am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
Looking on Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—Sleep to death.

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
Down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
seals, when she put them i' the paste' alive; she
rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,
Down, wants down: 'Twas her brother, that, in
pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!—[Kent is set at liberty.]

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adulteress.—O, are you free?
[To Kent]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught; O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rud'd, and led
By some discretion, that discursing your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this became the house?

Reg. Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
Return to your sister. [Tricks.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me half my half; I
Look'd' black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fye, fye, fye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your binding
Into her corneal eyes! Infect her beauty, [flames
You fen-suck'd frogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

Lear. You will wish me on, when the rash mood's on.
Then, thou shalt never have my
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give you
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee [thine
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To harrow my words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppress
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom bast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know'rt, my sister's: this approves her
letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the sticke grace of her he follows
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, [part:—
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

[To Goneril.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I

offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sires, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
heath?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you? [Reg.

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roof, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her? Why,
the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest-born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life aloft:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and suppler
To this detested groom. [Leaving on the Steward.

Lear. No, at yr choice sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another—

Or rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
"KING
'Tis the O, Not If who or (rive 703 tears What no
Be The To As Which Man's Allow Thy Stands Hold Yea, Is Must For I, For nor Mend, Let Act
Reg. This is well spoken now? Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers? Is it not well? What should you need of more? Yea, or so many? sth that both charge and danger Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house, Should many people, under two commands, Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible. Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance?
From those that she calls servants, or from mine? Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you, We could control them: If you will come to me, (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice. Lear. I gave you all— Reg. And in good time you gave it. Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries, But a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me. Lear. These wicked creatures yet do look well— When others are more wicked; not being the worst, Stands in some rank of praise: I'll go with thee; [To Goneril.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty, And thou art twice her love. Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five, To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady; If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st, Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,— [need! You heavens, give me that patience, patience I See me here, you gods, a poor old man, As full of grief as age; wretched in both! If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts Against their father, fool me not so much To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger! Or, let not women's weeps, water drops, Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags, I will have such revenge on you both. That all the world shall—I will do such things.— What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep; No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad! [Exit Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.
Corn. Let us withdraw till a storm be come. [Storm heard at a distance. This house is little; the old man and his people cannot Be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly, But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?
Re-enter Gloster. Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself— Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about [winds
There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men, The injuries, that they themselves procure, Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors: He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear-abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o'th' storm. [Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Heath.
A storm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.
Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
Kent. I know you; Where's the king? [quietly.
Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, Or swell the curled waters 'bore the main, [hair:
That things might change, or cease: tears his white Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Thus drives in his little world of men to out-scorn The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cab-drawn bear would The lion and the belly-pinch'd wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, 
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But, who is he with him? Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art, Command a dear thing to you. It is in division, Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thor'red and set high!) servants, who seem no less; Which are to France the spies and speculations,
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen, Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes; Or the hard rein which both of them have borne Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings; But, true it is, from France there comes a power Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already, Wise in our negligence, have secret feet In some of our best ports, and are at point To show their open banner.—Now to you: If on my credit you dare build so far To make your speed to Dover, you shall find Some that will thank you, making just report Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow The king hath cause to plain. I am a gentleman of blood and breeding; And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer This office to you.
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more Than my out wall, open this purse, and take What it contains: if you shall see Cordelia,
KING LEAR.

Act 3.

(King Lear, FOOL, KENT, GLOSTER, Edmund, Gloucester, ALFRED, CORDelia, and others.)

Scene I. — Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout! [How! till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!]

You snifflous and thought-executing fires, Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts, Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder, Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world! Crack nature's moulds, all germs stall spitt at once, That make us fearful man! [Fool. O, nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pityes neither wise men nor fools.] [Rain! Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! spit, fire! spout, nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters; I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; hence, stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despicable old man; — But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul! [Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house, Before the head has any, The head and he shall house: — So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe What he his heart should make, Shall of a corn cry no, And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Lear. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool. [Night.] Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [Man, And make them keep their caves; since I was Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot -- The affliction, nor the fear. (Carry Lear.) Lear. Let the great gods That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, then wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, then bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and that thou art a man of virtue Thou art a recreant: Cautious, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practis'd on man's life! — Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners, grace. — I am a man, More arm'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hotel; [Pest; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest. Repose you there: while I to this hard house, (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;) Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in.) return, and force Their uncantcd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. — Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange, [Hotel. That can make the vile things precious. Come, your poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit — With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, — Must make content with his fortunes fit; For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us to this hotel. [Excuse Lear and Kent. Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtier. — I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: When priests are more in word than matter; When brewers mar their malt with water; When nobles are their tailor's tutors; No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors: When every case in law is right; No síquire in debt, nor no poor knight; When slanders do not live in Tongues; Nor cutpurse come not to thrones; When usurers tell their gold 't the field; And bawds and whores do churches build; — Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion. Then comes the time, who lives to see't, That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [Excite]

Scene III. — A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity them, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and nunnatural! Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this morning — 'tis dangerous to be spoken: — I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privately relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund: pray you be careful. [Exit. Edm. This courtesy, forbidden thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too: — This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

Scene IV. — A Part of the Heath, with a Howel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, The tyranny of the open night's too rough [Enter: For nature to endure. [Storm still!]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will break my heart? Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear! the mouth. When the
body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats here.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to’t?—But I will punish home:
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shunt me out!—Pour on; I will endure:
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things that would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy: go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless
poverty, Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, where'er you are:
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? 0, I have ta'en
To little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shun the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the hovel.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there?
Come forth.

[The straw?

Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hatchorn blows the cold wind.

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through for'd and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his paws; set ratsbane by his por-
ridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course
his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!
Tom's a cold!—0, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee
from the whirlwind, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:
There could I have him now, and there,—
and there, and there again, and there.

[Storm continues.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them
Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plaques that in the pendulous
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daugh-
Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued
nature to such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pippock sat on pippock's-hill;—
Hallow, hallow, too, too!—

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy pa-
tents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit
not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet
heart on proud array; mind Tom's cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;
that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served
the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of
darkness with him; wore as many oaths as I spake
words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven;
one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked
to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in
woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart,
light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in
stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in
prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rust-
lining of silks, betray thy poor heart to women:
Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of
plackets, thy tongue from lacer's books, and defy the
foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the
cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin
my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[Storm still continues.

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to
answer with thy uncovered body this extremity
of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider
him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast
no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:
Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art
the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more
but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Of,
off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.—

[Tearing off his clothes.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contended; this is a
naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in
a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small
spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here
comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend. Fillibertigibet: he
begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he
gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and
makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and
hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the mold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight,
And in with right,
And, aroint thee, wife, aroint thee!—
Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog,
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;
that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend
comes, eats every thing unsavoury; swallows the
old rat, and the ditches, drinks the dew of the
standing pool; who is whipped from tything to
tything, and st coked, punished, and imprisoned;
who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to
his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace,
thou poor fool;—

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Mado he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so
That it doth hate that gets it. [vile.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:

2 Z
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night make hold upon you;
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
What is your study?

[Theban._

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wit begun to unsettle.

Glo. Can't thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death ;—Ah, that good
Kent!
He said it would be thus:—Poor baulish'd man !
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son, [Friend,
Now outlaw'd from my blood: he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
[Storm continues.

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's
I do beseech your grace,—[this !

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hotel: keep thee
Lear. Come, let's in all. [war.

Kent. This way, my lord.

With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take
Glo. Take him you on. [the fellow.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. To no words, no words:
Tush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, jot, and sum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his
house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that
nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me
to think of.

Cor. I now perceive, it was not altogether your
brother's evil disposition made him seek his death;
but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable
badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must
repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of,
which approves him an intelligent party to the
advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason
were not, or not I the detector?

Corn. What is the matter of this paper be certain,
you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of
Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he
may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the
king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will
persevere in my course of loyalty, though the con-
flict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt
find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House,

Joining the Castle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it
thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what
addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wit has given way to
his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness.

[Exit Gloster.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is
an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,
and beware the soul fiend.

Fool. Pray, my noble sir, tell me, whether a mad-
man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king! Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman
for his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his
son a gentleman before him.

Kent. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a
wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's
care.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:

Come, sit thou here, most learned justice:—

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now,
you see the foxes.—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come over the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and she must not speak.

Why doth she dare not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
voice of a nightingale. Haply, tries riles in Tom's
belly for two white herring. Croak not, black
angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the
evidence.

Thou rob'd man of justice, take thy place:—

[To Edgar.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,

Sit you too. [To Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleep eat or makest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

PUR ! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here
take my oath before this honourable assembly, she
kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goner-

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks
proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,

That you will oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at
Edg. Toth, will throw his head at them:—

Avast, you curs! Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;—

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail,

With throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to waken and
Act 3.

KING LEAR.

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fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomiize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [To Edgar.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtails: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master? [gone.

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him by thy I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him: [arms; There is a litter ready; lay him in't, [meet And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master; If thou should'st daily half an hour, his life. With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

KENT.

Oppress'd nature sleeps:— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, [master; Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy Must not stay behind.

Glo. To the Fool.

KENT. Come, come, come, off the King.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers, suffers most the mind; Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind: But then the mind much suffereth doth o'erstep, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my palm seems now, When that, which makes me bend, makes the king He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away: [bow; Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray, [thee, When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. Who will hap more to-night, safe scape the king? Lurk, lurk.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster. [Exeunt some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorouk father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most fortunate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him Some five or six and thirty of his knights, [hence: Hot quievstirs after him, met him at gate: Who, with some others of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they To have well-armed friends. [boast

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. [Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell,—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us: [Exeunt other Servants.

Though we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.


Reg. Hard, hard,—O filthy traitor! Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none. Corn. To this chair bind him — Villain, thou shalt find—[Regan plucks his beard Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor! Glo. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken, and accuse thee, do am host; With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? [truth.

Reg. Be prepared-answer'd, for we know the Corn. And what confession have you with the Late footed in the kingdom? [traitors

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning. And false.

Reg. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Was thou not charg'd at thy peril — Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the Reg. Wherefore to Dover? [course.

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister in his inointcd flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, whiles he, with such a storm, he this bare head [up. In hell-black night endure'd, would have buoy'd And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old He holp the heavens to rain; [heart, If wolves had at thy gate how'd that stern time, Thou shalt not have said, Good porter, turn the key: All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot. [chair: [Gloster is held down in his chair, while [Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes and sets his foot on it.

Glo. He, that will think to live till lie be old, Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods! Reg. One side will mock another; the other too. Corn. If you see vengeance,— Serv. Hold your hand, my lord: I have serv'd you ever since I was a child; But better service have I never done you Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog? Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean? Corn. My villain! [Drags, and runs at him. Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger. [Drags. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[To another Servant. A peasant stand up thus!

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.

2 Z 2
KING LEAR.

Act 4.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most defected thing of fortune,
Stands still in expectation, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes his condition to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloster, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. A way, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our meat secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
It were, I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now? Who's there?
Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, I am
I am worse than e'er I was. [at the worst?]

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be: The worst is
So long as we can say, This is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
'Who the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
Since:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrows,
And feel its own; and others. [Aside.]—Bless thee.
Glo. Is that the naked fellow? [master:
Old Man.
Aye, my lord.
Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt e'take us, hence a mile or twain,
'th'way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, he gone. 

[have, Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I
Come on.' Bless that will.'

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot drench it
further.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must. —Bless thy sweet
2 eyes, they beled.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both style and gate, horse-way, and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scarred out of his good
wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five
Friends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as
Obidient; Hobbidissance, prince of darkness; Mauh,
of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet,
Morgan, and mowing; who since possess
chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless
thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the haec
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. —Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieten man,
That slave in fortune, lives not in fear:
Because he doth not feel, feel thy power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. —Dost thou know
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
[head Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Give me thy arm:

Edg. Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund; Steward meeting
them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband [master. —Now, where's your
Stern. Madam; within; but never man so
I told him of the army that was landed; [chang'd:
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, The worse: of Gloster's treachery,
And other fatal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to
What like, offensive.

[him.

Gon. Then you shall go no further.

To Edmund.
Act 4.

KING LEAR.

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To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O, poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye!

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;—
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck.

Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[Exit.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
Mess. Come with my lady hither.

[Exeunt.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason? He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness? [against him;
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
Alb.] quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
Might have the freer course.

Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason? He is not here.

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did you his letters pierce the queen to any
demonstrations of grief?

[Exit.

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
And now and then an ampler tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be the king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her white lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds drop'd.—In brief, sor-
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Row
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
father
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cried, Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent. fathers? sisters? Where's the storm? [Ithe
Let pity not be believ'd! —There she shook [night,
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd;—then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is

The town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter;

Gent. Why, good sir?
KINGLEAR.

Act 4.

KENT. A sovereign shame so elevs him: his own unkindness,
That stepp'd ber from his beneficidion, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights.
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venemously, that burning shame
Detaigns him from Cordelia.

GENT. Alack, poor gentleman! Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot. [heard not?
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in consellament wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'ts he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With ballocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-growed field,
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.—

What can man's wisdom do,
In the surrounding his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam; Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be assist'd, and remEDIATE,
To the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mass. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. —Oh dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
Must learning, and important tears, hath pitted.
No blown ambition dotr our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stem. Ay, madam. [Himself
Reg. In person there?
Stem. Madam, with much ado;
Your sister is the better soldier!
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
Stem. No, madam; [home?
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to Stem. I know not, lady, him?
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter,
It was great ignorance, Glositer's eyes being out,
To learn where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us; EDMUND, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o'the enemy. [letter
Stem. I must needs after him, madam, with my
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with
The ways are dangerous. [us;
Stem. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to EDMUND? Might Transport ber purposes by words? Belike, [not you

Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee
Let me unseal the letter. [much,
Stem. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know, your lady does not love ber bus-
band;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being bere,
She gave strange collateral, and most speaking looks
To noble EDMUND: I know, you are of her bosom.
Stem. Madam?—
Reg. I speak in understanding: you are, I know
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note: [it;
My lord is dead; EDMUND and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
That for your lady's,—you may gather more.
If you can do't, so shall you do, pray you;
And when your mistress bears thus much from you,
I pray, desire ber call her wisdom to ber,
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stem. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
What party I do follow. [show
Reg. Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look how we la-
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even. [bour.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed;
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I
Both in my garments. [chang'd, Glo.
Edg. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Glo. Comeon, sir; here's the place;—stand still.
—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and crows, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade! Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head;
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and you' tall archoring bark, Diminishing to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murruring surge, That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another parse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir, [goes to me.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Edg. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights, Shave patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppression wills.
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out; if Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[He leaps, and falls along.
Glo. Gone, sir? farewell.

And yet I know not how conceal may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought
By this, had thought been past—Alive, or dead?
No, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives
What are you, sir?

Glo.
Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou then aught but gossomer,
So many fathom down precipitating, [feathers, air,
Thou hadst shriveller'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
By thy life's tracery:—speak yet again.
But have I fallen, or no? [bourn
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
Look up a height;—the shrill-gord'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death?—I was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was a mad wind. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Ad.locum, till it do cry out itself.
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?
Enter Lear, fantastically dress'd with flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
her press-money. That fellow helicopter his bow
like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard.—
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, Peace:—this piece of
toasted cheese will do.—There's my gauntlet: I'll
prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills:—
0, well flown, bird!—the clout, the clout:
hewgh!—Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneral!—with a white beard!—
They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had
who?—I had who?—I had who?—I had who?—I
had who?—I had who?—I had who?—I had who?
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to
make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace
at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt
them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words:
they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am
not ague-proof.
Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is that the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wen goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
'Got twentie laws on shilings.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To her of man's name.
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girl that doth the gods inherit,
Beneath is the fiend's; there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption:—Fye, fye, fye! pah; pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination: there's money for
these.
Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?
Lear. I remember those eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;
I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark
but the penning of it.
[one.
Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see
Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Lear. What, with the case of eyes?
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet
you see how this world goes.
Glo. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
this world goes, and yet see not:
Look with thine ears: see how you' justice raius upon you' simple thief.
Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glo. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou must'ist behold the great image of
authority: a dog's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:—
Woy dost thou preventing that we starve this
thine own,
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind [back:
For which thou whipp'st her. The usherer hangs
the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold.
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in raas, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuses' lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scruffy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so. [now
Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in marks, and write the letters!—
[eyes.
Lear. If thou wilt meep my fortunes, take my
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark
Glo. Alack, alack the day! [me.
Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come [block?—
This great stage of fools;—This a good
It were a delicate stragatagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with feit: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.
Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

KING LEAR.

Act 4.

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even the natural fool of fortune.—Use me well; you shall have that. Let me have a surgeon. I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt, to set his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridgegroom; what? I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that? Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you. Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will? Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears Which can distinguish sound. [Edg. That, that, But, by your favour, How near's the other army?] Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is her army mov'd on. [Here, Edg.] I thank you, sir. [Exit Gent.]

Edg. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from Let not my worser spirit tempt me again [me]; To die before you please!


Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out That must destroy thee. Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it. [Exit Steward.]

[Edgar opposes.]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence; Let that the infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm. Edg. Chill not let go, xir, without vurther 'casion. Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest. Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volt pass. And ch'd ha' been zwagger'd and jarring senses, O, wind up, Of this child-changed father! Stew. Out, dunghill! Edg. Chill pick your teeth, xir: Come, no matter for your foins. [They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take If ever thou wilt thrive, hury my body; [my purse; And yet, the letters, which thou find'st about me,— To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out Upon the British party:—O, untimely death! [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, As badness would desire.

Glo. What is he dead? Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—I've see his pockets; these letters that he speaks of, May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry He had no other death's man.—Let us see:— Leave, gentle wax: and, manners, blame us not: To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful.

[Reads.] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your wish reat not, time and place will be frailfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal: from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour. Your wife, (as I would say), and your affectionate servant, Goneril.

O undistinguished's pace of woman's will— A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the T'ee I'll take up, the post unsanctified [sands, Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time, With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'twis well, That of thy death and business I can tell. [Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my sylte sense, That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract: So should my thoughts be sever'd from my grief; And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand: Far off methinks, I hear the beaten drum. Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. Lear on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman, and others attending.

Enter Cordelia and Kent. Cor. O thou good Kent, shall how I live, and work, To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me. Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid. All my reports go with the modest truth; No more, nor clipp'd, but so. Cor. Be better suited; These weeds are memories of those wors'er hours: I pray you, put them off. Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known, shortens my made intent: My boon I make it, that you know me not, Till time and I think meet. Cor. Then be it so, my good lord,—How does the king? [To the Physician.]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still. Cor. O you kind gods, Cure this great breach in his abused nature! The unkind and jarring senses, O, wind up, Of this child-changed father! Phys. So please your majesty, That we may wake the king? he hath slept long. Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed The sway of your own will, Is he array'd? Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep, We put fresh garments on him. Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake I doubt not of his temperance. [him; Cor. Very well. Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music shall there. Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made! Kent. Kind and dear princess
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenge'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdû!) With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. - He wakes; speak to him. [Exit.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty? [grave:-
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out of the
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do soal like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you
Cor. Still, still far wide!
Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? -Fair
day-light?
I am mightily abused. - I should even die with pity.
To see another thus. - I know not what to say.-
I will not swear, these are my hands: -let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benefaction o'er me:-
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be all my tears wet? Yes, faith, I pray,
weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
You see, is curâd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will it please your highness walk?
[Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.
Gent. Hold'st it true, sir, That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloucester.
Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir.
KENT. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: - he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: - bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, -but truly, - but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way,
To the foreended place?
Edm. That thought abuses you,
Reg. I am doubting; that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not: -
She, and the duke her husband,—

[Exeunt Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gen. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister,
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.
Alb. Our very loving sisters, will be met:-
Sir, this I bear. - The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
For'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not holds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gen. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not to question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gen. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient: pray you, go with us.
Gen. O, ho, I know the riddle: [Aside.] I will go.
As they are going out, enter Edgar, disguised,
Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
Hear me one word. [poor,
Alb. I'll overtake you. -Speak.
[Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouch'd there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.
[Exeunt. Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces.
By diligent discovery:—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

We will greet the time. [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder: Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
Her majesty of the state for the battle: which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall none take of his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

[Alarums within. Enter, with drum and colours,
Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and exeunt.]

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.


[Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost him, and his daughter ta'en:
Give me my sword, and come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in all thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

[Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours,
Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.]

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurred't the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I lost down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds! the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues [too—
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
Who loses, and who wins; who is in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, [thou?—
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
Thou goutiers shall devour them, flesh and fell.
Erst they, shall make us weep: we'll see them
starve first.

Cone. [Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [giving a paper.] go, follow
them to prison;
One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. —Thy great employment
Will not bear question;—either say, thou'lt do,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Officer.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gloucester, Regan,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant

And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retirement and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And not so impress'd loves in his eyes [queen;
Which do command them. With him I sent the
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We swept, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a sitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Reg. Holla, holla! That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Gon. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Reg. Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?—

Reg. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[To Edmund.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
Let this girded serpent; [Pointing to Gon.]—for your claim, fair sister,
I har it in the interest of my wife;
Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And, for her friend, all those shall, and contracts your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster.—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge: [Throwing down a glove.]

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg.

Edm. There's my exchange: [Throwing down a glove.] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet; be he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho?

Edm.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levi'd in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Reg.

[This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent. [Exit Regan, led.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Qff.

[Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, with thin the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear.

at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

Her.

Alb.

Her. Again.

Alb. [Trumpet answerd within.

Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Edm. Sound.

Her. Again.

[Trumpet answerd within.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnaw'd, and canker-bit:
Yet I am noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What sayst thou to him?

Edg.

This is my speech offend a noble heart;
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession; I protest,—
Mauger thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and grieve new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirat 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereeto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these reasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o' erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,) This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak. [Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon.

This is mere practice, Gloster:
KING LEAR.

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help! What kind of help?

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—

Edg. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.[dead—

Edg. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
The judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touched us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Edg. 0! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Edg. Great thing of us forget!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king; and where's
See'st thou this object, Kent? [Cordelia—

[The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alack, why thus? Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Edg. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life.—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—

Nay, send in time.

Edg. Run, run, 0, run—

Edm. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
The token of repreive.

Edg. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Edm. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.

Edm. He hath commision from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Edg. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
While [Edmund is borne off—

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass; If that her breath may mist or stain the stone, Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Edm. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so, It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. 0 my good master! [Kneeling.

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all.
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low: an excellent thing in woman:
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchiou I would have made them skip: I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man:—
Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and de-
Have follow'd your sad steps. [say,

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Edg. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Edg. That's but a trifle here:—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decor may come, Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[To Edgar and Kent.

With boot, and such addition as your honours Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservers.—O, see, see!—

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, [life: And thou no breath at all? 0, thou wilt come no Never, never, never, never, never!—

[more. Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir,—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips—
Look there, look there! [He dies.

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart: I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord. [hates him,

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, Indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long: He but usurp'd his life.

Edg. Bear them from hence.—Our present busi-

Lear. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;—
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Edg. The weight of this sad duty I must obey;—
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

Rule in this realm, and the g'ord'st state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;—
Friends of my soul, you twain
[To Kent and Edgar.

Enter, with a dead march.
ROME AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Escalus, Prince of Verona.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
Montague, the heads of two houses, at variance with Capulet, each other.
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, son to Montague.
Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar Laurence.
Friar John, of the same order.
Balthazar, servant to Romeo.
Sampson, servant to Capulet.
Abram, servant to Montague.

SCENE,—during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend, [mend,]
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A publick Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then should we be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me,
Gre. To move is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand at it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.
Gre. The heads of the maids?
Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.
Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hast, thou hast been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.
Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!
Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:—

[They fight.]

Enter several partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs. 1

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down! 

[guests]

Down with the Capulets! down with the Monta.

Enter Capulet, in his gown; and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho! 

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for 

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, 

And floursishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet.—Hold me not, let me go. 

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a

[Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, 

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear?—what man, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicous rage

With purple fountain issuing from your veins,

On part with torture, from those bloody hands,

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeing ornaments,

To wield old partizans, in hands, as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants. 

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel is new

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

I did but put them; in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with him his sword prepar'd;

Which, as he breathed, defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn:

While we were interchanging threats and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray, to-day?

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'st sun

Peep'd from the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;

Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,

That westward rootheth from the city's side,—

So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,

And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,—

That most are busied when they are most alone—

Purs'd my humor, not pursuing his,

And left him who gladdened me from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should to the further east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from light steals home my heavy son, 

And private in his chamber pens himself;

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And, in his own person, makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him. 

Ben. Is there you impartially by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself—I will not say, how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envenomed worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step

I'll know his grievances, or be much denied. 

[aside; 

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new shrift come mine.

Rom. Ah! sad hours seem long. 

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes

Ben. In love? 

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. 

Here? Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate! 

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather offed, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still making sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love I feel, I that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart's at what

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Both add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;

When making sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love I feel, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me you, do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here; 

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee? 

Ben. Groan? why no; 

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. It is said, I rather good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coiz, is soonest hit.
Act I.  

ROmEO AND JULIET. 719

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Diana's wit:
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unarm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor hide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor draw her hand to settling golden gold;
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,[waste
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath sworn true, and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now?
Ben. Be rul'd by me, for think to her of.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
Yet, he is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious thing of his mistress' breath.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you live't at odds so long,
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers witter in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth, with swallow'd all my hope but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accurst'd feet,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Captivating stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh feminine buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there,[gives a paper.
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his last,
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his
nests: but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names
the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languisch:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plaintiff's leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou wise or mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,[is
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book.
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say you know the letters; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [Reads.
Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters,
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady
widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his
lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
 Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My
fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and
his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly; [gives back the note.] Whither
should they come.
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of
the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a
cup of wine. Rest you merry.[Exit.
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid.
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scarce show well, that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me. [year old,—
Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!
[Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will? [while, Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave to us. We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our coun-

thur know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age. [sel. Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet to your teen be it spoken, I have but four,

She is not fourteen—How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!— Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me: But, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry: I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,— Of all the days of the year, upon that day: For I had laid warming to my dog,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, My lord and you were then at Mantua:— Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty fool! To see it tetchy, and fall out, with the dog,

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I to bid me trudge. [trow, And since that time it is eleven years: For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, She could have run and waddled all about. For even the day before, she broke her brow: And then my husband—God be with his soul! 'A was a merry man:—took up the child: Yea, quoth he, doest thou fall upon thy face? Thouwert like a golden cockerel; And wilt thou then, Julie? and, by my holy dam, The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay: I to see now, how a jest shall come about. I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Julie? and, pretty fool, it stitted, and said—Ay. [he: La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace. [laugh, Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay: And if a warrant it had upper'd A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone; A parious knock; and it cried bitterly. Yet, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age; Wilt thou not, Julie? it stitted, and said—Ay. Jul. And stint thou too, I pray you, nurse, say I. Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married? Jul. For one that I am not of.

Nurse. An honour I were I not thine only nurse, I say, thou hast suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now: younger Here in Verona, ladies of estate, [than you, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was not born nor yet under marriage that you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief:— The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man, As all the world.—Why, he's a man of wax. La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you?—can you love the gentle-man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen, Examine every married lineament, And note not one angel's legends contain; And what obscure'd in this fair volume lies, Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover: This book in the sea; and 'tis much pride, For without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eye doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. How less? nay, bigger; women grow by men. [love

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liker move: But no more deep will I endart mine eye, Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv- ed up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in exterior. nurse must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benoîllo, with Five or Six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our Or shall we on without apology? [exceus

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity: We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a cock: nor Noor without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. Rom. Give me a torch.—I am not for this am- Being but heavy, I will bear the light. [bling

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes, With such sole soles: I have a will to lead, So stakes me to the ground, I cannot: Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common bound. Rom. I am too sore empericed with his shaft, To soar with his light feathers; and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dill will: Under love's heavy burden do I sink. Mer. And, to sink in It, should you burden love; Too great oppression for a tender thing. Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boistrous; and it pricks like thorn. Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; Prick love for prickings, and you beat love down. Give me a case to put my visage in: A visor for a visor!—what care I, What curious eye doth quote deformities? Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me. Ben. Come, knock, and enter: and no sooner in, But everyone betake him to his sport.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart, Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels: For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,— I'll be a candle-holder, and look on, The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. Mer. Tut! dun's mouse, the constable's own word: If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire Of this [save reverence] love, wherein thou stick'st Up to the ear.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Act I.

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SCENE V.—A Hall in Capulet’s House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take
awae he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher?

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men’s hands, and they unwash’d too; ’tis a
toilful thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou,
are me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest
me, let the porter let in Sumbur Grindstone, and
Neil.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

Serv. You are look’d for, and called for, and
sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here, and there too.

—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer
river take all.

[They retire behind.]

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests, and the

Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have
their toes
Unplagued’with corns, will have a bount with you:—
Ah, his, my mistress! which of you all [she,
Will now deny to dance?—she that makes dainty,
I’ll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the
day, That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear,

Such as would please:—’tis gone, ’tis gone, ’tis
gone:

[play.

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it. girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves: and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot—
Ah sirrah, this unlook’d-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, say, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you eat; I am past our dancing days:
How long is’t now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By’r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! ’tis not so much, ’tis not so
’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

[much.

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask’d.

2 Cap. ’Tis more, ’tis more; his son is elder sir;

His son is thirty.

Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady’s that, which doth enrich the
Of younder knight?

[hand

Serv. I know not, sir.

[bright:

Rom. O, the doth teach the torches to burn
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! so
Shows a snowy dove troopings with crows,
As younder lady o’er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I’ll catch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand,
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne’er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:

Fetch me my rapier, but what I dares the slave
Come hither, cover’d with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

[you

1 Cap. Why, how like a kinsman? wherefore storm

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is’t?

[trumpet

Tyb. This is that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brings of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern’d youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,

[Exeunt.
Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh, Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied; Cry but,—Ah me! couple but—love and dove; Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nick-name for her purblind son and heir, Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim, When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.— He heareth not, stirreth not, hemoveth not; The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.— I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, Be her high forehead, and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, And the demennes that there adjacent lie, That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him. To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle Of some strange nature, letting it there stand Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down; That were some spite; my invocation Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name, I conjure only but to raise up him. 

[The two tramps lift a bundle and fly.]

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those To be consorted with the humorous night: Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. Now will he sit under a medlar tree, And think this fruit was that kind of fruit, As maidens call medlars, when they laugh alone.— Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle bed; This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: Come, shall we go?—

Romeo. Go, then: for 'tis in vain To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO AND JULIET.
SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east and Juliet is up, The sun rises, and my modesty subdues. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou her maid art far more fair than she: Be not her maid, since she is envious; Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. It is my lady; O, it is my love: O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that? Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks: Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright, That birds would sing, and think it were not night. See, how she waves her hand!—O, that I were A glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!—

Romeo. She speaks:—

O, sweet revenge, bright angel! for that art As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, As is a winged messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes Of mortals, that fall to gaze on him, Whose beauty is like a morning cloud, And sailing upon the bosom of that star, O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Deny thy father, and refuse thy name? [Romeo?] Or, if thou wilt not, but be sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet. 

Romeo. Shall I bear more, or shall I speak at this? [Aside.

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy; Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Of belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? that which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, Retain that dear perfection which he owes, Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name; And for that name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.

Romeo. I take thee at thy word: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; Henceforth I never will be Romeo. 

Juliet. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd So stumptly on my counsel? [in night, Rom.]

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am; My name, dear salut, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee; Had I it written, I would tear the word. 

Juliet. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound; Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 

Romeo. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike. 

Juliet. How canst thou, thus hither, tell me, and wherewith? The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb. And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [these walls; Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch For stony limits cannot hold love out: And that dares love attempt; Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me. 

Juliet. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye, Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet. I would not for the world, they saw thee here. [look at her eyes.

Romeo. I have night's cloak to hide me from their And, thou love me, let them find me here: My life were better ended by their hate, Than death procured, wanting of thy love. 

Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? 

Romeo. By love, who first did prompt me to in- He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot yet, yet, worth thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise. 

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my else would a maiden blush bespawl my cheek, For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night. Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain delay What I have spoke; But farewell compliment! Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay; And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swears't, Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world. In truth, fair gentle, I am but young, and therefore thou may'st think my haviour light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware, My true love's passion: therefore pardon me; And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered. 

Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruitless tops,— 

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant That monthly changes in her circled orb, [moon Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. 

Romeo. What shall I swear by? 

Juliet. Do not swear at all; Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee. 

Romeo. If my heart's dear love— 

Juliet. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be, Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's sole respect, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart, as that within my breast! 

Romeo. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? 

Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night? 

Romeo. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow For mine. 

Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou didst request And yet it would I give to thee again. 

Romeo. Would'st thou have it? I withdraw it from purpose, love? 

Juliet. But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have: My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. [Nurse calls within. I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu! 

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Juliet, be true. Still but a little more, and I will send [Exit. 

Romeo. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial. 

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Juliet. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, If that thy hent of love be honourable, [indeed Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
With willing wondrous grace, to perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[Exit."

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not
I do beseech thee,—"[well,

Rom. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Jul. [books;

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from; But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! [voice
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I hear the cage where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!—
Rom. My sweet!—
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering now how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird; [gone
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gryes,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Yet should I kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eid'morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking in the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunken reeds From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up, fill this o'er cage of ours With baleful weeds, and precious-jucied flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:\nAnd from her womb children of divers kind With looking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies in herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Come he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father’s; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father’s house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

No man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter’s master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!

O, he is the courser, and they the courtesans,

Of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button; a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the

punto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The box of such antique, lispng, affectng, fantasticoes; these new runners of accents! — By Jesus, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these

pardoness-mongers, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to her lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she him, solely to be rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, hangers and harlots; Thisebe, a grey ey’d girl, but not to the purpose.—Signor Romeo, bon jour! there’s a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That’s as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Many a time—court’sy.

Mer. Thou hast not hit me kindly, sir; I shall hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I’ll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,

I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy bite is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here’s a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down and to hide his babbie in a hole.

Ben. Stop there; stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here’s goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Nur. A sill, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Peter. Nurse! Nurse! Peter.

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My nurse, Peter.

Mer. Prythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan’s the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlemwoman.

Nurse. is it good den?

Mer. Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlemwoman, that God hath made himself to man.

Peter. Bawdly hand.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said.—For himself to mar, quoth a—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yes, is the worst well? very well took, ifth: wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Rom. A hawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Nur. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent;

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father’s? we’ll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Peter. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

Peter. Farewell Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?
A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. Not upon any thing against me; I'll take him down an 'a were jestlier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skinks-mates.—And thou must live by thy legs, and suffer every knave to use on thy pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, aforesaid God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an indignity to offer to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, if it be, I will tell her as she is, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir;—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. But devise some means to come to shift this afternoon: And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Rom. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

[Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey. Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thine cords made like a tackled stair: Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress. Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you!]

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear Two may keep counsel, putting one away? [say— Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel. Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there's a nobleman in one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Dost not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R. Ay, macker! That's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. Nurse. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Rom. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter! Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the In half an hour she promis'd to return. [nurse; Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts. Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving on with wind's assistance. Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highest hill Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve Is three long hours,—yet she is not come. Had I not promised, and with oaths inflamed, And warm breastful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me: But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter.


Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou shamt's the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face. An thou be a weary, give me a while:—

Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had! Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news; [say, Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, Nurse. Jesus, What haste? can you not stay Do you not see, that I am out of breath? [awhile? Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast To say to me—that thou art out of breath? [breath The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay, Is longer than the tale thou dost accuse. Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad? Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: I hope I no, not he; though his face be better than any other, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb, to go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that? Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head Is twenty thousand pieces, [have I? My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!— Beshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down! Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well; Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courtees, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother? [in: Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is with Where should she be? How oddily thou reply'st? Your love says like an honest gentleman,— Jul. Here's such a coil,—Come, what says, Nurse. And how you got leave to go to thirt-to-day? Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then he live you hence to friar Laurence' There stays a husband to make you a wife:—cell, Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, This very afternoon; the Scarlet straight at any news. If ye to church: I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark: I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; 'tis now the eleventh hour.

**Juliet** Here's good fortune,—honest nurse, farewell.

**Friar Laurence** Therefore what, marry, and for hire. I'll go in the very morning. I fear not, nor will I begin to inquire. And in their triumph die, like fire and powder. Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey is loathsome in his own deliciousness, and in the taste confounds the appetite. Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so; Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

**Enter Juliet.**

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wonton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

**Juliet** Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**Friar Laurence** Shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

**Juliet** As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

**Rom.** Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let Richard's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

**Juliet** Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

**Friar.** Come, come, with me, and we will make short work.

For, by your leave, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [**Exeunt.**]

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**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.—A publick Place.**

**Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.**

**Ben.** I pray thee good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

**Mercutio** Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

**Ben.** Am I like such a fellow?

**Mercutio** Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

**Ben.** And what to?

**Mercutio** Nay, an there were two such, we should have none short, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes, and such a man, but such an eye, would say out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

**Ben.** An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

**Merc.** The fee-simple? O simple!

**Enter Tybalt, and others.**

**Ben.** By my head, here come the Capulets.

**Mercutio** By my heel, I care not which.

**Tybalt** Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

**Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.**

**Mercutio** And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

**Tybalt** Wilt thou? I am apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

**Mercutio** Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**Tybalt** Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

**Mercutio** Consort? Do thou make me minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

**Ben.** We talk here in the public haunts of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances.

**Mercutio** Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

**Mercutio** Men's eyes were made to look, and let them look.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure. I [**gaze**.

**Enter Romeo.**

**Tybalt** Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

**Mercutio** But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower.

**Tybalt** Your worship in that sense may call him—man.

**Romeo** Tybalt, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

**Tybalt** It beats the reason that I have to love thee.

**Romeo** Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

**Tybalt** Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

**Romeo** I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, which I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

**Mercutio** O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccatu! carries it away.

**Romeo** Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**Tybalt** What wouldst thou have with me?

**Mercutio** Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of this pilcherry by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

**Tybalt** I am for you.

**Romeo** Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**Mercutio** Come, sir, your passado.

**Romeo** Draw, Benvolio.

**Tybalt** Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage:—Tybalt—Mercutio—The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio:—
[**Exeunt Tybalt, and his Partizans.**

**Romeo** I am hurt;—A plague o'both your houses!—I am sped;

**Tybalt** Is he gone, and hath nothing?

**Mercutio** By what, art thou hurt?—Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, tis enough.

**Romeo** Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

**Mercutio** Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**Romeo** No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide

---
as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peered, I warrant, for this world:—
A plague o'both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a brave fellow is this Tybalt, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Merc. Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint. A plague o'both your houses! They have made women's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too,—Your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, Mercutio, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd.

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Benv. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspird the clouds, Whose utterance here did sound the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth de.

This but begins the woe, others must end. [peud;

Re-enter Tybalt.

Benv. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company; Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him. Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him Shalt with him hence. [here.

Rom. This shall determine that. [They fight; Tybalt falls.

Benv. Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—[death, Stand not amaz'd,—the prince will doom thee If thou art taken;—hence!—be gone!—away! Rom. O! I am fortune's fool! Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1. Cit. Which way ran he, that killed Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? Ben. There lies that Tybalt. 1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me; I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter P'i:u:ce, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray? Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all The progress of this fatal brawl!—There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is splitt'd [child! Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true, For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. O cousin, cousin! Ben. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray? Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,— Could not take truce with the nurly spleen Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tits With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, [tongue, Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his 

His sword, which wounds both their fatal points, And 'twixt them rushes:—one moment, whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:—

By and by comes back to Romeo, Who had not newly entered on his engage, And to't they go like light'ning; for ere I Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain; And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cit. He is a kinsman to the Montague, Affection makes him false, he speaks not true: Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life: I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;— Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend: His fate concludes but, what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence: I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, My blood for your rude brawls dosttho a bleeding: But thus I'll tune you with so sweet a sense; That you all repent the loss of mine: I will be deaf to pleading and excuses; Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses, Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when that day is last, He bear hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night! That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen— Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauteous: or, if they be blind, It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of statuesque maidens: Hood my unman'd blood bathing in my cheeks, With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown Think true love acted, simple modesty. [hold, Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night [night! Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night, Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine, That the all world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun. O, I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd:—So tedious is this day, As I sit on the night before some festival To an impatient child, that hath new robes, And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings wews; and every tongue, that speaks But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence. Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? That Romeo bade thee fetch? [the cords,
**Role of Nurse:**

**Juliet:** Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy hands?

**Nurse:** Ah well—a day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—[dead
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!—
Juliet: Can heaven be so envious?—

**Romeo can, though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—**
Who ever had thought it?—Romeo! [thus?—
Juliet: What devil art thou, that dost torment me?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vow I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice;
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, I.
Juliet: If he be slain, say I; if or not, no;
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

**Nurse:** I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on my manly breast:
A piteous corsé, a bloody piteous corsé;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Juliet: O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
To prison, eyes I ne'er look on thee!—[at once
Vile execrable Adams!—end morn here, end morn;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

**Nurse:** O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!—
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman,
That ever lived to see thee dead!

Juliet: What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banish'd;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd. [blood
Juliet: O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
Nurse: It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Juliet: O serpent heart, hid with a frow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb! Dispersed substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damnable saint, an honorable villain.
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bow the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fair and foul?—no, if this fiendish deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace?

Nurse: There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man! give me some aqua vitae:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
Shame come to Romeo!—[old

Juliet: Blister'd he thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is as shameless flax.
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide him!

Nurse: Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Juliet: Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue small smooth thy name,
That I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But, with my hand, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband;
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death;
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;—
But, O! it press'd me to my houses,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd:
That—banish'd, that one word—banish'd,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalt's. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or,—if sour woes delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentations might have mov'd?—
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banish'd,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banish'd,
There is no end, no limits, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse: Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:—
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Juliet: Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are bespotted
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd.
[To Nurse.]

Juliet: Hee. To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence cell.

Juliet: O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

**SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.**

**Friar.** Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;—

**Romeo:** What less than Tybalt's day is the prince's
This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

**Friar.** Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;—

**Romeo:** What less than Tybalt's day is the prince's
This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

**Friar.** Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;—

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This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

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This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

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Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;—

**Romeo:** What less than Tybalt's day is the prince's
This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

**Friar.** Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;—

**Romeo:** What less than Tybalt's day is the prince's
This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

**Friar.** Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;—

**Romeo:** What less than Tybalt's day is the prince's
This grief, this banishment, more bitter to me:
On his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not: he is banished:
Pilots may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exilè is not death?
Hast thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife?
No sudden death of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To manage with that word—banishment?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word; Advise thy sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
Helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Thy name cannot speak with that thou dost not
 Wert thou as you are, Juliet thy love, [feel:]
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, might'st thou tear
And fall upon the ground, as I do now, [thy hait,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
[Knocking within.
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
Fri. I ask, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;—
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What willfulness is this?—I come, I come.
[Knocking.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's this thy will? know my errand?—
Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.
[Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she, [ing:
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and hubber.
Stand up; stand, stand, you are a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse! [all.
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of
Stand up; stand, you are a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Fri. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth our name lodge; tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Draws his sword.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why ral'llst thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
[meet
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which shouldst yield thee love, and love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Dreggins from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy best, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen. Why shouldst thou, in the conduct of both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flank,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threatening death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy eye.
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbe'dav'd and sullen wench,
Thou poust'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To bind thy marriage, receive thy friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go, before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[Exit Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!—
Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands
all your state;
Either begone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disgust'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And bring all signifying from that place.
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.
[Exit.
SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.
Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.
Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly, And so did I;—Well; we were born to die,—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo;
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

[Exeunt.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-

To-night she's me'nd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of marriage. This night's moon will be full and bright.
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my Paris's love;
And bid her mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl!—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two. —
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we reveal much. Therefore, have you so many friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-
morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it Go to Juliet ere you go to bed. [Then:] Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho! Afore me, it is so very late, that we May call it early by and by:—Good night.

Act 3.  ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sung on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No mean bird, though but a country note:
Do lice the severing clouds in yonder east?
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. What light in night? I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The heavy heaven so high aloft:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come death, and welcome! Juliet willeth it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, he gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, no! they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam.


Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your The day is broke; be wary, look about. 

[Exit Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll de-

[Roméo descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend! I must hear from thee every day till the hour,
For in a minute these are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall For sweet discourses in our time to come. [serve
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou livest pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Romeo.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fick'le;
If thou art fick'le, what dost thou with him? That is renowned for his faith? Be fick'le, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calleth? is it my lady mother? Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

[Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet? 

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 

Jul. What wilt thou wash him from his grave with An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live:
[love]
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Which you weep for. 
[friend

Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death, As that the villain lives while he slay'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam? 

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. This is, because the traitor murderer lives. 
[hands

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death! 

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou 
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua— Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,— That shall bestow on him so sure a draught, That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him—dead— Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd— Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in quiet,—O, how my heart aches To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,— To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt Upon his body that hath slay'd him! 

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. 
[man.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, O, who, to put thee from thy heaviness, [child];
Hath, being a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, [morn, The Friar's, and St. Peter's church,]—shall
Have to her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair, comely, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Staff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Propos'd one as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched pulling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—I'll not need,—I cannot love,
I am too young;—I pray you, pardon me:
But, an you will not, be heard, I pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think not, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll bear acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!—
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. [word;
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
As thou hast been for I have done with thee. [Exit.
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagies—
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
[gems What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the country,
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. [Exit.
Jul. I think you are happy in this second match;
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakst thou from thy heart?
Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshearm them both.
Jul. Amen!—
Nurse. To what?
Jul. Tell, thou hast comforted me marvellous
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having disprais'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[Exit.
Jul. Ancient damnation! I most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsorn,
Or to dispaire my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou art innocent from henceforth; thou shalt be twain—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lark
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow Chapless sculls;
Or bid me go to father Christmas' grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things, that, to hear them told, have made me
And I will do it without fear or doubt, [tremble;]
To live an unstate'd wife to my sweet love. [sent
To marry Paris;] Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but peruse to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pearly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple governance,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death;
And in this hour, when all likens our drust
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridgesome in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that some ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no constant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.
Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolution: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try
If they canlick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Master, this is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is. [Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look. [been gadding?

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you
Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you
Henceforward I am ever true'ld by you.
Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning. 

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell; And gave him what became love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty: [np] Why, I am glad on't; this is well.—stand This is as't should be. Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.— Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him. 

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me-to-morrow? 

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough. 

Cap. Good night, go with her;—we'll to church to-morrow. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse. 

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision; 'tis now near night. 

Cap. Tush! I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!— They are all forth.—Well, I will walk myself To county Paris, to prepare him Against to-morrow: my heart is wound'rous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exeunt. 

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber. 

Enter Juliet and Nurse. 

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;—nurse, For I have need of many orisons. To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin. 

Enter Lady Capulet. 

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help? 

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow; So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business. 

La. Cap. Good night! Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. [Exeunt Capulet and Nurse. 

Jul. Farewell! God knows, when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life: I'll call them back again to comfort me;— Nurse! What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, phil. — What if this mixture do not work at all? Must I of force be married to the county? — No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there. — [Laying down a dagger. 

What if it be a poison, which the friar 
Subly hath minister'd to have me dead; Let in this marriage he should be dishonour'd, Because he married me before his time? I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not, For he hath still been tried a holy man: I will not entertain so had a thought.— How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo comes? 

Oh! or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible contumelies of death and night, Together with the terror of the place,— As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where, for these many hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; Where bloody Tybalt, yet hut green in earth, Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort; — Alack, alack! is it not like, that I, So early waking,—what with loathsome smells; And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth. That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; — O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears? And madly play with my forefathers' joints? And pluck to pieces Tybalt from his shroud? And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spitt his body Upon a hapless point:—Stay Tybalt, stay! 

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. [She throws herself on the bed. 

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall. 

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse. 

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more nurse. 

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry. 

Enter Capulet. 

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd. 

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: Look to the hark'd meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost. 

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-queen, go, 

Get you to bed; 'tis faith, you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching. 

[Now Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere all night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time; But I will watch you from such watching now. 

[Exeunt Capulet and Nurse. 

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, What's there? 

[fellow, 

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets. 

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what, sir. 

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exeunt Servants. 

[Serv. Srrah, fetch drier logs; Call Peter, he will show thee where they are. 

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exeunt. 

Cap. As I am well said: A merry whoreson! ha, Thou shalt be head-gear.—Good faith, 'tis day: The county will be here with musick straight, 

[Musick within. 

For so he said he would. I hear him near. 

Nurse.— Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say! 

Enter Nurse. 

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up; I'll go and chat with Paris:—He, make haste, Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already: Make haste, I say. [Exeunt. 

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber-Juliet on the Bed. 

Enter Nurse. 

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet fast, I warrant her, she . Why, where is she?—madam!—you slug-a-bed! — Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride! — [Now; What, not a word?—you take your penniesworth Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The county Paris hath set up his rest, And rest but little. — God forgive me, (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep! I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam, let the county take you in your bed; I dam: He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be? What, what, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
Act 4.  ROMEO AND JULIET.

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady! Alas! alas! — Help! help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vita, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?—
Nurse. La. Cap. O woful day!—
La. Cap. What is the matter?—
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!—
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life;
Revenge, look up, or I will die with thee:—
Help, help—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd; she's dead; alack
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead;

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wait,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?—
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she flowered as she was, doweled by him:—
[liès,
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die, And leave him all; life leaving, all is death.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's And doth save me such a sight as this?—[face.
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw [day!—
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, was ever woe-begone child, But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever I did or ever beheld,
O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguild'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain
Most detestable death, by thee beguild'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown,
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despair'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—

Unequallable mine! why canst not thou
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead!—
And, with my child, my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for one time! confusion cure lives
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself [not
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The rest you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advance'd:—
And weep ye now, seeing she is advance'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?—
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's errand.
Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare [him—
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[Exit Nurse.

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, Heart's ease, heart's ease; O, an you will have me live, play—heart's ease.

1 Mus. Why heart's ease?—
Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of moe: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleeke: I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotches: I'll say:—'Gentlemen, I'll give you my dagger.' Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you re us, and fiu us, you note us.

2 Mus. I' pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then musick, with her silver sound,

Why, silver sound? why, musick with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marty, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-bast?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you,—It is—musick with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sound.

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit, singing.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knife is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Bath. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.
Since you did leave it for my office, sir,
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus;
Your words are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone.
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's for a means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter into the thoughts of diff'rent men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overweighing brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, rusty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Notting this penny, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sole is present death in Mantua,
Here live I, who am a Roman; and I know
It, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut:—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Who calls so loud?—I see, that thou art
Hollinger; there is forty ducats in the house
[poor;
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As soon as hasty powder.
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utter them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and distress, starving in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will,
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold: worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than the thickest compounds; that thou may'st not
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
[sell
Farewell! buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
to Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Laus. This same should be the voice of friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth:
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Laus. What are my letters then, friar John?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Laus. Unhappy fortune; by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exit.

Laus. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beswear me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And bring a friar that may settle the come;
Poor living corpse, cles'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
[aloof;
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground:
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unform, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy hridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The person model of eternity;
Pair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night?
To cross my obsequies, and true lover's rites?
What, with a torch—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.
Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rem. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching Hold, take this letter; early in the morning [Iron. See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Gio. do, my lord; conjuratories. Take thee, Whate'er thou hearst or seest, stand all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death, Is, partly, to behold my lady's face: But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring; a ring, that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to try In what I further shall intend to do, Fly hence, I will, I swear thee joint by joint, And strew this hungry church-yard with thy Time and my intents are savage-wild; [limbs: More fierce, and more inexorable far, Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bat. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. Rem. So shalt thou show me friendship. — Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bat. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout; Be look'd for, I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires. Rem. Thou dost despise a law, thou lamb of death, Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument. And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food! Par. This is that finished & haughty Montague, That murder'd my love's cousin; — with which It is supposed, the fair creature died; — [grief, And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him— [Advances.

Stop thy unhallow'd till, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be purs'd further than death? Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee: Obey, and go with me; for thou must die. Rem. I must, indeed; and therefore came I lither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man, Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee, youth, Hast not another sin upon my head, By urging me to farther strife? — Be, O, be gone: By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm'd against myself: Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say — A madman's mercy bade thee run away. Rem. Behold my hand, — and death:—

And do attach thee as a felon here. Rem. wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [They fight. Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [Exit Page.

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies. Rem. In faith, I will: — Let me peruse this Mercutio's kinsman, not for I know Paris; — [face: What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think, He told me, Paris should have married Juliet; Said he not so? or did I dream it so? Or am I mad? hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand, One writ with me in self misfortune's book: I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,— A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth, For here my kinsman lies. — Paris, or I call A lightning before death: O, how may I Call this a lightning? —O, my love! my wife! Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? O, what more favour can I do to thee, Than with my hand that cut thy youth in wain, To sunder his that was thine enemy? — Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous; And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee in his dark'ning vault, till thou art bare Of beauty's envious jellies? — For of that, I will still stay with thee; And never from this palace of dim night Depart again; here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest; And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last! From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A deathless bargain to engrossing death! — Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! [cary! Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true aposthe-Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies. Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade. Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night Have my old feet stumbled at graves? — Who's Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead ?[there? Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you weil. [friend, Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless sculls; as I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument. Bal. It doth so; holy sir; and there's my master, One that you love. Fri. Who is it? Bal. Romeo. Fri. How long hath he been there? Bal. Full half an hour. Fri. Go with me to the vault. Bal. I dare not, sir. — My master knows not, but I am gone hence; And fearfully did menace me with death, If I did stay to look on his intents. Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone. — Fear comes upon O, much I fear thy heart and mine bejoin'd, [me; Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him. [Advances. Fri. Romeo! —[Romeo. Fri. Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre? What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolor'd by this place of peace? [Enters the monument. Romeo! O, pale!—Who else is near? Paris too? And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable change! — The lady stirs. [Juliet makes and stirs. Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. — Where is my Romeo? [Noise within. Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep; [nest A Greater Power than we can interrupt Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away: Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of holy nuns: Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; Come, go, good Juliet.—[Noise again.] I dare stay no longer. [Exit Fri. Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not stay —
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act 5.

What's here? a cup, clod'd in my true love's hand? Poison, I see, hath been his time-end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop, To help misbrained in my death I'll will thy lips; Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them, To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]

Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [Within.] Lord, boy!—Which way? Jul. Yes, noise is—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [Snatcheth Romeo's dagger.] This is thy sheath; sheathe it, there rust, and let me die. [Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. (the church-yard.)

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search it, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [Exeunt some.]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county shrieval—
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain these two days buried—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,— Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:— [Exeunt other Watchmen.]

We see the ground whereon these deaths do lie; But the true ground of all these piteous woes, We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard. [hither.]

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come. [Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.]

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:— We took this mattick and this spade from him, As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion! Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants. Prince. What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's rest? [Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.]

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? 
La. Cap. The people in the street cry,—Romeo, some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run, With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears? [slain.]

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris And Romeo dead: and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd. [murder comes.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul foul! Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's With instruments upon them, fit to open men. These dead men's tombs. [sheathe.]

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our This dagger hath mist'men,—for, lo! his house Is empty on the back of Montague, And his men part of, and are a part of his daughter's bosom. 
Lu. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others. Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up, To see thy son and heir more early down. 

Men. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: What further woé conspires against mine age? 

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Men. O thou unnatural! what manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave? 

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, Till we can clear these ambiguities, scents; And know their spring, their head, their true de- And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear, And let mishance be slave to patience. 

Bring me the body, and let me see That poison makes against my daughter's life; And here I stand, both to impeach and purge 

Men. All, all!—[in this.]

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know. 

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet, And she, there dead, that Romeo's fair wed wife: I married her last, and their solemn marriage-day Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city; For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. 

You,—to remove that siege of grief from her,— Betroth'd, and would have married her perchance, To county Paris:—Then comes she to me; And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means To rid her from this second marriage, Or, in my cell there would she kill herself. 

Then go I there, so tunes and a dolorous A sleeping potion; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime I write to Romeo, That he should hither come as this dire night, To bear the tidings of her death, and grave, Being the time the potion's force should cease But he which bore my letter, friar John, Was staid by accident; and yeastsnight Return'd my letter back: Then all was done, At the prefixed hour of her death, and Came I to take her from her kindred's vault, Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, Till I conveniently could send to Romeo: But when I came, (some minute time the Of her awakening,) here untimely lay The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead. 

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, And bear this work of heaven with patience: But then a noise did scare me from the tomb; And she, too desperate, would not go with me, But (as it seems,) did violence on herself. 

All this I know; and to the marriage Her nurse is privy: And, if sought in this Misca-ried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrifice'd, some hour before his time. 

O, what a night of severest luck! [man—

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy Where Romeo's man? what can he say in this? 

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death; And then in post he came from Mantua, To this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father; And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.— Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?— 

Siriach, what made your master in this place? 

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: grave: Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb; And, by and by, my master drew on him; And all the rest came on the way to my daughter's bosom. 

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's Their course of love, the tidings of her death: And here he writes,—that he did buy a poison Of a poor poetichary, and therewith I came,—to assist Juliet, to die, and For these enemies? Capulet! Montague!— See, what a scourgic is laid upon your hate, That heaven fends means to kill your joys, with love And 1, for winking at your discord too, Have mercy! on the fair of kinsman's b'd. 

Cap. O, but that I were Montague, give me thy hand This is my daughter's jointure, for no more Can I demand. 

Men. But I can give thee more: 

For I will raise her statue in pure gold; That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity! [bribes;
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it

The sun for sorrow will not show his head;
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, son to the former, and nephew to the present
King.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, son to Polonius.
Voltemand,
Cornelius,
Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern,
Osric, a courtier.
Another courtier.
A Priest.
Marcellus, an officer.

Bernardo, an officer.
Francisco, a soldier.
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.
A Captain.
An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the
Castle.

Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter And I am sick at heart. [cold,

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who
Hor. Friends to this ground. [is there?

Mar. And liegenem to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. [Exit Francisco.


Ber. What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus. [night?

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to
B. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy; And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us: Therefore I have entreated him, along With us to watch the minutes of this night; That, if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush; tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile; And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When you same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself, The bell then beating one,— [again!

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like.—it harrows me with fear and

Ber. It would be spoke to. [wonder.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of
Together with that fair and warlike form, In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, Mar. It is offended. [speak.

Ber. See! it staks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look
Is not this something more than fantasy? [pale:
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle
He smote the saddle Polack on the ice.

'Tis strange. [hour,

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead
With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion, [not:
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly tois the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war:
Why such an horrid carcass should be sent
To doth divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
Who is't, that can inform me?

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,
Dio to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
[For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,]
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he had seized of, to the conqueror
And, as it were, a public property
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutely,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That he's a stomach in: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the motive of our present preparation;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this protracted and remarriage in the land.

Bers. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it soot, that this portentious figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and it, the gesticulation of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire and dewbs of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was now, as you know, to dooms-day and eclipse,
And even the like precise of fierce events.—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climastures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, thou spirits oft walk in death,
                 [Cock crows.
Speak of it—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Bers. This here! This here!

In. 'Tis here! [Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our wain blows, malicious mockery.

Bers. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard.
The cock, that is the trumpeter of dawn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his own place: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And when the noise thereof no sooner stir abroad
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us import what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes,
Voltemand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one broil with France, and Spain,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow, think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage.
In equal scale, weighing delight and dole.—[Rage, Taken up.

Hor. Nor have we herein spared
Your better wishes, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this new Emperor's purpose, think'st thou not
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. This is our charge, and all things, will we show
Our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

Hor. I come to you to know some suit with you.

Laertes. You cannot speak of reason to the Dane. [Laertes,
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

[Exit.
This gentle and unforfeart accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jeocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, and Laertes.

Ham. O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Save those two precious stones, that open eye
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead — nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beceed the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't: — Frailty, thy name is woman!

little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;— why she, even she,—
O heaven! a heart, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother: but no more like my father,
Than I to Heracleus: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: — O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to in consistence sheets!
It is not now, nor ever, will be good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

[with you. Ham. Sir, my good friend! I'll change that name
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-stu;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding. [dent; Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, my father.
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who? Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act I.

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen, ...

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God’s love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been the encounter’d. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk’d,
By their oppress’d and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon’s length; whilst they, dis-
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

[til’d Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch: Where, as the had deliver’d, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
Ham. Did you not speak to it? watch’d.

Hor. My lord, I did:
But asuser made it une; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself around, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish’d from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour’d lord, ’tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Hor. Arm’d, say you?

All. Arm’d, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord: he wore his beard up.

Ham. What, look’d he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Fale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix’d his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. It would have much amaz’d you.

Hor. Very like,

Very like: Stay’d it long?

Hor. While out with moderate haste might tell

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver’d.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, ’twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father’s person,
I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all;
If you have hitherto conceal’d this sight,
Let it beenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will require your loves: So, fare you well;

Upon the platform, ’twixt eleven and twelve,
I will await you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

My father’s spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt a foul play: ’would, the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius’ House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Later. My necessities are embark’d; farewel!
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Later. Do you doubt that?

Later. For Hamlet, and the tripling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Later. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thaws, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh’d, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as an unavailing person,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib’d
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,

[you,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then will to him that loss your golden stay,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster’d importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The choicest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calamitous strokes:
The canker galls the infant, as the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be discret’d;
And in the morb and liquid dew of youth
Contagious hastigam are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart; but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff’d and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Oph. O fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

[fshame:

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, [you
And you are staid for: There, my blessing with

Polonius’ head.

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. (Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion’d thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends that are about him, and he abomination tried,
Grapplest first to the soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch’d, undersign’d comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, \[men.
Not express'd in fancy: rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station.
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Nor will I blow by borrow'd air to th' skies;
For loan oft losses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou art thyself; get not false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!
Lae. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.
Lae. Farewell, Ophelia: and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Lae. Farewell.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord.
Pol. Marr, well bethought:

Hamlet. I'll tell thee: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly.

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Lae. This fashion, Ophelia, may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven. [my lord,
Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Leaves the too-spared daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scarcer of your maiden presence;
Set your entremets at a higher rate.
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tatter may he walk,
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers
Not of that die investments show,
But mere importors of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious hounds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have a brother's face suffer any moment's curse.
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Lae. Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?—

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

[near the season.

Ham. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord?—

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reeds;
And, as he drinks, the ghost of Rhinemund down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind;'tis only, as I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us lambs, and call us gentle swains;
Which, for a time, it is the swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
[height.
So oft I chance in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their births, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,) By the o'er-growth of some complexion;
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
By the subtle knavery of some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners;—that these men—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's lively, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The drum of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!--
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
[hell.
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy时辰 calendar,
Have burst their ceremonies? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the grimmer of thy tomb,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some imparted did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
Or to the dreadful precipit of the pit?
[his Lord,
That beetle o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act I.

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. But rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve—

Still am I call'd:—unhand me, gentlemen:—

[Ghost beckons.]

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

Hor. He waves his desperate hand in imagination.

Mar. Let's follow: 'tis not fit thou linger' st here.

Hor. Have after. — To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.


[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go.

Ghost. Mark me.

[no further.]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When to the sulphurous and tormenting flames
My soul render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!—

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt

Ham. What?

[hearken.]

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;—

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are re-perform'd in thine own�s upon me,
Whose head oft with thine own hand was staint,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:— List, list, O list!—
If this did ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!—

Ghost. Revenge his soul and most unnatural

Ham. Murder? [murder.]

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural:

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
As meditation, or the thoughts of love, as swift
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And sooner should'st thou be as light as the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharfe,—

[hearken. 'Would'st thou not stir in this? Now, Hamlet,

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death

Banksly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle:

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
Whose flesh did feed on thine own筋s'stomach,
With his own taint' stinct, as it were a traitor's gift,

[O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!] I won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen;

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!—
From whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!—

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;—
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on heavenly garb;

But, soft! I methinks, I scent the morning air;

Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With justest, and most cursed, and most hellish
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect

Holdst such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;

And curst, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most lazier, like with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;

Cut off in even the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unsniff'd;

No noosing mate made, but sent in recompence
With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;—

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, however thou pursu'dst this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught;—leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!—

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gin's to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

In my heart, and shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, hold;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?

Vea, from the circuit of my memory,

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past.

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live

With this book and volume of my brain;

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven,

O most pernicious woman!—O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:

It is, Adieu, adieu! remember me.

I have sworn't.

Ham. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. Within. Lord Hamlet,

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!—

Mar. Within. I'llo, ho, ho, my lord

Ham. Ill, ho, ho, boy, I come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!—

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

No;—

You will reveal it.

But I, Not 1, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor 1, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man,

But you'll be secret.—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den.
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from.
To tell us this. [the grave, Ham.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you:
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
'Fair, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is; Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
There, true-jenny?
Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Hicet ubique? then we'll shift our ground:
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst not work
The earth so fast? [friends
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good
Hor. 10 day and night, and this is wondrous strange!
[come.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it weel—
There are more things in heaven and earth, Hora-
Than are dreamt of in your philosophies.
[tio, but come——
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, Well, well, we know — or, W. could, an if we
would — or, If we list to speak — or, There be, an if
they might —
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friendships to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come, let's go together.
[Exeunt.
Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter? [affrighted]

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet on unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foult'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;

At last he rais'd a shaking of mine arm;

And thrice his head thus wandering up and down,

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

And end his being: That done, he lets me go;

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o'doors he went without their helps,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose want of property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—  
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did commend  
I did repel his letters, and denied [mand,  
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,

I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jae;

It seems, it is as proper to our age [lousy!  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king;  
This must be known; which, being kept close,

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,  
And Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!  
Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
The need, we have to use you, did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
Since not the exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was: What it should be,  
[him] More than that, our father's death, that thus hath put  
So much from the understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream of: I entertain you both,  
That,—being of so young days brought up with  
him;  
And, since so neighbour'd to his youth and but  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court...
Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, there's sadness in the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourish,
I will be brief: Your noble son Is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What 'tis, but to be nothing else but mad:
But that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for, I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Per. I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase; but you shall hear— thus: —
In her excellent white gown, these, &c.—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; — [Reads.
I doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar; —
But never doubt, I love,
O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have not at reckoning my groats: but that I love thee best,
O must best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

Receiv'd his love?

What do you think of me?

As of a man faithful and honourable.

I would fain prove so. But what might you think.

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceive it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If it had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, muite and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be; and then I precipitately gare her,
That she should look herself from his consort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; and he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,) Felt into a sadness; and then I precipitately gare her,
That she should look herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

When it prov'd other wise?

Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[Pointing to his head and shoulder
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
Here in the lobby.

[Together, and then separate.

Pol. At such a time I'll lose my daughter to
Be you and I behind an array then;
[him
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carter. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently: — 0, give me leave.—

[Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.

How do my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy;

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord.

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a god, kissing ear-rion. — Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,— friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [Aside.] Still harping on my daughter: — yet he knew me not at first: he said I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. — What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this he madness, yet there's method in it. [Aside.] Will you walk out o' the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.— How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.— My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools! [Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lords, do not contradict me.

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe? Ros.

Ham. Then is your sentence past?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular; What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world as vast as a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggar's shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the crowd of common visitors; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonnancy of your youth, by the obligation of our ever-ready love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To Guildenstern. Exit. Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [Aside.]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipa-
tion prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to

the king and queen moul no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mire, forgone all custom of exercises: and, in
deed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steri
promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, too, I fear, is grown to such a change, that our
majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it
appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pes-
tilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of
work is a man! How noble in reason! how infi
finite in faculties! in form, and moving, how ex-
press and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of
the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me,
what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not on -thou art a strumpet; though, by your
smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my
thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said,

Man delights not on me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in
man, what lenent entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. And is that the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adven-
turous knight shall use his foil, and target: the
lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man
shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make his mirth; whose lungs are tickled o'er yerer,
and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank
verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such de-
light in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their resi-
idence, both in reputation and profit, was better
both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the
means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they
did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavours keeps in the wonted
pace: But there is, sir, an alery of children, little
gyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now
the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are
afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. But, by their play, are they clever, or maintain
them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue
the quality no longer than they can sing? will they
not say afterwards, if they should grow them-
severs to common players, (as it is most like, if
their means are not better,) their writers do them
wrong, to make them exclaim against their own
succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both
sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them
off, if they come to them every other season, or who maintain
them? are they escoted? will they pursue
the quality no longer than they can sing? will they
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their means are not better,) their writers do them
wrong, to make them exclaim against their own
succession?
with you in this garb; lest my extency to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Get. In what is my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be you with him, gentlemen! 

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too:—

at each ear a hearer; that great lady, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Pol. He's the second time he comes to me; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you. 

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Bus, bus.

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Th' a came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-tragical, some singular, some inimitable, some poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of wit, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why. One fray daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. [Aside.]

Am I not the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by Ido, God wot, and then, you know, It came to pass, As most like it was. —The first row of the pious chanson will show you more: for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.——

0, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; Com'th thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By th' lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chappie. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of incurrant gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en tot like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passion-speech. 

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I will speak the speech once,——but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested: and the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallies in the lines, to make the matter savouri: nor no matter in the phrase, that might indicate an author of affection; but called it, an honest methodic chaplet; and by very much more handsome than one. Fine speech in one it chiefly loved: 'twas Eneas'tale to Dido; and thereof about it especially, where he speaks of Priam's daughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;——

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,— 'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose noble arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now this dread and black complexion worn'd With heraldry more than correct; head to foot Now is he total gutes; horribly trick'd With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons: Bak'd and impast'd with the parching streets, That tend a tyrannous and a demented light To their lord's murderer; Roasted in wrath, and fire, And thus o'er-sliced with consolating gore With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandaire Priam seems:——So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command: Uncivil match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives: in rage, strikes wide: but with the whip and mind of his fell sword The unserved fitter falls. Then senseless Illium, seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword Which was declining on the midnight stars Of reverend Priam, seem'd, 'tis the air to strike: So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood: And, like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rock stand still, The bold winds speechless, and the orb below As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder Dotth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause, A roused vengeance sets him on his work: And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof e'erone, With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam. Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods, In general synod, take away her power: Break all the spoaks and fullies from her wheel, And bond the round wave down the hill of heaven, As low as to the founds! 

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps——say on: come to Hebeus.

1 Play. But no, ah no! had seen the mobbed Ham. The mobbed queen?——

1 Play. That's good; nobled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames With bison rhiuen: a cloud upon the head, Where late the diadem stood: and, for a robe, About her rank and all o'er-loom'd teems, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd, 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced.

But if the gods themselves did see her then, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mixing with his sword her husband's limb; The instant burst of clamour that he made, (Unless things mortal move them not at all,) Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven, And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he be not turn'd his countenance, and has tears in his eye: Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have these speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodkin, man, much better: Use
every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whippimg? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sir. [Exit Pol. with some of the Play.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to morrow.--Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play--the murder of Gonzago?

1 I. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert 't in could.

1 I. Play, Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.----Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To Ros. and Guild.] I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to the palace.

Ros. Good my lord! [Exit Rosen. and Guild.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you!--Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous, that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit, That from her working, all his visage wann'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suitting What for this conceit? And all for nothing! For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion, That this poor player should unstore his heart, And cleave the general ear, with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and appall the free, Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed, The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A damnd defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie in the throat, As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make oppression bitter; or, ere this, I should have fatted all the region kites With this sudden offal: Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave; That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, And fall a cursing, like a very drab, A scullion! [have heard, Fye upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Having the very curving of my name; Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have proclaim'd their malefactions; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ. I'll have these play

Play something like the murder of my father, Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench, I know my course. The spirit that I have seen, Play me, and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps, Out of my weakness, and my melancholy, (As he is very potent with such spirits,) Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds More relative than this: The play's the thing, Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

That flesh is heir to,—tis a consumption Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come.
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurrs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
The weight and bulk of thisworld's朽
But that the dread of something after death,
—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia: Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day? Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I; I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compost,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce with him than my lord?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
then the force of honesty can translate beauty into
his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now
the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arraign'd of our own offences. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house.

Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell; Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heaven powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourself another: a woman may keep a secret, and have the tongue: or you may tell it, and have the wit to keep it. Let women make their painters well; and then come to the judgment of their work. If you must be in love, let it be to a monster; and when you have mark'd the beast, be gone. What will the mollusk do? Zeal of God honest, and patience: God keep the women well in their husband's house! I was never so sportive: to a nunnery, go.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I prays you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperature, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but the smell and sound: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant: it out-herods Herod; pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the pur-
pose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your and mine, o'er weigh a whole theatre of others. O, the theft, the players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, man, nor have so strutted, and beliwed, that I have that nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I Play. I hope, we have reformed that differently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, the very question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitifull ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exit Players.]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make h.statement.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[Exit Polonius.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For so much advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor
No, let the candied tongue liek absorbs pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And cou'd of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's frown.
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.

There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pray thee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my master if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech;
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
Get you a place.

[Idie.]

Danish mirth. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the cameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-grammed: You cannot feed capacious players.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [To Polonius.

Pol. I did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed 't he Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord: they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive to an ear, than the truest armour in your royal armory.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [Lying down at Ophelia's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, I have upon your lap?

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I mean country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! my only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. But, by'r lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Amon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mates, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love.

[Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord? Ham. Merry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow. the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.
Ham. If she should break it now.—[To Ophelia.]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleep.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain, and never come mischance between us twain! [Exit]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play? Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence in the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king. Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer:—leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Enter Lucianus.

Doth bellow for revenge. [time agreeing:]

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pour the poison into the sleepy ear.]

Ham. I'll poison him (the garden for his estate.
His name's Gonzago; the story is exact, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.


[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if (the rest of my fortune (the Turk with me), with two Provencal roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir? Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou art my enemy, O Damon dear.

This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, hark!—Come, some music:—come the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike—he likes it not, perdy:

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now.—[To Ophelia.

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Enter;—

The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge. [time agreeing:]

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
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Ham. Ah, hark!—Come, some music:—come the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike—he likes it not, perdy:

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Gail. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Gail. The king, sir, what of him?

Gail. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Gail. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Should he show itself more rich, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Gail. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame: I start wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Gail. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gail. Nay, my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gail. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! E'en there is no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration! Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall other, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? do you, surely, but have the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friends.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, While the grass grows,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders: let me see one.—To withdraw with you: Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Gail. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Gail. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gail. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Gail. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these vents with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most elegant music. Look you, these are the stops.

Gail. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Well, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, wisdom like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit Polonius.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

Gail. [Exeunt Ros. Gail. Hor., &c.

'Tis now the very witching time of night; [out When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes— Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot And do such business as the bitter day [blood, Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom: Let the hard cruelest, not unnatural; I will speak daggers to her, but use none; My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites: How in my words soever she be shent, To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you; I give you this commission shall forthwith be pitch, And he to England shall along with you: The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow Out of his lunes.

We will ourselves provide: Most holy and religious fear it is, To keep those many many bodies safe, That live, and feed, upon your majesty. [Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound, With all its strength and armour of the mind, To keep itself from 'noyance: but much more That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw What things are, with it: it is a necessary wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortis'd and adjoint; which, when it falls, Each small annexm'nt, petty conseq'nce, Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan. King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voy- For we will feteres put upon this fear, [age: Which now goes too free-footed. Ros. We will haste us. [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: Behold, as was said, I'll convey my words To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him And, as you said, and wisely was it said, [home. 'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'hear The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll follow upon you, you know I shall, And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest earm'nt out, A brother's murder!—Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharp as will;
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My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; And, like a man to double business bound, I stand in pause where I shall first begin, And both neglect. What if this cursed hand Were thicker than itself with brother's blood? Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens, To wash it white as snow? Wherefore serves mercy, But to confront the visage of offence? And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,— To be forestalled, ere we come to fall, Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up; My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!— That cannot be: since I am still possess'd Of all the beauteous powers that were my own, I cannot then repent; and, if I may May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence? In the corrupted currents of this world, Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice; And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above; There is no shuffling, there the action lies In his true nature: and we ourselves compell'd, Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults, To give in evidence. What then? what rests? Try what repentance can: What can it not? Yet what can it, when one can not repent? O wretched state! O bosom, black as death! O limed soul; that struggling to be free, Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay! Bow, stubborn knees! and, with the strings of Soft as sinews of the new-born babe; [steel, All may be well! 

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying; And now I'll do't:—and so he goes to heaven! And so am I reveng'd! That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father; and, for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven: no, by the author of my joy, Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread; With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven? 

But, in our circumstance and course of thought, 'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No, Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent: When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage; Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed; At gaming, swearing; or about some act That has no relish of salvation in't: Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven: And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black, As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays: This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit. 

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below: Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit. 

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same. 

Enter Queen and Polonius. 

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him: Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear And that your grace hath screen'd and stood be- tween Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here. Pray you, be round with him. 

Queen. I'll warrant you; Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming. [Polonius hides himself. 

Enter Hamlet. 

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter? 

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of- fended. 

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offend- ed. 

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue. 

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue. 

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet? 

Ham. What's the matter now? 

Queen. Have you forgot me? 

Ham. No, by the rood, not so: You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife: And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother. 

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak. [not undue; 

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall Have go no, till I set you up a glass Where you may see the inmost part of you. 

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder 

Help, help, ho! [me? 

Pol. [schinda.] What, ho! help! 


Dead, for a ducat, dead! [Polonius. 

[Pol. [schinda.] O, I am slain. [Falls and dies. 

Queen. O me, what hast thou done? 

Nay, I know not: 

Is it the king? [Lifts up the arras, and draws forth Polonius. 

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this! Harn. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mo- 

As kill a kinsman, and marry with his brother. [ther, Queen. As kill a king! 

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word: Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [To Polonius.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune: Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger: Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down, And let me wring your heart: for so I shall, If it be made of such unreservable stuff; If damned custom have not braez'd it so, That it be proof and bulwark against sense. 

Queen. What have I done, that thou dost wag In noise so rude against me? 

[thy tongue. 

Ham. Such an act, That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love, And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows As false as dianc'i's, O, such a deed As from the body of contraception allies The very soul; and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow; Yea, this solidity and compound mass, With tristful visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act. 

Ah me, what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? 

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this; The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curst; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald Mercury; 

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; A combination, and a form, indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man: 

[follows: 

This was your husband.—Look you now, what Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes? You cannot call it love: for at your age, The hey-dey in the blood is tame, it's humble, And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment 

[have, Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that is apopli'd: for madness would not err; [sense. Nor sense to extasy was 'ne'er so thral'd,

3 C 2
But it resolv'd some quantity of choice.
To serve in such a difference. What devil wasn't 
That th'ns hath cozen'd you at hoardman-blind:
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of true sense
Could be excus'd. 
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And me't in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compul'sive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will. 
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tint. 
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an ensoned bed:
Strew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty styfe;—O, speak to me no more.
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet. 
Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A king, that is not twain, but part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! 
Queen. No more. 

Enter Ghost. 

Ham. Of shreds and patches:—save me, and ho'Ver o'Ver with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious
Queen. Alas! he's mad. (figure) 
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command? O, lady. 
Ghost. Do not forget this: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose:
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
0, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet. 
Ham. How is it with you, lady? 
Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That do you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with so solemn air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stand, on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look? 
Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he 
glares! 
His form and cause conjoint'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look up on me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood. 
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see. 
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves 
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steels
My father, in his habit as he liv'd! Look,
Where he goes, even now, out at the portal! 
[Exit Ghost. 

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning. 
Ham. Excuse me.
My pulse, as yours, doth temperament keep time,
And makes as healthful musick: It is not madness,
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-ward; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ularceous place;
When rank corruption, mining all within,
Infesteth the mind. Confess you, thou hast heavens:
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fineness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of false allure must pardon beg.
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good. 
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery.
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinen: the next more easy:
For to the death of change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be bles'sd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord.

Pointing to Polonius.

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me:
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow, and will answer well:
The heavenly, rich, and good, this night;
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind—
But one word more, good lady. 
Queen. 

What shall I do?—
Ham. Not this, by no means; that I bid you do:
Let the boat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, bis mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reecy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in my mind,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him know
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a hat, a glib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, no, deep incorporation, do hold discourse:
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down. 
Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me. 
Ham. I must to England; you know that? 
Queen. Alack! I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on. 
Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-
fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders Fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delive one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet;
When two are one, and one and twenty more directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Which in a fool, I have a foolish pratling knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother. 

[Exit severally: Hamlet dragging in Polonius.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these signs; these profound heav'ns
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, and when both con-
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit, [tend
Behind the areas hearing some thing stir,
Whips out his rapiers, cries, A rat! a rat! and,
In this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen old man.

King. O heavy deed! It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all:
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
O, to draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
'0'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill, [stern
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho!—Guilden-

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Rosencrantz. Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guile.

Enter Hamlet. Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's unto time done: so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As by a window looking in a blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name;
And hit the woundless air.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. — Safely stowed,—[Ros. &c. within.
Hamlet! lord Hamlet! But soft, what noise?

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it
And bear it to the chapel. [tence,

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to he demanded of a spong! —what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first

mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king
is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox,
and all after.

[Execut.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

Ham. Do not our eyes, if that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's low'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

[Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ham. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your

King. Bring him before us. [pleasure.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
A certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him.
Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we
fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves
for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar,
is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table:
that's the end. Alas, alas!

King. A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed
of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may
go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your
messenger find him not there, seek him 'tis the other
place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not
within this month, you shall nose him as you go up
the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve [hence
for that which thou hast done,—must send thee
With fiery wars. Therefore prepare thyself:
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come;
for England!—Farrell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother; Father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my

[Exeunt.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act 4.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king; Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras Graves the conveyance of a promising march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. 1 will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these? Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras. Ham. God save the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground. That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole, A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd. (ducats, &c.

Ham. Two thousand ducats, and twenty thousand Will not debate the question of this straw. This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace; That inward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies,—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be with you, sir. (Exit Captain Ros.

Ham. Will please you go, my lord.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my duteous revenge! What is a man, If his chief good, and market of his time, Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse, Looking before, and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To fast in us unused. Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple Of thinking too precisely on the event,— Wisdom, a thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know Why I am as I am. This thing 'is this: Toions, Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me; Witness, this army of such mass, and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince; Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd, Makes mouths at the invisible event: Exposing what is mortal, and unsure, To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare, Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,

Is, not to stir without great argument; But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, When honour's at the stake. How stand I then, That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, Exiled of my reason, and my blood, And let all sleep? while, as I am your slave, I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame, Go to their graves like bed-fellows; fight for a plot Wherefore the numbers cannot try the cause, Which is too proud for use; and continent, To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Queen. I will not speak with her. Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract; Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have? Her. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears, heart; There's tricks in't; the world; and, at last, and beats her Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt, That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection: they sit at it, And bate their words in fit to their own thoughts: Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, [thought, Indeed would make one think, there might be Though nothing sure, yet much unhappy.

Queen. Twere good she were spoken with; for she may draw Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds: Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: So full of artless jealousy it gull, It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Renter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den. Que. How now, Ophelia? [mark] Oph. How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoe? [Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song? Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark. He is dead and gone already. [Sings

He is dead and gone: At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

O, ho! Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,— Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow. [Sings.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers, Which beseem to the grave did go, With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? Oph. Well, God yield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but, know not what we may be. God be at your table! King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Fray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this: Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And a maid at your window, To be your Valentine: Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, And dipp'd the chamber door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.
King. Pretty Ophelia! [on't:

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end

By Gis, and by Saint Charity, and all her saints, and for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't:
By oath, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised'd me to wed:

[He answers.]

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?
Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him 'tis the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit Horatio, O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death: And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrow comes, they come not single spies, But in battalions! First her father slain; Next your poor son, and he the most precious author Of his own just remove: The people muddled, Thick and unhonorable in their thoughts and whispers, [greely, For good Polonius' death; and we have done but In hugger-mugger to enter him. Poor Ophelia, Divided from herself, and her fair judgment; Without which the we are pictures, or mere beasts. Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France: Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilential speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, Like a murdering piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend; Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door; What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erhears your officers; The rabble call him, lord; And as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!
Caps, hands, and tongues, appeal it to the clouds, Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O, this is counsellor, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all down. No, let's come in. [without. Laer. I pray you, give me leave. Dan. We will, we will. [They retire without the door. Laer. I thank you;—keep the door.—O thou wise, Give me my father. [king. Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard; Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?— Let him go; Gertrude; do not fear our person; There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incensed?—Let him go, Get speak, man. [trude:—

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him. King. Let him demand his fill. [with:

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jugged To hell, allegiance I vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation: To this point I stand,— That both the worlds I give the negligence, Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Will you know them then? Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican, [arms; Reast them with my blood. Why, now you speak Like a good child, and a true gentleman. That I am puleless of your father's death, And am most sensibly in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment pear, As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!— By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight, Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!— Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!— O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine, It sends some signal instance of itself After the thing it loves.

Oph. They love him barefaced on the bier; Hey no nonny, nonny key nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear— Fare you well, my love!—

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade It could not move thus. [revenge, Oph. You must sing, Down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter. Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted. Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:— there's rue for you; and here's some for me:— we shall call it, herb of grace o' Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:— I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.— [Sings. Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [Sings. And will he not come again?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act 4.

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All fancies was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we must away soon:
God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [Exit Ophelia.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God? 

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown and life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this he so; his means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall,
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Horatio, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me? 

Serv. They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—[Exit Servant.

I Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too. I sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very sinister appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they know what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou woul'dst a fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumber than they make too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell, he gods.

He that thou knowest thing, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me.
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So senseful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things
You mainly were stir'd up. [else.]

King. O, for two special reasons:—
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unisnew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,) She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but love her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, slipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;—
A ship driven in desperate tempests:
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
I loved your father, and we love ourselves;—more:
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This is your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them? 

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;—
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them—

Leave us. [Exeunt Messenger.

[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I be seen to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing? [back 2]

Laer. Know you the hand?—King.

'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—
And, in a postscript here, he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If he be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be rul'd by me?—

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace. [turn'd.—

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To what, if any, I now have in my device.
Under the which he shall not choose but fail;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will he rul'd—
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such eny from him, As did that one; and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege.

Lear. A very ribband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears, Than settled age his sables, and his weeds, Importing health and greatness. — Two months since, I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French, And they can well on horseback: but this gallant Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat; And to such wonder'd doing brought his horse, As he had been incorp'rd and demi-naked.

With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought, That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.

Lear. A Norman, was't? A Norman. A Norman, was't? Lear. Upon my life, Lamord. The very same. King. I know him well: he is the brood, indeed, And gem of all the nation. 

Lear. He made confusion of you; And gave you such a masterly report, For art and exercise in your defence, And for your rapier most especial, That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, If you could match you with the masters of their nation, had neither motion, guard, nor eye, [tion, If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy, That he could nothing do, but wish and beg To hidden coming o'er, to play with you. Now out of this, — What out of this, my lord? King. Lear, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart? Why ask you this? King. Not that I think, you did not love your But that I know, love is begun by time; [father; And that I see, in passages of proof, Time qualifies the spark and fire of it. There lives within the very frame of love A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it; And nothing is at a like goodness still; For goodness, growing to a plurius, [diversity of manners: That we would do, We should do when we would; for this would And hath abatements and delays as many, [changes, As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents; And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh, That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer: Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake, To show yourself indeed your father's son More than in words?

Lear. To cut his throat t' the church. King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctify: [Laertes. Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Will you do this, keep close within your chamber: Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home: And call a council of those shall praise thee excellence, And set the double varnish on the fame: [gether, The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to, And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss, Most generous, and free from all constriving, Will not purse the foils; so that, with ease, Or with a little shuffling, you may choose A sword, unhatt'd, and, in a pass of practice, Requite him for your father.

Lear. I will do't. For the purpose, I'll anoint my sword. I bought an unct'on of a mountebank, So mortal, that but dip a knife in it, Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare, Collected from all simples that have virtue Under the moon, can save the thing from death, That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly, It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this; 

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means, May fit us to our shape: if this should fail, [once, And that our drift through our bad perform- 'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project Should have a back, or second, that might hold, If this should blast in proof. Soft,—let me see:— I'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,— I ha't. When in your motion you are hot and dry, (As make your bouts more violent to that end,) And that he calls for drinks, I'll have preferr'd him A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stink, Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tryst upon another's heel, So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Lear. Drown'd! 0, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows asasuant the brook, That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream; 
Therewith fantastic garnish'd, and his tresses, Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples, That liberal shepherds give a grosser name, But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them; There on the pendent boughs his coronet weeds Glimmering to hang, an ensign sliver broke; When down her weary trophyes, and herself, wide; 
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up: Which time, she chant'd snatches of old tunes; As one incapable of her own distress, Or like a creature native and indu'd Unto that element: but long it could not be, Till that her garments, heavy with their drink, Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay To muddy death.

Lear. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Lear. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet It is our trick; nature her custom holds, Let shame say what it will: when these are gone, The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord! I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze, But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

Exit, Gertrude. How much I had to do to calm his rage! Now fear I, this will give it start again; Therefore, let's follow. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be se offensando; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself willingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself willingly.

3 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver.

1 Clo. Give me me that l' the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?
1 Clo. Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest-law.
2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.
1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity that great folks shall have countenance in this world to dress and hang themselves, more than their even Christian: Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditches, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.
3 Clo. Was he a gentleman?
1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.
2 Clo. Why, he had none.
1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?  
2 Clo. The gallows-maker: for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.
1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to take a man to deal: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.
2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?
1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and undone.
2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.
1 Clo. To't.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clo.]
1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To count the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.
Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,
Had clane'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such. [Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave joys it to the ground, as if it were Cains' jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this a now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?
Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Of a courtier; which could say, Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord? This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?
Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my lady Worm's; chapple, and knocked about the mazzard with a serpent's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see'd. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine akee to think on't.
some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose thou think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flag of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorges rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gamboois? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar. Now are they silent. One now, to mock your own grinning: quite chap-fallen? Now get you to your lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion 'tis the earth?

Hor. 'E'en so.

Ham. And smoo; so? pah! [Throns down the skull.

Hor. 'E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust: the dust is earth: of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O earth, earth, earth, to英勇(ci)

Which kept the world in awe,

Should pause to exclaim How? and exclaim:—And why doth ground

So soft and silt?—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken, The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand Fordo its own life. Was't some of estate?

And make a while, and mark. [Retiring with Hor.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Print. Her obsequies have been as for enlarg'd As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodge'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, And memorable milestones, should be thrown on her. Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Print. No more he done! We should profane the service of the dead, To sing a requiem, and such rest to her, As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her l'the earth;—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring: I tell thee, curish priest, A minist'ring angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia! —Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell! [Scattering flowers. I hop'd, thou should'lst have been my Hamlet's wife; [maid, I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense

Depri'ved thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead:

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,

To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skysih head

Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I, [stand

Hamlet the Dane. —Laer. The devil take his soul! [Grasping with him.

Hm. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

All. Gentlemen,— Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this

Until my eyelids will no longer wag. [theme,

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.—What will thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear

Woul't drink up Esl? eat a crocodile? [thyself? [I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outvie her?—He that is in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'rant as well as thou.

Queen.

This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir; What is the reason, that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;—

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit, King. —I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon

him.— [Exit Horatio. Strengthen then your patience in our last night's speech;

To Laertes.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fight That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly, And praising, I was ready for it; but, as we know, Our ignorance sometimes serves as well, When our deep plots do fail: and that should There's a divinity that shapes our ends, (teach us, Rough-hew them how we will.)

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scar'd about me, in the dark Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire; Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew To mine own room again: making so bold, My fear forgetting manner, to reveal Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio, A royal knavery; an exact command.— Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing Denmark's health, and England's too, With, ho! such bags and golbins in my life,— That, on the supreme, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed. Hor. Ay, besieech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains, Or rather taint'd with brains. They had begun the play:— I sat me down; Devi'd a new commission; wrote it fair: I once did hold it, as our statistis do, A bassens to write fair, and labour'd much He could forget that learning; but, sir, now It did not yeoman's service! Will thou know The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,— As England was his faithful tributary; A love between them like the palm might flourish; As peace should still her wheaten garland wear, And stand a comma 'tween their amities; And many such like as 's of great charge,— That on the view and knowing of these contents, Without debate nor further, more or less, He should the bearers put to sudden death, Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd; I lay my father's signet in my purse, Which was the model of that Danish seal; Folded the writ up in the form of the other; [ly, Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safe— The changeling never known: Now the day Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment; They are not near my conscience; their defeat Does by their own insinuation grow; 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes Between the fall and incessant points Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon? He that hath kill'd my king, and who'd my mother; Popp'd in between the election and my hopes; Throw'n out his angle for my proper life, And with such cozenage; 'tis not perfect conscience, To steel him with this arm, and 'tis not to be To let this canker of our nature come (damn'd, In further evil? [England, Hor. It must be shortly known to him From what is the issue of the business there. Ham. It will be short: the time is mine, And a man's life's no more than to say, one But I am very sorry, good Horatio, That to Laertes I forget myself;

For by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours: But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?
fancy, very responsive to the blits, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margaet, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that’s the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you one hit; he hath laid it on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in that.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the fools be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will for him, if I can. I will, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit. Ham. Yours, yours. — He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for’t.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus he h-(and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on.) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through the most fond and wining opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king’s pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord. Ham. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all’s here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. Nay, but folly; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman. Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, ’tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what’s to leave before he leaves. Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with feats, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet. Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. [heard. This presence knows, and you must needs have How I am punished with a sore distraction.

What have I done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake: I here proclaim was madness. Was’t Hamlet wrong’d Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta’en away, And, when he’s not himself, does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness: I’f he be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong’d;

His madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy. Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos’d evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o’er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungord’d; But till that time,

I do receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother’s wager frankly play,—

Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I’ll be your foil, Laertes; in mine igno-

rance

Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin

You know the wager? [Hamlet, Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o’ the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both —

But since he’s better’d, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: these foils have all a length.

[They prepare to play. Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table: If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordinarie fire:

The king shall drink to Hamlet’s better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark’s crown have worn; Give me the

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, [cups,

The trumpet to the cannonner without.

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin; —

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir,


Laer. No.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Well,-again.

Laer. King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here’s to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within. Ham. I’ll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; What say you? [They play.

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

Act 5

Ham. Good madam,—
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord:—I pray you, pardon me.
Ham. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[Aside.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
Ham. I do not think it.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but
I pray you, pass with your best violence;—daily;
I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them, they are insane'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls.
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!—
Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my
Osr. How is't, Laertes? [lord?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Ham.

The drink, the drink:—I am poison'd! [Dies.
Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door he lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous Instrument is in thine hand,
Unbated, and envemon'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie.
Never to rise again; Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point
Environ'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[Slays the King.

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, mur'drous, damned
Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Osr. Follow my mother. [King dies.
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me!
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mute or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.) O, I could tell you,
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God:—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
If thou didst but ever hold me in thy heart, [me!
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [March after off, and shot within.

What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
To the ambassadors of England gives [Poland,
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy, the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrences, more or less,
Which have solicited,—The rest is silence. [Dies.
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night,
sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and
others.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it, you would see?
If sought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. Why, is it no quarrel cries on hand?—O proud
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell, [death!
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?—

Amb. It is.

Ham. The sight is dismal;—And our affairs from England come too late
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. O, not from his mouth,
Ham. Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polish wars, and you from England
Are here arrived; give order, that these Hodics
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about:—So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts:
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for'c'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noisest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
But let this same be presently perform'd: [more:
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
On plots, and errors, happen. [chance,
[Hor. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodier:—Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead March

1 Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peel of ordnance is shot off.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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SCENE I.—Venice; A Street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much un.
Thou that, Iago,—who hast had my purse, [kindly.
As if the strings were thing,—shouldst know of
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—[this.
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in
thy hate.
[Of the city,
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But let me loving his own pride and purposes,
EvaDES them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My meditators; for, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great mathematician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
An action withal; he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election;
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, [ancient.
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor's ship's
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.
Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of
Preferment goes by letter, and affection, [service;
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, he judge yourself,
Whether you have any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obeisant homage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nourish but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,
Do themselves homage; these fellows have some
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago;
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire
As when, by night and negligence, the fire [yell,
Is spread in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio
ho!
Thieves! thieves!
Iago. A wake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!
Brabantio, above, at a window.
Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul.
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Wake the smoking citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
Bra. Not I; what are you? [voice
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome;
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee: and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,
Bra. But thou must needs be sure, 
My spirit, and my place, have in them power 
To make this bitter to thee. 

Rod. Patience, good sir. 

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is 
My house is not a grange. [Venice; 

Most grave Brabantio, 
In simple and pure soul I come to you. 
Zounds, sir, you are one of those that 
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. 
Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruf- 

Bra. What profane wretch art thou? 

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your 
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast 
with two backs. 

Bra. Thou art a villain. 

Iago. You are—a senator. 
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Rod- 

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech 
Ist be your pleasure, and most wise consent, 
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter, 
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night, 
Transported—with no worse nor better guard, 
But what is mark of common hire, a gondolier, 
To the gross clans of a lascivious Moor. 
If this be known to you, and your allowance, 
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs: 
Put, if you know not this, my manners tell me, 
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, 
That, from the sense of all civility, 
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: 
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave, 
I say again, hath made a gross revolt; 
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, 
In the most flagrant and wildest danger, 
Of here and every where; straight satisfy yourself; 
If she be in her chamber, or your house, 
Let loose on me the justice of the state 
For this deluding you. 

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! 
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:— 
This accident is not unlike my dream; 
Belief of it oppresses me already:— 

Light, I say! light! [Exit, from above. 

Bra. Farewell; for I must leave you: 
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, 
To be produc'd (as, if I say, I shall,) 
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,— 
However this may gall him with some check,— 
Cannot the Moor cast him; there's his embark'd 
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars. 
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls, 
Another of his fathom they have not, 
To lead their business. in which regard, 
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, 
Yet, for necessity of present life, 
I must show out a flag and sign of love, 
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely 
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search; [find him, 
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit. 

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches. 

Iago. It is too true an evil: gone she is; 
And what's to come of my desipled time, 
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Rodrigo, 
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhap'ry girl! 
With the Moor, says'th thou?—Who would be a 

[me 

Rod. Truly, I think, they are. [of the blood. 

Bra. O heaven! How got she out!—O treason 

By what you see them act. Are there not charms, 

By which the property of youth and maidhood 
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Rodrigo, 
Of some such thing? 

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed. 

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had 

Some one way, some another.—Do you know 

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor? 

Rod. I can divine, my liege; he cannot but 

Pray. You lead on. At every house I call: 
I may command at most;—get weapons, ho! 
And raise some special officers of night. 
On, good Rodrigo; I'll deserve your pains. [Exit. 

SCENE II.—The same. Another Street. 

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants. 

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain 
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience, [men, 
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity 
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times 
I had thought to have yerkt' him here under the 
Oth. 'Tis better as it is. [Exit. 

Iago. Nay, but he prated, 
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms 
Against your honour, 
That, with the little godliness I have, 
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir, 
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this— 
That the magnifico is much beloved; 
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential 
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you; 
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance 
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,) 
Will give him cable. 

Oth. Let him do his spite: 
My services, which I have done the signiory, 
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know 
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being 
From men of royal siege; and my demerits 
May speak, unbookmett'd, to the proud a fortune 
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago, 
But that I love the gentle Desdemona, 
I would not my unhoused free condition 
Put into circumscription and confine 
Yonder? 
For the sea's worth. But, look, what lights come 

Enter Cassio, at a distance, and certain Officers with 
torches. 

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends. 
You were best goin. 

Not i; I must be found; 
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul, 
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they? 

Iago. By Janus, I think no. 
Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant. 
The good ness of the night upon you, friends! 

What is the news? 

Cas. The duke does greet you, general: 
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance, 
Even on the instant. 

Oth. What is the matter, think you? 

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine; 
It is a business of some heat: the galleys 
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers 
This very night, at one another's heels; 
And many of the consuls, rai'd and met, 
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly 
call'd for; 

When, being not at your lodging to be found, 
The senate hath sent about three several quests, 
To search you out. 

'Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you! 
I will but spend a word here in the house, 
And go with you. 

[Exit. 

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here? 

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land 
carack; 

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go? Oth. Have with you. Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantino, Roderigo, and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantino:—general, be advis'd; He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Rod. Signior, it is the Moor. [They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you. Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signor, you shall more command with years, Than with your weapons. [my daughter? Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her: For I'll refer me to all things of sense, If she in chains of magic were not bound, Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy; So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd The wealthy curled darlings of our nation, Would ever have, to incur a general mock, Run from her guardhouse to the sooty bosom Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight. Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense, That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms; Ab'd her heart and mouth with drugs, or minerals, That waken motion: I'll have it disputed on; 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking. I therefore apprehend and do attach thee, For an abuser of the world, a practiser Of art inhibited and out of warrant: Lay hold upon him; if he do resist, Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands, Both you of my inclining, and the rest: Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it Without a prompter. Where will you that I Go to answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time Of law, and course of direct session, Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey? How may the duke be therewith satisfied? Whose messengers are here about my side, Upon some present business of the state, To bring me to his council?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior, The duke's in council; and your noble self, I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council! In this time of the night! —Bring him away: Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself, Or any of my brothers of the state, Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own: For if such actions may have passage free, Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news, That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd; My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys. Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty. 2 Sen. But though they jump not on a just account, [As in these cases, where the aim reports, 'Tis oft with differences,) yet do they all confirm A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment; I do not so secure me in the error, But the main article I do approve In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho! Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Sold. Now 'tis the business? The Turkish preparation makes for So was I bld report here to the state, [Rhodes; By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change? 1 Sen. And why this haste? This cannot be, By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant, To keep us in false gaze: When we consider The importance of Cyprus to the Turk; And let ourselves again but understand, That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, So may he with more facile question bear it, For that it stands not in such warlike brace, But altogether lacks the abilities That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of We must not think, the Turk is so unstiffl, [this, To leave that latest which confirms him first; Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain, To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.


Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Oottomites, reverend and gracious, Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes, Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano, Your trusty and most valiant servitor, With his free duty, recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.— Marcus Lucchese, is he not in town? 1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from use; wish him post-post-haste despatch. [Moor.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantino, and the valiant Enter Brabantino, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ Against the general enemy Ottoman. [you I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; To Brabantino.

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night. Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me; Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business, Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general Take hold on me, for my particular grief [care Of so flood-gate, and o'erbearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter? Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter! Sen. Dead? Bra. Ay, to me She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not— [ceeding.

Duke. Who'er he be, that, in this foul profanation thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter, After your own sense; yea, though your proper son Stood in your action.

Bra. Humly I thank your grace. Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, Your special mandate, for the state affairs, Hath hither brought.
Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [To Othello.]

Oth. Nothing, but this is so.

Duke. What, is this true? Do you mean to say that what
Is told me of this new exchange of joy and
hate, of fortune and misfortune, that what
Is brought into your world, does not disturb
In your native thoughts?—Oth. I still am in
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have no'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And most in this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to seats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracions pa-
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver [tience,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I charg'd withal,) I
won his daughter with.

Duke. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? I
think it a malady, and can I,
That will confess—perfection so could err.
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That whilst mixtures powerfull o'er the blood,
Or with some drain conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
That with old habis, and poor likehoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.
1 Sen. But, Othello, speak—
Did you by indirect or forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you find me, I am in no sight,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.


Oth. The ancient, conduct the business you best know
the place.—[Exit Iago and Attendants.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That passed and past; I ran it through,
Even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth escapes? the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe, [breach;
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough terrains, pits, and hills whose heads
Touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
Would Desdemona seriously incline: [hear,
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took some repose, and learned good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereby if parcels she had something heard,
But not intentionally: I did consent;
And I would beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some dishonourable stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
Wrong, 'twas wondrous pitiful: [strange; She
wished, she had not heard; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And bade the world woo her. Upon this hint, I spoke;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
Good Brabantio, [too.]
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Iago. I prye you, hear her speak; she
If she confess, that she was half the wooser,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Duke. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided dnty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you: you are the lord of duty,
And hither your daughter; But hear'st my hus-
And so much duty as my mother shew'd [band;
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

But. God be with you!—I have done:
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor: I here do give thee that with all my heart,
That you wish hast already, with all my heart:
I would keep from thee—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sen-
tence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To more have mischief than past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be prevent'd when fortune takes
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
[tief; The robb'd, that smilies, steals something from the
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears.
But the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, most of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear, [esr.
That the bruist'hart was pierced through the
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have thought it wise to give you a substitute of most careful suspicion, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you; you must therefore be content to slumber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and bolsterous expedition. The true custom, most grave we senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down; I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity, I find in hardiness; and do undertake That present wars against the present. Most humble therefore bending to your state, I crave fit disposition for my wife; Due reference of place, and exhibition; With such accommodation, and besor, As lets with her breeding. If you please, Be't at her father's. 

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honestly Iago, My Desdemona I leave to thee, I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her; And bring them after in the best advantage.— Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour Of love, of worldly matters and direction, To spend with them, most grave we senators.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.


Rod. It is sliiness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years! and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitten lusts; whereas if I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thy blind passions, and give up thy mind; 'tis now that I 'dress me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable touchless; I could never better steady thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an unsuspected ardor; I say, pay. in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—but put money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his love, she will find other choice. She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse,—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy self! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Will thou be false to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me!—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold
Othello

Act 2.

him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport,
There are many events in the womb of time,
which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide
thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow.
Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you? Iago. No more of dawning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in
your purse. [Exit Roderigo.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purses:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for more suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume-up my will;
A double knavery.—How? Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor, he thinks, is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, but that seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.

I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night,
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano and Two Gentlemen.

Mont. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mont. Well, sea, the wind hath spoke aloud at
A fuller blast ne'er shock our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

A separation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
Seems to cast water on the burning bare,
[main,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchasfed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheathed and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
of comfort,

To touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe: for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!—
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Ros. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well ship'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry,—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour-

[Gun heard.

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit. Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general well?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieve'd a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that exells the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential venture of creation,
[In?
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had a most favourable and happy
speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
The thunder'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteed to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
[tain,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A seem'dnight's speed.—Great Iove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and
Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on ever hand,
Enwheels thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

Cas. What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. They great contention of the sea, and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark: a sail.

[Cry within. A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.
ACT 2.  THE MOOR OF VENICE.

[3 Gent. They give their greeting to the citizen: This likewise is a friend.]

[Enter Gentleman.]

[Good ancient, you are welcome—Welcome, mistress:]

[To Emilia.]

Let it not wear your patience, good Iago. That I extended my manners: tis my breeding That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [Kissing her.]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips, And her tongue she oft bestows on me, You'd have enough. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much:
I find it still, when I have list to sleep: Marry, before your ladyship, I grant, She is not a little to her heart, And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors.

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens, Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, Players in your housewifery, and housewives in.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer! [your beds.]

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk; You rise, and play so, to go to bed. Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou hadst praise?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the
Iago. Ay, madam. [harbour?]

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize;

For that her folly help'd her to an hour:

But my muse labours, And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other use'th it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For that her folly help'd her to an hour;

But these are fond paradoxes, to make fools
Laugh 't the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet never was loud;

Never lank'd gold, and yet never went gay;

Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:

She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,

Sees suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To saddle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—

Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you. Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, my love; I will give thee in courtship, you say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your leutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good, I'll well kiss! [Trumpet.] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caio. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello! Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wak'n'd death! And let the labouring bank climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be happy: for, I fear,
My soul hath her contention to bed with us;
That nor another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid, But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, this, the greatest discords be,
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. O, you are well turn'd now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle—

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well with in Cyprus.
I have found great love amongst them: O my sweet, I prattie out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pray thee, good Iago, Go to the bay, and disembar thy coffers:
Bring thou the shore to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona, Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attend.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.

Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me.
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him I why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for praying? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there shall be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—
loveness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:
Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate temper will find itself abused, begin to hate the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as
Cassio does? a knife very valuable; no farther conceivable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knife; a finder of occasions; that has an eye to stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage may be hid: A deceptive knife! besides, the knife is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knife; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed puddling! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshalled the way, hard at hands comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: But, thou, in mine eye: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, tarnishing his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall make more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, when he is truculent, he may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadell: I must fetch his necessary ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. To Cassio loves her, I do well believe it: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth work my blood in my inward veins; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,— If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,— For I have Cassio with my night-cap too: Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet. Everything that here, but yet confus'd; Knavey's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into trimness: some to dance; some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his ambition leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials; So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night; Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion. 

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, let no one standing, with my personal eye
I will look to.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
[love,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; 
[To Desdemona.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attend.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock; Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the insinuity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants do.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do it; but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some old time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the chime that to his sleep
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It was well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Aside Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingrate infirmity,
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[Cry within.—Help! Help! Help!

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knife!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twigg'n bottle.
Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [Slaying him.
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[Aside to Roder. who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir!—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant: hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he
Oth. Hold, for your lives. [Dies.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
Shame! [this?

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:—
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Hold his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle [ters
From her propriety.—What is the matter, mas-
Honest Iago, that look'rt dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitt'd men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;—
And would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!—

Oth. How comes it, Michael you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak. Oth. Man, thou dost wrong me. The gravity and stillness of your youth. The world hath noted, and your name is great In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter, That you unlace your reputation thus, And spend your rich opinion, for the name Of a night-boy? I give you answer to it.  

Non. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger; Your officer, Iago, can inform you— [me;— While I spare speech, which something now offends Of what I am knowed: nor know I aught By me that's said or done amiss this night; Unless self-charity be sometime a vice, And to defend ourselves it be a sin, When violence assails us.

Oth. False hope! Now, by heaven, My blood begins my safer guides to rule; And passion having my best judgment collied, Assays to lead the way: If I once stir, Or do but lift this arm, the best of you Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know How this foul outrage began, who set it on; And he that is approved in this offence, Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth, Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war, Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, To manage affairs and disquiet, but in night, and on the court and guard of safety! 'Tis monstrous—Iago, who began it? Non. If partially affin'd, or I-ag'd in office, Thou dost deliver more or less than truth, Thou art no soldier. Iago. Touch me not so near: I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth, Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth Shall nothing wrong him.—This is, generally Montano and myself being in speech, There comes a fellow, crying out for help; And Cassio following him with determin'd sword, To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause; Myself the erring fellow did pursue, Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,) The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot, Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather For that I heard the clink and fall of swords, And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night, I ne'er might say before: When I came back, (For this was brief,) I found them close together, At blow, and thrust: even as again they were, When you yourself did part them. More of this matter can I not report.— But men are men: the best sometimes forget: Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,— As men in rage strike those that wish them best,— Yet, sorely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd, From him that fled, some strange indignity, Which patience could not pass.  

Oth. I know, Iago, Thy honesty and love doth mirrour this matter, Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I love thee; But never more be officer of mine.  

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up; — I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear? Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to Sir, for your hurts, [bed.  

Myself will be your surgeon; Lead him off.  

To Montano, who is led off.  

Iago, look with care about the business. And silence those whom this viev brawli distracted. Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life, To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.  

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?  

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.  

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!  

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.— My reputation is my life; Iago, my reputation.  

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and best lost for nothing. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offencless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he is your's.  

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive a good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!  

Iago. What was he that thou followed with your sword? What had he due to you?  

Cas. I know not.  

Iago. Is it possible?  

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinct. I do but mistake, and nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!  

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?  

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.  

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not been fallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.  

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.  

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you not.  

Cas. I have well approved it, sir;—I drink!  

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces;—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds more in her good graces not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.  

Cas. You advise me well.  

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.  

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will bespeak the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.  

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.  

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.  

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain?  

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgel'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more fortune, I'll pursue my condition into his ear—That she repeats him for his body's lust: And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general. [Musick.

Enter Clowm.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak 'tithose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard, 'tis again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air: a wheeler. [Exeunt Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend? I hear you.

Cas. Prythee, keep up thy quittles. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exeunt.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend. — In happy time, Iago. Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: My suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [Exeunt.

Cas. I humbly thank you, sir. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies, That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom, He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you; And needs no other suitor, but his likenings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,— If you think fit, or that it may be done,— Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in; I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, to the bee and the state: That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know, it grieves my As if the case were his. [husband

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, But I will leave my lord and you again [Cassio, As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant. Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord: You have known him long; and be you well assur'd, He shall in straitness worth no further off Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady That policy may either last so long,
Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Des. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well, Do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think that he would steal away so guilty-like, [it,

Seeing you coming. Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord, If I have any grace, or power to move you, His present reconciliation take;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you, That err in ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgment in such honest face: I pray thee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled, That he hath left part of his grief with me; I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other Des. But shall be shortly time.

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home; I meet the captains at the citadel. [morn; Des. Why theu, to-morrow night; or Tuesday
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn; I pray thee, name the time; but let it not Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent; And yet his trespass in our common reason (Save that, they say, the wars must stole examples Out of their best), is not almost a fault To incur a private check: When shall he come? Thus, Othello, I wonder in my soul, What you could ask me, that I should deny, Or stand so hammering on. What! Michael Cassio, That came a wooing with you; and many a time, When I have spoke of you disparagingly, Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do To thrust him in! Trust me, I could do much,— Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will denote thee nothing. [will; Des. Why, this is not a boon; Yet I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or feed on nourishing dishes, to keep you warm; Or sue to you to do peculiar profit To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit, Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, It shall be full of poise and difficulty, And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to myself. Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fauces teach Whate'er you be, I am obedient to you; [Exit, with Emilia.

Oth. Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought; [ask] No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted Go, and with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught is he not honest? [in that?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know I know. Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:—

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that, When Cassio left my wife: What did'st not like? And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou couldst, Indeed? And did'st contract and purseth by brow together, As if thou then had'st shut up thy heart Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me, Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost; And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

There are these stops of thine fright me the more: For such things in a false disloyal knave, Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just, They are close denotements, working from the That passion cannot rule. [heart,

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I cannot be sworn, I think that he is honest. Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem; Or, those that be not would they seem none. Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,

I think, that Cassio is as honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts, As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me; Though I am bound to every act of duty, I am not bound to that all slaves are free to. False— Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and As where's that palace, whereunto foul things Some of their adders, who have a breast so pure, But some uncleanly apprehensions Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit With meditations lawful?—

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess, As, I confess, it is my nature's plague, To spy into abuses; and, oft, my Jesuoly Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjuncts,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering observations:
It was not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

**Oth.**

What dost thou mean?

**Iago.**

Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
Is the immediate jewel of their souls; [lord,
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;]

**Iago.**

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou.
But, 0, what damned minutes tell he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
**Oth.**

O misery!

**Iago.**

Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall not secure:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy?

**Oth.**

Why! why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmisest,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

**Iago.**

I will have the love and duty that I bear you [reason
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:] I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
With your eyes:—the old ensign, he shall be more;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be sub'd; look to't;
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best
conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

**Oth.**

Dost thou say so?

**Iago.**

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

**Oth.**

And so she did.

**Iago.**

Why, go to, then;
She that so young, could give out such a seeming,
To see her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon, [blame;
For too much loving you.

**Oth.**

I am bound to thee for ever.

**Iago.**

I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits,
**Oth.**

Not a jot, not a jot.

**Iago.**

Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see you are
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech [mov'd;
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

**Oth.**

I will not.

**Iago.**

Should you do so, my lord,
My discourse shall fall into such vile success
As my thoughts al'm not at. Cassio's my worthy
My lord, I see you are mov'd; [friend—
**Oth.**

No, not much mov'd—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

**Iago.**

Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

**Oth.**

And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

**Iago.**

Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold
Not to affect many proposed matches, [with you—
Of her own choice, and of her free and lawful degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But, pardon me; I do not in position,
Distinctly speak of it; I though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (haply) repent.

**Oth.**

Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set thy wife to observe; Leave me, Iago.

**Iago.**

My lord, I take my leave.

[Going.

**Oth.**

Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

**Iago.**

My lord, I would, I might entrea' your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),
Yet, if you please to hold it more than this,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time
Let me be thought too, to clear my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear,) Desdemona,
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

**Oth.**

Fear not my government.

**Iago.**

I once more take my leave.

[Exit.

**Oth.**

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not the soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is feted to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

[Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

**Des.**

How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

**Oth.**

I am to blame. [well?

**Des.**

Why is your speech so faint? are you not
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

**Des.**

Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour [again:
It will be well.

**Oth.**

Your napkin is too little;
[He puts the handkerchief from him, and it
drops.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

**Des.**

I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Oth. and Des.]
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin; this was her first remembrance from the Moor: My second husband hath a hundred times woo'd me jealously; but she solveth the token, (For he conjur'd her, she would keep it,) That she reserves it evermore about her, To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out, And give it Iago. What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I; Nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you. Othel's what a thing for me?—it is a common thing. Emil. Ha! Iago. To have a foolish wife. Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now For that same handkerchief? Iago. What handkerchief? Emil. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona; That which so often you did me steal. Iago. Hast stolen it from her? Emil. Thou dost it drop by negligence; And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up. Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me. Emil. What will you do with it, that you have so earnestly To have me flitch it? Iago. Why, what's that to you? [Snatching it. Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import, Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad, When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of it; I have use for it. Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia. I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And let him find it: 'Trifles, light as air, Are important; in their place and use, They assume a grandeur.' [goring, Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that. Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the I swear, tis better to be much abus'd, [rack: Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my lord? Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust? I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me; I slept the next night well, was free and merry; I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all. Iago. I am sorrow to hear this. Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So I had nothing known: O now, for ever, Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the plumed cap, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, The royal banner; and all quality. Farewell the proud, and circumstance of glorious war! And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; [Taking him by the throat. Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, You had better have been born a dog, Than answer my wak'd wrath. Iago. Is it come to this? Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop, [it, To thee in stormy weather; or, woe upon thy life! Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me, Never pray more; abandon all remorse; On horror's head horrors accumulate: Do so to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd, For nothing canst thou to damnation add, Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me! Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?— God be wi' you; take mine office. —O wrangling That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! —fool, O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, To be direct and honest, is not safe.— I thank you for this profit: and, from hence, I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence. Oth. No, no, you stay:—Thou should'st be honest. Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool, And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, I think my life be honest, and think she is not; I think that thou art just, in think thou art not; I'll have some proof; Her name, that was as fresh As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives, Poxion, or fire, or suffocating streams, I'll not endure it. —Would she should be honest. Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion; I do repent me, that I put it to you. You would be satisfied?—Would? nay, I will.

Oth. Iago. And may? But, how? how satisfied, my lord? Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on? Behold her tuppy?—

Oth. Death and damnation! O! Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, To bring them to that prospect; Damn them then, If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster, More than their own! What then? how then? What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? It is impossible, you should see this, Wasting as grim as goats, and leaping as monkeys, As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say, If imputation, and strong circumstances,— Which lead directly to the truth,— Will make you a satisfaction, and may have it. Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal. Iago. I do not like the office: But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,— Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,— I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately; And, being troubled with a raving tooth, I could not sleep. There are a kind of men so loose of soul, That in their sleep's will mutter their affairs; One of this kind is Cassio: In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona, Let us be merry, let us hide our loves! And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand, Cry,—O, sweet creature! and then kiss me hard, As if he pluck'd up kisses by the root; Then, putting my lips, he laid his leg Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then Cry'd,—Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor! O monstrous! monstrous! Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. Oth. But this denoted a false conclusion; 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream. Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs, That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces. Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief, dyed red with strawberries, in your wife's hand? Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift. Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief, (I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day see Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's, It speaks against her, with the other proofs. Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives; One is too poor, too weak for my revenge! Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago; All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven: 'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell! Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne, To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught, For 'tis of spick's tongues! Iago. Pray, be content. Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood! Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea, Whose icy current and compulsory course Never feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontick, and the Hellespont; Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall never look back, nor turn to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven, In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels. I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—[Kneels. Witness, you ever-burning lights above! Those elements that clip us round about! Witness, that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command, And to obey shall be in me remorse, That bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love, Not with a thanks, but with acceptance bound And will upon the instant put thee to't: [seous, Within these three days let me hear thee say, That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your return. But let her live! [quest: Cost her a charm her, lewed minx! O, damn her! Come, go with me apart: I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant. Iago. I am your own for ever. [Execunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Where to? Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer. Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit. Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse.

Full of crusades. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was Drew all such humours from him. [born, Emill. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady;—[Aside.] O, hard- ness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow. Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart; Hot, hot, and moist! This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands:

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your Oth. What promise, chuck? [promise. Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sudden rheum offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

Tho' a charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it, 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, Or made a gift of it, my father's eye Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me; And bid me, when my fate would have me wise, To give it her. I did so: and take heed of, Make it a darling like your precious eye; To lose or give't away, were such perdition, As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's magick in the web of it: A sibyl, that had number'd in the world The sun to make two hundred compasses, In her prophetick fury sew'd the work: The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk; And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! 'tis true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.


Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha! I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind
revives.

Des. Come, Cousin Othello; thou wilt
never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief:

Des. 

A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love,

Shad'd dangers with you:—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth, You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit Othello.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief; I

am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:—

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my hus-

band.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,

That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransome me into his love again,

But I know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a fore'd content,

And shunt myself up in some other course,

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.

So help me, every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blank of his displeasure,

For my free speech: You must a while be patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will,

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air;

And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother,—And can he be angry?

Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pray thee, do so.—Something, sure of

state.— [Exit Iago.

Either from Venice; or some unmatch'd practice,

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—

Hath palled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,

Mec's natures wrangle with inferior things,

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;

For let our finger aches, and it indues

Our other healthful members even to that sense

Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;

Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia, I

was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)—

And bearing his unkindness with my soul;

But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,

And he's induit falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you

And no conception, nor no jealous toy, [think;

Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be awser'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,

Begotten upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's

Emil. Lady, amen. [wind! [Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here.

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit, [about:

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. [Exit.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio! [Enter Bianca.

Cas. What make you from home?

Bian. How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'd faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Cas. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

Bian. What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca; I

have this white with leaden thoughts benne

But I shall, in a more continuative time, [pressed,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.

Take me this work out.

O, Cassio! whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the feit absence now I feel a cause:

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!

Throw your vile guesses at the devil's teeth, [now,

From whence you have them. You are jealous,

That this is from some mistress, some remem-

No, in good troth, Bianca. [brance.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my cham-

I like the work well; ere it be demanded, [ber.

(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say, if I shall see you so much at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.'

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. What?

Iago. To be in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,

An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is impossible! I tell thee against the devil.

I hey that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempers, and they tempt

heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give her a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord: and, being

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;

May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot
This said fit, O; it comes o'er my memory, [it —
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Oth. Ay, what of that?
Iago. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, — as knaves he such abroad,
Who having, by their own unprofitable suit,
Or voluntary doatage of some mistress,
Conceded or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said he?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! — We say, lie on her,
when they belie her: Lie with her! that's
falsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,— handker-
chief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.
He, to be but hanged, and then to confess— I tremble at it.
Nature would not invest herself in
such shadowing passion, without some instruction.
It is not words, that shake me thus: —Pish! —
Noses, ears, and lips: —Is it possible? — Con-
fess! — Handkerchief! — O devil!
[FFalls in a trance.
Iago. Work on, [caught;
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
[Enter Cassio.
My lord, I say! Othello! — How now, Cassio?
Cas. What is the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit: he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness, look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[Exit Cassio.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven;
Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man,
Oth. A hurried man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous
And many a civil monster.
Oth. He did confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That mightily lie in those improper beds,
Which they dare speak peculiar; your case is best,
'Tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, [ter.
To lip a wanont in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall
Oth. O, thou art wise; —tis certain. [be.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confiue yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your
A commission most unseeling such a man, [grief
Cassio came hither; I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encase yourself,
And mark the fencers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello withdraws.
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,— as tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter — Here he comes:—
[Re-enter Cassio.
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Fly Desdemona well, and you are sure of it.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power.
[Speaking lower.
How quickly should you speed?
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so. [me.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think I'll, she loves
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[Aside.
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Cas. I marry her! —what? a customer! I pray thee,
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so! They very laugh that win. [Aside.
Iago. Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry
Cas. Prythee, say true. [her.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is
thus disarmed I will be marry, her, out of her own love
and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[Aside.
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me
in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the
sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes
this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my
neck:—
Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gestures
imports it. [Aside.
Cas. So hangs, and rolls and weeps upon me; so
hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! [Aside.
Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my
chamber: 0, I see that nose of yours, but not that
I shall throw it to. [Aside.
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.
[Enter Bianca.
Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed
one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What
did you mean by that same handkerchief you
gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it.
I must take out the whole work?— A likely piece of
work, that you should find it in your chamber, and
not know who left it there! This is some mim's
token, and I must take out the work? There,—give
your hobby-horse: whereasover you had it, I'll
take out no work on'.
Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? How
now?—
Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!
[Aside.
Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next
prepared for. [Exit.
Iago. After her, after.
Cas. 'Faith, I must, she'll rain in the street else.
Iago. Will you sup there?
Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I
would very fain speak with you.
Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?
_Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.
Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his
vice?
Oth. O, Iago!
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he
prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it
him, and he hath given it his whore.
Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned
to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is
burned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.
0, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she
might lie by an emperor's side, and command him
tasks.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So de-
icate with her needle!—An admirable musician,
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—
Of so high and plentiful wit and invention!
Iago. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then,
of so gentle a condition!
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain: But let the pity of it,
Iago—Ay, go, the pity of it, Iago!
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
her pattern to offend; for, if it touch not you, it
comes near nobody.
Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!
Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—
It'll not expotulate with her, lest her body
and beauty unprovoke my mind again:—this night,
Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangling her in her
bed, then the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very
good.
Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his under-
You shall hear more by midnight. [taker:
Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that
same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodo-
vico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with
Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.
Iago. Save you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
Iago. Give him a packet.
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[Opens the packet and reads.
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovi-
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; [co?
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will. 
[Reads.
Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To avenge them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed?
Des. Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [Striking her.
Lod. Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you.
[Going.
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress.
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Des. Who, I, my lord? [turn:
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away,
I'll send for you anon,—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice:—Hence, avaut!
[Exit Desdemona.
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and mon-
kies! 
[Exit.
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call—All-in-all sufficient?—This the noble
Nature Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
Censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault? 
Iago. Alas, alas! It is not honesty in me, to speak
him; What I have seen and known. You shall observe
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[Exeunt.
SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o’the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor Emil. Never, my lord. [nothing? Oth. That’s strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest, Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other, Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch hath put this in your head, Let heaven requite it with the serpent’s curse! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There’s no man happy; the purest of their wives Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go. [Exit Emilia.

She says enough;—yet she’s a simple bard, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore, A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets, And yet she’ll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do’t.

Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy’s this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To Emilia.

Leave prooceans alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come;
Your mystery, your mystery—nay, despatch.


Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lost, being like one of heaven, the devils them- selves Should fear to seise thee: therefore be double- Swear—thou art honest.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am O Desdemona!—away! away! away! Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep? Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord? If, haply, you my father do suspect, An instrument of this your calling back, Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him, Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas’d heaven To try me with affliction; had he rain’d All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head; Steep’d me in poverty to the very lips; Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes; I should have found in some part of my soul A drop of patience: but [alas!] to make me A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,— 0 ! Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: But there, where I have garner’d up my heart; Where either I must live, or bear no life; The fountain from which my current runs, Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-hipp’d cherubin; Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles, That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, Who art so lovely, and smell’d so sweet, That the sense aches at thee. Would, thou hadst ne’er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, Made to write whore upon? What committed! Committed! O thou public commoner! I should make very forges of my cheeks, That would to cinders burn up modesty, Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed! Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks; The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets, Is hurl’d within the hollow mine of earth, And will not hear it: What committed! Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a christian: If to preserve this vessel for my lord, From any other foul unlawful touch, Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then: I took you for that cunning whore of Venice, That married with Othello.—You, mistress, Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter, And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you! We have done our course; there’s money for your pains; I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.


Emil. Good madam, what’s the matter with my Des. With who?

Oth. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer you, I will; But what should go by water. Pr’ythee, to-night Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember; And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [Exit. Des. ‘Tis meet I should be us’d so, very meet. How have I been behav’d, that he might stick The smallest opinion on my great’st abuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks: He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to suffering. What’s the matter, lady? Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhir’d her, Thrown such despe and heavy terms upon her, As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady? Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was. Emil. He call’d her, whore; a beggar, in his drink, Could not have lain such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so? [such.

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas the day
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches, Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be called—where? would not not one Des. It is my wretched fortune. [weep? Iago. Beshrew him for it! How comes this trick upon him? Des. Nay, heaven doth know. Iago. I will be hang'd; if some external villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, Some coggling cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd, else. Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible. Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him! Emil. A halter pardon him I and hell gnaw his bones! Why shonld he call her, whore? who keeps her company? [hood? What place? what time? what form? what like! The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave, Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:— O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold; And put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascal all through the world, Even from the east to the west! Iago. Speak within door. Emil. O, fye upon him! some such squire he was, That turn'd your wit the seamy side without, And did you to suspect me with the Moor. Iago. You are a fool; go to. Des. O good Iago, What shall I do to win my lord again? Good friend, go to him: for, by this light of heaven, I know it will be lost. Here I kneel:— If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed; Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense, Delighted them in any other form; Or that I did, by some yet, and ever did, And ever will,—though he do shake me off To beggarly divortement,—love him dearly, Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much; And his unkindness may defeat my life, But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore; It does abhor me, now I speak the word; To do the act that might the addition earn. Not the world's mass of vanity could make me. Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour; The business of the state does him offence, And he does chide with you. [If 'twere no other, Des. Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets. Hark, how these instruments summon to supper, And the great messengers of Venice stay To in, and weep:—all things shall be well. [Execut Desdemona and Emilia. Enter Roderigo. How now, Roderigo? Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me. Iago. What in the contrary? Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all convenience, than supersist me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuad'd, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd. Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo? Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together. Iago. You charge me most unjustly. Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted my stout You. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none. Iago. Well; go to; very well. Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fooled in it. Rod. Very well. Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you. Iago. You have said now. Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing. Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair. Rod. It hath not appeared. Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,— this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life. Rod. Well, what is it? Is it within reason, and compassable? Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place. Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice. Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the kinsman Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio. Rod. How do you mean—removing of him? Iago. Do you not make my uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains. Rod. And that you would have me do? Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honorable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me: I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. Rod. I will hear further reason for this. Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Execut. SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle. Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants. Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.OTH. pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk. Lod. Most welcome, good night; I humbly thank your honour is most welcome. [Jadshiy. Oth. Will you walk, sir?— Des. My lord? Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done. Des. I will, my lord. [Execut Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants. Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than Des. He says, he will return incontinent; [he did. He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you. Dismiss me! Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia; Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu; We must not now displease him.
Act V.

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Des. Why, the wrong is but a wrong the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Des. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults, if wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite; [grace, Why, we have gallas; and, though we have some Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell, And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think, it is; And doth affection breed it? I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs? It is so too; And have we not affections? Desires for sport; and frailty, as men have? Then, let them use us well; else, let them know, The ill we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send, Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!  [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home: Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow; It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and, take thy sword.  [Retires to a little distance.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone—forth, my sword; he dies.  [Goes to his stand.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio, Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bob'd from him, As gifts to Desdemona: It must not be: if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life, That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril; No, he must die.—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.  [Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed But that my coat is better than thou think'st; I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.

Rod. O, I am slain!  [Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit Cas. I am main'd for ever—Help, ho! murder, murder!  [Falls,

3E2
Enter Othello, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so
Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thon testeach me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your false lies apace:—Strumpet, I come:—
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very dire.

Cas. O, help! [full.

Rod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Rod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeit;—let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a light.

Rod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Rod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Rod. What's the same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spilt! undone by villains!

Gra. Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To Lodovico and Gratiano.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderons slave! O villain!

Iago. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men 'tis the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town! H'm! murther! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Rod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Rod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

[To Cassio.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that
Iago. Who is't that cry'd? [cry'd?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you?

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To speak to him:—easily hence—[Cassio! 

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury:—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman.
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?


Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

Iago. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said:—

The chair:—[A chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To Bianca.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,

What, look you pale? O bear him out o' the air.—

[Cassio and Rod. are borne off.

Stay you good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gnostiess of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:—
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Alas, good gentlemen! alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, miss,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet! Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

What's the news, I pray? This is the night, [Aside.

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: Desdemona in bed asleep. A Light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Yet must not name it to you, nor chase these stats:—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light. [If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me—but once put out thine,
That cunningst pattern of a kindling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
I cannot give it vital growth again; [thy rose,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was never so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She waketh—
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Seek for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forefend.—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hump! 
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why should I fear, I
know not.
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I, I fear,
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you. 
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest. [loving.—
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip? 
Some bloody passion shake your very frame;
These are portents; but yet I, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Des. I will so: What's the matter?
That handkerchief, which I so lov'd,
And thou gav'st to Cassio. [gave thee,
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him. 
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed. 
Take heed of perjury: thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently: Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. 
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token. [hand,
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
Or peri'urd woman! I thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He'll not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd; Honest Iago hath ta'en order fort.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead? 
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, trumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, trumpet! 
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour. 
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause. 
But while I say one prayer. 
Oth. It is too late. [He smothereth her. 
Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho! 
your lord! 
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet! 
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; [quite dead I
would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.
Emil. [Within.] What ho, my lord! my lord! 
Oth. [Within.] Who's there? 
Oth. [Within.] O, good my lord, I would speak 
a word with you. 
[dead.
Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia:—by and by:—She's
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death; 
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving? 
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Weren't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O insupportable! O insupportable! 
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yaw in alteration.
Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you I may speak
O, good my lord!—[with you, 
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
Emil. Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee 
now? 
[Unlock the door.

Enter Emilia. 
Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder
Oth. What? now? 
[done.
Emil. But now, my lord! 
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Ve-
Call'd—Roderigo. 
[netian,
Oth. And Cassio kill'd? 
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd. 
Oth. Not. Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of
And sweet revenge grows harsh. 
[tune, 
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd! 
Emil. Alas; what cry is that? 
Oth. That! what? 
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again! 
Sweet Desdemona! I, sweet mistress, speak! 
Des. A guiltyess death I die. 
Emil. 
O, who hath done 
This deed? 
Des. Nobody: I myself; farewell! 
Emil. Command me to my kind lord! O, farewell. [Dies. 
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd? 
Emil. Alas, who knows? 
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I. 
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth. 
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell! 
'Twas I that kill'd her. 
Emil. O, the more angel she, 
And you the blacker devil! 
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore. 
Emil. Thou dost belittle her, and thou art a devil. 
Oth. She was false as water. 
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say 
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true! 
Oth. Cassio did tup her: ask thy husband else.
Othello, I did not,
D'ye think I was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
I, too, might have made me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. What needs this literancy, woman? I say, thy husband.

He, woman;
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain in a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha! Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Emil. Thon hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O guilt! O do it!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee know,
Though I lost twenty lives: —Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Grattiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? — How now, general? —
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well.

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak; let your heart be full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie: —
She false with Cassio! — Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. No, I chide not, master; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!
I think upon't, — I think, — I smell't: — O villainy! —
I thought so then: — I'll kill myself for grief: —
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Hanging over his wife.]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul! — [Rising.

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
More than cold thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it,
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognition and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers! —
Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out; — I hold my peace.
No, I will speak as liberal as the air; —
[Shr?]
Let heaven bless these men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon; —
A better never did itself sustain

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband:
For a present with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He heeg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And did give it my husband.

Gra. Neither am I, nor valiant neither,
But ever upon my sword.

[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.

Oth. You must tell me:

[Re-enter Iago:

What did thy song bode, lady? —

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And thou the siren, — Whore, willow.

And Cassio, was she chaste? she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, — I die.

[Dies. Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper: —
O, here it is — Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop!—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid thou who do see weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at comfit,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,
Even like thy chastity.—O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down galls of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter Lodovico, Mostano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet:—but that's a fable.

If that thou wert a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Iago]

Lod. Wench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my soul, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
Who shall be said to thee?

Oh. Why, any thing:—An honourable murderer, if you will;—
'Et fought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy;
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Yes.

Cass. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know,
you know:
From this time forth I will never speak word.

Oth. What? not to pray?

Iago. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n, which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter, sound in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; and here, another: the one of them imports the death of Cassio to be undertook by Roderigo.

Oth. O villain! —

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and, 'tis seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain; But that, belike, Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious one! —

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber; And he himself confess'd, but even now, That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose, Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool! —

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,— How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came That I was cast: And even but now he spake, After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him, Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,— If there be any cunning cruelty; That can torment him much, and hold him long. It shall be his:—You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state,—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go. I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate, [speak Nor set down aught in malice: then must you Nor set down aught in malice: then must you Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well; Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought, Perplex'd in the extreme: of one, whose hand, Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd Albeit unused to the melting mood, [eyes, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum: Set you down this: And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state, I took by the throat the circumcised dog, And smote him too. — [State himself Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee,—No way but this, [Falling upon Desdemona. Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. — [Dies. Cass. This did I fear, but thought he had no For he was great of heart. — [weapon; Lod. O Spartan dog, More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea! Look on the tragick loading of this bed; —[To Iago. This is thy work: the object poisings sight;— Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house, And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor, For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor, Remains the censure of this hellish villain; The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it! Myself will straight a board; and, to the state, This heavy act with heavy heart relate. —[Exeunt.

END OF THE PLAYS.
GLOSSARY.

ABATE, to depress, sink, subdue.
ABC-book, a catechism.
Abjurations, service persons.
 Able, to qualify or uphold.
Abortive, issuing before its time.
Absent, highly accomplished.
Abused, deceived. [perfect.
Ably, to pay dear for.
Abysm, abyss.
Accuse, accusation.
Achieve, to obtain.
Acquittance, requalit.
Action, direction by mute signs,
charge or accusation.
Action-taking, litigious.
Additions, titles or descriptions.
Address, to make ready.
Addressed, or address, ready.
Advance, to prefer, to raise to ho-
advance, contradiction.
Adventurism, admonition.
Advocating, attentive.
Advice, consideration, discretion, thought.
Advice, to consider, recollect.
Advised, not precipitant, cool.
Affard, afraid. [cautious.
Afflict, love.
Affection, affection, imagination,
disposition, quality.
Affectioned, affected.
Affections, passions, inordinate de-
approximately, confirmed. [sire.
Affright, brothed.
Affirmed, joined to affinity.
Affront, to meet or face.
Affy, to brothet in marriage.
Aglet-baby, a diminutive being.
Agnize, acknowledge, confess.
A-good, in good earnest.
Ainsworth, the nest of an eagle or hawk.
Aim, guess, encouragement, sus-
picion.
Alder-tiefast, beloved above all.
Als, a merry meeting [things.
Alms, to approve.
Almanac, approbation.
Amaze, to perplex or confuse.
Amae-ace, the lowest chance of
the dice.
Amor, sunk and dispirited.
An, as if.
Anchor, archoret.
Ancient, an ensign.
Anight, in the night.
Annoyer, retaliation.
Anthropophaginian, a cannibal.
Antick, the fool of the old farces.
Antiquity, old age.
Anuses, caves and dens.
Apparent, seeming, not real, their
apparent, or next claimant.
Appeal, to accuse.
Appeared, rendered apparent.
Apply, to attend to, to consider.
Appointment, preparation.
Apprehension, opinion.
Apprehensive, quick to understand.
Approval, entry on probation.
Approach, proof, approbation.
Approach, to justify, to make good,
to establish, to recommend to
approbation.
Approved, felt, experienced, con-
victed by proof.
Approvers, persons who try.
Aqua-vita, strong waters.
Arbitrate, to determine.
Arch, chief.
Argentine, silver.
Argular, Aligiers [galleons.
Argogies, ships of great burthen.
Argument, subject for conversa-
tion, evidence, proof.
Arm, to take up in the arms.
Aroinant, avrait, be gone.
A-sent, successively, one after
Art, practice as distinguished from
theory.
Articulate, to enter into articles.
Articulated, exhibited in articles.
Artificial, ingenious, artful.
As, as if.
Aspect, countenance.
Assent, sprinkling.
Assay, test.
Assinago, a hell-st.
Assurance, conveyance or deed.
Assured, affianced.
Astranger, a falconer.
Ates, instigation from Ate, the
mischievous goddess that in-
cites bloodshed.
Atoms, minute particles dis-
cernible in a stream of sun-
shine that breaks into a dark-
ened room, atoms.
Atone, to reconcile.
Attested, reprehended, corrected.
Atrributed, belied for.
Atten, attentive.
Attorney, deputation.
Attenegie, the discreetional
agency of another.
Attorney, supplied by substi-
tution of embassies [or gives
Attributive, that which attributes
Avaunt, contemptuous dismission.
Averring, confirming.
Audacious, spirited, animated.
Audrey, a corruption of Ethel-
dreda [tions.
Augurs, auguries or prognostics.
Aukward, adverse [the learned
Authentic, an epistle applied to
Awful, revered, worshipful.
Awless, not producing awe.
B.
Baccare, stand back, give place.
Bale, misery, calamity.
Balfeul, baneful.
Balfeul, baneful.
Balked, bathed or piled up.
Balm, the oil of consecration.
Band, bond.
Bandge, village dog, or mastiff.
Bank, to sail along the banks.
Banishing, cursing.
Banquet, a slight reflection, a de-
Bans, curses [sert.
Barrier, a manner.
Barbed, caparisoned in a warlike
Barful, full of impediments.
Barm, yeast.
Barn, or bairn, a child.
Barnacle, a kind of shell-fish.
Bates, dishonoured [son-base.
Bases, a rustic game, called pri-
Bases, a kind of dress used by
knights on horseback.
Basilisk, a species of cannon.
Baste, Spanish, 'tis enough.
Bastard, raisin wine.
Bat, a club or staff.
Bat, strive, contention.
Bat, to flutter as a hawk.
Battel, an instrument used by
washers of clothes.
Batten, to grow fat.
Battle, army.
Bawin, brushwood.
Bawcock, a jolly cock.
Bay, the space between the main
beams of a roof.
Bay-window, bow window, one
in a recess.
Belt, the forecastle, or the fores
Beard, to oppose in a hostile
manner, to set at defiance.
Beating, carriage, demeanour.
Bearing-cloth, a mantle used at
christenings.
Beat, in falconry, to flutter.
Beating, hammering, dwelling
Beaver, helmet in general [upon
Beck, a salutation made with the
Becomed, became, to give the
Beetle, to hang over the base
Being, abode.
Besagings, endowments.
Be-mate, be-measure.
Be-moiled, be-draggled, be-mired.
Bending, unequal to the weight.
Benefit, beneficiary [passion.
Bent, the utmost degree of any
Benumbed, inflexible, immovable.
Beatrem, ill-bes.
Beat, bravest.
Beatrowned, left, stowed, or lodged.
Beatrafted, distraught or destruct-
ed [permit or suffer.
Beat to, to pour out, to
Beverly, betray, discover
Beconian, a term of reproach.
Bid, to invite, to pray.
Bidding, place, abiding.
Bigging, a kind of cap.
Bilberry, the whortleberry.
Bilbo, a Spanish blade of peculiar
excellence.
Bilboes, a species of fetters.
Bill, a weapon carried by watch-
men, a label, or advertisement,
articles of accusation.
Bird-bolt, a species of arrow.
Bisson, blind.
GLOSSARY.

Detected, charged or guilty
Determined, ended
Dibble, an instrument used by gar-
Dich, dit or do it [deners
Dickon, familiarly for Richard
Dict, regimen
Die, to oblige to fast
Diffused, extravagant, irregular
Digness, to deviate from the right
Dissension, transgression
Dint, impression
Direction, judgment, skill
Disable, to undervalue
Disappointed, unprepared
Disclose, to hatch
Dissembling, discontentsed
Discontents, malcontents
Discourse, reason
Disdained, disdainful
Disease, uneasiness, discontent
Diseases, sayings
Disgrace, hardship, injury
Dislimns, dissepiments
Diseases, diseases
Disgrace, disgrace
Disclose, disclose
Dint, old time, or persons
Dispose, discharge as a sponge
Disput, to make terms, to settle
matters
Disposition, frame
Disputable, disputatious
Discourse, to talk over
Dissemble, to gloss over
Dissembling, putting dissimilar
things together.
Distaste, to corrupt, to change
to a worse state
Dint, drunkenness, intoxication
Distemper, perturbation
Distempered, ruffled, out of hu-
mour
Distractions, detachments, sepa-
rate.
Distraught, distracted
Disdained, turned out of the course
Divided, divided
Division, the pauses or parts of
musical composition
Divulged, spoken of
Doctrine, skill
Doj, see Daff
Dole, lot, allowance
Dolphin, the Dauphin of France
Don, to do on, to put on
Done, extended, consumed
Dotted, dotted
Double, full of duplicity
Double, to fear
Dout, to do out, extinguish
Drawing, a feather
Down, being, hanging down like
what confines the fettles round
the ancles
Draff, whoring
Draught, the jakes
Dread, embowed, exonerated
Dread, epithet applied to kings
Drew, assembled
Dribbling, a term of contempt
Drive, to fly with impetuously
Drunk, to be now performed by
Drugs, drudges [puppets
Drum, to act lazily and stupidly
Dry, thirsty
Drum, the handle of a dagger
Due, to endure, to deck, to grace
Dull, melancholy, gentle, soothing
[ble
Dull, to render callons, insensible
Dullard, a person stupidly uncon-
cerned
Dump, a mournful elegy
Dup, to do up, to lift up

E.

Eager, sour, sharp, harsh
Eagles, lambs just dropt
Ear, to plough
Easy, right, incon siderable
Echo, to eke out [dus
Ecstasy, alienation of mind, mad-
ness,
Effects, affects, or affections, ac-
tions, deeds effected
Effect, deft, readily
Egypt, a gift
Eld, old time, or persons
Element, initiation, previous
practice
Embodied, inclosed, swollen, puffy
Embarrassed, embarrassed
Embarmosed, embonpoint
I Eminence, high honours
Empire, dominion, sovereign
command [contention
Emulation, rivalry, envy, factious
Emulous, jealous of higher antho-
ny,
Encourage, to hide [rity
Endeavour, to invest with possession
Engine, instrument of war, mili-
tary, armament, the rack
Engross, to fasten, to pamper
Engrossments, accumulations
Enkindle, to stimulate
Emmure, to coop up
Enclose, to protect as with a for-
some
Ensembled, grey
Enshiled, shielded
Entertain, to retain in service
Entertainment, the pay of an
army, admission to office
Entreatments, the objects of end
Eyes, hatred or malice [treaty
Ephesian, a cant term for a toper
Equipe, to equip, to supply
Erring, wandering
Escaped, paid
Eaul, a river so called, or virgin
Esmer, the motto of the Percy
Espials, spies
Essential, essential, real
Estimate, price
Estimation, conjecture
Eterne, eternal [equal, fellow
Ever, calm, equable, temperate
Even, to act, to employ, to ex-
amine, questioned, doubted
Excrement, the beard
Excrements, the hair, nails, fea-
thers of birds, &c.
Execute, to employ, to put to use
Execution, employment or exer-
ction, executioners [cise
Exempt, excluded
Exemption, excommunication, re-
xonation, lecture, or
Exhale, hale or lug out
Exhibition, allowance
Existent, end [spirits
Exorcist, a person who can raise
Expect, expectation
Expedient, expediency, expeditions
Expense, fully completed
Expostulate, to inquire or discon-
science
Exposures, exposure
Express, to reveal
Expressed, expelled
Expressive, expressive, contemplible, abso-
luate, to seize [minable
Extent, in law, violence in general
Extenst, outward
Expelled, rooted out
Extracting, that which draws
away from every thing but its own
object
Extravagant, wandering

Extremes, extravagance of con-
duct, extremities
Eyeless, young nestlings
Eyes, a small shade of colour
Eyeballs, glances, looks. See Ori-
Eye, eyes

F.

Face, to carry a foolish appear-
ance
Faced, turned up with facing
Facious, active
Facials, medicinal virtues, of-
fice, exercise of power
Fadge, to suit or fit
Facing, the burthen of a song
Fain, fond
Fair, beauty, complexion, fairness
Fair-betrothed, fairly contracted,
honourably affianced
Faith, fidelity
Faithful, not an infidel
Fairness, without any stain
Fall, to let fall, to drop
Fall, an ebb
False, to make false
Falsely, dishonestly, treacherous
False, falsifying
Familiar, a demon
Fancy, love [power of love
Fancy-free, exempt from the
Fear, to seize or gripe
Falsehood, and possessors of fangs
Fan, ancient
Fantastical, creatures of fancy
Fan, drank
Far, extensively
Fare, sufficed
Fashions, farces or fancy
Fast, determined, fixed
Fat, dull [ fate
Fate, an action predetermined by
Flour, countenance, features,
indulgence, pardon, appearance
Fear, the object of fear, danger
Fear, to intimidate
Fears, frightened
Fears, temporal, timorous, formidable
Feast, ready, dexterous
Feast, an exploit
Feasted, formed, made neat
Feature, beauty in general, cast
and make of the face
Federary, a confederate
Feedings, a peculiar sorrow
Fedder, an eater, a servant
Fee, or Phere, a companion, a
Fee, footing [husband
Feast, a, a
Fell, feasts, savage practices
Fellow, companion [fence
Fence, the art of, or skill in de-
Fendary, an accomplice, a con-
Fence, skill, corrupt [federate
Festinately, hastily
Festivals, terms, splendid phraseo-
lon, fetched
Fet, in short, in few words
Field, in the field of battle
Fierce, proud, haughty, vehement,
Fie, to insult [rapid
Field, cloths, clothes bound round a
ship to conceal the men from the
enemy
File, a list
Filed, defiled
**GLOSSARY.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flid</td>
<td>gone an equal peace with</td>
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<td>Fills</td>
<td>the shafts</td>
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<td>Filths</td>
<td>common sewers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fine</td>
<td>the conclusion</td>
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<td>Finest</td>
<td>full of finesse, artful, honest, to make showy, or specious</td>
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<td>Fineness</td>
<td>boundless, endless</td>
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<td>Firing</td>
<td><em>fire-work</em></td>
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<td>Fire-drake</td>
<td>will-o'the-wisp, or a</td>
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<td>Fire-nem</td>
<td>bran-new, new from the fire, to chastise</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fork</td>
<td><em>forge</em></td>
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<td>First</td>
<td>noblest, most eminent</td>
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<td>Fit</td>
<td>a division of a song</td>
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<td>Fitches</td>
<td>a polecat</td>
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<tr>
<td>Filly</td>
<td>exactly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flat-tors</td>
<td>a distemper in horses</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flop-drags</td>
<td>a small inflammable substance, which topers swollen</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flop-jacks</td>
<td>pan-cakes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flatness</td>
<td>lowness, depth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flame</td>
<td>sudden violent gust of wind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flayed</td>
<td>stripped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flecked</td>
<td>spotted, dappled, streaked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleeting</td>
<td>inconstant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleshment</td>
<td>first act of military service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fledom</td>
<td>of a hound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flew</td>
<td>having the fews or chaps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flicking</td>
<td>fluttering like the motion of a flame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flight</td>
<td>a sort of shooting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flourish</td>
<td>ornament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flote</td>
<td>wave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floure</td>
<td>dry, rare, ripe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foeman</td>
<td>an enemy in war</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foin</td>
<td>to thrust in fencing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poison</td>
<td>deprivy of mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folly</td>
<td>foolish, or painted by folly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fonder</td>
<td>more weak or foolish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fondly</td>
<td>foolishly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foote</td>
<td>head of a fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Focus' zanies</td>
<td>baubles with the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foot-cloth</td>
<td>a housing covering the body of the horse, and almost reaching to the ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For</td>
<td>for that, since, because</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forbear</td>
<td>under interdiction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Force</td>
<td>power</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forcible</td>
<td>to enforce, to urge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forceful</td>
<td>false</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forfaced</td>
<td>destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forfe to</td>
<td>undo, to destroy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forfeiture</td>
<td>overcome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forfeended</td>
<td>prohibited, forbidden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreign</td>
<td>employed in foreign em.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forpast</td>
<td>already had</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fore-stall</td>
<td>to be dilatory, to loiter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgetful</td>
<td>not out of form, regular, sensible, in form, in shape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Former</td>
<td>foremost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forspent</td>
<td>wasted, exhausted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forespoke</td>
<td>contradicted, spoken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forthcom</td>
<td>in custody [against</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foremost</td>
<td>worn out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foul</td>
<td>homely, not fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foxt</td>
<td>a cant word for a sword</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foxship</td>
<td>mean, cunning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frampold</td>
<td>peevish, fretful, or frank, or cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin</td>
<td>a little gentleman or freeholder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Free</td>
<td>artless, free from art, geometric</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fret</td>
<td>the stop of a musical instrument, which regulates the vibration of the string</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friend</td>
<td>a lover, a term applicable to both sexes, a paramour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship</td>
<td>friendship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friended</td>
<td>to befriend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frippery</td>
<td>a shop where old clothes were sold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frizze</td>
<td>a cloth made in Wales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From</td>
<td>in opposition to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fronted</td>
<td>opposed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frontier</td>
<td>forehead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frontlet</td>
<td>a forehead cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frushe</td>
<td>to break or bruise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frustrate</td>
<td>frustrated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fulfilling</td>
<td>filling, filling till there be no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full</td>
<td>complete [room for more provisions, loaded dice]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fullest</td>
<td>most complete and per</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fumiture</td>
<td>furnitory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furnished</td>
<td>dressed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabardine</td>
<td>a loose felt cloak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gad</td>
<td>a pointed instrument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gain-giving</td>
<td>misgiving</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gainsey</td>
<td>to unsay, deny, contradiction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galliard</td>
<td>an ancient dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galliasses</td>
<td>a species of galleys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallanty</td>
<td>a medley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gamester</td>
<td>a frolicksome person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gapeting</td>
<td>shouting or roaring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garboile</td>
<td>commotion, stir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garned</td>
<td>baubles, toys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garner</td>
<td>to treasure up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gasted</td>
<td>frightened</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gandy</td>
<td>a festival day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gauds</td>
<td>a stige or journey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibb</td>
<td>a ring or engine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gifts</td>
<td>endowments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gigol</td>
<td>a woot wench [or 2s]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilding</td>
<td>a coin valued at 1s 6d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gimmall</td>
<td>a ring or engine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>a gong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gird</td>
<td>a sarcasm or gib, emotion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gleek</td>
<td>to joke or scoff, to beguile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glittering</td>
<td>faintly illuminated by the stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glaze</td>
<td>to expound, to comment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glut</td>
<td>to enlug or swallow up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunardled</td>
<td>knotted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-deed</td>
<td>indeed, in very deed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-den</td>
<td>good evening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-life</td>
<td>of a moral or jovial turn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-joy</td>
<td>gougere, morbus galli-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gore</td>
<td>fat and corpulent [cus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gossamer</td>
<td>the white cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gownt</td>
<td>drops</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace</td>
<td>acceptableness, favour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graceful</td>
<td>to bless, to make happy</td>
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<td>Gracious</td>
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<td>to entomb</td>
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<td>a step</td>
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<td>most, palpably</td>
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<td>a prostitute</td>
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<td>Guiles</td>
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<td>Guft</td>
<td>the swallow, the throat</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gyves</td>
<td>shackles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hack</td>
<td>to become cheap and vulgar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggard</td>
<td>a species of hawk [gar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggard</td>
<td>wild</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hackney</td>
<td>complexion or character</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happily</td>
<td>accidentally, fortunately</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happily</td>
<td>accomplished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardiment</td>
<td>bravery, stoutness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardlocks</td>
<td>wild mustard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harnol</td>
<td>a chest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harp</td>
<td>to touch on a passion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrom</td>
<td>to conquer, to subdue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry</td>
<td>to use roughly, to harass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harving</td>
<td>estate or fortune, promotion, allowance of expense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havevoir</td>
<td>behaviour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haughty</td>
<td>haughty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haughtily</td>
<td>high, elevated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haunt</td>
<td>company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haunts</td>
<td>a term in the former, head, the source, the fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Head</td>
<td>body of forces</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavit</td>
<td>the most valuable or pre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heat</td>
<td>heated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heat</td>
<td>violence of resentment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavy</td>
<td>slow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebeun</td>
<td>hembane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hefted</td>
<td>heaved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heftes</td>
<td>heavings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hefted</td>
<td>an obscure dungeon in a Helmet, steered through</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heftless</td>
<td>a page of honour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hend</td>
<td>seized or taken possession</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hereby</td>
<td>it may happen [of Hermit's beardsman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermit</td>
<td>a species of dice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hount</td>
<td>drops</td>
</tr>
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<td>to make happy</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gyves</td>
<td>shackles</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

Heat, behest, command [height
High, fantastical, fantasitical to the
High-pitched, replete to the
Hight, called [asmost
Hiding, a paltry cowardly fellow
Hint, suggestion, circumstance
Hire, a harlot
Hit, often used for its
Hit, to agree
Hoist, hoisted
Hold, to esteem
Holds, a term of the manage
Holy, faithful, holy
Home, completely, in full extent
Honour, chaste
Honesty, liberality
Honey-stalks, clover flowers
Hood, acquired reputation
Hoop, a measure
Hope, to expect
Horologe, clock
Hor, to ham-string
Hull, to drive to and fro upon the
water, without sails or rudder
Humorous, changeable, humid, moist
Hungry, wertly, nonpl遴选
Hunt-couner, base tyke, worthless
Hunt's-up, the name of a tune, a
Hurdy, noise [sify
Hurting, merry with impetuoso
Hunabndry, thrift, frugality
Huswife, a jilt

I.

Icebrook, a brook of icy qualities
Ice, beaks, in faith [in Spain
Ignominy, ignominy
Ill, ill-bred, ill-nurtured, ill-educated
Images, children, representatives
Imaginary, produced by the
power of imagination [view
Imbark, to lay open or display to
Immunity, barharity, savageness
Immediacy, close connection
Implied, supply
Imp, progeny
Impair, unsuitable [partial
Impartial, sometimes used for
Impanned, wagger and staked
Impass, to bring into question
Impachment, reproach or imputa-
tion, hinderance
Imperious, imperial
Impeccable, perseverant
Impetuous, to impetecott or im-
portance, importunity [pocket
Importance, the thing imported
Importing, implying, denoting
Impose, injunction, command
Impositions, commands [ceivable
Impossible, incredible or incon-
venient
Impress, to compel to serve
Impress, a device or motto
Impugn, to oppose, to controvert
Incandescent, incited, suggested
Inclining, compliant
Inclined, to embrace
Include, to shut up, to conclude
Inclusion, enclosure
Inconceivable, fine, delicate
Incorrect, ill-regulated
Increase, produce
Indent, to bargain and article
Indecent, something preparatory
Indifferent, sometimes for differ-
ent, to convict [ent, impartial

Induction, entrance, beginning,
preparations
Insurance, delay, procrastination
Infinite, extent or power
Imaged, sometimes for unus-
Ingraff, rooted, settled [aged
Inhabitable, not habitable
Inherit, to possess
Inhibit, to forbid
Inhopped, enclosed, confined
Inkhorn-mate, a book-mate
Inklet, a kind of tape, crewell or
worst
Inland, civilized, not rustic
Insane, that which makes insane
Inconce, to fortify
Insculpted, engraved
Inseparable, inseparable
Instance, example, proof
Instances, motives
Insult, solicitation
Intend, to pretend
Intending, regarding [tion
Intendemt, intention or disposi-
tion, incapable of retaining
Intention, eagerness of desire
Intentionally, with full attention
Interested, interested
Interrogatories, interrogatories
Intermission, pause, intervening
time [cut
Intrenchant, that which cannot
Intransige, inconsist
Invincible, invincible
Invadlessness, intimacy, confidence
Iron, clad in armour
Irregular, lawless, licentious
Issues, consequences, concussions
Irritation, citation, or recitation

J.

Jack, a term of contempt
Jack-a-dent, a puppet thrown at
in Lent
Jack-guardant, a jack in office
Jaded, treated with contempt,
worthless
Jar, the noise made by the pen-
dinnacle of a clock
Januncing, jannting
Jesse, straps of leather by which
the hawk is held on the fist
Jest, to play a part in a mask
Jest, to strut
Jovial, belonging to Jove
Journal, daily
Jugation
Jump, to agree with, to put into
Jump, hazard, to venture at
Jump, just
Justice, justice, judge
Jut, to encroach
Jutty, to project
Juvenile, a young man

K.

Kam, awry, crooked
Keech, a solid lump or mass
Keel, to cool
Keep, to restrain, to dwell, to
Krissar, Cesar
Kerne, light-armed Irish foot
Key, the key for tuning, a tun-
ing-hammer
Kickey-weakie, a wife
Kiln-hole, a place into which
coals are put under a s'ove
Kind, nature, species
Kindless, unnatural
Kindly, kindly
Kinged, ruled by
Knave, servant
Knife, a sword or dagger
Knobs, figures planted in box
Knot, to acknowledge
Knaw, of, to consider

L.

Labyrinth, lips
Laced, attire a woman of the
town [or place
Lackeying, moving like a lackey
Lag, the meanest persons
Lancer, lance-men
Land, a pond or lake in some
Lands, landing-places [way
Lapsed, time suffered to slip
Large, licentious
Lastborn, forsaken of his mis-
match, to lay hold of
Latch, to lay hold of
Late, lately
Lated, belated, benighted
Latten, thin as a lath
Lavoltus, a kind of dances
Laud, law
Lay, a wager
League, the camp
Leasing, lying
Leather-cots, a species of apple
Leaves, to part with, to give away
Leech, a physician
Leer, feature, complexion
Leet, court-leet, or court of the
man
Legerity, lightness, nimbleness
Leges, aliases
Leiger, resident
Leman, lover, mistress
Lenten, short and spare
L'envoy, moral, or conclusion of
Let, to hinder [a poem
Let be, to desist
Lethe, death
Lend, ignomiant, idle, wicked
Leerly, wickedly
Libbard, or lubbar, a leopard
Liberal, licentious or gross in
Liberty, libertinism [language
License, an appearance of licen-
tiousness
Lie, to reside, to be imprisoned
Liest, dearest
Liegier, an ambassador at a fo-
Kafter, a thief [reign count
Light o' love, a dance tune
Lightly, commonly, in ordinary
Lightness, levity [course
Like, to compare
Likelihood, similitude [virtue
Likeness, spicous or seeming
Likeing, a deviation of body
Limbeck, a vessel used in distil-
Limbo, a place supposed to be in
the neighbourhood of hell
Lime, bird-time
Lingle, to contain [with bird-lime
Limed, entangled or caught, as
Limit, appointed time [derly
Limited, appointed, regular, or
Limits, estimates, calculations
Ling-hammer
Lined, delineated
Link, a torch of pitch
Linstock, the staff to which the
match is fixed when ordinance
Linnet, the bound or limits [it is fired
Lither, flexible, yielding
Little, miniature
GLOSSARY.

Livelihood, appearance of life
Livery, a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures
Living, estate, property
Living, speaking, manifest, ac-
Loach, a small fish [tual
Loamy, a term of contempt
Lockram, some kind of cheap linen
Lode-star, the leading or guiding
Lodged, laid by the wind [star
Luffle, to laugh
Lurgitas, a game played with pins
Longing, longed for [of wood
Longly, longingly
Loof, to bring a vessel close to the
Loon, or town, a base fellow [wind
Lop, the branches
Lot, a prize
Lottery, allotment
Lover, a mistress
Lozen. See Loon
Loud, treated with contempt
Lords, clowns
Lovel, worthless, dishonest
Lovable. See Libbard
Lullably, sleep in house, i. e.
Lullaby, a frenzy [cradle
Lurch, to win
Lure, a thing stuffed to tempt the
Lush, rank, luxurious [hawk
Lust, inclination, will
Luxus, saucy
Luxurious, lascivious
Luxuriously, wantonly
Luxuriously, lust
Lyman, a species of dog
M.
Mace, a sceptre
Made, wild, inconsistent
Make, enriched
Magnificent, glorying, boasting
Magnifico, a chief man or grandee
at Venice
Mailled, wrapped up, covered with
Main-top, top of the mainmast
Make, to bar, to shut
Makest, dost
Malkin, a scullion
Mallet, a species of wood
Malicious, a coarse wench
Malt, a shrew, Mary Frith, or
Malt Cutpurse
Mallecho, mischievous
Mammon, a chiefe
Mammoth, to cut in pieces
Man, to tame a hawk
Manacle, a handcuff
Mangle, conduct, administration
Mandrake, a root supposed to have the shape of a man
Manhood, masculine [confines
Marches, the borders, lines, or
Marchpane, a species of sweet-
Martial-hand, a careless swall
Marten, the latter spring
Match, an appointment, a com-
Mative, to confound [pact
Mated, amated, dismayed
Mascot, a chastity or creature
Mazed, sprinkled or mingled
Mien, the tenor in music
Mien, the middle
Mens, interest, pains
Menses, a state of menstruation
Measure, a stately solemn dance
Measure, means
Melaza, lepers
Medal, portrait
Middle, to mix with

Medicine, a she-physician
Medd, reward
Medd, merit, desert, excellence
Meet, a match
Mean, people, domestics
Memorial, memorials, remem-
branches
Memorised, made memorable
Memory, memorial
Mephitophilus, the name of a
Mephit, Mercantile, a merchant
Mercy, exact, entire, absolute
Mered, mere
Mermaid, siren
Meses, degrees about court
Metal, temper
Metaphysical, supernatural
Meat-yard, measuring-yard
Mewed, confined
Micher, a truant, a lurking thief
Micking, playing truant, skulking
Mien, countenance [about
Mince, to walk with affected de-
licacy [reminding
Minding, calling to remembrance,
Mineral, a mine [of contempt
Minnow, a small river fish, a term
Minutely, office of minstrel
Minsconceived, misconceivers
Miserate, ill-begotten, illegiti-
Misdoubt, to suspect
Miser, a miserable creature
Miserly, avarice
Mispered, mistaken
Misperprising, despising, or under-
Mistaken, messengers [valuing
Mistaken, misrepresented
Mistempered, angry
Mishink, to think ill
Mistress, the jack in bowling
Modern, or muddled, veiled, grossly
covered
Mole, the form or state of things
Moped, a muleteer, representative,
copy
Moderate, trite, common, meanly
Moderate, moderation [pretty
Module, model, pattern
Moe, or mowre, to make mouths
Moeity, a portion [ing
Modulation, pacification, soften-
Mome, a dull stupid blockhead
Momency, momentary [sary
Month's mind, a popish or
Mood, anger, resentment, manner
Moody, melancholy
Moon-calf, an inanimate shapeless
Moonish, variable [mass
Mope, to appear stupid
Moral, secret meaning [morris
Moro, Moor, or Moorish, or
Moorisk, Moorish pipe
Mortal, murder, fatal [fatally
Mortar, that which raises
Mortified, ascetic, religious
Mote, a speck
Motion, a kind of puppet-show
Motion, divinatory agitation
Motion, desires
Motions, indignation
Motive, assistant or mover, that
which contributes to motion
Mould, earth [pieces
Mouse, to mammock, to tear to
Mouse, a term of endearment
Mound, a weasel
Mow. See Moe [sure of corn
Moy, a piece of money or a mea-
Much, an expression of disdain
Much, strange, wonderful
Muck-water, drain of a dung-hill

Muffler, a kind of dress for the
lower part of the face
Muliters, muleteers
Mulled, softened and dispirited
Multiplied, multitudinous
Multiplying, multiplied, multitudinous
Multitudes, full of multitudes
Mummy, the balsamic liquor of
Mundane, worldly
Mure, a wall
Murky, dark
Murrain, a plague in cattle
Muse, to admire, to wonder
Must, a scramble
Mute, to rise in mutiny
Mutines, muleteers

N.
Napkin, handkerchief
Napless, the haberdare
Nature, formed by nature
Nature, natural parent
Nay-word, a watch-word or by-
Neat, finical [word
Neb or nib, the mouth
Needle, a needle
Netif, fist [descendant
Nephew, a grandson or any lineal
Nether-stocks, stockings
Newness, innovation
Next, the eft
Next, nearest
Nice, silly, trifling
Nicht, reckoning or count
Nicks, to set a mark of folly on
Nighted, made dark as night
Night-rake, frolic of the night
Nine men's Morris, a game
Nobility, distinction, eminence
Nobless, nobleness
Noddy, fool, a game at cards
Noise, music
None, on purpose, for the turn
Noxious, that which shoots
into capes [clown
Northern-man, vir borealis, a
Note, notice, information, remark
Novice, a youth
Novum, some game at dice
Nourish, to nurse
Nourish, a head
Nurture, education
Nuthook, a thief

O.
Obligations, bonds [tion to
Observe, paid respective atten-
Observing, religiously attentive
Obsequious, serious, as at funeral
Obsequious, careful of
Obsequiously, funerally
Obstacle, obstinate
Occupation, men occupied in bu-
Occurrents, incidents [siness
On, a circle [eye. See Elydade
Oeildad, a cast or glance of the
O'er-died, died too much
O'er-looked, slighted
O'er-parted, having to consider-
O'er-ranged, over-reached
O'er-rewarded, wrested beyond the
Of, through [truth
Offering, the assailant
Office, service [apartments
Offices, culinary or servants
Old, present, more than enough
Old age, ages past
Once, sometime
Overtakers, accountants, bankers
GLOSSARY.

Opal, a precious stone of almost
Open, publicly [all colours]
Operant, active [racer]
Opinion, obstinacy, conceit, cha-
Opposite, adverse, hostile, adver-
Opposition, combat [sary
Or, before
Orbs, circles made by the fairies
Orchard, a garden [on the ground
Order, measures
Ordinance, rank
Orgulouls, proud, disdainful
Ossrey, a kind of eagle
Osten, show, ostentation
Ousted, what show, appearance
Overblow, to drive away, to keep
Overture, opening or discovery [off
Ounce, a small tiger, or tiger-cat
Onf, fairy, goblin
Oxel-cokk, the cock blackbird
Out, be gone
Out, full, complete
Outlook, to face down [gleek
Outwird, a term at the game of
Outward, not in the secret of
Owe, to own, possess, govern
Ox-tlip, the great cow lip

Pa.
Pack, to bargain with
Pack, combined, an accomplice
Packing, plotting, underhand
Paddock, a [contrivance
Pageant, a loose, vicious person
Pageant, a dumb show
Paid, punished
Pain, penalty
Pains, labour, toil
Palley, words
Pale, to emplace, encircle with a
Pall, to wrap, to invest [crown
Paled, vapid
Palms, holy pilgrims
Palm, victorious
Pallet, to juggle, or shuffle
Paper, to write down, or appo-
point by writing
Paper, written securities
Parser, gilt only on certain
Parish, a town, or village
Parish, orv 
 Parish-top, a large top formerly
kept in every village to be
whipped for exercise
Parish, a parson, an officer of the
bishop’s court
Parle, parlour
Parlous, perilous
Parlous, keen, shrewd
Part, to depart
Part, to depart
Partake, to participate
Partaker, accomplice, confede-
Parted, shared [rate
Parted, endowed with parts
Participate, participate, partici-
Participate, a pipe [pating
Parts, party
Pash, a head
Pass, to strike with violence
Pashed, bruised, crushed
Pass, to decide, to assure or con-
vey [common bonds
Pass, to exceed, to go beyond
Passed, excelling, past all ex-
pression or bounds
Passes, what has passed
Passing, eminent, egregious
Passion, suffering [sensations
Passionate, a prey to mournful
Passioning, being in a passion
Passy-measure, a dance

Pastry, the room where pastry was
Patch, a term of reproach [made
Patch, in a parti-coloured coat
Path, to walk
Pathetical, deeply affected [pose
Patient, to make patient, to com-
Patience, a dish used with the cha-
lic, in the administration of the
Eucharist
Pattern, instance, example
Pavin, a dance
Paucas, few
Pay, to beat, to hit
Pear, a word of endearment
Pedescale, a pendant
Per, to come out, to appear
Pevish, foolish
Peer, to balance, to keep in sus-
 pense, to weigh down
Pelling, palty, petty, inconst-
Peasant, small flags [derable
Penhensalia, Amazon
Perch, a measure of five yards and
Perdurably, lasting [half
Perdy, par Dieu, a French oath
Perfect, certain, well informed
Perfections, liver, brain, and heart
Perjure, a perjured person
Periplas, charms sewed up and
worn about the neck
Perspective, certain optical glass
Pervert, to avert [es
Pem-fellow, a companion
Pheere. See Peer [or curry
Pheese, to tease or beat, to comb
Pia water, the membrane cover-
ing the substance of the brain
Pick, to pitch
Picked, nicely dressed, foppish
Pickers, the hands
Picking, a foppish, insufficient
Picklet-kotch, a place noted for
brothels
Pico, a word of contempt for a
Field’s shaven [woman
Pig, a pig, pitch, fixed
Pilcher, a pitche, the scabbard
Pilled, pillaged [eye
Pin and web, disorders of the
Pinnacle, a small ship of burden
Pizz, a small round, in which the
consecrated host was kept
Plicket, a petticoat
Plague, to punish
Plain song, the chant, in plano
Plainly, open, without pretence
[contrast
Plaited, complicated, involved
Placated, made of brands
Plant, the foot
Platforms, plans, schemes
Pleasure, gracious, pleasing, po-
pleached, folded together [polar
Plot, piece or portion
Point, a metal hook fastened to the
hose or breeches
Point, the utmost height
Point-de-rice, with the utmost
possible exactness
Points, to tag the laces
Poize, weight or moment
Pilled, bare, cleared [fumes
Pomeader, a tall made of per-
Pomeater, a species of apple
Poor-john, hack dried and salted
Popinjay, a parrot
Popularity, plebeian intercourse
Port, external pom, figure
Port, a gate
Portable, bearable
Portance, carriage, behaviour
Possess, to inform, to make to
understand

Possessed, acquainted with, fully
Possessed, afflicted with madness
Potch, to push violently
Poudret-box, a small box for per-
Pommer, forces, an army
Practice, unlawful or insidious
Stratagem [able arts
Practicity, to employ invarmant
Practisants, confederates in stra-
tagems [tastiously, to plume
Pramk, to adorn, to dress osten-
Precedent, original draft
Precedent, a justice’s warrant
Preciation, a great pretender to
sanctity [vance
Prefer, to recommend, to ad-
Pregnancy, readiness [apposite
Present, ready, plain, evident
Pregnant enemy, the enemy of
mankind
Preem, sent before the time
Prenominate, already named
Predicide, an ordinance already
established
Presence, the presence-chamber
Presence, dignity of men, form,
Pret, ready [figure
Pretend, to intend, design
Pretended, purposed or intended
Prevent, to anticipate
Prick, the point on the dial
Pricks, prickles, skewers
Pride, haughty power
Prig, to filch
Prime, youth, the vigour of life
Prime, prompt [portant
Prime, more urgent, more im-
portant at cards
Principality, the first or prin-
cipal of women
Principals, rafters of a building
Prince, a coxcomb, or spoiled
Probable, probable
Proces, summons
Procure, to bring
Prodigious, portentous, ominous
Profound, much good may it do you
Prudence, care of talk, fine
language [coming
Profession, end and purpose of
Progress, a royal journey of state
Project, to shape or form
Prouise, personal pretension, tempta-
ion
Prone, sometimes humble
Prone, forward [hood
Proof, confirmed state of man-
Propagant, to advance or im-
Propagating, getting
Proper, well-looking, handsome
Proper, false, proper, or fair, and
false or deceitful
Propertied, taken possession of
Properties, incidental necessaries
of a theatre
Properly, due performance
Property, a thing quite at disposal
Propose, to image, to imagine
Proposing, conversing [state
Proprietor, proper and proper
Provoke, to lengthen or prolong
Protand, provender [vence
Provenial, Provencal, from Pro-
Provincial, belonging to one’s pro-
Provenial, shore gaveller [vance
Prune, to plume
Puck, or hobgoblin in fairy
Puggling, thievish [mythology
Pun, to pound
Purchas, stolen goods
GLOSSARY.

Sometimes, formerly
Sooth, truth
Sooth, sweetness
Sorliest, worthless, vile
Sorry, shrewd, or dismal
Sort, to choose out
Sort, a company, a pack, ranks
and degrees of men
Sort, to happen, to agree
Sort, the lot
Sort and ruff, figure and rank
Sort, a fool
Soul-searing, soul-appealing
Sound, to declare or publish
Sound, soundly
Sow, to pull by the ears
Sower, perhaps the name of a
Spanned, measured [soundly
Specially, particular rights
Sped, the fate decided
Sped, event
Sperr, to shut up, defend by
Spleen, humour, caprice, spirit,
resentment [toous speed
Spleen, violent hurry, turmoil
Spherus, inclination to spurious
Spot, stain or disgrace [mirth
Spright, brawny
Sprightly, spirits [horses
Springhall, a disease incident to
Springing, blooming, in the
Sprightly, ghostly [spring of life
Square, the longest and largest
Square, to quarrel [roots of trees
Square, regular, equitable, just,
suitable [sound, or complement
Square, compass, comprehen-
Square, a quarrelsome fellow
Squash, an immature peaseed
Squinty, to look a quaint
Square, a square or rule
Stagger, delirious perturbation
Stale, a bait or decoy to catch
Stale, a pretence [birds
Stale, to allure
Stand, to withstand, to resist
Standing bowls, bowls elevated
on feet
Stannynal, the common stone-
Star, a scar of that appearance
Stark, stiff
 Starkly, stiffly
Starred, destined
State, a chair with a canopied
State, standing [over it
State, official state, dignity
States, persons of high rank
Station, the act of standing
Statist, statesman
Statute, a portrait
Staves, the wood of the lances
Stay, a hinderer, a supporter
Steal, to assist, or help [china
Sticking-place, the stop in a ma-
Sticklers, arbitrators, judges.
sidesmen [tized
Stigmatical, marked or stigma-
Stigmatise, one on whom nature
has set a mark, deformity
Still, constant or continual
Sילly, gently, lowly
Shut, to stop, to retard
Sith, an anvil
Stoece, a thrust or stab with a
Stock, a term in fencing [rapier
Stock, stocking
Stomach, passion, pride, stub-
born resolution, constancy, re-
resolution
Stoop, a measure somewhat more
than half a gallon
Stover, a kind of thatch
Stoop, a kind of flagon
Strait, probably some kind of
domestic office
Straight, immediately
Strain, descent, lineage
Strain, difficulty, doubt
Strait, niggard, scrupulous
Straited, put to difficulties
Strange, odd, different form
Strange, alien, becoming a stran-
ger, a stranger
Strangely, minderfully
Strange, shyness, distant be-
Stranger, an alien [haviour
Strange, to suppress
Stratagem, great or dreadful
Strict, hard [event
Strike, to contend
Stuck, a thrust in fencing. See
Staff, bagrage [Scotesta. Stock
Staff, subsance or essence
Staffed, plenty, more than enough
Subscribe, to agree to
Subscribe, to yield, to surrender
Subcription, obedience
Submerget, whelmed under water
Subtilty, deception
Subtle, smooth, level
Success, succession [cession
Successive, belonging to the suc-
Successively, by order of succes-
Sudden, violent [sion
Sufficiency, abilities
Suggest, to tempt, to prompt, to
Suggestion, hint
Suggest, suggestions, temptation
Suit, dressed
Suit, obstinately troublesome
Summer-smelling, that which
swells or expands in summer
Summoners, summoning officers
Sumptuer, a horse that carries ne-
cessaries on a journey
Superbous, over-clothed
Superstitious, serving with super-
stitious attention [sined
Supposed, counterfeited, imi-
Sure, safe, and of danger, surely
Sur-reined, over-worked, or rid
Suspire, to breathe [den
Smaggerer, a roaring, fighting
Fellow
Smart, or smirth, black, or dark
Swarth, or smoth, as much grass
or corn as a mower cuts down
at one stroke of his scythe
Swooshing, noisy, bullying
Swath, the dress of a new-born
child [menum
Sweat, the whole weight, mo-
Sweeting, a species of apple
Swept, ready
Sweep-bucklers, rakes, rioters
Swoop, the descent of a bird of
prey

T.

Table, the palm of the hand ex-
Table, a picture [tended
Tables, table-boos, memoran-
Tabourine, a small drum [dumb
Tag, the lowest of the populace
Taint, to throw a slur upon
Take, to strike with a disease, to
blow [better of
Take-in, to conquer, to impose;
Take-up, to contradict, to call
Take-up, to levy [an account

Table, palm of the hand ex-
Table, picture [tended
Tables, table-books, memorandum
Tabourine, a small drum [dumb
Tag, lowest of populace
Taint, to throw a slur upon
Take, strike with a disease, to
blow [better of
Take-in, conquer, impose
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Table, palm of the hand ex-
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Take, strike with disease, to
blow [better of
Take-in, conquer, impose
Take-up, contradict, call
Take-up, levy [an account

Table, palm of the hand ex-
Table, picture [tended
Tables, book-tables, memoran-
Tabourine, small drum [dumb
Tag, the lowest of the populace
Taint, throw a slur upon
Take, strike with a disease, to
blow [better of
Take-in, to conquer, to impose
Take-up, to contradict, to call
Take-up, to levy [an account
GLOSSARY.

Tail, stout, bold, courageous
Tallow-kneeh, the fat of an ox or cow
Tame, ineffectual
Tame snake, a contemptible fel.
Tamed, flat, spiritless
Tarre, to stimulate, to excite, provoke
Tartar, Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment
Task, to keep busied with scruples
Tasked, taxed
Taurus, sides and heart in medi-
cal astrology
Tawdry, a kind of necklaces worn by country girls
Taxation, censure or satire
Teen, sorrow, grief
Tear, to mould like wax
Temper, temperament, constitution
Temperance, taxation
Termagant, a termite
Tent, tempered, temperance
Thrum, three-pile, three-man-beetle
Thread, thread
Thrasonical, timeless
Tinct, toll
toll-book
Tod, tire
Tomboy, a masculine, forward girl
Tom, tincture
Tire, head-dress
Tire, to fasten, to fix the talons on
Tire, to be idly employed on
Tire, adorned with ribands
Tod, to yield or produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds
Tokened, spotted as in the plague
Toll, to enter on the toll-book
Tolling, taking toll
Tomboy, a masculine, forward girl

Topless, that which has nothing above it, supreme
Topple, to tumble
Touch, sensation, sense, or feel-
ing
Touch, exploit or stroke
Touch, a spice or particle
Touch, touchstone
Touchers, features
Touched, tried
Toward, in a state of readiness
Toys, humres, idle reports, fancies, freaks of imagination
Toze, to pull or pluck
Trace, to follow
Trade, a custom, an established habit
Tradition, traditional practices
Traditional, adherent to old customs
Trail, the scent left by the pas-
sage of the game
Traireess, a term of endearment
Tranced, aerry
Translate, to transfer, to explain
Trash, a hunting phrase, to cor-
Travel, to stroll
Tree, a term in military ex-
ercise
Trenched, across
Trey-trip, some kind of game
Treachery, treacherous persons
Trenched, cut, carved
Trick, trick of the times
Trick, peculiarity of voice, face, &c.
Trick, smeared, painted, in he-
raldry
Trickling, dress
Trig, clever, adroit
Triumphs, masques, revels, pub-
lic exhibitions
Trojan, cant word for a thief
Trot, to dismiss trippingly from
the tongue
Trot-my-dames, a game
Troasers, twrovers
Trom, to believe
Truth, honesty
Tuck, or tuckel sonnuaunce, a
flourish
Turlygood, or turlupin, a species of
gypsy
Tur, to become acacet
Turguice, a precious stone
Twangling, an expression of con-
temp
Twiggings, wicked
Tyed, limited, circumscribed
Tyed, a servant or footman to
Varlet, armur for the arm
Variet, armour for the arm or
Vast, waste, dreary
Vaynt, the avant, what went be-
Foward, the fore part
Velure, velvet
Venem, a bout, a term in fencing
Vengeance, mischief
Vend, rumour, matter for dis-
course
Venties, the holes of a flute
Venny, hits in fencing
Verb, verbos, full of talk
Verify, to bear true witness
Very, immediate
Via, a cant phrase of exultation
Vice, the fool of the old moralities
Vice, to advise
Vice, grasp
Vie, to contend in rivalry
Vied, bragged
Vileless, unseen, invisible
Villains, a worthless fellow, a ser-
Virginalling, playing on the vir-
ginal, a spinnet
Virtue, the most efficacious part, valour
Virtuous, salutiferous
Virtuous, belonging to good-breeding
Vizen, or fixen, a female fox
Vizums, advisements
Voluntary, voluntarily
Votarist, supplicant
Vouchsafed, vouchsaying
Voz, tone or voice
Vulgar, common
Vulgarity, publicly

U.

Umbre, a dusky yellow-coloured earth
Umbred, discoloured by the gleam of fire
Uncustumed, unseemly, inde-
Unsaneed, without extreme unc-
Unavoided, unavoidable
Unbarred, untrimmed, unhaven
Unhated, not blunted
Unbilled, to open, explain
Unbotted, coarse
Unbookish, ignorant
Unbreathed, unexercised, un-
practised
Uncense, to dig out, a term in
fox-hunting
Uncharge, unattacked
Unclem, to draw out, to exhaust
Uncoin, real, unrefined, una-
dorned
Unconfirmed, practised in the ways of the world
Under generation, the antipodes
Undergo, to be subject to
Under-skinder, a tapster, an un-
derdrawer
Undertaker, one who takes upon himself the quarrel of another
Underwrite, to subscribe, to obey
Under-wrought, under-worked, undetermined
Undeserving, undeserved
Uneared, not deserved
Ueath, scarcely, not easily
Unexpressive, inexpressible
Unhappy, mischievously waggish, unlucky
Unhidden, open, clear
Unhoused, free from domestic cares
Unhouseled, not having received the sacrament
GLOSSARY.
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