THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

William Shakespeare.

WITH

A GLOSSARY.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND IMPROVED

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCLVIII.
LONDON:
RICHARD CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL
TO THE MOST NOBLE

Henry Petty Fitzmaurice,
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.,
LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL,
ETC. ETC. ETC.,

PRE-EMINENT IN HIS APPRECIATION OF THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL,

THIS EDITION OF THE DRAMATIC WRITINGS

OF

William Shakespeare,

IS, WITH PERMISSION, INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST DEVOTED, HUMBLE SERVANT,

The Publisher.
Advertisement.

The text on which this edition of Shakespeare is based is that of Collier, carefully compared with the folio of MDCCXIII. and the impressions of Johnson, Steevens, Malone, Boswell, and Knight. Dyce's remarks have also been consulted.

Of the numerous editions in one volume, there is, perhaps, hardly one of which it may not be said that the size is too great, or the print too small. It occurred to the Publisher that considerable improvements yet remained to be made on the plan of the Englishman's Vade-mecum. He thought that by printing the names of the characters at full length, in the centre of the text, and in red ink, considerable relief would be afforded both to the memory and the eye of the reader, and that particular passages might be referred to with peculiar ease.

He ventures, therefore, to hope that the present edition of Shakespeare may be found, in purity of text, to equal, and in convenience of form to excel, any of its countless and multiform predecessors.
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William Shakespeare

Was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, on the 23rd of April, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover, and at various times alderman and bailiff of the town; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of an ancient but decayed family in the county. It is most likely that the poet received his education at the free-school of Stratford; and we have the assertion of Aubrey that he was for some time a schoolmaster, and the plausible conjecture of Malone, based upon the familiarity displayed in his writings with the technicalities of the law, that he likewise served in the office of an attorney. Nothing certain, however, is known of his youth, but that he married, soon after the 28th November, 1582, Anne Hathaway, of Stratford; and that their first child was christened on the 26th of May, 1583. Twins were born to them in 1585, soon after which event Shakespeare went to seek his fortune in London. The well known story that he left Stratford in order to avoid the consequences of stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy at Charlecote rests upon a tradition, picked up by Betterton, the actor, some fifty years after the poet's death, and neither shaken nor strengthened by the diligence of many subsequent inquirers. We first hear of him in London in 1589, as a shareholder and player in the Blackfriars Theatre; and he had doubtless already commenced author, by altering or adapting the writings of others to the stage; for a passage in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," in which he seems to be alluded to as "our pleasant Willy," proves that in 1591, when the poem was first printed, he had achieved a considerable reputation as a dramatist. In 1593 he published his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and in 1594 that entitled "Lucrece." Both works were dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who rewarded the author with a gift of a thousand pounds. It was this bounty, perhaps, which enabled him to become a leading shareholder in the New Globe Theatre on the bankside in Southwark, built by the Blackfriars company, and opened in 1595. In summer, the same company used to perform at a theatre at Newington Butts. Shakespeare remained on the stage till 1604, when his name ceases to be found amongst the actors. He continued, however, to live in London—near the Bear Garden in Southwark; and to write for the stage until 1612 or 1613, when he took up his permanent abode at Stratford. There his gains had been from time to time invested in a substantial house called the New Place, and built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII., some other detached tenements, a hundred and seven acres of land, a garden and orchard, and the great tithes of the parish—property which may have been worth between two and three hundred pounds a year. This property must have been acquired mainly by the representations of his plays, and his own exertions as an actor. From his printed dramas he seems to have derived no profit, nor
to have looked for any fame; indeed, he seems neither to have been concerned in their publication, nor to have bestowed the least care in the revision of the text. His name was even affixed during his lifetime to several plays which his friends and fellow actors saw fit to exclude from the first collected edition printed by them in 1623. Of his sonnets, written, many of them, before 1598, though not printed until 1609, the dedication to "their only begetter," Mr. W. H., initials which have as yet never been deciphered, was signed, not by the author, but by the publisher, Thomas Thorpe. Aubrey was informed that Shakespeare "did act exceedingly well." But he certainly did not hold amongst actors the prominent place which he occupied amongst authors. In his own plays, he is said to have sustained the parts of the Ghost in "Hamlet," and Adam in "As You Like It;" he likewise acted in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour;" and his last recorded appearance on the stage was in that author's "Sejanus." His person and manners are thus briefly described by Aubrey. "He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." He died at Stratford on the 23rd April, 1616, aged 53 years. By his widow, who survived him till 1623, he had three children: Susanna, married to Dr. Hall, a physician of some eminence; Hamnet, who died aged eleven in 1596; and Judith, the wife of Thomas Quiney, a wine merchant at Stratford. Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Hall and widow of Sir John Bernard, who died at Abingdon in 1670, was the last lineal descendant of Shakespeare. —The poet was buried on the north side of the chancel of the great church of Stratford.

Within seven years of his death a monument was erected there to his memory, containing his bust, and inscribed with these verses:

Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plast
Within this monument: Shakespear; with whom
Quick natvre dide; whose name doth deck yt Tombe
Far more then cost; sieth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt
Oblit ym doj. 1616.
Ætatis 53. die 23 Apr."

The house of New Place passed to the Poet's daughter, Mrs. Hall; and while in the possession of her daughter, was for three weeks the residence of Queen Henrietta Maria in 1643. It afterwards reverted to the Cloptons, descendants of Sir Hugh, and at last fell into the hands of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire. Quarrelling with the magistrates of Stratford in 1756, this divine immortalized himself by razing the building to the ground, having previously cut down a mulberry tree in the garden, planted, according to the tradition, by the hand of Shakespeare.
### CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE

**OF THE**

**WRITINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.**

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The Dedication prefixed to the Folio of 1623.

To the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren. William Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have receiued from your L. L we are faile vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depru'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not having the fate, common to some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you have done vnlo their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alioe, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue lustly observed, no man to come neere your L. L but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations, (we haue heard) that had not gummes and incense, obained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.
Address "to the great Variety of Readers" prefixed to
the Folio of 1623.

From the most able, to him that can
but spell: There you are number'd. We
had rather you were weigh'd. Especially,
when the fate of all Bookes depends upon
your capacities: and not of your heads
alone, but of your purses. Well! It is
now publique, and you will stand for your
priviledges wee know: to read, and censure.
Do so, but buy it first. That doth best
commend a Booke, the Stationer sales.
Then, how odd sooner your brains be, or
your wisedomes, make the licence the
same, and spare not. Judge your six-
pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five
shillings worth at a time, or higher, so
as you rise to the lust rates, and welcome.
But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will
drue a Trade, or make the Jacke go.
And though you be a Magistrate of wit,
and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or
the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie,
know, these Playes haue had their triall
already, and stood out all Appeales; and
do now come forth quitted rather by a
Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters
of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie
to have bene wished, that the Author him-
selie had liu'd to haue set forth, and ou-
seen his owne writings; But since it hath
bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death
departed from that right, we pray you doe
not envie his Friends, the office of their
care, and paine, to have collected and
publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd
them, as where (before) you were abus'd
with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies,
maimed, and deformed by the frauds and
stealthes of injurious impostors, that ex-
pos'd them: even those, are now offer'd
to your view cur'd, and perfect of their
limbea; and all the rest, absolute in their
numbers, as he conceived th': Who, as
he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a
most gentle expresser of it. His mind and
hand went together: And what he thought,
he witterd with that easinesse, that wee
haue scarce receuied from him a blot in
his papers. But it is not our prouince,
who onely gather his works, and give
them you, to praise him. It is yours that
reade him. And there we hope, to your
diners capacities, you will finde enough,
both to draw, and hold you: for his wit
can no more lie hid, then it could be lost.
Reade him, therefore; and againe, and
againe: And if then you doe not like him,
surely you are in some manifest danger,
not to understand him. And so we leave
you to other of his Friends, whom if you
need, can bee your guides: if you neede
them not, you can leade your selves, and
others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master William
Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Novo said
Of his, thy wit-frught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
(Though miss'd) until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.
To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seallest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, Indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spencer; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

Ben Jonson.
THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.
Adrian, Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
Miranda, Daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a Ship at Sea.
A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Boatswain.

Boatswain.
Here, master: what cheer?

Master.

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

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain.

Boatswain.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the top-sails; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

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

Alonso.

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

Boatswain.

I pray now, keep below.

Antonio.

Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain.

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

Gonzalo.

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain.

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

Gonzalo.

Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain.

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.

Gonzalo.

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallowes. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; I 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.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatswain.

Down with the top-mast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course.

A cry within.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?
Sebastian.
A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphphemous, incharitable dog!
Boatswain.
Work you, then.
Antonio.
Hang, cur, hang you whoreson, insolent noissemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonzalo.
I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unseel'd wench.

Boatswain.
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariner, etc.
Mariner.
All lost! to prayers, to prayers! All lost!

[Exeunt.
Boatswain.
What! must our mouths be cold?
Gonzalo.
The king and prince at prayers! let us assist For our case is as theirs.

Sebastian.
I am out of patience.

Antonio.
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. — [lie drowning.
This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would, thou might'st The washing of ten tides!

Gonzalo.
He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[A confused noise, and cries within.
[Mercy on us! — We split! we split — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split!]

Antonio.
Let's all sink with the king.

Sebastian.
Let's take leave of him.

Gonzalo.
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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Island: before the cell of Prospero.
Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Miranda.
If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the wellin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd With this that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they pe-Had I been any god of power, I would [rish'd! Have sunk the sea within the earth, or 'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting souls within her.

Prospero.
Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Miranda.
O, woe the day!

Prospero.
No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, [who (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Miranda.
More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prospero.
'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:
[Lays down his Mantle. Lie there my art.—Wipe thou 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 perception as an hair, Befall to any creature in the vessel. [Sit down; Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sink. For thou must now know farther.

Miranda.
You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped, And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Prospero.
The hour's now come, The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old.

Miranda.
Certainly, sir, I can.

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

Miranda.
'Tis far off; And rather like a dream, than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once, that tended me?

Prospero.
Thou hast, and more, Miranda. But how is it. That this lives In thy mind? What seest thou In the dark backward and abyss of time? If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Miranda.
But that I do not.

Prospero.
Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years Thy father was the duke of Milan, and [since, A prince of power.

Miranda.
Sir, are not you my father?

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

Miranda.
The Tempest,
Act 1 Sc 2.
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.

Prospero.

O, the heavens!

Miranda.

Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me, If this might be a brother.

Miranda.

I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Prospero.

Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens 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 confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight, Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan; and, 't the dead of darkness, The ministers for the purpose hurled thence Me, and thy crying self.

Miranda.

Alack, for pity! I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again: It is a hint, That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Prospero.

Hear a little farther, And then I'll bring thee to the present business Which now's upon 's; without which this Were most impertinent.

Prospero.

Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us?

Prospero.

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 With colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a bark, Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist 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 wrong.

Miranda.

Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

Prospero.

O! a cherubim [smile, Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst 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.

Prospero.

How came we ashore?

By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity, (who being then appointed Master
THE TEMPEST.

Mastor of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steadied much: so, of his
gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda. Would I might
But ever see that man!

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

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

Prospero. 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 ques-
tions.
Then art i' th' land to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: — I know thou canst not choose.
[Miranda sleeps.
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. 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.

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

Ariel. To every article.
I boarded 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 topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jose's lightnings, the
precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and
cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
Yea, his dread transient shake. [tremble,

Prospero. My brave spirit! I
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-dre with me: the king's son, Ferdi-
mand!

With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is
And all the devils are here." [empty,

Prospero. But why, that's my spirit!
But was not this night shore?

Ariel. Close by, my master.

Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou best'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.

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

Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; In the deep nolle, where once
Thou call'd'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
The mariners all under hatches stow'd; [hid:
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 Fote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship
wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

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

Ariel. Past the mid season.

Prospero. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,
[mis'd,
Let me remember thee what thou hast pro-
Which is not yet perform'd me.

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

Ariel. My liberty.

Prospero. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakes,
Serv'd [promise
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst
To bate me a full year.

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

Ariel. No.

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

Ariel.
I do not, sir.

Prospero.
Thou best, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot, The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy, Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

No, sir.

Ariel.
Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Sir, in Argier.

Prospero.
O! was she so? I must, Once in a month, recount what thou hast been, What thou forget'st. This dam'd witch, Sycorax, For mischief manifold, and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier, [did, Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ariel.
Ay, sir.

Prospero.
This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child, And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant: And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthly and abhor'd commands, Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, By help of her more potent ministers, And in her most unmitigable rage, Into a cloven pine, within which rift Imprison'd, thou diest painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died, And left thee there, where thou diest vent thy groans [island As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this (Save for the son that she did litter here, A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with A human shape.

Ariel.
Yes; Caliban, her son.

Prospero.
Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban, Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st What torment I did find thee in: thy groans Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment To lay upon the dam'd, which Sycorax Could not again undo: it was mine art, When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape The pine, and let thee out.

Ariel.
I thank thee, master.

Prospero.
If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak, And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel.
Pardon, master: I will be correspondent to command, And do my spriting gently.

Prospero.
Do so, and after two days I will discharge thee.

Ariel.
That's my noble master! What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Prospero.
Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject To no sight but thine and mine; Invisible To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape, And hither come in't: go; hence, with diligence.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!

Miranda.
The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

Prospero.
Shake it off. Come on: We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never Yields us kind answer.

Miranda.
'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

Prospero.
But as 'tis, We cannot miss him: he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! I speak.

Caliban.
There's wood enough within.

Prospero.
Come forth, I say: there's other business for Come, thou tortoise! when? [thee.

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, Hark in thine ear.

Ariel.
My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

Prospero.
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him— Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! [self

Enter Caliban.

Caliban.
As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd With raven's feather from unwholesome fen, Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye, And blister all you e'er!

Prospero.
For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, [urchins Side-stitches that shall пен thy breath up; Shall, for that vast of night that they may work, All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more Than bees that made 'em. [stinging

Caliban.
I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first, [would'st give me Thou strook'dst me, and mad'st much of me; Water with berries in't: and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee, And shrou'd thee all the qualifications o' th' isle, The
Act I

Exit his

Is, I

Which first was mine own king; and here you

stye me,

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' th' island.

Prospero.

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have
us'd thee,

[thee

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Caliban.

O ho! O ho!—would it had been done!

'thou didst prevent me; I had peoplesed

Tuis isle with Calibans.

Prospero.

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee

each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldn't galble

like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known; but thy

vile race,

[good natures

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which

Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou

Deservedly confin'd into this rock,

'Who hast deserv'd more than a prison.

Caliban.

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid
For learning me your language! [you,

Prospero.

Hag-seed, hence! I

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,

malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old

cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Caliban.

No, pray thee!— [Aside.

I must obey: his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.

Prospero.

So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, Invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following him.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands;

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,

The wild swains whilst,

Foot it lightly here and there;

And sweet sprites the burden bear.

Hark, hark! (Burden.)

[Burden.] Bowgh, wowgh. [Dispersely.

The watch-dogs bark.

[Burden.] Bowgh, wowgh.

Hark, hark! I hear.

The strain of strutting chanticere

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Ferdinand.

Where should this music be? I' th' air, or th' earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon

Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,

This music crept by me upon the waters,

Alaying both their fury, and my passion,

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,

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, that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burden: ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand.

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.

Prospero.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance

And say, what thou seesst yond'.

Miranda.

What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Prospero.

No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath such

senses

As we have; such. This gallant, which thou

Was in the wreck; and, but he's something

stain'd

[call him

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find 'em.

Miranda.

I might call him

A thing divine, for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Prospero.

[Aside.

It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll

Within two days for this.

[Fread thee

Ferdinand.

Most sure, the goddess

On whom these 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 maid, or no?

Miranda.

No wonder, sir;

But, certainly a maid.

Ferdinand.

My language! heavens!—

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Prospero.

How! the best?

What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard

thee?

Ferdinand.

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,

And
THE TEMPEST.

ACT II, SC. 1.

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples: Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld The king, my father, wreck'd.

Miranda.  
Alack, for mercy!

Ferdinand.  
Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan, And his brave son, being twain.

Prospero.  
The duke of Milan, And his more braver daughter, could control thee, If now 'twere fit to do't.— [Aside.  
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this!—  
[To him. 
A word, good sir; I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Miranda.  
Why speaks my father so angrily? This Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father To be inclin'd my way!

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

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

Ferdinand.  
No, as I am a man.

Miranda.  
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple: If the ill spirit have so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Prospero.  
Follow me.— [To Ferdinand.  
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor—Come. I'll manacle thy neck and feet together; Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be The fresh brook muscles, wither'd roots, and Wherewith the scorched raddles. Follow. [Exeunt.

Ferdinand.  
No; I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy has more power.  
[He draws, and is charmed from moving.

Miranda.  
O, dear father! Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful.

Prospero.  
What, what! My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor; Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward, For I can here disarm thee with this stick, And make thy weapon drop.

Miranda.  
Beseech you, father!

Prospero.  
Hence! hang not on my garments.

Miranda.  
Sir, have pity:

Prospero.  
Silence! one word more [What! Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. An advocate for an impostor? hush! [he Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench! To the most of men this is a Caliban, And they to him are angels...

Miranda.  
My affections Are then most humble: I have no ambition To see a goodlier man.

Prospero.  
[To Ferdinand.  
Come on; obey: Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigour in them.

Ferdinand.  
So they are: My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats, To whom I am subdued, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth Let liberty make use of; space enough Have I in such a prison.

Prospero.  
It works.—Come on.— Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—  
[To Ferdinand and Miranda.  
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.  
[To Ariel.

Miranda.  
Be of comfort. My father's of a better nature, sir, Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted, Which now came from him.

Prospero.  
Thou shalt be as free As mountain winds; but then, exactly do All points of my command.

Ariel.  
To the syllable.

Prospero.  
Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francis, and Others. Gonzalo.

Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause (So have we all) of joy, for our escape Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe Is common: every day, some sailor's wife, Themasters of some merchant, and the merchant, Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonso.  
Prythee peace.

Sebastian.
**THE TEMPEST.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>He receives comfort like cold porridge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>The visitor will not give him o'er so.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>A dollar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>Therefore, my lord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>I pray thee, spare.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>Well, I have done. But yet —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>He will be talking.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>Which of them, he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>The old cock.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>The cockrel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>Done. The wager?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>A laughter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>A match.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Though this island seem to be desert, —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>Ha, ha, ha!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>So, you're paid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>Yet —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Yet —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>He could not miss it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antoine</td>
<td>Temperance was a delicate wench.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>Or as 'were perfumed by a fen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>Here is every thing advantageous to life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>True; save means to live.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>Of that there's none, or little.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>The ground, indeed, is tawny.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>With an eye of green in't.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>He misses not much.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>As many vouch'd rarities are.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>Not since widow Dido's time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>What if he had said, widowier Eneas too? good lord, how you take it!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>Carthage?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalo</td>
<td>I assure you, Carthage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>His word is more than the miraculous harp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian</td>
<td>He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>What impossible matter will he make essay next?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sebastian.
I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

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

Gonzalo.
Ay?
Antonio.

Why, in good time.

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

Antonio.
And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebastian.
'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Antonio.
O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gonzalo.
Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Antonio.
That sort was well fish'd for.

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

Alonso.
You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rage, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Francisco.
Sir, he may live. I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs: he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breathed The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him. I, not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alonso.
No, no; he's gone.

Sebastian.
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss That would not bless our Europe with your But rather lose her to an African; [daughter, Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alonso.

Sebastian. Pr'ythee, peace.

You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-by all of us; and the fair soul herself [wise Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son. I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have More widows in them, of this business making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

Alonso.
So is the dearest of the loss.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT II. Sc. L

Antonio.

'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gonzalo.

Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
thing to you: so you may continue, and laugh
at nothing still.

Antonio.

What a blow was there given!

Sebastian.

An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gonzalo.

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

Enter Ariel invisible, playing solemn music.

Sebastian.

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Antonio.

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Sebastian.

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

Antonio.

Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian, and An-
tonio.]

Alonso.

What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:
They are inclin'd to do so. [I find,

Sebastian.]

Please you, sir,

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

Antonio.

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

Alonso.

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—
[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Sebastian.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio.

It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebastian.

Why

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

Antonio.

Nor I: my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent; [might,
The yellopp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
Worthy Sebastian? — O! what might? — No
more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks
My strong imagination sees a crown [thee, and
Dropping upon thy head.

Sebastian.

What, art thou waking?

Antonio.

Do you not hear me speak?

Sebastian.

I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy 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,
And yet so fast asleep. [moving,

Antonio.

Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather;
While's thou art waking. [wink'st

Sebastian.

Thou dost snore distinctly.

There's meaning in thy snores.

Antonio.

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

Sebastian.

Well, I am standing water.

Antonio.

I'll teach you how to flow.

Sebastian.

Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Antonio.

O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
While's thus you mock 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.

Sebastian.

Pry'thee, say on.

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Antonio.

Thus, sir,
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,
"Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Sebastian.

I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Antonio.

O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way,
Another way so high a hope, that even [is
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant,
That Ferdinand is drown'd? [with me,

Sebastian.

He's gone.

Antonio.

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

Sebastian.

Claribel.

Antonio.

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! the moon's too slow) till new-born
chins
Be rough and razonable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
And by that destiny to perform an act, [again;
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Sebastian.

What stuff is this! — How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of
Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions there is some space.

Antonio.

A space whose every cubit seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis, and let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse

Then we are there. There be, that can rule As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate As amply and unnecessarily, As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A cloudburst 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?

Sebastian.

Methinks, I do.

Antonio.

And how do your content Tender your own good fortune?

Sebastian.

I remember, You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Antonio.

True:

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

Sebastian.

But, for your conscience—

Antonio.

Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere 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, [brother, And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your No better than the earth lie upon him, If he were that which now he's like, that's dead, Whom I, with this obdulent steel, three inches Of it, Can lay to bed for ever; whilsts you, doing thus, To the perpetual wince for aye might put This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, Who should not upbraud 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 before the hour.

Sebastian.

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

Antonio.

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

Sebastian.

O! but one word. [They converse apart.

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

Ariel.

My master through his art foresees the danger That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth (For else his project dies) to keep them living. [Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd conspiracy His time doth take. If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber, and beware: Awake! Awake!

Antonio.

Then, let us both be suddenly.

Gonzalo.

Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They wake.

Alonso.

Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you Wherefore this ghastly looking? [drawn?

Gonzalo.

What's the matter?

Sebastian.

While we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alonso.

I heard nothing.

Antonio.

O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear, To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

Alonso.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gonzalo.

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did Awake I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise, That's veryly: 'tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alonso.

Lead off this ground, and let's make farther For my poor son. [search

Gonzalo.

Heavens keep him from these beasts, For he is sure, 'tis the Island.

Alonso.

Lead away. [Exeunt.

Ariel.

Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done: So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Caliban.

All the inferences that the sun sucks up From boggs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor pinch. [mire, Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me I the Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trible are they set upon me: [me, Sometimes like aeges, that moe and chatter at And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I All wound with adders, who with clowen tongues Do hisse me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!
Trinculo.
Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by palfies. — What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Leg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberline; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Stephano singing; a bottle in his hand.

Stephano. I shall no more to sea, to sea, Here shall I die a-shore.—
This is a very scurry tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]
The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I, The gunner, and his mate, Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Martan, and Margery, But none of us care'd for Kate; For she had a tongue with a tang, Would cry to a sailor, Go hang: She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch, Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch; Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurry tune too; but here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Caliban. Do not torment me: O! Stephano.

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of India? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Caliban. The spirit torments me: O! Stephano. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Caliban. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

Stephano. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Caliban. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Stephano. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shakings. I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trinculo. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O I defend me!—

Stephano. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to make them. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help hisague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trinculo.

Stephano! Stephano.

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo:—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Stephano. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How canst thou be the sighe of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos? Trinculo. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. —But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberline for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! O two Neapolitans 'scap'd?

Stephano. P'rythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

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

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

Caliban. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Stephano. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT III. Sc. 1.

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

Philo. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine age?

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

Caliban. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

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

Trinculo. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I fear'd of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trinculo. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

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

Trinculo. Come on, then; down, and swear.

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Come, kiss.

Trinculo. —But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Caliban. I'll show 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!

Trinculo. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee To clustering libeirs, and sometimes I'll get thee [with me? Young scameas from the rock: Wilt thou go

Trinculo. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. —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 again.

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

Trinculo. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Caliban. No more damn'd I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing At requiring, Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish; 'Bau, 'Bau, Caliban, Has a new master — Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day! freedom!

Trinculo. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.
Prospero.

Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Miranda.

You look earily.

Ferdinand.

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chieflly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Miranda.

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

Ferdinand.

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
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the toil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Miranda.

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
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewl in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Ferdinand.

I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so); and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer [speak:
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul
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 log-man.

Miranda.

Do you love me?

Ferdinand.

O heaven! O earth! hear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else I the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Miranda.

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Prospero.

Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
On that which breeds between them! [Grace
Ferdinand.

Wherefore weep you?

Miranda.

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will 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.

Ferdinand.

My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Miranda.

My husband then?

Ferdinand.

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Miranda.

And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence. [Exit.

Ferdinand.

A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda.

Prospero.

So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

SCENE II. Another part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following with a bottle.

Stephano.

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.

Trinculo.

Servant-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 brained like us, the state totters.

Stephano.

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

Trinculo.

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

Stephano.

My man-monster hath drown'd 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.

Trinculo.

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

Stephano.

We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trinculo.

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

Stephano.

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Caliban.

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

Trinculo.

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou
thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinculo.

Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Stephano.

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Caliban.

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

Stephano.

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

Enter Ariel, Invisible.

Ariell.

As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Thou liest.

Caliban.

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

Stephano.

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

Why, I said nothing.

Stephano.

Mum, then, and no more. —

To Caliban.

Caliban.

I say by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it: if thy greatness will, Revenge on it him—for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Stephano.

That's most certain.

Caliban.

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

Stephano.

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

Caliban.

Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ariel.

Thou liest; thou canst not.

Caliban.

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

Stephano.

Trinculo, run into no farther danger: interrupt the monster one word farther, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trinculo.

Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Stephano.

Didst thou not say, he lied?

Thou liest.

Ariel.

Stephano.

Do I so? take thou that. — [Strikes him.

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trinculo.

I did not give the lie.— Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.— A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Caliban.

Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano.

Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand farther off.

Caliban.

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

Stephano.

Stand farther.— Come, proceed.

Caliban.

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him late the afternoon to sleep; there thou mayest brain Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log [him, Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weazend with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books: He has brave utensils, (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 great'st doer least.

Stephano.

Is it so brave a lass?

Caliban.

Ay, lord: she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Stephano.

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

Trinculo.

Excellent.

Stephano.

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

Caliban.

Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stephano.

Ay, on mine honour.

Ariel.

This will I tell my master.

Caliban.

Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund: will you twoll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Stephano.

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

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

Caliban
Caliban.
That's not the tune.
[Strid plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.
Stephano.
What is this same?
Trinculo.
This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.
Stephano.
If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take'st as thou list.
Trinculo.
O, forgive me my sins!
He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. —Mercy upon us!
Caliban.
Art thou afraid?
Stephano.
No, monster, not I.
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 hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, ing, Will make me sleep again: and then, In dreams—The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cry'd to dream again.
Stephano.
This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Caliban.
When Prospero is destroyed.
Stephano.
That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trinculo.
The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.
Stephano.
Lead, monster; we'll follow. —I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.
Trinculo.
Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another part of the Island.
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and Others.

Gonzalo.
By'r la'kin, I can go no farther, sir; My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights, and meander'd by your I needs must rest me. [Patience,
Alonso.
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.

Antonio.
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.

Sebastian.
The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Antonio.
Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Sebastian.
I say, to-night: no more.
[Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.]

Alonso.
What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gonzalo.
Marvellous sweet music!

Alonso.
Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

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

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

Gonzalo.
If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should 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.

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

Alonso.
I cannot too much muse, Such shape, such gesture, and such sound, ex-pressing (Although they want the use of tongue) a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

Prospero.
[Aside.
Praise in departing.

Francisco.
They vanish'd strangely.

Sebastian.
No matter, since They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.— Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alonso.
Not I.

Gonzalo.
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 hang-ing at them
-Wallets
Walsets of flesh? or that there were such men, 
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now 
we find, 
Each puffer of one for five will bring us 
Good warrant of.

Alonso

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

[Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a 
harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, 
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ariel.

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 be ship washing, and on this island 
Where man doth not inhabit: you 'mongst men 
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[Seeing Alonso, Sebastian, &c. draw their 
swords. 
And even with such like valour men hang and 
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 bemock'd-at 
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish 
One dot he's that's in my plume: my fellow-
ministers 
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, 
Your swords are now too massy 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; 
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requity'd, 
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed 
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have 
Incend's the sea shores, and yea, all the crea-
tures, 
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso, 
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me, 
Lingering perdition (worse than any death 
Can be at once) shall step by step attend 
You, and your ways; whose wrath is to guard you 
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow, 
And a clear life ensuing. 

[He vanishes in thunder. 
[Aside, 
Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou 
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring. 
Of my Instruction hast thou nothing 'd, 
In what thou hast to say: so, with good life 
And observation strange, my meager ministers 
Their several kinds have done. My high charms 
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up 
In their distractions: they now are in my power; 
And in these slips I leave them, while I visit 
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is 
And his and my lov'd darling. 

[Grown, 

Prospero. 

The name of Prosper : it did base my trespass. 
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and 
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded, 
And with him there lie muddied.

Sebastian. 

But one stand at a time, 
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Antonio. 

I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio. 

Gonzalo. 

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 suppler joints, follow them swiftly, 
And hinder them from what this ecstasy 
May now provoke them to.

Adrian. 

Follow I pray you. 

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Prospero. 

If I have too austerely punish'd you, 
Your compensation makes amends; for I 
Have given you here a thread of mine own life, 
Or that for which I live; whom once again 
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations 
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou 
Hast strangely stood 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 make it half behind her.

Ferdinand. 

I do believe it, 
Against an oracle. 

Prospero. 

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition 
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but 
If thou dost break her virgin knot 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, 
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew 
The union of thy bed with weeds so loathly, 
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take 
As Hymen's lamp shall light you. [heed, 
Ferdinand.

As I hope 
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life, 
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den, 
The most opportune place, the strong'st sugges-
Our worse genius can, shall never melt 
[Elion 
Mine honour into lust, to take away 
The edge of that day's celebration, [founder'd, 
When I shall think, or Phæbus' steeds are 
Or night kept chained below.

Prospero. 

Fairly spoke. 

Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own— 
What, Ariel? my industrious servant Ariel? 

Enter Ariel.

Ariel.

What would my potent master? here I am.

Prospero. 

...
Prospero.

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ariel.

Presently?

Prospero.

Ay, with a twinkle.

Ariel.

Before you can say, "Come," and "No,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "So, so, so, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mopew.
Do you love me, master? no?

Prospero.

Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ariel.

Well, I conceive. [Exit.

Prospero.

Look thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oats are straw
To the fire! the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow.

Ferdinand.

I warrant you, sir; the white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Prospero.

Well.—

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and softly,
No tongue, all eyes; be silent.

A masque. Enter Iris.

Iris.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich loss
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy heat restrains,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowned; and thy
Brookes groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being last-born; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marsh, sterly, and rocky-hard, [sky,
Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' the
Whose watery arch and messenger am I, [grace,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks 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
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris.

A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blessed lovers.
Enter certain Nymphs.  
You sun-born’d sicklemen, 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 wherein Prospero  
starts suddenly, and speaks; after which,  
to a strange, hollow, and confused noise,  
they heavily vanish.  

Prospero.  
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.  

Ferdinand.  
This is strange: your father’s in some passion  
That works him strongly.  

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

Prospero.  
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,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex’d:  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is  
troubled:  
Be not disturb’d with my infirmity.  
If you be pleas’d retire into my cell,  
And there repose: a turn or two I’ll walk,  
To still my beating mind.  

Ferdinand, Miranda.  
We wish your peace. [Exeunt  

Prospero.  
Come with a thought!—I thank thee. —Ariel,  
come!  

Enter Ariel.  
Ariel.  
Thy thoughts I cleave to. What’s thy pleasure?  

Prospero.  
Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.  
Ariel.  
Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear’d,  
Lest I might anger thee.  

Prospero.  
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?  

Ariel.  
I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink—  
So full of valour, that they smote the air [jing:  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
At which, like unback’d colts, they prick’d their  
ears,  

Advanc’d their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music; so I charm’d their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my loving follow’d, through  
Tooth’d briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorge, and  
thorns, [them  
Which enter’d their frail shins: at last I left  
I’ the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There duncing up to the chins, that the foul  
O’erstunk their feet. [lake  

Prospero.  
This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
For state to catch these thieves.  

Ariel.  
I go, I go. [Exit  

Prospero.  
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistening  
apparel, &c.  

Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line,  
Prospero and Ariel remain unseen. Enter  
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.  

Caliban.  
Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may  
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell. [not  

Stephano.  
Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm-  
less fairy, has done little better than played the  
Jack with us.  

Trinculo.  
Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my  
noe is in great indignation.  

Stephano.  
So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I  
should take a displeasure against you; look you,—  

Trinculo.  
Thou wart but a lost monster.  

Caliban.  
Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I’ll bring thee to  
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak  
All’s hush’d as midnight yet. [softly;  

Trinculo.  
Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—  

Stephano.  
There is not only disgrace and dishonour in  
that, monster, but an infinite loss.  

Trinculo.  
That’s more to me than my wetting: yet this  
is your harmless fairy, monster.  

Stephano.  
I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o’er  
cars for my labour.  

Caliban.  
Pr’ythee, my king, be quiet. Scest thou here,  
This is the mouth o’ the cell: no noise, and  
enter:  
Do that good mischief, which may make this  
Theine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, [island  
For aye thy foot-licker.  

Stephano.  
Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.  

Trinculo.  
O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-  
phano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee.
Caliban.
Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trinculo.
O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a
frippery:—O king Stephano!

Stephano.

Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll
have that gown.

Trinculo.
Thy grace shall have it.

Caliban.
The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To do that on such luggage? Let 't alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
Make us strange stuff. [pinches;]

Stephano.
Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the
line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,
and prove a bald jerkin.

Trinculo.
Do, do: we steal by line and level, and't like
your grace.

Stephano.
I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for' th: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am
king of this country. "Steal by line and level," is
an excellent pass of plate; there's another
garment for't.

Trinculo.
Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers; find away with the rest.

Caliban.
I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacules, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Stephano.
Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear
this away, where my hog's head of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry
this.

Trinculo.
And this.

Stephano.
Ay, and this.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers
Spirtis, in shape of hounds, and hunt them
about; Prospero and Ariel setting them
on.

Prospero.
Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ariel.
Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Prospero.
Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!

[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven
out.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [them.

Ariel.
Hark! they roar.

Prospero.
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt;]
With his own bolt: the strong bas'd promontory
I have made sake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them
forth
By my so potent art. But this 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
This airy 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.

[Re-enter Ariel.]

Ariel. After him, Alonso, with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and
Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian
and Francisco: they all enter the circle which
Prospero had made, and there stand charmed;
which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, [stand,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sochalie to the show of thine,
Fall fellowiy drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy grace
Home, both in word and deed. —Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou't pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh
And blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with, Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most
Would here have kill'd thy king; I do forgive
these
Unnatural, though thou art. —Their understand-
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on, or would know me. — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapiers in my case.

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan. — Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt be long be free.

Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
Prospero. Ariel.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hangs on the bough.

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: — so, so, so. —
To the king's ship, Invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
Being awake, enforce them to this place, [swain,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ariel.

I drink the air before me, and return
Or d'er your pulse twice beat.

[Exit Ariel.]

Gonzalo.

All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Prospero.

Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alonso.

Who'rt thou heest he, or no,
Or some enchanted tribue to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign: and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. — But how should
Be living, and be here?

Prospero.

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gonzalo.

Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Prospero.

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends
all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded;
[Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Sebastian.

[Aside.]
The devil speaks in him.

Prospero.

No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforse, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alonso.

If thou best Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation: [since
How thou hast met us here, who three hours
Were streak'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Prospero.

I am woe for't, sir.

Alonso.

Irrepiable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Prospero.

I rather think, [grace,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
For the like less I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alonso.

You the like loss?

Prospero.

As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, I have I means much
weaker

[Exit.]

[Aside.]

[This scene conceals the duke's conversion and
the spirit's departure.]

[Exit.]
Than you may call to comfort you, for I Have lost my daughter.

Alonso.

A daughter? 

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples, The king and queen there! that they were, I wish Myself were muddied in that oozy bed Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter? 

Prospero.

In this last Tempest. I perceive, these lords At this encounter do so much admire, That they devouer their reason, and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have Been justled from your senses, know for certain, That I am Prospero, and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely landed, Upon this shore, where you were wrack’d, was To be the lord on’t. No more yet of this; For ‘tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast, nor Beditting 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 you 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 scene opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

The scene opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Miranda.

Sweet lord, you play me false.

Ferdinand.

No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

Miranda.

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

Alonso.

If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son Shall I twice lose.

Sebastian.

A most high miracle!

Ferdinand.

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

[Miranda kneels to Alonso.

Alonso.

Now, all the blessings Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou canst here.

Miranda.

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

Prospero.

’Tis now to thee.

Alonso.

What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your el’d acquaintance cannot be three hours: Is she the goddess that hath sever’d us, And brought us thus together?

Ferdinand.

Sir, she is mortal:

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 Received a second life, and second father This lady makes him to me.

Alonso.

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

Prospero.

There, sir, stop: Let us not burden our remembrances With a heaviness that’s gone.

Gonzalo.

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

Alonso.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo.

Gonzalo.

Was Milan thrust 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 he himself was lost; Prospero his duke— In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves, [dom, When no man was his own.

Alonso.

Give me your hands: [To Ferdinand and Miranda.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart, That doth not wish you joy! Gonzalo.

Be it so: Amen.

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us. I prophesied, if a gallowes were on land, This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy, That swear’st grace o’erboard, not an oath on shore? [news? Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the Boatswain.

The best news is, that we have safely found Our kindred and company: the next our ship, Which but three glasses since we gave out split, Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg’d, as when We first put out to sea.

Ariel.

Sir, all this service Have I done since I went.

Prospero.

My tricksy spirit!

Alonso.

These are not natural events; they strengthen From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boatswain.

If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I’d strive to tell you. We were dead o’ sleep, And (how we know not) all clapp’d under hatches, [noises Where, but even now, with strange and several Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, And more diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak’d: straightway at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Caperling to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

Ariel. [Aside.]
Was't well done?

Prospero. [Aside.]
Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.

Alonso. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod; And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct of; some oracle Must rectify our knowledge.

Prospero. Sir, my liege, Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure, Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you (Which to you shall seem probable) of every These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful, And think of each thing well.— Come hither, spirit; [Aside.
Set Caliban and his companions free; Untie the spell. 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, in their stolen apparel. Stephano. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune. — Coraggio! bully-monster, coraggio! Trinculo. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goody sight. Caliban. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed. How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me. Sebastian. Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them? Antonio. Very like: one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable. Prospero. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebb's, And deal in her command, without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demil-devil (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Caliban. I shall be pinch'd to death. Alonso. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler? Sebastian. He is drunk now: where had he wine? Alonso. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?— How can't thou in this pickle?

Trinculo.
I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, I shall never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Why, how now, Stephano?

Stephano. O I touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Prospero. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Stephano. I should have been a sore one then.

Alonso. This is a strange thing as 'er I look'd on. [Pointing to Caliban]

Prospero. He is as disproportioned in his manners, As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions: as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Caliban. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise thereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool?

Prospero. Go to; away!

Alonso. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Sebastian. Or stol'n; it rather. [Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.]

Prospero. 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, as, I not doubt, shall make Go quick away; the story of my life. [It And the particular accidents gone by, Since I came to this isle: and in the morn, I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-beloved sovereign's; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alonso. I long To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

Prospero. I'll deliver all; And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch Your royal fleet far off. —My Ariel; —chick, — That is thy charge: then, to the elements; Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you draw near. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own; Which is most faint: now, 'tis true, I must be here confin'd by you, Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got,
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I. Sc. I.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Valentine. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. We'll not, 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 Even as I would, when I to love begin. (Therein, Proteus.

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu. Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness, [danger, When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy If ever danger do environ thee, Command thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Valentine.


Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair, Unless I be relieve'd by prayer; Which pierces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults. At you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia. Valentine, Proteus, Antonio, Father to Proteus. Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine. Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape. Speed, a clownish Servant to Valentine. Launce, the like to Proteus. Panthino, Servant to Antonio.


SCENE; sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

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 will not, for it boots thee not.

Proteus. What?

Valentine. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans; [moment's mirth, Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won: However, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Proteus. So, by your circumstance you call me fool.

Valentine. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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?
Once more adieu. My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Proteus.

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To 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 bechance to thee in Milan.
Valentine.

As much to you at home; and so, farewell. [Exit.

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.
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 musing 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 ship'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Proteus.

Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed.

You conclude, that my master is a shepherd,
then, and I a sheep?

Proteus.

I do.

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
Shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou
For wages followest 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 store of
muttons.

Speed.

If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best
sticke 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, the pinfold.

Speed.

From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to
your lover.

Proteus.

But what said she? did she nod?

Speed.

I. [Speed nods.

Proteus.

Nod, I? why that's noddy.

Speed.

You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you
ask me, if she did nod? and I say I.

Proteus.

And that set together, is noddy.

Speed.

Now you have taken the pains to set it toge-
ther, take it for your pains.

Proteus.

No, no; you shall have it for bearing the
letter.

Speed.

Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with
you.

Proteus.

Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed.

Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having
nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Proteus.

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed.

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purs.

Proteus.

Come, come; open the matter in brief: what
said she?

Speed.
**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

**ACT I. SC. I.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speed.</th>
<th>Julia.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.</td>
<td>Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proteus.</td>
<td>Lucetta.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?</td>
<td>Then thus,—of many good I think him best.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Julia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.</td>
<td>Your reason?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proteus.</td>
<td>Lucetta.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?</td>
<td>I have no other but a woman's reason:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

**Proteus.**

What! said she nothing? 

**Speed.**

No, not so much as—'take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have test'rn'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

**Proteus.**

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck, Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—I must go send some better messenger: I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.** The same. Julia's Garden. 

**Enter Julia and Lucetta.**

**Julia.**

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love? 

**Lucetta.**

Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

**Julia.**

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love? 

**Lucetta.**

Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my According to my shallow simple skill. [mind 

**Julia.**

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour? Lucetta. 

**Lucetta.**

As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

**Julia.**

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio? Lucetta. 

**Lucetta.**

Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

**Julia.**

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus? Lucetta. 

**Lucetta.**

Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us! 

**Julia.**

How now! what means this passion at his name? Lucetta. 

**Lucetta.**

Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame, That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. Sc. III.

When willingly I would have had her here: How angrily I taught my brow to frown; When inward joy enforce'd my heart to smile. My penance is to call Lucetta back, And ask remission for my folly past.—

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucetta. What would your ladyship wish?

Julia. Is it near dinner-time?

Lucetta. I would, it were; That you might kill your stomach on your meat, And not upon your maid.

Julia. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Lucetta. Nothing.

Julia. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Lucetta. To take a paper up.

That I let fall.

Julia. And is that paper nothing?

Lucetta. Nothing concerning me.

Julia. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Lucetta. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns, Unless it have a false interpreter.

Julia. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Lucetta. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Julia.

As little by such toys as may be possible; Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Lucetta. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Julia. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Lucetta. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Julia. And why not you?

Lucetta. I cannot reach so high.

Julia. Let's see your song:— How now, minion! Lucetta.

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out: And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Julia. You do not?

Lucetta. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Julia. You, minion, are too saucy.

Lucetta. Nay, now you are too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descant: There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Julia. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Lucetta. Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.

Julia. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation!—

[ Tears the letter.]

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie: You would be fingering them to anger me.

Lucetta. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

Julia. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same! O hateful hands! to tear such loving 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. [Julia! Look, here is writ— "kind Julia,"

Crying to them, I throw thy name against the bruising stones, Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain. And here is writ— "lovest wounded Proteus."

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign 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, [bear Except mine own name; that some whirlwind Unto a raged, fearful, hanging rock, And throw it thence into the raging sea. Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,— "Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus To the sweet Julia,"— But I'll tear away; And yet I will not, sith so prettily He couples it to his complaining names. Thus will I fold them one upon another: Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucetta.

Madam, Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Julia. Well, let us go.

Lucetta. What shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Julia. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Lucetta. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down; Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Julia. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Lucetta. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Julia. Come, come; will't please you go? [Exeunt.

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

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Antonio. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister? Panthino. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. Sc. III.

Antonio.

Why, what of him?

Panthino.

He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slander reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
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.

Antonio.

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 know he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, which were I best to send him?

Panthino.

I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Antonio.

I know it well.

Panthino.

'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall be practise tilts and tournaments,
Heard sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.

Antonio.

I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Panthino.

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.

Antonio.

Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Proteus.

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 fairer would appal our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Antonio.

How now! what letter are you reading there?

Proteus.

May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Antonio.

Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Proteus.

There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Antonio.

And how stand you affected to his wish?

Proteus.

As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Antonio.

My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Proteus.

My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Antonio.

Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.]

Proteus.

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 show 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 this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter Panthino.

Panthino.

Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go
Proteus.

Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed.

Sir, your glove.

Valentine.

Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed.

Whythen this may be yours, for this is but one.

Valentine.

Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine. —
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed.

Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Valentine.

How now, sirrah?

Speed.

She is not within hearing, sir.

Valentine.
**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Valentine</th>
<th>Speed.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Why, sir, who bade you call her?</td>
<td>That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well, you'll still be too forward.</td>
<td>How painted? and how out of count?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And yet I was last childen for being too slow.</td>
<td>Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?</td>
<td>How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She that your worship loves?</td>
<td>You never saw her since she was deform'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why, how know you that I am in love?</td>
<td>How long hath she been deform'd?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Ever since you loved her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are all these things perceived in me?</td>
<td>I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They are all perceived without ye?</td>
<td>If you love her, you cannot see her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Without me? they cannot.</td>
<td>Why?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.</td>
<td>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 ungarnered!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?</td>
<td>What should I see then?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?</td>
<td>Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.</td>
<td>Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why sir, I know her not.</td>
<td>True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?</td>
<td>In conclusion, I stand affected to her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?</td>
<td>I would you were set, so your affection would cease.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.</td>
<td>Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir, I know that well enough.</td>
<td>And have you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What dost thou know?</td>
<td>I have.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd.</td>
<td>Are they not lamely writ?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine.</td>
<td>Valentine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.</td>
<td>No, boy, but as well as I can do them.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SILVIA.

Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed.

He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Valentine.

As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Silvia.

I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

Valentine.

Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Silvia.

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Valentine.

No, madam: so it steed you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much. And yet,—

Silvia.

A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel: And yet I will not name it; — and yet I care not;— And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed.

And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

Valentine.

What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Silvia.

Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ, But since unwillingly, take them again. Nay, take them.

Valentine.

Madam, they are for you.

Silvia.

Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request, But I will none of them: they are for you. I would have had them writ more movingly.

Valentine.

Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Silvia.

And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over; And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Valentine.

If it please me, madam; what then?

Silvia.

Why, if it please you, take it for your labour: And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed.

O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple, [author, My master sues to her, and she hath taught her He being her pupil, to become her tutor. O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, [write the letter? That my master, being scribe, to himself should Valentine.

How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed.

Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Valentine.

To do what?

SPEED.

To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Valentine.

To whom?

Speed.

To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

Valentine.

What figure?

Speed.

By a letter, I should say.

Valentine.

Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed.

What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Valentine.

Nay, believe me.

Speed.

No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Valentine.

She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed.

Why, she hath given you a letter.

Valentine.

That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed.

And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Valentine.

I would it were no worse!

Speed.

I'll warrant you, 'tis as well: For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty, [reply; Or else for want of idle time, could not again Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover, [unto her lover. Her self hath taught her love himself to write All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.— Why muse you, sir? tis dinner time.

Valentine.

I have dined.

Speed.

Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Proteus.

Have patience, gentle Julia.

Julia.

I must, where is no remedy.

Proteus.

When possibly I can, I will return.

Julia.

If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

Proteus. [Giving a Ring.

Why then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

Julia.

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Proteus.

Here is my hand for my true constancy; And
ACT II. SC. II.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day, Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness. My father stays my coming; answer not. The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears; That tide will stay me longer than I should. [Exit Julia.

Launce, farewell. — What gone without a word? Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Panthino.

Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Proteus.

Go; I come, I come. — Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Street.

Enter Launce, leading a Dog.

Launce.

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the surest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jerk would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: — no, this left shoe is my father: — no, no, this left shoe is my mother: — nay, that cannot be so, neither: — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog, — O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so so. Now come I to my father: "Father, your blessing: " now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now, come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman: — well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Panthino.

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

Launce.

It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Panthino.

What's the unkindest tide?

Launce.

Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Panthino.

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?

Launce.

For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Panthino.

Where should I lose my tongue?

In thy tale.

Panthino.

In thy tail?

Launce.

Lose the tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and 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.

Panthino.

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

Launce.

Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Panthino.

Wilt thou go?

Launce. [Exeunt.

Well, I will go.


Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed. Silvia.

Servant.— Valentine.

Mistress. Speed.

Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Valentine.

Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed.

Not of you.

Valentine.

Of my mistress, then.

Speed.

'Twere good you knock'd him.

Silvia.

Servant, you are sad.

Valentine.

Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thurio.

Seem you that you are not?

Valentine.

Haply, I do.

Thurio.

So do counterfeit.

Valentine.

So do you.

Thurio.

What seem I that I am not?

Valentine.

Wise.

Thurio.

What instance of the contrary?

Valentine.

Your folly.

Thurio.

And how quote you my folly?
Valentine. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thurio. My jerkin is a doublet.
Valentine. Well, then, I'll double your folly.
Thurio. How?
Silvia. What, angry, sir? Thurio? do you change colour?
Valentine. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of camelon.
Thurio. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
Valentine. You have said, sir.
Thurio. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
Valentine. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.
Silvia. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Valentine. 'Tis indeed, madam: we thank the giver.
Silvia. Who is that, servant?
Valentine. 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.
Thurio. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Valentine. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
Silvia. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father. Enter the Duke.
Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?
Valentine. My lord, I will be thankfull To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?
Valentine. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Valentine. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Valentine. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours togethet: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in one word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman. Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a-while. I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you. Valentine. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he. Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth. Silvia. I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it. I'll send him hither to you presently. Exit Duke. Valentine. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Silvia. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them, Upon some other pawn for fealty. Valentine. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Silvia. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you? Valentine. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes. Thurio. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
Valentine. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: Upon a homely object love can wink. Enter Proteus.
Silvia. Have done, have done. Here comes the gen- tleman. [Exit Thurio. Valentine. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favour. Silvia. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from. Valentine. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship. Proteus. Too low a mistress for so high a servant. Proteus. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress. Valentine. Leave off discourse of disability.— Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Proteus. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Silvia. And duty never yet did want his heed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Proteus. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Silvia. That you are welcome?
Proteus. That you are worthless.
Enter Thurio.
Thurio. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.
Silvia. I wait upon his pleasure: come, sir Thurio, Go with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs; When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Proteus. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.
Valentine. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Proteus. Your friends are well, and have them much commend ed.
Valentine. And how do yours?
Proteus. I left them all in health.
Valentine. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?
Proteus. My tales of love were wont to weary you: I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
Valentine. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, [me With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made me watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord, And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no woe to his correction, Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth! Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.
Proteus. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol that you worship so?
Valentine. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Proteus. No, but she is an earthly paragon.
Valentine. Call her divine.
Proteus. I will not flatter her.
Valentine. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.
Proteus. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, And I must minister the like to you.
Valentine. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Proteus. Except my mistress.
Valentine. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Proteus. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Valentine. 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, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flowers, And make rough winter everlasting.
Proteus. Why, Valentine, what braggraddism is this?
Valentine. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing To her, whose worth makes other worthies She is alone. 
Proteus. Then, let her alone.
Valentine. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine And I as rich in having such a jewel, Own; As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee, Because thou seest me dote upon my love. My foolish rival, that her father likes Only for his possessions are so huge, Is gone with her along, and I must after, For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Proteus. But she loves you?
Valentine. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour, With all the cunning manner of our flight Determin'd of: how I must climb her 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 these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Proteus. On go before; I shall enquire you forth. I must unto the road, to disembark Some necessaries that I needs must use, And then I'll presently attend you.
Valentine. Will you make haste?
Proteus. I will.— [Exit Valentine.
Even as one heat another heat expels, Or as one nail by strength drives out another, So the remembrance of my former love Is by a newer object quite forgotten. Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise, Her true perfection, or my false transgression, That makes me, reasonless to reason thus? She's fair, and so is Julia that I love; — That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd, Which, like a waxen image gainst a fire, Bears no impression of the thing it was.

D Methinks
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not, as I was wont:  
O! but I love his lady too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her?  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.  
[Exit.

SCENE V. The same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce.

Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed.

Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. And, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Launce.

Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed.

But shall she marry him?

Launce.

No.

Speed.

How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce.

No, neither.

Speed.

What, are they broken?

Launce.

No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed.

Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce.

Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed.

What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Launce.

What a block art thou, that thou cast not. My staff understands me.

Speed.

What thou say'st?

Launce.

Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed.

It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce.

Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed.

But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce.

Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed.

The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce.

Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed.

'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce.

I never knew him otherwise.

Speed.

Than how?

Launce.

A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed.

Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Launce.

Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed.

I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce.

Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt: go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed.

Why?

Launce.

Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed.

At thy service.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Proteus.

To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;  
And even that power, which gave me first my  
Proves me to this threefold perjury: fool,  
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.  
O sweet-suggesting love! If thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
But first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;  
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit & exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend 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 lose myself;  
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,  
For Valentine, myself: for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself;  
And Silvia, (witness heaven that made her fair!)  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Remembering that my love to her is dead;  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
Alming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself  
Without some treachery use I to Valentine.

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Sibyl's chamber window; 
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently I'll give her further notice 
Of their disagreeing, and prettied flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine.
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross 
By some sly trick Thurio's dastard proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift, 
As thou hast leant me wit to plot this drif't!

Exit.

SCENE VII. Verona. A Room in Julia's House.
Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Julia.
Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:
And, e'en 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,
How, with my honour, I may undertake 
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Julia.
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.

Lucetta.
Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Julia.
O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's 
Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [food? 
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love, 
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow, 
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Lucetta.
I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire, 
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, 
Least it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Julia.
The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current, that with gentle murmurs gildes, 
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth But, when his fair course is not hindered, [rage
He makes sweet music with the enamél'd stones, 
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge 
He overthwart in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays 
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream, 
And make a pastime of each weary step, 
Till the last step have brought me to my love; 
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil, 
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Lucetta.
Now, presently, as you, as now.

But in what habit will you go along?

Julia.
Not like a woman, for I would prevent 
The loose encounters of lascivious men. 
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds 
As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Lucetta.
Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Julia.
No girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings, 
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots: 
To be fantastic, may become a youth 
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Lucetta.
What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Julia.
That fits as well, as— "tell me, good my lord, 
What compass will you wear your farthingale?" 
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Lucetta.
You must needs have them with a codpiece, 
madam.

Julia.
Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Lucetta.
A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin, 
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Julia.
Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have 
What thou think'st best, and, in most manner. 
But tell me, wench, how will the world require 
For undertaking so unstaid a journey? [me 
I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd.

Lucetta.
If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Julia.
Nay, that I will not.

Lucetta.
Then never dream on infamy, but go. 
If Proteus like your journey, when you come, 
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone. 
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Julia.
That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, 
And instances as infinite of love, 
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Lucetta.
All these are servants to deceitful men.

Julia.
Base men, that use them to so base effect; 
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth: 
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; 
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; 
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; 
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Lucetta.
Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Julia.
Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, 
To bear a hard opinion of his truth: 
Only desire my love by loving him, 
And presently go with me to my chamber, 
To take a note of what I stand in need of, 
To furnish me upon my longed journey. 
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, 
My goods, my lands, my reputation; 
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence. 
Come; answer not, but to it presently. 
I am impatient of my tarryance.

[Exeunt.]
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 discover, The law of friendship bids me to conceal; But, when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, My duty pricks me on to utter that, [me. Which else no worldly good should draw from Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend. This night intends to steal away your daughter: Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know, you have determin'd to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stol'n away from you, It would be much vexation to your age. Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows, which would press you down, Being unpreventced, to your timeless grave.

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, Happily, when they have judg'd me fast asleep, And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid Sir Valentine her company, and my court; But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err, And so unworthily disgrace the man, (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd) I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find That which myself had just now disclos'd to me. And, that thou may'st perceiv'e my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Proteus.

Know, noble lord, they have devise'd a mean How he 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 aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence. Duke.

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

Proteus.

Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit.

Enter Valentine.

Duke.

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Valentine.

Please it your grace, there is a messenger That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.

Duke.

Be they of much import?
Duke.

Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground, And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life.

Valentine.

Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords, To cast upon, 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.

Valentine.

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.

Valentine.

By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke.

But barking thee: I will go to her alone. How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Valentine.

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?

Valentine.

Ay, my good lord.

Duke.

Then, let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

Valentine.

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke.

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? - I pray thee, let me feel thy 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 slates they are to me, that send them flying: O! could my master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying. My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them; While I, their king, that thither they importune, Bless'd them, Do curse the grace that with such grace hath Because myself do want my servants' fortune. I curse myself, for they are sent by me, "be," That they should harbour where their lord should What's here?"

"Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee: " 'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose. Why, Phaedon, (for thou art Merops' son,) Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car, And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on Go, base intruder; over-weaning slave: [thee? Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates, And think my patience, more than thy desert, Is privilege for thy departure hence. Thank me for this, more than for all the favours Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee: But if thou linger in my territories Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court, By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter, or thyself. Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse: But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence."

[Exit Duke.

Valentine.

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 upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no music 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, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death; But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Proteus.

Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce.

So-ho! So-ho!

Proteus.

What seest thou?

Launce.

Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Valentine?

Proteus.

No.

Valentine.

Who then? his spirit?

Neither.

Proteus.

What then?

Valentine.

Nothing.

Proteus.

Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Whom wouldst thou strike?

Valentine.

Proteus.

Nothing.

Villain, forbear.

Launce.

Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you, — Proteus.

Sirrah, I say, forbear. — Friend Valentine, a word.

Valentine.

My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news, So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Proteus.

Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, unturnable, and bad.

Valentine.

Is Silvia dead?

Proteus.

No, Valentine.

Valentine.

No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! — Hath she forsown me?

Proteus.

No, Valentine.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  ACT III.  SC. I.

Valentine.  
No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?  

Launce.  
Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Proteus.  
That thou art banished! O! that is the news, From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.  

Valentine.  
O! I have fed upon this: woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?  

Proteus.  
Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom, (Which, unrevers'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 waxed 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 intercourse charg'd him so, When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of 'biding there.  

Valentine.  
No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life: If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear, As ending anthem of my endless colour.  

Proteus.  
Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence; Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate: Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate, And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love affairs. As thou love'st Silvia, though not for thyself, Regard thy danger, and along with me.  

Valentine.  
I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy, Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.  

Proteus.  
Go, sirrah, find him out.  

Come, Valentine.  

Valentine.  
O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!  

[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.  

Launce.  
I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had goslings; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log

[pulling out a paper] of her conditions. Imprin's, "She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, "She can milk," look you; a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.  

Speed.  
How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?  

Launce.  
With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.  

Speed.  
Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?  

Launce.  
The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.  

Speed.  
Why, man, how black?  

Launce.  
Why, as black as ink.  

Speed.  
Let me read them.  

Launce.  
Fie on thee, jol't-head! thou canst not read.  

Speed.  
Thou liest, I can.  

Launce.  
I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?  

Speed.  
Marry, the son of my grandfather.  

Launce.  
O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves, that thou canst not read:  

Speed.  
Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.  

Launce.  
There, and saint Nicholas be thy speed!  

Speed.  
Imprin's, "She can milk."  

Launce.  
Ay, that she can.  

Speed.  
Item, "She brews good ale."  

Launce.  
And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.  

Speed.  
Item, "She can sew."  

Launce.  
That's as much as to say, Can she so?  

Speed.  
Item, "She can knit."  

Launce.  
What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?  

Speed.  
Item, "She can wash and scour."  

Launce.  
A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.  

Speed.  
Item, "She can spin."  

Launce.  
Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.  

Speed.


ACT III. Sc. II.

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Speed.

Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce.

That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed.

Here follow her vices.

Launce.

Close at the heels of her virtues.

Launce.

Item, "She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce.

Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed.

Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce.

That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed.

Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce.

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

Speed.

Item, "She is slow in words."

Launce.

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't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed.

Item, "She is proud."

Launce.

Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed.

Item, "She hath no teeth."

Launce.

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

Speed.

Item, "She is curst."

Launce.

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

Speed.

Item, "She will often praise her liquor."

Launce.

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."

Launce.

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 cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce.

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

Speed.

Item, "She hath more hair than wit."

Launce.

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 hairs,"—

Launce.

That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.

—"And more wealth than faults."

Launce.

Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.—

Speed.

What then?

Launce.

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

Speed.

For me?

Launce.

For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed.

And must I go to him?

Launce.

Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed.

Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters!

Launce.

Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmanfully slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

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

Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.

Duke.

Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thurio.

Since his exile she hath desip'd me most; Forsworn my company, and rall'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke.

This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, 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.— How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Proteus.

Gone, my good lord.

Speed.

My daughter takes his going grievously.

Proteus.

A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke.

So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Thurio.

Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. ACT III. SC. II.

Duke.
Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Proteus.
I do, my lord.

Duke.
And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes against my will.

Proteus.
She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke.
Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Proteus.
The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke.
Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Proteus.
Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke.
Then you must undertake to slander him.

Proteus.
And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke.
Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endanger him:
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Proteus.
You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thurio.
Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke.
And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Siloam may confer at large;
For she's a lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake will be glad of you,
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Proteus.
As much as I can do I will affect
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wallful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke.
Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Proteus.
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' snaws,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge levithans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grief.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke.
This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thurio.
And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke.
About it, gentlemen.

Proteus.
We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke.
Even now about it: I will pardon you.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Outlaw.
Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 Outlaw.
If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Outlaw.
Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed.
Sirs, we are undone. These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Valentine.
My friends,—

1 Outlaw.
That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Outlaw.
Peace! we'll hear him.

3 Outlaw.
Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Valentine.
Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Outlaw.
Whither travel you?

Valentine.
SCENE II. Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Proteus.

Already have I been false to Valentine, and now I must be as unjust to Thurio. Under the colour of commending him, I have access to my own love to prefer; but Silvia 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 Julia whom I lov'd; and, notwithstanding all her sudden quips, the least whereof would quell a lover's hope. Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love, the more it grows, and fawneth on her still. But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window, and give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thurio.

How now, sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Proteus.

Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thurio.

Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Proteus.

Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thurio.

Whom? Silvia?

Proteus.

Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thurio.

I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and Julia, behind; Julia in boy's clothes.

Host.

Now, my young guest; methinks you're ally-cholly: I pray you, why is it?

Julia.

Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host.

Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  ACT IV. SC. II.

where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Julia.

But shall I hear him speak?

Host.

Ay, that you shall.

Julia. [Music plays.

Hark! hark!

Is he among these?

Host.

Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven 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 blindness;
And, being help'd inhabits there.
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.

Julia.

You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host.

Why, my pretty youth?

Julia.

He plays false, father.

Host.

How? out of tune on the strings?

Julia. 

Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host.

You have a quick ear.

Julia.

Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host.

I perceive, you delight not in music.

Julia.

Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host.

Hark! what fine change is in the music.

Julia.

Ay, that change is the spite.

Host.

You would have them always play but one thing?

Julia.

I would always have one play but one thing.

But, Host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host.

I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Julia.

Where is Launce?

Host.

Gone to seek his dog; which, to morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Julia.

Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Proteus.

Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thurio.

Where meet we?

Proteus.

At saint Gregory's well.

Thurio.

Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Proteus.

Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Silvia.

I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that, that spake?

Proteus.

One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Silvia.

Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Proteus.

Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Silvia.

What is your will?

Proteus.

That I may compass yours.

Silvia.

You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd 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.

Proteus.

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Julia. [Aside.

'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Silvia.

Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunity?

Proteus.

I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Silvia.

And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Proteus.

Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth.

Silvia.

Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre thine.

Julia. [Aside.

He heard not that.

Proteus.
SCENE III. The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Eglamour.

This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
There’s some great matter she’d employ me in,—
Madam, madam! Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Silvia.

Who calls?

Eglamour.

Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship’s command.
Silvia.

Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Eglamour.

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.

Silvia.

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,
Valliant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish’d,
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish’d Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforcing me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorre’st.
Thyself hast lov’d; 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 vow’dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, 1 would to Valentine;
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
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 from this unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
[plagues. 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.

Eglamour.

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

Silvia.

This evening coming.

Eglamour.

Where shall I meet you?

Silvia.

At friar Patrick’s cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Eglamour.

I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.

Silvia.

Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter Launce with his dog.

Launce.

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, thus 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 me to her treacher, and steals her capon’s leg. O! ’tis a foul thing, when a cur 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 not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang’d for’t: sure as I live, he had suffer’d for’t. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into 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; “what cur is that?” says another; “whip him out,” says the 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: “Friend,” quoth I, “you mean to whip the dog.” “Ay, marry, do I,” quoth he. “You do him the more wrong,” quoth I; “twas I did the thing you wot of.” He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I’ll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed. I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffer’d for’t: thou think’st not of this now.
—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when
when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Proteus.

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

Julia.

I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce.

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

Proteus.

And what says she she's my little jewel?

Launce.

Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Proteus.

But she receiv'd th' other dog?

Launce.

No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Proteus.

What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce.

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

Proteus.

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

Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here? A slave that still an end turns me to shame.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my business, For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt; But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour, Which (if my angry deceiver 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 lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Julia.

It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token. She's dead, belike?

Proteus.

Not so: I think, she lives.

Julia.

Alas!

Proteus.

Why dost thou cry, alas?

Julia.

I cannot choose but pity her.

Proteus.

Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Julia.

Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well As you do love your lady Silvia. She dreams on him, that has forgot her love; You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary, And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Proteus.

Well, give her that ring; and therewithal This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady I claim the promise for her heavenly picture. Your message done, bide home unto my chamber, Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit.

Julia.

How many women would do such a message? Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs. Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him, That with his very heart despiest me? Because he loves her, he despiseth me, Because I love him, I must pity him. This ring I gave him when he parted from me, To bind him to remember my good will, And now am I (unhappy messenger!) To plead for that which I would not obtain; To carry that which I would have refused; To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd. I am my master's true confirmed love, But cannot be true servant to my master, Unless I prove false traitor to myself. Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly, As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia. What would you with her, If that I be she? If you be she, I do entreat your patience To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Julia.

From whom?

Julia.

From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Silvia.

O! he sends you for a picture?

Julia.

Ay, madam.

Silvia.

Ursula, bring your picture there. [A picture brought. Go, give your master this: tell him from me, One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, Would better fit his citizen, than this shadow. Julia.

Madam, please you peruse this letter. — Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd Deliver'd you a paper that I should not: This is the letter to your ladyship.

Silvia.

I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Julia.

It may not be: good madam, pardon me.

Silvia.

There, hold. I will not look upon your master's lines: I know, they are stuff'd with protestations, And full of new-found oaths, which he will As easily as I do tear his paper. 
[break

Julia.

Madam, he sends you your ladyship this ring.

Silvia.

The more shame for him that he sends it me; For,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT V. Sc. ii.

For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure.

Julia.

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

She thanks you.

Silvia.

What say'st thou?

Julia.

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Dost thou know her?

Silvia.

Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Silvia.

Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.

Julia.

I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Silvia.

Is she not passing fair?

Julia.

About my stature; for, at pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me.
Therefore, I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weep a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Silvia.

She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. [Exit Silvia.

Julia.

And she shall thank you for't, If e'er 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.
Alas, 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 this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be 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.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseen eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Eglamour.

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

Enter Silvia.

See, where she comes!—Lady, a happy evening.

Silvia.

Amen, Amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Eglamour.

Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.

[Exeunt.

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

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thurio.

Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Proteus.

O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thurio.

What! that my leg is too long?

Proteus.

No, that it is too little.

Thurio.

I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Julia. [Aside.

But love will not be spur'd to what it loveth.

Thurio.

What says she to my face?

Proteus.

She says it is a fair one.

Thurio.

Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.

Proteus.

But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Julia.
Julia.  [Aside.
'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes; For I had rather wink than look on them.


Ill, when you talk of war.
Thurio. But well, when I discourse of love and peace? Julia.

But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

What says she to my valour? Proteus.

O, sir! I she makes no doubt of that.

She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

What says she to my birth? Proteus.

That you are well deriv'd.
Julia. [Aside. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thurio. Considers she my possessions? Proteus.

O! say; and pities them.

Wherefore? Julia.

That such an ass should owe them.

Thurio. That they are out by lease. Julia.

Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Thurio. How now, sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Not I. Proteus.

Nor I. Duke.

Saw you my daughter? Proteus.

Neither. Duke.

Why, then
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine, And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both, As he in penance wander'd through the forest: Him 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, [not. At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was 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, [fled. That leads towards Mantua, whither they are Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.}

Thurio. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl, That flies her fortune when it follows her. I'll after her, and see be reveng'd on Eglamour, Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit. Proteus. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love, Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [Exit. Julia. And I will follow, more to cross that love, Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit. SCENE III. The Forest. Enter Silvia and Outlaws. 1 Outlaw. Come, come:

Be patient; we must bring you to our captain. Silvia. A thousand more mischances than this one Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently. 2 Outlaw. Come, bring her away. 3 Outlaw. Where is the gentleman that was with her? 1 Outlaw. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us; But Moyses, and Patrerus, follow him. Go thou with her to the west end of the wood; There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled: The thicket is best; he cannot escape. Silvia. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [Exeunt. SCENE IV. Another Part of the Forest. Enter Valentine. Valentine. 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 woes. O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast, Leave not the mansion so long tenantless, Last, growing ruinous, the building fall, And leave no memory of what it was! Repair me with thy presence, Silvia! Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!— What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day? These are my mates, that make their wills their Have some unhappy passenger in chase. [law, They love me well; yet I have much to do, To keep them from uncivil outrages. Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [Exeunt. Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia. Proteus. 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
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Valentine.

How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Silvia.

O, miserable! unhappy that I am!

Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Silvia.

By thy approach thon mak'st me most unhappy.

Julia.

And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Silvia.

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! I be judge, 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 gone: solicit me no more.

Proteus.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look.
O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Silvia.

When Proteus cannot love, where he's belov'd,
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
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'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Proteus. In love

Who respects friend?

Silvia.

All men but Proteus.

Proteus.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end, [you.
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force

Silvia.

O heaven!

Proteus.

I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Enter Valentine.

Valentine.

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Proteus.

Valentine.

Thou common friend, that's without faith or love:
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove
me.

[hand

Who should be trusted now, when one's right

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most
accurst! [worst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the

Proteus.

My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Valentine.

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 th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Julia.

O me unhappy!

Look to the boy.

Valentine.

Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the
matter? look up; speak.

Julia.

O good sir! my master charg'd me to delive
a ring to madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect
was never done.

Proteus.

Where is that ring, boy?

Julia.

Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.

Proteus.

How! let me see. Why, this is the ring
gave to Julia.

Julia.

O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Proteus. [Shows another ring.

Proteus.

But, how can'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Julia.

And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Proteus.

How? Julia!

Julia.

Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush;
He thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest ramiment; if shame live
In a disgrace of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
[lights minds.
Women to change their shapes, than men their

Proteus.

Than men their minds: 'tis true. O heaven! were
man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins. [all the sins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Valentine.

Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Proteus.
Proteus.
Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Julia.
And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Outlaws.
A prize! a prize! a prize!

Valentine.
Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac’d,
Banished Valentine.

Duke.
Sir Valentine!

Thurio.
Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia’s mine.

Valentine.
Thurio. give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch,
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thurio.
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 grife,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall’d merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv’d: [her.
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv’d

Valentine.
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, whate’er it be.

Valentine.
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 reformed, 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 know’st their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Valentine.
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: be blushes.

Valentine.
I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke.
What mean you by that saying?

Valentine.
Please you, I’ll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun’d.—
Come, Proteus; ’tis your penance, 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.

[Exit.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
Fenton.
Shallow, a Country Justice.
Slender, Cousin to Shallow.
Ford.
Anne Page, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford.
Windsor.

Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh Parson.
Dr. Caius, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, Pistol,

ACT I.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

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

Slender.
In the county of Glos, justice of peace, and coram.

Shallow.
Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-olorum.

Slender.

Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Shallow.
Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender.

All his successors, gone before him, hath don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shallow.

It is an old coat.

Evans.

The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shallow.

I may quarter, coz?

Slender.

You may, by marrying.

Evans.

It is marrying, indeed, if he quarter it.

Slender.

Not a whit.

Evans.

Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your cost, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shallow.

The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Evans.

It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow.

Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Evans.

It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with
with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Merry.

Marry, and this Page.

Evans.

Shallow.

Got Paire.

what Sir,

justice

mistress

that

staff

my

if

resurrections!

monies,

heard

fault.—

Here

Well,

Seven

I

Sir,

Sir,

Master

It

Shall

I

despise

know

heart,

It

could

he

Page.

It

could

he

Page.

A

cur, sir.

Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page.

Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans.

It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shallow.

He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page.

Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shallow.

If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me: — Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page.

Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Falstaff.

Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shallow.

Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Falstaff.

But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shallow.

Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Falstaff.

I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.

--That is now answer'd.

Shallow.

The council shall know this.

Falstaff.

'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans.

Pauca verba, sir John; good words.

Falstaff.

Good words? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slender.

Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bardolph.

You Banbury cheese!

Slender.

Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol.

How now, Mephostophiles?

Slender.

Ay, it is no matter.

Nym.

Slice, I say! pauca; pauca; slice! that's my humour.

Slender.

Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Evans.

Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—master Page, fidelicet, master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garier.
We three, to hear it, and end it between them. Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prieff of it in my note book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Falstaff. Pistol!

He hears with ears. Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this? "I hea 'ith ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Falstaff. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Jed Miller, by these gloves.

Falstaff. Is this true, Pistol?

No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latlun blibo; Word of denial in thy labras here; Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slender. By this bat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Falstaff. What say you, Scarlet and John?

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

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bardolph. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the carrires.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Falstaff. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page with Wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following. Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

Slender. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

How now, mistress Ford!

Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans. Slender. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

Enter Simple. How now, Simple. Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simple. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortenke upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shallow. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz? marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: If it be so, I shall do that is reason.

Shallow. Nay, but understand me.

Slender. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, master Shallow. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slender. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

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

Evans. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

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

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? 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?

Shallow. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

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

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

Shallow. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slender.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I. Sc. 1.

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

Shallow.
Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slender.
I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, 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 absolutely.

Evans.
It is a very discreet answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolve; the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely. — His meaning is good.

Shallow.
Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slender.
Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shallow.
Here comes fair mistress Anne. — Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

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

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

Evans.
O'd's plessed will I will not be absence at the grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.

Anne.
Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

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

Anne.
The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender.
I am not a-languid, I thank you, forsooth.— Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his 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 may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slender.
I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne.
I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender.
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 venets 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 talked of.

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

Anne.
Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender.
That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson 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 pass'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page.
Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

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

Page.
By cock and phe, you shall not choose, sir. Come come.

Slender.
Nay; pray you, lead the way.

Page.
Come on, sir.

Slender.
Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

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

Slender.
Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne.
I pray you, sir.

Slender.
I'll rather be unmannery, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.

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, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple.
Well, sir.

Evans.
Nay, it is better yet. — Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

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

Falstaff.
Mine host of the Garter!

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

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

Host.
Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.
Falstaff.
I sit at ten pounds a week.

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

Falstaff.
Do so, good mine host.

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

[Exit Host.

Falstaff.
Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Falstaff.
It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

[Exit Bardolph.

Pistol.
O base Gongarlan wight! wilt thou the epigot wield?

Nym.
He was gotten in drink: is not the humour concealed? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Pistol.
I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his whisling was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

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

Pistol.
Convey the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!

Falstaff.
Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol.
Why then, let kibes ensue.

Falstaff.
There is no remedy: I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pistol.
Young ravens must have food.

Falstaff.
Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol.
I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

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

Pistol.
Two yards, and more.

Falstaff.
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; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pistol.
He hath studied her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

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

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

Pistol.
As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

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

Falstaff.
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 collides: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol.
Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym.
I thank thee for that humour.

Falstaff.
O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch 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 exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pistol.
Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, [all] And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take

Nym.
I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Falstaff.
Hold, sirrah, [to Robin] bear you these letters tightly: Sall like my pinnace to these golden shores.—Rogues, hence! avant! vanish like halitones, go; [pack!] Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pistol.
Let vultures gripe thy guts? I for gourd, and fallam holds. 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, which be humours of revenge.

Pistol.
Wilt thou revenge?

Nym.
By welkin, and her star.

Pistol.
With wit, or steel?

Nym.
With both the humours, I: I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pistol.
And I to Ford shall eke unfold, How Falstaff, varlet vile, His dove will prove, his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

Nym.
My humour shall judge cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.
SCENE IV. A Room in Dr. Caius’s House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quickly.

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

I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.

Quickly.

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 nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Simple.

Ay, for fault of a better.

Quickly.

And master Slender's your master?

Simple.

Ay, forsooth.

Quickly.

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

Simple.

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

Quickly.

A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simple.

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.

Quickly.

How say you?—O I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Simple.

Yes, indeed, does he.

Quickly.

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.

Quickly.

Rugby.

Out, alas! here comes my master.

Simple.

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, 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, adown-a," &c.

Sings.

Enter Dr. Caius.

Caius.

Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier verd; a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quickly.

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

Caius.

Fe, fe, fe! ma fée, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quickly.

Is it this, sir?

Caius.

Ou; mette le au mon pocket; dépêche, quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quickly.

What, John Rugby! John!

Rugby.

Here, sir.

Caius.

You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rugby.

'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius.

By my trot, I tarry too long. — Od's me! Qu'at je oublié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quickly. [Aside.

Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius.

O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! larron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier!

Quickly.

Good master, be content.

Caius.

Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quickly.

The young man is an honest man.

Caius.

Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quickly.

I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius.

Vell.

Simple.

Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quickly.

Peace, I pray you.

Caius.

Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale.

Simple.

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

Quickly.

This is all, indeed, I; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius.

Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, balances me some paper: tarry you a little-a while.

[Writes.

Quickly.

I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can:
ACT II. Sc. I.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself—

Simple.

'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quickly.

Are you avise'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius.

You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenege: I will cut his trout in de park; and I will teach a scurry 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 have a stone to trow at his dog.

[Exit Caius.]

Quickly.

Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius.

It is no matter—a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de Jarretière to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quickly.

Syr, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good year!

Caius.

Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quickly.

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

Fenton.

Who's within there, ho?

Quickly.

Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

[Enter Fenton.]

Fenton.

How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quickly.

The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fenton.

What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quickly.

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.

Fenton.

Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quickly.

Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fenton.

Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quickly.

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 wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholf and missing. But for you—well, go to.

Fenton.

Well, 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—

Quickly.

Will I? 'tis faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart. the next time we have confidence, and of other woors.

Fenton.

Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[Exit.]

Quickly.

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.

Mistress Page.

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

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not as good, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, am I; ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire b-tter sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier cannot suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me, Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might, For thee 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 unworthy behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard plecked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, 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 in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

[Enter Mistress Ford.]

Mrs. Ford.

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

Mrs. Page.
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. O, 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 trife, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifes;—what is it?

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

Mrs. Page.
What?—thou liest. —Sir Alice Ford! —These knights will have a hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford.
We burn day-light: —here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave 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 not more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, 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 of ill 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 different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition. 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 Peto- tion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste 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 almost ready to wrangle with mine own modesty. 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 bored 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 to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford.
Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may notully 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 man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an un-measurable distance.

Mrs. Ford.
You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page.
Let's consult together against this greedy knight. Come hither. [They retire.

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.
Ford.
Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pistol.
Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford.
Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol.
He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.
Both young and old, one with another, Ford. He loves the gally-mawfr: Ford, percapud.

Ford.
Love my wife?

Pistol.
With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, Like sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy O! odious is the name. [heels.

Ford.
What name, sir?

Pistol.
The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night: —[do sing. —Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds Away, sir corporal Nym.— Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol. Ford.
I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym.
And this is true: [to Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 'tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. —Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [Exit Nym.

Page.
The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford.
I will seek out Falstaff.

Page.
I never heard such a drawing-affecting rogue.

Ford.
If I do find it, well.

Page.
I will not believe such a Catarin, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

How now, Meg?

Page.

Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Page.

How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford.

I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford.

'Faith, thou hast some crotchetts in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Ford.

Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford.

Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page.

You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quickly.

Page.

Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page.

Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

Ford.

How now, master Ford?

Page.

You heard what this knife told me, did you not?

Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford.

Do you think there is truth in them?

Page.

Hang 'em, slaves: I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent against our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford.

Were they his men?

Page.

Marry, were they.

Ford.

I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie 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 more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford.

I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page.

Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host!

Enter Host, and Shallow.

Host.

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

Shallow.

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

Host.

Tell him, cavaliro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shallow.

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

Ford.

Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host.

What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[They go aside.

Shallow.

Will you go?—[to Page] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the person is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host.

Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford.

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

Host.

My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, An-heires?

Shallow.

Have with you, mine host.

Page.

I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shallow.

Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoc-cadoes, 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, boys, 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 farther 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.
SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Falstaff.
I will not lend thee a penny.

Pistol.
Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—

Falstaff.
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 you, coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pistol.
Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Falstaff.
Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibel for you:—go. A short knife and a thong:—to your major of Pickst-hatch, go.—You'll not hear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, myself sometimes, learning the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to hurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensonce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pistol.
I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Robin.
Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Falstaff.
Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quickly.

Give your worship good-morrow.

Falstaff.
Good-morrow, good wife.

Quickly.

Not so, an't please your worship.

Falstaff.
Good maid, then.

Quickly.

I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Falstaff.
I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quickly.

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Falstaff.
Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quickly.

There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways. —I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius.

Falstaff.
Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quickly.

Your worship says very true:— I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Falstaff.
I warrant thee, nobody hears:—mine own people, mine own people.

Quickly.

Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Falstaff.
Well: Mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quickly.

Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Falstaff.
Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

Quickly.

Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary: yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her;—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Falstaff.
But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quickly.

Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Falstaff.
Ten and eleven?

Quickly.

Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very fram-pold life with him, good heart.

Falstaff.
Ten and eleven. — Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quickly.

Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as farfous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning or evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man:
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Falstaff.
Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quickly.

Blessing on your heart, sir!

But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quickly.
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, master Page is an honest 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 a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Why, I will.

Quickly.
Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a mayday, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Falstaff.
Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse: am I not thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me.

[Exit Quickly and Robin.

Pistol.
This punk is one of Cupid's carriages.—Clap on more sails; pursuie, up with your fights: Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [Exit Pistol.

Falstaff.
Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bardolph.
Sir John, there's one master Brook below who'd fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Brook, is his name?

Ay, sir.

Bardolph.

Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! 'tis I, mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via la;

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford.
Bless you, sir.

Falstaff.
And you, sir: would you speak with me?

Ford.
I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Falstaff.
You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Ford.
Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Falstaff.
Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford.
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 embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before all ways do lie open.

Falstaff.
Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford.
Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Falstaff.
Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford.
I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Falstaff.
Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Falstaff.
Sir, I hear 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, sth you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Falstaff.
Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford.
There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Falstaff.
Well, sir.

Ford.
I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but nigardly 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 me, which hath been, on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, 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 she flies, and flying what pursues

Falstaff.
Falstaff.

Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Falstaff. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Falstaff. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Falstaff. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. 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.

O sir!

Ford. 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 sieve to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Falstaff. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O I 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 purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, sir John?

Falstaff. 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.

O good sir!

I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

Falstaff. 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 eleven; 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 blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Falstaff. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittily knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffers, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Falstaff. Hang him, meechanical salt-butter rogue! I will scare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor over the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and 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.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Could any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coifers ransacked, my reputation gnawed at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Aamaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaros, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they make effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[Exit.

SCENE III. Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Jack Rugby!

Calus.

Rugby.

Sir.

Calus.

Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rugby.

'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Calus.

By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible veil, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rugby.
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Rugby.

He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius.

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.

Rugby.

Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

Caius.

Villainy, take your rapier.

Rugby.

Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host.

Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shallow.

Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page.

Now, good master doctor.

Slender.

Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius.

Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host.

To see thee fight, to see thee join, 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 Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francico? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius.

By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host.

Thou art a Castilian-king-Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius.

I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shallow.

He is the wiser 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 professions. Is it not true, master Page?

Page.

Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shallow.

Bodykius, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches 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.

Shallow.

It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host.

Pardon, guest-justice: — a word, monsieur Mock-water.

Caius.

Mock-vater I vat is dat?

Host.

Mock-water in our English tongue is valour, bully.

Caius.

By gar, then, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.

Host.

He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius.

Clapper-de-claw I vat is dat?

Host.

That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius.

By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me will him.

Host.

And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius.

Me tank you for dat.

Host.

And moreover, bully. — But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.

Page.

Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host.

He is there; see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shallow.

We will do it.

Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Adieu, good master doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Caius.

By gar, me will kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host.

Let him die. Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shall woo her. Cried I, aim? said I well?

Caius.

By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lord, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host.

For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius.

By gar, tis good; vell said.

Host.

Let us wag then.

Shallow.

Come at my heels, Jack Caius. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans.

I PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which
which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physick?

Simple.

Marry, sir, the petty-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans.

I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

I will, sir.

Evans.

Pless my soul! how full of choler I am, and trembling of mind! — I shall be glad, if he have deceived me. — How melancholy I am! — I will knog his urinals about his knave’s costard, when I have good opportunities for the ‘ork: — pless my soul! [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our pots of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

Simple.

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;
When as I sat in Babylon,
And a thousand vagrant posies.
To shallow —

Simple. [Coming forward.

Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Evans.

He’s welcome. —

To shallow rivers, to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

Simple.

No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans.

Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shallow.

How now, master parson! Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamerster from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slender.

Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page.

Save you, good sir Hugh.

Evans.

Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shallow.

What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page.

And youthful still. In your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Evans.

There is reasons and causes for it.

Page.

We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans.

Fery well: what is it?

Page.

Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shallow.

I have lived fourscore years, and upward, I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans.

What is he?

Page.

I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans.

Got’s will, and his passion of my heart! I had a lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page.

Why?

Evans.

He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates 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 him.

Slender.

O, sweet Anne Page!

Shallow.

It appears 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.

Shallow.

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: verefore will you not meet a—me?

Evans.

Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius.

By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans.

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 cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius.

Diabe! — Jack Rugby, — mine Host de Jarretière, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans.

As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I’ll be judgement by mine Host of the Garter.

Host.


Caius.

Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host.

Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions,
potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my par-
son? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives
me the proverbs and the noverbs. — 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 skins are whole,
and let burnt-sack be the issue. — Come, lay
their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lad of peace;
follow, follow, follow.

Shallow.

Trust me, a mad host. — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slender.

O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.]

Caius.

Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de
sot of us? ha, ha!

Evans.

This is well; he has made us his laughing-
stock. — I desire you, that we may be friends,
and let us knog our brains together to be revenge on
this same scall, scurry, cogg深深 companion, the
Host of the Garter.

Caius.

By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring
me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me
too.

Evans.

Well, I will smile his noddles. — Pray you,
follow. — [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page.

Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were
want to be a follower, but now you are a leader.
Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye
your master's heels?

Robin.

I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a
man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page.

O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll
be a courtier.

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 dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page.

Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford.

Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my
husband had him of. — What do you call your
knight's name, sirrah?

Robin.

Sir John Falstaff.

Ford.

Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page.

He, he; I can never hit on't name. — There is
such a league between my good man and he!
Is your wife at home, indeed?
have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page; and you, sir Hugh.

Shallow.

Well, fare you well. —We shall have the freer woofing at master Page's.

[Exeunt Shallow and Slender. Caius.

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, genties?

All.

Have with you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in Ford's House. Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford.

What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page.

Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford.

I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a large 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, as 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 whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it 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 no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page.

Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford.

How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Robin.

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?

Robin.

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.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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Merry Wives of Windsor

ACT III. Sc. III.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Robin. [Within.]

Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Falstaff. She shall not see me. I will ensorce me behind the arrears.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin. What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Ford. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame I never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; betheking you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. — O, how have you deceived me! — Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Let me see't, let me see't! O, let me see't!

I'll in, I'll in. — Follow your friend's counsel. — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Falstaff. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never —

[He gets into the basket: they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford. — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry 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 deserve it. — How now! whether you bear this?

Servants. 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! Buck, buck buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear.

[Exit 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'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. — Let me stop this way first: — so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.]

Evans. This is very fantastical humour, and jealousies.

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. [Exit Page, Evans, 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 washing; 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


If there be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Ford.

Pray you go, master Page.

Evans.

I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Calus.

Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Evans.

A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fenton,

I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne.

Alas! how then?

Fenton.

Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gull'd with my
I seek to heal it only by his wealth. [expense,
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne.

May be, he tells you true.

Fenton.

No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis 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 humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shallow.

Break their talk, mistress Quickly, my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slender.

I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

Be not dismay'd.

Shallow.

No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quickly.

Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne.

I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O! what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quickly.

And how does good master Fenton? Pray
you, a word with you.

Shallow.

She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hast a father.

Slender.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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Slender.
I had a father, mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shallow
Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slender.
Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shallow.
He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slender.
Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'quire.

Shallow.
He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne.
Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shallow.
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.

Slender.
Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne.
What is your will?

Slender.
My will! od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I never made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne.
I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slender.
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 man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page

Page.
Now, master Slender! — Love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fenton.
Nay, master Page, be not impatient. Mrs. Page.

Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page.
She is no match for you. Fenton.

Sir, will you hear me?

Page.
No, good master Fenton. —

Come, master Shallow; — come, son Slender; in —

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.


Speak to mistress Page.

Fenton.

Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and man— I must advance the colours of my love, [noes, And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne.
Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page.
I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quickly.
That's my master, master doctor.

Anne.
Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips.

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. 'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in; Her father will be angry.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

Fenton.
Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan. Quickly.

This is my doing, now.— Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master Fenton. — This is my doing. Fenton.

I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[Exit.

Quickly.

Now, heaven send her good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so 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.

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff.
Bardolph, I say!

Bardolph.
Here, sir.

Falstaff.
Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit Bardolph. —] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelby 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 sweiled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Bardolph.
Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.
Falstaff.

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.

Bardolph.

Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quickly.

By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Falstaff.

Take away these chalices. Go brew me a potte of sack finelie.

Bardolph.

With eggs, sir?

Falstaff.

Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[Exit Bardolph.]—How now! Quickly.

Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Falstaff.

Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quickly.

Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Falstaff.

So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise. Quickly.

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.

Falstaff.

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. Quickly.

I will tell her.

Falstaff.

Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quickly.

Eight and nine, sir.

Falstaff.

Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quickly.

Peace be with you, sir. [Exit. Falstaff.

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.

[Exit. Falstaff.

Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford.

That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Falstaff.

Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford.

And sped you, sir?

Falstaff.

Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford.

How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Falstaff.

No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum 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 distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford.

What! while you were there?

Falstaff.

While I was there.

Ford.

And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Falstaff.

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!

Falstaff.

By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, 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?

Falstaff.

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 their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul 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 he lunatic knave should have searched it; but fate, ordaining 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 blibo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: 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 'scope 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 desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Falstaff.

Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have
ACT IV.  

SCENE I.  The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

William.

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.

Falstaff.

Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to you 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. [Exit Ford.

Hum: ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake I 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 buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot escape 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 to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

ACT IV.  

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. 69

Two.

William.

Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Evans.

Peace your tattlings!—What is fair, William?

William.

Pulcher.

Quickly.

Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

Evans.

You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is lapis, William?

William.

A stone.

Evans.

And what is a stone, William?

William.

A pebble.

Evans.

No, it is lapis: I pray you remember in your pain.

William.

Lapis.

Evans.

That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

William.

Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, horum, hoc.

Evans.

Nominativo, hig, hag, hag:—pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

William.

Accusativo, hinc.

Evans.

I pray you, have your remembrance, child: accusativo, hing, hang, hog.

Quickly.

Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans.

Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

William.

O—vocativo, O.

Evans.

Remember, William; focative is, caret.

Quickly.

And that's a good root.

Evans.

'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page.

Peace!

Evans.

What is your genitive case plural, William?

William.

Genitive case?

Evans.

Ay.

William.

Genitive,—horum, horum, horum.

Quickly.

Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans.

For shame, 'oman!

Quickly.
Quickly.
You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hie and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum,—oh upon you!

Evans.
'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders. Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page.
Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Evans.

Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

William.

Forssoth, I have forgot.

Evans.

It is qui, quae, quod; if you forget your quis, your quae, and your quod, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page.

He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Evans.

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 sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford.

He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page.

[Within.

What hoa! gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford.

Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page.

How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford.

Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page.

Indeed?

Mrs. Ford.

No, certainly. [Aside.] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page.

Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford.

Why?

Mrs. Page.

Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer-out, Peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper 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 swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own folly.

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.

Alas, 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 use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the klin-hole.

Falstaff.

Where is it?

Mrs. Ford.

He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, cover, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Falstaff.

I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page.

If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford.

How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page.

Alas the day! I know not. 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.

Falstaff.

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 big as he
he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford.

Go, go, sweet sir John; mistress Page and 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; forbade her 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, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford.

We'll try 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: lets 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 mis-use 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 grass.'

Mrs. Ford.

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.

1 Servant.

Come, come, take it up.

2 Servant.

Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 Servant.

I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford.

Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain.—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderer rascals! there's a knot, a gling, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. —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 pinioned.

Evans.

Why, this is lunacies: this is mad as a mad dog.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act IV. Sc. II.

do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figures, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag 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.

Come, mother Pratt; come, give me your hand.

Ford.

I'll pratt her. — Out of my door, you witch! [beats him] you rag, you baggage, you polcent. you ronyon I out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

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!

Evans.

By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a good beard; I spy a good beard 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 trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page.

Let's obey his humour a little farther. Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Ford, Page, 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 unpitifully, 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 farther revenge?

Mrs. Page.

The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine 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?

Mrs. Page.

Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bardolph.

Sir, the Germane 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 secretely? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bardolph.

Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host.

They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay: I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans.

'Tis one of the pest 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.

Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [wilt; Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy In him that was of late a heretic, [honour stand, As firm as faith.

Page.

'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission, As in offence; But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, [it. Where we may take him, and disgrace him for Ford.

There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page.

How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans.

You say, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page.

So think I too.

Mrs. Ford.

Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page.

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter, Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter time, at still midnight, Walk
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns; and there he blasts the tree, and takes the And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a in a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such a spirit; and well you The superstitious Idle-headed edd (know, received, and did deliver to our age, Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear To deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak. But what of this? Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head. Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape: when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot? Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus. Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress in white, Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden, As Falstaff she, and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once With some diffused song: upon their sight, We two in great amazedness will fly: Then, let them all encircle him about. And, fairy-like, to-pinches the unclean knight; And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread, In shape profane. Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound, And burn him with their tapers. Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor. Ford. The children must be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't. Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will he like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber. Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards. Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white. Page. That silk will I go buy; [Aside.] and in that time Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, And marry her at Eton. [To them.] Go, send to Falstaff straight. Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook; He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come. Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties, And tricking for our fairies. Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and very honest knавeries. [Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans. Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind. [Exit Mrs. Ford. I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And he 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-skinned? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap. Simple. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender. 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 Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say. Simple. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she 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 lungs military; art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls. Falstaff. How now, mine host! [Above. Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie! Enter Falstaff. Falstaff. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone. Simple. Pray you, sir, was not the wise woman of Brentford? Falstaff. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her? Simple. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nan, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no. Falstaff. I spake with the old woman about it. Simple. And what says she, I pray, sir? Falstaff. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled
beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Enter Doctor Caius. Caius.

Vere is mine Host de Jarretière? Host.

Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius.

I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jar-

manny: by my troth, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill plen.

Host.

Hue and cry, villain! go. — Assist me, knight; I am undone. — Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit Host and Bardolph.] Falstaff.

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 cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fisher-

men’s boots with me! I warrant, they would whip me with their finest wits, till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Now, whence come you? Quickly.

From the two parties, forsooth. Falstaff.

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. Quickly.

And have not they suffered? Yes, I war-

rant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. Falstaff.

What tell’st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver’d me, the knave con-

stable had set me ‘tis the stocks, ‘tis the common stocks, for a witch. Quickly.

Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here’s a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed. Falstaff.

Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host. Fenton.

Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all. Fenton.

Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I’ll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your less.
Host.
I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at
the least, keep your counsel.

Fenton.
From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth 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:
[one,]
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir, her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white:
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath in-
The better to denote her to the doctor, tendered,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.
Host.
Which means she to deceive? father or mo-
ther?
Fenton.
Both, my good host, to go along with me;
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
Host.
Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
Fenton.
So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the Garter Inn.
Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

FALSTAFF.
PRYTHEE, no more Prattling:—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.

Quickly.
I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I
can to get you a pair of horns.

FALSTAFF.
Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head,
and mince.

[Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook! Master Brook, the
matter will be known to-night, or never. Be
you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak,
and you shall see wonders.

Ford.
Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

FALSTAFF.
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 shape of a woman; for in the
shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Gobah
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 plucked
goose, played truant, and whipped 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 hand.—Follow.
Strange things in hand, master Brook: follow.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Windsor Park.
Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page.
Come, come: we'll cough 't the castle-ditch,
till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember,
son Slender, my daughter.

Shallow.
Ay, forsooth: I have spoken with her and we
how a pay-word, how to know one another. I
come to her in white, and cry, "mum;" she
cries, "budget," and by that we know one an-
other.

Falstaff.
That's good too: but what needs either your
"mum," or her "budget?" the white will de-
cipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten
o'clock.

Shallow.
The night is dark: light and spirits will be-
come 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Street in Windsor.
Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page.
Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away
with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly.
Go before into the park: we two must go to-
gether.

Caius.
I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page.
fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice 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 Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page.

They are all conched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with o' secured 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 mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford.

We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page.

Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford.

The hour draws on: to the oak, 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.

Falstaff.

Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! I speak like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

[Noise within.

Mrs. Page.

Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford.

Heaven forgive our sins!

Falstaff.

What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page.

Away, away! [They run off.

Falstaff.

I think, the devil will not have me damned, 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.

Queen.

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revelers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.— Crier Hobygoblin, make the fairy o' yez.

Pistol.

Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys! Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttary.

Falstaff.

They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die: I'll wink and cough. No man their works must eye. [Lies down upon his face.

Evans.

Where's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid, That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of your fancy, and Answer the band as careless infancy; But those as sleep, and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Queen.

About, about! Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out: Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom, Sleep as sound as careless infancy; But nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring; Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And, Honi soit qui mal y pense, write, In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white; Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knight's god's bending knee: Fairies, use flowers for their character. Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock, Our
ACT V. SC. V.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Falstaff.
Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pistol.
Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd, even in thy
birth.

Queen.
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.

A trial I come.

Evans.
Come, will this wood take fire?
[They burn him with their tapers.

Falstaff.
Oh, oh, oh!

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a woeful fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song, the page plucks Falstaff:
Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away
a fairy in green; Siender another way, and takes off
a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away 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
you now.

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 yokes
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 buck-basket, 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 several take you for my love
again, but I will always count you my deere.
and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page.

Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender married her daughter.

Mrs. Page.

Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[Aside.

Enter Slender.

Slender.

Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

Slender.

Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, ha, else.

Page.

Of what, son?

Slender.

I came yonder at Elton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page.

Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender.

What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page.

Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender.

I went to her in white, and cried, "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page.

Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius.

Veris mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un poisson, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page.

Why, did you take her in green?

Caius.

Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

[Exit Caius.

Ford.

This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page.

My heart misgives me. Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton!

Anne.

Pardon, good father! I good my mother, pardon!

Page.

Now, mistress; how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page.

Why went you not with master doctor, maid? Fenton.

You do amaze her; hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully. Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; and this deceit loseth the name of craft, of disobedience, or undutious title, since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, [upon her. Which forced marriage would have brought Ford.

Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy. In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state: Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Falstaff.

I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page.

Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy. What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Falstaff.

When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page.

Well, I will muse no farther. — Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days. — Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford.

Let it be so. — Sir John
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[Exeunt.
ACT I.


Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

ESCALUS!

My lord.

Duke.

Of government the properties to unfold, Would seem in me to affect speech 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, Put 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, y' 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.—

Call hither, I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

Exit 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, And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power. What think you of it?

ESCALUS.

If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke.

Look, where he comes.

Angelo.

Always obedient to your grace's will, I come to know your pleasure.

Duke.

There is a kind of character in thy life, That, to th' observer, doth thy history 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 [touch'd, As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely But to fine issues; nor nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor. Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech To one that can my part in him advertise: Hold, therefore, Angelo: In our remove, be thou at full ourself; Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus, Though first in question, is thy secondary: Take thy commission.

Angelo.

Now, good my lord, Let there be some more test made of my metal, Before so noble and so great a figure Be stamped upon it.

Duke.
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 time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Angelo.

Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

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 me your hand.
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage to them their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and overs vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Angelo.

The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Esclus.

Lead forth, and bring you back In happiness!

Duke.

I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

Esclus.

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have freespeech 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.

Angelo.

'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esclus.

I'll wait upon your honour.

[Exit.

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 Gentleman.

Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 Gentleman.

Amen.

Lucio.

Thou concludest, like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gentleman.

Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio.

Ay, that he rased.

1 Gentleman.

Why? 'Twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; 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 Gentleman.

I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio.

I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gentleman.

No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gentleman.

What, in mete?

Lucio.

In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gentleman.

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 Gentleman.

Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio.

I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet; thou art the list.

1 Gentleman.

And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list 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 Gentleman.

I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 Gentleman.

Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio.

Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!

1 Gentleman.

I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gentleman.

To what, I pray?

Lucio.

Judge.

2 Gentleman.

To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 Gentleman.

Ay, and more.

Lucio.

A French crown more.

2 Gentleman.

Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio.

Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gentleman.

How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd.

Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gentleman.
ACT I. SC. III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

2 Gentleman. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 Gentleman. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, 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. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gentleman. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gentleman. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunken. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service: you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Provost. I do it not in evil disposition, but from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio. Thus 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?

Claudio. 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 natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty 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 popery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claudio. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claudio. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claudio. Call it so.

Provost. Away, sir: you must go.

Claudio. One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred. If they'll do you any good. — Is lechery so look'd after?

Claudio. Thus stands it with me: — Upon a true contract, I got possession of Julietta's bed: You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffers of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our love.
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.  

Lucio.
With child, perhaps.

Claudio.
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 whereso the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
I stagger in; — but this new governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, [wall  
Which have, like unscour’d armour, hung by the  
So long, that nineteen zodlocks have gone round,  
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me: — ’tis surely, for a name.

Lucio.
I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle  
on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,  
may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claudio.
I have done so, but he’s not to be found.  
I pr’ythee, 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 assay him;  
I have great hope in that; for in her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dialect, [fart,  
Such as moves men: beside, she hath prosperous  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

Lucio.
I pray, she may: as well for the encourage-  
ment of the like, which else would stand under  
grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy  
life, who I would be sorry should be thus fool-  
ishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I’ll to her.

Claudio.
I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio.
Within two hours,—  
Claudio.  
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 dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire  
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and  
Of burning youth. [ends

Friar.
May your grace speak of it?

Duke.
My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever lov’d the life remov’d:  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery  
I have deliver’d to lord Angelo [keeps.
ACT II. Sc. 1. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, when I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'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 him.

[Exit Francisca.

Isabella.
Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio.

Hall, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isabella.
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.

Isabella.

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.

Isabella.

Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio.

'Tis 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 ensky'd, andainted By your renouncement, an immortal spirit, And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a saint.

Isabella.

You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio.

Do not believe it. Fawness and truth, 'tis thus: Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: As those that feel grow full; as blossoming time, That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To teeming foison, even so her plentiful womb Expresseth his full thith and husbandry.

Isabella.

Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet.

Lucio.

Is she your cousin?

Isabella.

Adoptedly; as school-maids change their By rain, though apt, affection. [names

Lucio.

She it is.

Isabella.

O I let him marry her.

Lucio.

This is the point. The duke is very strangely gone from hence, Bore 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 was of an infinite distance

From his true-mean't design. Upon his place, And with full line of his authority, Governs 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 mind, study 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: he arrests 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.

Isabella.

Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio.

Has censur'd him Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath A warrant for his execution.

Isabella.

Alas! what poor ability's in me To do him good?

Lucio.

Assay the power you have.

Isabella.

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 All their petitions are as freely theirs [kneel, As they themselves would owe them.

Isabella.

I'll see what I can do.

Lucio.

But speedily.

Isabella.

I will about it straight, No longer staying but to give the mother Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you: Commend me to my brother; soon at night I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio.

I take my leave of you.

Isabella.

Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Esclusus, a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.

Angelo.

W E 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.

Esclusus.

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and brulse to death. Alas! this gentle- 
man, 
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 affections, 
Had time sober'd with place, or place with 
wishing, 
Or that the resolute acting of your blood 
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur- 
pose. 
Whether you had not, sometime in your life, 
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him, 
And pull'd the law upon you. 

Escalus. 
'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus; 
Another thing to fall. I not deny, 
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, 
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two; 
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made 
to justice, 
That justice seizes: what know the laws, 
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very 

Angelo. 
Be it as your wisdom will. 

Escalus. 
Where is the provost? 

Enter Provost. 

Provost. 

Here, if it like your honour. 

Angelo. 

See that Claudio 
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning. 
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd, 
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. 

Exit Provost. 

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all! 
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall: 
Some run from breaks of vice, and answer none, 
And some condemned for a fault alone. 

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c. 

Elbow. 

Come, bring them away. If these be good 
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but 
use their abuses in common houses, I know no 

Angelo. 

How now, sir! What's your name, and what's 
the matter? 

Elbow. 

If it please 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. 

Angelo. 

Benefactors! Wcll; what benefactors are 
they? are they not malefactors? 

Elbow. 

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 profanation in the 
world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escalus. 
This comes off well: here's a wise officer. 

Angelo. 

Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is 
your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow. 

Clown. 

He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow. 

Angelo. 

What are you, sir? 

Elbow. 

He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one 
that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, 
as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and 
now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, 
is a very lill house too. 

Escalus. 

How know you that? 

Elbow. 

My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven 
and your honour. 

Escalus. 

How I thy wife? 

Elbow. 

Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest 
woman, 

Escalus. 

Dost thou detest her therefore? 

Elbow. 

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. 

Escalus. 

How dost thou know that, constable? 

Elbow. 

Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been 
a woman cardinaly given, might have been 
accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean- 
liness there. 

Escalus. 

By the woman's means? 

Elbow. 

Ay, sir, by mistress Ouer-lame's means; but 
as she spilt in his face, so she defiled him. 

Clown. 

Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so. 

Elbow. 

Prove it before these varlets here, thou 
honourable man; prove it. 

Escalus. 

Do you hear how he misplaces? 

Clown. 

Sir, she came in great with child, and longing 
(saying your honour's reverence) for strew'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 threepence: your 
honours have seen such dishes; they are not 
China dishes, but very good dishes. 

Escalus. 

Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir. 

Clown. 

No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein 
the right; but to the point. As I say, this 
imissed 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, 
master Froth here, this very man, having eaten 
the rest, 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. 

Froth.
Act II. Sc. 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Froth.

No, indeed.

Clown.

Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth.

Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown.

Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth.

All this is true.

Clown.

Why, very well then.

Escalus.

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.

Clown.

Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escalus.

No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown.

Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas.—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth.

All-hallow'd eve.

Clown.

Why, 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?

I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown.

Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Angelo.

This will last out a night in Russe. [Leave. When nights are longest there. I'll take my And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escalus.

I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown.

Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elbow.

I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown.

I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escalus.

Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown.

I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escalus.

Ay, sir, very well.

Clown.

Nay. I beseech you, mark it well.

Escalus.

Well, I do so.

Clown.

Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escalus.

Why, no.

Clown.

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.

Escalus.

He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elbow.

First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown.

By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elbow.

Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown.

Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escalus.

Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elbow.

O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—if ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escalus.

If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow.

Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escalus.

Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that you wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elbow.

Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escalus.

Where were you born, friend?

Froth.

Here in Vienna, sir.

Escalus.

Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth.

Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escalus.

So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clown.

A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escalus.

Your mistress' name?

Clown.

Mistress Over-done.
Escalus.

Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown.

Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escalus.

Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted
with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth,
and you will hang them: get you gone, and let
me hear no more of you.

Froth.

I thank your worship. For mine own part,
I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I
am draw in.

Escalus.

Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell.

[Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master
tapster. What’s your name, master tapster?

Pompey.

What else?

Clown.

Bum, sir.

Escalus.

‘Truth, and your bum is the greatest thing
about you; so that, in the leastest sense, you
are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly
a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in
being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true:
shall it be the better for you.

Clown.

Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escalus.

How would you live, Pompey? by being a
bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey?
is it a lawful trade?

Clown.

If the law would allow it, sir.

Escalus.

But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it
shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown.

Does your worship mean to geld and spay all
the youth of the city?

No, Pompey.

Clown.

Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to’t
then. If your worship will take order for the
drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the
bawds.

Escalus.

There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell
you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown.

If you head and hang all that offend that way
but for ten year together, you’ll be glad to give
out a commission for more heads. If this law
hold in Vienna ten year, I’ll rent the fairest
house in it after three pence a bay. If you live
to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escalus.

Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital
of your prophecy, barm you:—I advise you, let me
not find you before me again upon any complaint
whate’er; no, not for dwelling where you do:
if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent,
and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain
dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So,
for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown.

I thank your worship for your good counsel,
but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune
shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whipt his jade;
The valiant heart’s not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.

Escalus.

Come hither to me, master Elbow; come
hither, master constable. How long have you
been in this place of constable?

Elbow.

Seven year and a half, sir.

Escalus.

I thought, by the readiness in the office, you
had continued in it some time. You say, seven
years together?

Elbow.

And a half, sir.

Escalus.

Alas I it hath been great pains to you. They
do you wrong to put you so oft upon’t. Are
there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elbow.

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 some piece of money, and go
through with all.

Escalus.

Look you bring me in the names of some six
or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elbow.

To your worship’s house, sir?

Escalus.

To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow.

What’s o’clock, think you?

Justice.

Eleven, sir.

Escalus.

I pray you home to dinner with me.

Justice.

I humbly thank you.

Escalus.

It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there’s no remedy.

Justice.

Lord Angelo is severe.

Escalus.

It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE 11. Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Servant.

He’s hearing of a cause: he will come straight.
I’ll tell him of you.

Provost.

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.

Angelo.

Now, what’s the matter, provost?

Provost.

Is it you will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Angelo.
Angelo. Did I not tell thee, yea? hast thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Provost. Least I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Angelo. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Provost. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning She's very near her hour. [Juliet ?

Angelo. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and with that speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

Angelo. Hath he a sister?

Provost. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Angelo. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.

See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Lucio. Save your honour! [Offering to retire.

Isabella. Stay a little while.—[To Isabella.] Y'are welcome: what's your will?

Isabella. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Angelo. Well; what's your suit?

Isabella. 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.

Angelo. Well; the matter?

Isabella. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Provost. [ Aside. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done. Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isabella. O just, but severe law! I had a brother then. — [Heaven keep your honour! [Retiring.

Lucio. [To Isabella.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, Intreat him; Kneel 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.

Isabella. Must he needs die?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.

Isabella. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Angelo. I will not do't.

Isabella. But can you, if you would?

Angelo. Look; what I will no', that I cannot do.

Isabella. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong, If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him?

Angelo. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.

Lucio. [To Isabella. You are too cold.

Isabella. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again: Well believe this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipt like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.

Angelo. Pray you, begone.

Isabella. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabella! should it then be thus? No; 'I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isabella. Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. 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 new made!

Angelo. Be you content, fair maid. It is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isabella. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him! [kitchens He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our We
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-
think you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside.]

Angelo. Ay, well said,
The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first, that did th' 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 remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,) Are now to have no successive degrees,
But where they live, to end.

Isabella. Yet show some pity. [Aside.]

I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Ivies not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isabella. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside.]

That's well said.

Isabella. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,
For every petting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgedable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [To Isabella.]

O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent:
He's coming; I perceive't.

Provost. [Aside.]

Pray heaven, she win him!

Isabella.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis with them,
But in the less soul profanation.

Lucio. [To Isabella.]

Thou'ret in the right, girl: more o' that.

Isabella.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [Aside.]

Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Angelo. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isabella. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, [bosom;
That skims the vice o' the top. Go to your
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth
know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Angelo. [Aside.]

She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [To her.] Fare you well.

Isabella. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Angelo. I will bethink me. — Come again to-morrow.

Isabella. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,
turn back.

Angelo. How I bribe me?

Isabella. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [Aside.]

You had marr'd all else.

Isabella. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Angelo. Well; come to me to-morrow.

LUCIO. [To Isabella.]

Go to; 'tis well: away!

Isabella.

Heaven keep your honour safe!

Angelo. [Aside.]

Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isabella. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Angelo. At any time 'fore noon.

Isabella. Save your honour!

[Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.

Angelo. From thee; even from thy virtue —

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?

[Ha! The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more but ay our sense
ACT II. SC. IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough, Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our evils there? O, fye, fye, fye! What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully for those things That make her good? O, let her brother live! The vheels for their robbery have authority, (her, When judges steal themselves. What! do I love That I desire to hear her speak again, And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, (on? With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous Is that temptation, that doth good us on: (pot, To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strump- 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 smil'd, and wonder'd how. [Exit.

SCENE III. A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke.

Hail to you, provost; so I think you are.

Provost.

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.

Provost.

I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look: here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, Who, falling in the flaws 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?

Provost.

As I do think, to-morrow. — [To Juliet.

I have provided for you: stay a while, And you shall be conducted.

Duke.

Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet.

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 offensive act Was mutually committed?

Juliet.

Mutually.

Duke.

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet.

I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke.

'Tis meet so, daughter: but least you do re- pent, As that the sin hath brought you to this shame; Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven, Showing, we would not spare heaven, as we love But as we stand in fear.

Juliet.

I do repent me, as it is an evil, And take the shame with joy.

Duke.

There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow; And I am going with instruction to him. Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.

Juliet.

Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love, That repents me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror! —

Provost.

'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Angelo.

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, wherein I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown scar'd and tedious: yes, my gravity, Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume, Which the air beata for vain — O place! — O form! How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming? Blood, thou 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?

Servant.

One Isabel, a sister, Desires access to you.

Angelo.

Teach her the way. [Exit Servant.

O heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, Making both it unable for itself, And dispossessing all my other parts Of necessary fitness? So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons; Come all to help him, and so stop the air. By which he should revive: and even so The general, subject to a well-wish'd king, Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness Crowd to his presence, where their untaught Must needs appear offence. [love

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isabella.

I am come to know your pleasure.
Angelo.

That you might know it, would much better please me, [live, Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot

Isabella.

Even so.— Heaven keep your honour! [Retiring.

Angelo.

Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isabella.

Under your sentence?

Angelo.

Yea.

Isabella.

When, I beseech you? that in his reprove, Longer or shorter, he may be so sitten, That his soul sicken not.

Angelo.

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 saucy sweetness, that do colon heaven's In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made, As to put metal in restrained means, To make a false one.

Isabella.

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Angelo.

Say you so? then, I shall pose 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 she that he hath stain'd? 

Isabella.

Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.

Angelo.

I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than for account.

Isabella.

How say you?

Angelo.

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this:— I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life: Might there not be a charity in sin, To save this brother's life?

Isabella.

Please you to do't, I'll take it as a peril to my soul: It is no sin at all, but charity.

Angelo.

Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul, Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isabella.

That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit, If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer To have it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answer.

Angelo.

Nay, but hear me. Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant, Or seem so, crafty; and that is not good.

Isabella.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Angelo.

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright, When it doth tax itself: as these black masks Proclaim 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.

Isabella.

So.

Angelo.

And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isabella.

True.

Angelo.

Admit no other way to save his life, (As I subscribe not that, nor any other, But in the loss of question) that you, his sister, Finding yourself desir'd of such a person, Whose credit with the judge, or own great place, Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-building law; and that there were No earthily mean to save him, but that either You must lay down the treasures of your body To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer, What would you do?

Isabella.

As much for my poor brother, as myself: That is, were I under the terms of death, Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies And strip myself to death, as to a bed That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield My body up to shame.

Angelo.

Then must Your brother die.

Isabella.

And 'twere the cheaper way. Better it were, a brother died at once, Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should die for ever.

Angelo.

Were not you, then, as cruel, as the sentence That you have slander'd so?

Isabella.

Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon, Arc of two houses: lawful mercy is Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Angelo.

You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant; And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother A meritment, than a vice.

Isabella.

O pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out, To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean. I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

Angelo.

We are all frail.

Isabella.

Else let my brother die, If not a feodary, but only be, Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Angelo.

Nay, women are frail too.

Isabella.

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar [frail, In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times For
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT III.  SC. I.  

For we are soft as our complexion are,  
And credulous to false prints.

Angelo.  
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  
I do arrest your words. Be that you are, [bold;  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're  
If you be one. (as you are well express'd [none;  
By all external warrants,) show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd lively.

Isabella.  
I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,  
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Angelo.  
Plainly, conceive I love you.

My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,  
That he shall die for't.

Angelo.  
He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isabella.  
I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

Angelo.  
Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

Isabella.  
Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming,  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't;  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the  
Aloud what man thou art. [world

Angelo.  
Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoul'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they see for; redeem thee  
By yielding up thy body to my will, [brother  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit

Isabella.  
To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? 'O perilous mouths!  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approbation.  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,  
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.  A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke.  
So then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claudio.  
The miserable have  
No other medicine, but only hope.  
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd 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 [life:—  
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou  
Servile to all the slyke influences,  
That dost this habituation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not  
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,  
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means  
valiant;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly bear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not  
yth'self;  
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'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'rt poor;  
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;  
For thou own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper lots.  
Do curse the want, serpent, 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 alms  
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast 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.

Claudio.  
I humbly thank you.

Duke.  
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,  
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isabella.  
[Without.

What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company.

Provost.  
Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a  
welcome.
Enter Isabella.

Duke.

Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claudio.

Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isabella.

My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Provost.

And very welcome. Look, signior; here's your sister.

Duke.

Provost, a word with you.

Provost.

As many as you please.

Duke.

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt Duke and Provost.

Claudio.

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isabella.

Why, as all Comforts are: most good, most good, indeed. Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, Intends you for his swift ambassador, Where you shall be an everlasting leger: Therefore, your best appointment make With To-morrow you set on. {speed;}

Claudio.

Is there no remedy?

Isabella.

None, but such remedy, as to save a head To cleave a heart in twain.

Claudio.

But is there any?

Isabella.

Yes, brother, you may live: There is a devilish mercy in the judge, If you'll implore it, that will free your life, But fetter you till death.

Claudio.

Perpetual durance?

Isabella.

Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint, Though all the world's vastidity you had, To a determin'd scope.

Claudio.

But in what nature?

Isabella.

In such a one as, you consenting to't, Would bark your honour from that trunk you And leave you naked. {bear,

Claudio.

Let me know the point.

Isabella.

O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake, Least thou a feverous life should'st entertain, And six or 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.

Claudio.

Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch From flowery tenderness? If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, And hug it in mine arms.

Isabella.

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 deput, Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth if the head, and folies doth enmew As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil; His faith within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.

Claudio.

The princely Angelo?

Isabella.

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell, The damned'st body to invest and cover In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio, If I would yield him my virginity, Thou might'st be freed?

Claudio.

O, heavens! It cannot be.

Isabella.

Yes, he would give't 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.

Claudio.

Thou shalt not do't.

Isabella.

Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claudio.

Yes. Has he affections in him. 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.

Isabella.

Which is the least?

Claudio.

If it were damnable, he being so wise, Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably find'd? — O Isabel!

Isabella.

What says my brother?

Claudio.

Death is a fearful thing.

Isabella.

And shamed life a hateful.

Claudio.

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 region 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 thoughts Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible. The weariest and most loathed worldly life, That age, aches, penury, and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what we fear of death.

Isabella.

Alas! alas!

Claudio.

Sweet sister, let me live.
ACT III. Sc. I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

What sin you do to save a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far, That it becomes a virtue.

Isabella. O, you beast! O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? Let's not a kind of incest to take life [think? From thine own sister's shame? What should I 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 disfance: Die; perish! I must but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed. 'Till'pray a thousand prayers for thy death, No word to save thee.

Claudio.

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isabella. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.

Claudio. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isabella.

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.

Isabella.

I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio.

Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. 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 nature. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most 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.

Claudio.

Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.


Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Provost. 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 loss shall touch her by my company.

Provost. In good time.

Duke. [Exit Provost.

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, shall 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 falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isabella. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke RECEIVED in Angelo! If ever he 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 advices: to the love I have, doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and must, please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isabella. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do anything 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?

Isabella. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; he was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, and a marvellous 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, her comrade husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isabella. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried 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 relents not.

Isabella. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isabella. Show me how, good father.
Duke.

This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her 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 you 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, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour 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 doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isabella.

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. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana; at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isabella.

I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elbow.

Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke.

O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown.

'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a fur'r'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.

Elbow.

Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke.

And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elbow.

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, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke.

Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clown.

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, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elbow.

He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoresomist: if he be a whoresomonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke.

That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elbow.

His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clown.

I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio.

How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou 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 in! 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 how? The trick of it?

Duke.

Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio.

How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procur'st she still? Ha!

Clown.

Trotth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio.

Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd! an unshunnable consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio.

Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elbow.

For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio.

Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey; commend me to the prison. Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown.

I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio.
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.

And you.

Lucio.

Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elbow.

Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown.

You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio.

Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Clown.

Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio.

Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Lucio.

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 whereasover, 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.

He does well in't.

Lucio.

A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too craved 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 allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke.

How should he be 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 urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, 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 crochets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke.

You do him wrong; surely.

Lucio.

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke.

What, I pr'ythee, 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 wise.

Duke.

Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio.

A very superficial, ignorant, unwielding, 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 testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; 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 knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio.

Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke.

I can hardly believe that, since 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 be 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 me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio.

I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived 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.
Lucio.

Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungeniu'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtuous strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escalus.

Go: away with her to prison!

Bawd.

Good my lord, be good to me; your honour
Is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escalus.

Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit
In the same kind? This would make mercy
Swear, and play the tyrant.

Provost.

A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it
Please your honour.

Bawd.

My lord, this is one Lucio's information against
Me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child
By him in the duke's time; he promised her
Her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old,
Come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself,
And see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escalus.

That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let
Him be called before us.—Away with her to prison!
Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd and Officers.]

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow.
Let him be furnished with divines, and have all
Charitable preparation: if my brother wrought
By my pity, it should not be so with him.

Provost.

So please you, this friar hath been with him,
And advised him for the entertainment of death.

Good even, good father.

Duke.

Bliss and goodness on you.

Escalus.

Of whence are you?

Duke.

Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his holiness.

Escalus.

What news abroad? 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 dan-
gerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is

virtuous to be constant in any undertaking.
There is scarce truth enough alive to make
Societies secure, but security enough to make
Fellowships occurs'd. Much upon this riddle
Runs the wisdom of the world. This news is
Old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray
you, sir, of what disposition was the duke.

Escalus.

One that, above all other strifes, contended
Especially to know himself.

Duke.

What pleasure was he given to?

Escalus.

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 proper, 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
Measure from his judge, but most willingly
Humbles 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.

Escalus.

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 extremest
Shore of my modesty; but 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 straitness of his
Proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein
If he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escalus.

I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you
Well.

Duke.

Peace be with you! [Exeunt Escalus and Provost.]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills 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,
To draw with idle the spiders' strings
Most pond'rous 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 at the moated Grange.

_Mariana_ discovered sitting: a Boy singing.

_Song._

*Take 0! take those lips away,*  
_That so sweetly were forevourne;_  
_And those eyes, the break of day,*  
_Lights that do mislead the morn:_  
*But my kisses bring again,*  
bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain;  
seal'd in vain.

_Mariana._  
Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:  
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

_Enter Duke._  
I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musical:  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
My mirth is much displeas'd, but please'm my woe.

_Duke._  
'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm,  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

_Mariana._  
You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

_Enter Isabella._

_Duke._  
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.

_Mariana._  
I am always bound to you.

[Exit.

_Duke._  
Very well met, and welcome.  
What is the news from this good deputy?

_Isabella._  
He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,  
That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door,  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise upon the heavy  
Middle of the night to call upon him.

_Duke._  
But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

_Isabella._  
I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;  
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  
Betwixt you 'greed, concerning her observance?

_Isabella._  
No, none, but only a repair t' the 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 stays upon me; whose persuasion is,  
I come about my brother.

_SCENE II. A Room in the Prison._

_Enter Provost and Clown._

_Provost._  
Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

_Clown._  
If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

_Provost._  
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 redound from your governor; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

_Clown._
Provost. What ho, Abhorsen! Where's Abhorsen, there?

Enter Abhorsen.

Abhorsen. Do you call, sir?

Provost. 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.

A bawd, sir? Fle upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Provost. Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. 

[Exit.]

Clown. 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?

Abhorsen. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, 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.

Abhorsen. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof?

Abhorsen. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. 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.

Provost. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Provost. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhorsen. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clown. 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.

Provost. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[Execut Clown and Abhorsen.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murder'd, 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?"

Claudio. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour, When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

Provost. Who can do good on him?

Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? [Knocking within.] Heaven give your spirits comfort! — By and by —

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve. For the most gentle Claudio — Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsomst spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Provost. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Provost. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Provost. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Provost. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd Even 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 mead'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; But this being so, he's just. — Now are they come. — [Knocking.]

This is a gentle provost: seldom, when The steel'd gaoler is the friend of men.

How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste. [strokes.]

That wounds th' unseasoning postern with these

Re-enter Provost.

Provost. [Speaking to one at the door.]

There he must stay, until the officer Arose to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet, But he must die to-morrow?

Provost. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Provost. Happily, You something know: yet, I believe, there comes No countermand: no such example have we. Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.
Enter a Messenger.

Duke.

This is his lordship's man.

Provost.

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Messanger.

My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Provost. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.

Duke.

This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th'o'fren дер friended.—

Now, sir, what news?

I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwoanted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Pray you, let's hear.

Provost. "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail 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?

Provost.

A Bohemian born; but here nursed 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? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Provost.

His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

Duke.

It is now apparent.

Provost.

Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke.

Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Provost.

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke.

He wants advice.

Provost.

He will hear none. 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 oft advis'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke.

More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguil'd me; but in the holding of my cunning, it seems to me in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo 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 a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Pray, sir, in what

Duke.

In the delaying death.

Provost.

Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke.

By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Provost.

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.

Provost.

Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke.

Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Provost.

To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke.

You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Provost.

But what likelihood is in that?

Duke.

Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look, you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Provost.

I know them both.

Duke.

The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is the thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance,
perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. But put yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Room in the same.
Enter Clown.

Clown.
I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown knavery, and old ginger, ninepence and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Cooper, at the suit of master Threepit, the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vou, and master Copper-spur, and master Stern-slick, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed Lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stab'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.
Enter Abhorson.

Abhorson.
Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown.
Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine.

Abhorson.
What ho, Barnardine?

Barnardine. [Within.
A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown.
Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnardine. [Within.
Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhorson.
Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown.
Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhorson.
Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown.
He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.
Enter Barnardine.

Abhorson.
Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clown.
Very ready, sir.

Barnardine. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhorson.
Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnardine.
You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for't.

Clown.
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.

Abhorson.
Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father.

Duke. Do we jest now, think you?

Barnardine.
Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have time to prepare me, 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.

Barnardine.
I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnardine.
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.


[Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.

Provost.
Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Provost. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragazines, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reproube, till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragazines, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done, And sent according to command, whilsts I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Provost. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio? To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke.
Lucio. Wretched To Most him MEASURE if Lucio.

O, By When But His Mark If We A By To Bretwtce Ac

The Peace, This Good Convenient our every cold I want I hath yet her brother's pardon be come hither; But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isabella. Ho! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isabella. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabella, from the world. His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isabella. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isabella. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isabella. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabella! 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 eyes:

One of our convent, and his companion, Gives me this instance. A cause 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, save your wisdom In that good pata that I would wish is go; And you shall have your bosom on this wretch. Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

Isabella. I am directed by you.

Duke. 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 Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours I'll perfect him withall, 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. Wendi 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. 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, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isabella. Ho! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isabella. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

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Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even.

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But, they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabella, I loved 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 beholding 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 takest 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, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten mediator.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend thee, we'll have very little
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT IV. SC. IV.

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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isabella.

To speak so indirectly, I am loath: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part; yet I’m advis’d to do it, He says, to veil full purpose.

Mariana.

Be rul’d by him.

Isabella.

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’s bitter to sweet end.

Mariana.

I would, friar Peter—

Isabella.

O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Friar Peter.

Come; I have found you; out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded: The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates, and very near upon The duke is en’reng: therefore hence, away.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A public Place near the City Gate.

Mariana, (well’d,) Isabella, and Peter, at a distance. Enter at several 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.

Angelo and Escalus.

Happy return be to your royal grace! Duke.

Many and heartily 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 thanks, Forerunning more requital.

Angelo.

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 against the tooth of time, And nature of oblivion. Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That...
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act 3, Sc. 1.
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus; you
Must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

**Fiar Peter** and **Isabella come forward.**

**Fiar Peter.**

Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

**Isabella.**

Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong’d, I would 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!

**Duke.**

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reral yourself to him.

**Isabella.**

O, worthy duke! You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must other punish me, not being believ’d;
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!

**Angelo.**

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.

**Isabella.**

By course of justice!

**Angelo.**

And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

**Isabella.**

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo’s forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo’s a murderer, is’t not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater,
Is it not strange, and strange?

**Duke.**

Nay, it is ten times strange.

**Isabella.**

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 th’ end of reckoning.

**Duke.**

Away with her.—Poor soul! She speaks this in th’ infirmity of sense.

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou beliwest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch’d with madness: make not impossible

**Isabella.**

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 you say?

**Isabella.**

I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn’d 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.

**Isabella.**

That’s he, indeed.

**Duke.**

You were not bid to speak.

**Lucio.**

No, my good lord;

**Duke.**

Nor wish’d to hold my peace.

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.

**Lucio.**

I warrant your honour.

**Duke.**

The warrant’s for yourself: take heed to it.

**Isabella.**

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.

**Isabella.**

To this pernicious, caitiff, deputy.

**Duke.**

That’s somewhat madly spoken.

**Isabella.**

Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.

**Duke.**

Mended again; the matter?—Proceed.

**Isabella.**

In brief, — to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray’d, and kneel’d,
How he reliev’d me, and how I repliev’d,
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust.
Release my brother; and, after much debate,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn
Butimes, his purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother’s head.

**Duke.**

This is most likely.
Isabella.

O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke.

By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speakest.

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou canst here to complain.

Isabella.

And is this all?

Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up [woe,
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieving go!

Duke.

I know, you'll faint be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isabella.

One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke.

A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that

Lodowick?

Lucio.

My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke.

Words against me? This a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio.

But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Friar Peter.

Blessed be your royal grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke.

We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

Friar Peter.

I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio.

My lord, most villainously: believe it.

Friar Peter.

Well; he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was com-

Intended 'gainst lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know.
Is true and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whoseover he's convented. First, for this
To justify this worthy nobleman, [woman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke.

Good friar, let's hear it,

[Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mariana.

Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke.

What, are you married?

Mariana.

No, my lord.

Duke.

Are you a maid?

Mariana.

Neither, my lord....

Duke.

Why you

Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio.

My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke.

Silence that fellow: I would, he had some
To prattle for himself. [cause

Well, my lord.

Mariana.

My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband
That ever he knew me. [knows not

Lucio.

He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke.

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio.

Well, my lord.

Duke.

This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mariana.

Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Angelo.

Charges she more than me?

Mariana.

Not that I know.

Duke.
DUKE. No? you say, your husband.

MARIANA. Why, just, my lord, and that is ANGELO, who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body. But knows, he thinks, that he knows ISABEL's.

ANGELO. This is a strange abuse. — Let's see thy face.

MARIANA. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

ANGELO. This is that face, thou cruel ANGELO, which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on: This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract, was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body that took away the match from ISABEL, and did supply thee at thy garden-house in her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

LUCIO. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Siurrah, no more.

LUCIO. Enough, my lord.

ANGELO. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman; and five years since there was some speech of marriage between myself and her, which was broke off partly, for that her promised proportions came short of composition; but, in chief, for that her reputation was disvalued in levity; since which time of five years I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her. My faith and honour.

MARIANA. Noble prince, as there comes light from heaven, and words from breath, as there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue, I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly lord, as words could make up vows; and, my good lord, Tuesday night last gone, it's a garden-house, he knew me as a wife. As this is true, let me in safety raise me from my knees, or else for ever be confixed here, a marble monument.

ANGELO. I did but smile till now; now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice; my patience here is touch'd. I do perceive, these poor informal women are no more but instruments of some more mightier member, that sets them on. Let me have way, my lord, to find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart; and punish them to your height of pleasure. Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman, compound with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths, sain't, though they would swear down each particular were testimonies against his worth and credit. That's seal'd in approbation? — You, lord ESCALUS, sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. — There is another frar that set them on; let him be sent for.

FRIAR PETER. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed, hath set the women on to this complaint. Your provost knows the place where he abides, and he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [Exit Provost. 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 determined upon these slanderers. [well

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. Cucullus non facit monachum: 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 again. [To an Attendant.] I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

LUCIO. Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCALUS. Say you?

LUCIO. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

[Enter Officers, with ISABELLA: the Duke, in a 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.

ESCALUS. Come on, mistress. [To ISABELLA.] Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

LUCIO. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

ESCALUS. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

MUM.

ESCALUS. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander lord ANGELO? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

ESCALUS. How I know you where you are?

Duke.
Duke.

Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Esclavus.
The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke.

Boldly, at least. — But, O, poor souls! Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's
Thus to retort your manifest appeal, unjust,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio.

This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Esclavus.

Why, thou un reverence and unhallow'd friar! Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these
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
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 his purpose.—
What! unjust?

Duke.

Be not so hot; the duke dare
No more stretch this finger 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,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esclavus.

Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Angelo.

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, Goodman 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?

Most notably, sir.

Lucio.

Do you 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.

Angelo.

Hark how the villain would close now, after
his treasonable abuses.

Esclavus.

Such a fellow is not to be 'talk'd withal: —
Away with him to prison. — Where is the pro-
vest? — Away with him to prison. Lay bolts
enough upon him, let him speak no more.
Away with those giglots too, and with the other
confederate companion.

[The Provost lays hand on the Duke.]

Duke.

Stay, sir; stay a while.

Angelo.


Lucio.

Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be
hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hang'd an hour. Will'n't off?

[Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers
the Duke.]

Duke.

Thou art the first knave, that o'er made a
Duke.—
First, provost, let me ball 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.

Lucio. [To Esclavus.]

We'll borrow place of him: — Sir, by your leave.

Angelo.

Hast thou 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.

Angelo.

O, my dread lord! I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be indiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my pass: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confessions;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
is all the grace I beg.

Duke.

Come hither, Mariana.—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Angelo.

I was my lord.

Duke.

Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

Esclavus.

My lord. I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke.

Come hither, Isabel.

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isabella.
Act v. Sc. i.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Isabella.

O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke.

You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us,
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I disturb'd myself.
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with
him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your
So happy is your brother. [comfort.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isabella.

I do, my lord.

Duke.

For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose soul imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defend'd honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudge'd your
(Being criminal, in double violation [brother,
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,) The very mercy of the law cryes out.
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers
[Measure.
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee
vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste.
Away with him.

Mariana.

O, my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mark me with a husband.

Duke.

It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life;
And chok'd your good to come. For his pos-
sessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours;
We do instal and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mariana.

O, my dear lord!
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke.

Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mariana.

Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke.

You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [To Lucio.
to you.

Mariana.

O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you; all my life to do you service.

Duke.

Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mariana.

Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke.

He dies for Claudio's death.

Isabella.

Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'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 Intent;
And must be buried but as an Intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no
subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mariana.

Merely, my lord.

Duke.

Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Provost.

It was commanded so.

Duke.

Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Provost.

No, my good lord: it was by private message.

Duke.

For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Provost.

Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison.
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke.

What's he?

Provost.

His name is Barnardine.

Duke.

I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Escalus.

I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Angelo.

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter
Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Isabella.

Duke.

Which is that Barnardine?

Provost.

This, my lord.

Duke.

There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world;
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Provost.

This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[Unmuffles Claudio.]

Duke.

If he be like your brother, [To Isabella] for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
I find an apt remission in myself, [yours.—
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 madman:
Wherin have I so deserv'd 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
whipp'd.'

Duke.

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 whipp'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.

Duke.

Upon 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 punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

Duke.

Slander a prince deserves it.—[store.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-
Joy to you, Martana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, 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:
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports 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.
ACT I

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke’s Palace.

Enter Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, Egeon a Merchant of Syracuse, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

Egeon.

PROCEDE, Solinus, 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 our laws:
The enmity 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 seal’d his rigorous statutes with their
bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat’ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
‘Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and 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.

Egeon.

Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have em-
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, [brac’d,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mournd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Fork’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-rife, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten’d him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
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,
Fixing our 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, gazeing upon the earth,
Dispers’d those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish’d light
The seas wax’d calm, and we discovered
The ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus 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 so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Egon.
O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthy term’d them merciless to us! [Leagues,
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
We were encounter’d by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unfortunite 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 burden’d
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 fishersmen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz’d on us;
And an环节 whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck’d guests;
And would have rent the fishers 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 for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall’n of them, and thee, till now.

Egon.
My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun’d me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain’d his name,) Might bear him company in the quest of him;
With which whilst I labour’d of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov’d.
Five sumneres have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;
And, courting homeward, came to Ephesus,

Duke.
Hapless Egon, whom the fates have mark’d
To bear the extremity of dire mis hap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disdain,
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 disapparagement,
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 Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom’d to die,—
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

Jailor.
I will, my lord.

Egon.
Hopeless and helpless, doth Egon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A public Place.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and
a Merchant.

Merchant.
Therefore, give out you are of Epidaurus,
Let that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Go, bear it to the Contour, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour It will be dinner-time:
Till that I’ll view theウンの者 of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dromio of Syracuse.
Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Merchant.
I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o’clock,
Please you, I’ll meet with you upon the mart,
And after words confer you till the time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Merchant.
Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit. Antipholus
ACT II. Sc. I.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
He that commends me to mine own content, Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water, That in the ocean seeks another drop; Who, falling there to find his fellow forth, Unseen, Inquisite, confounds himself: So I, to find a mother, and a brother, In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.
Here comes the almanack of my true date.— What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Return'd so soon I rather approach'd too late, The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell; My mistress made it one upon my cheek: She is so hot, because the meat is cold; The meat is cold, because you come not home; You come not home, because you have no stomach; You have no stomach, having broke your fast; But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray, Are penitent for your default to-day.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Stop in my wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray; Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dromio of Ephesus.
O I sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper. The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
I am not in a sportive humour now. Tell me, and daily not, where is the money? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine own custom?

Dromio of Ephesus.
I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner. I from my mistress come to you in post; If I return, I shall be post indeed, For she will score your fault upon my pate. Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock, And strike you home without a messenger.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season: Reserve them till a merrier hour than this. Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dromio of Ephesus.
To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness, And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dromio of Ephesus.
My charge was but to fetch you from the mart Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner. My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Now, as I am a Christian, answer me, In what safe place you have bestow'd my money, Or I shall break that merry scone of yours, That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd. Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dromio of Ephesus.
I have some marks of yours upon my pate; Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders, But not a thousand marks between you both. If I should pay your worship those again, Verchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix; She that doth fast till you come home to dinner, And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. [Strikes him.] Dromio of Ephesus. What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands. Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Upon my life, by some device or other The villain is o'er-raught of all my money. They say, this town is full of cozenage; As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye, Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind, Soul-killing witches that deform the body, Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many such like liberties of sin; If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner. I'll to the decoy, to go seek this slave: I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter Adriana. wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, and Luciana, her sister.

Adriana.
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.

Luciana.
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 like mine to his liberty: Time is their master; and, when they see time, They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adriana.
Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luciana.
Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adriana.
Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luciana.
O I know he is the b Victor of your will.

Adriana.
There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luciana.
Why, head-strong liberty is lashed with woe. There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye, But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky: The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls, Are their males' subjects, and at their controls. Men, more divine, the masters of all these. Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas, Indued with intellectual sense and soulis, Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls, Are
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT II. Sc. I.

Luciana.

Quoth who?

Dromio of Ephesus.

Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress. So that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders; For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adriana.

Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dromio of Ephesus.

Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adriana.

Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dromio of Ephesus.

And he will bless that cross with other beating. Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adriana.

Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Luciana.

Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adriana.

His company must do his milions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hi-th homely age th' alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it: Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard. Do their gay vestments his affections hilt? That's not my fault; he's master of my state. What ruins are in me, that can be found By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground Of my defeatures. My decayed fair A sunny look of his would soon repair; But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

Luciana.

Self-harming jealousy! — fie! beat it hence.

Adriana.

Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense. I know his eye doth homage other where, Or else, what lets it but he would be here? Sister, you know, he promise'd me a chain: 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: yet though gold 'bides still, That others touch, an often touching will Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name, By falsehood and corruption doth it shame. Since that my beauty cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luciana.

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up Safe at the Countur; 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 receiv’d no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phaenis? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dromio of Syracuse.

What answer, sir? when speak I such a word?
Antipholus of Syracuse.

Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dromio of Syracuse.

I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Villain, thou didst deny the gold’s receipt,
And toldst me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt’st I was displeas’d.

Dromio of Syracuse.

I am glad to see you in this merry轩.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

You, dost thou jeer, and mock me at the teeth?
Thinkst thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that,
and that.

[Dating him.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Hold, sir, for God’s sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you 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 gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering,
I had rather have it a 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?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Dost thou not know?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Shall I tell you why?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every
why hath a wherefore.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Why, first,—for stoutling me; and then, where-
fore,—for urging it the second time to me.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
school,
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Thank me, sir? for what?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave
me for nothing.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

I’ll make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dromio of Syracuse.

No, sir: I think, the meat wants that I have.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

In good time, sir; what’s that?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Basting.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Well, sir, then ‘twill be dry.

Dromio of Syracuse.

If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Your reason?

Dromio of Syracuse.

I lest it make you choleric; and purchase me
another dry basting.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there’s a
time for all things.

Dromio of Syracuse.

I durst have denied that, before you were so
choleric.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

By what rule, sir?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald
pate of father Time himself.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Let’s hear it.

Dromio of Syracuse.

There’s no time for a man to recover his hair
that grows bald by nature.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Yes, to pass for fine for a periwig, and recover
the lost hair of another man.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as
it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair,
he hath given them in wit.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Why, but there’s many a man hath more hair
than wit.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to
lose his hair.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain
dealers, without wit.

Dromio of Syracuse.

The planer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he
loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

For what reason?

Dromio of Syracuse.

For two: and sound ones too.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dromio
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luciana.

Pie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you want to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

By Dromio?

Dromio of Syracuse.

By me?

Adriana.

By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dromio of Syracuse.

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dromio of Syracuse.

I never spake with her in all my life.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adriana.

How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeith thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me 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;
Thou art en elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is cross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infest thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme!
What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives in my eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luciana.

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dromio of Syracuse.

O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O, spite of sprites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
If we obey them not, this will ensue, [blue.
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and

Luciana.

Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

[scot

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou small, thou slug, thou

Dromio of Syracuse.

I am transformed, master, am I not?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Thou hast thine own form.
ACT III. SC. 1. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Luciana.

If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dromio of Syracuse.

'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.

Adriana.

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.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?

I'll say as they say, and persever so,

And in this mist, at all adventures, go.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Luciana.

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus,

Dromio, and Balthazar.

Good signor 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

To see the making of her carkanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home;

But here's a villain, that would face me down.

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,

Andcharg'd him with an thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house.

Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

Dromio of Ephesus.

Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know.

[To show:]

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

[Think:]

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I Antipholus of Ephesus.

I think, thou art an ass.

Dromio of Ephesus.

Marry, so it doth appear,

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass

[An ass.

You would keep from my heels, and beware of Antipholus of Ephesus.

You are sad, signior Balthazar: pray God, our here.

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome

Balthazar.

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Balthazar.

Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

Balthazar.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us

Dromio of Ephesus.

Maudit, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin!

Dromio of Syracuse. [Within.

Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

[ Hatch.

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

[The door.

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from

Dromio of Ephesus.

What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Let him walk from whence he came, lest he
catch cold on his feet.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dromio of Syracuse.

The porter for this time, sir; and my name is

Dromio.

Dromio of Ephesus.

O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office

And my name: [Blame.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,

Or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.

What a coil is there Dromio: who are those at the gate?

Dromio of Ephesus.

Let my master in, Luce.

Luce.

Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dromio.
Dromio of Ephesus.

O Lord! I must laugh!—Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff? Luce.

Have at you with another: that's,—when? can you tell? Dromio of Syracuse.

If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope? Luce. I thought to have ask'd you. Dromio of Syracuse.

And you said, no. Dromio of Ephesus.

So; come, help! well struck; there was blow for blow. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Thou baggage, let me in. Luce.

Can you tell for whose sake? Dromio of Ephesus.

Master, knock the door hard. Luce.

Let him knock till it ache. Antipholus of Ephesus.

You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down. Luce.

What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? Adriana. [Within.

Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise? Dromio of Syracuse.

By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Are you there, wife? you might have come before. Adriana.

Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door. Dromio of Ephesus.

If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore. Angelo.

Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either. Balthazar.

In debating which was best, we shall part with neither. Dromio of Ephesus.

They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither. Antipholus of Ephesus.

There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in. Dromio of Ephesus.

You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. [In the cold: Your cake here is warm within; you stand here it would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Go, fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate. Dromio of Ephesus.

A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind; Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind. Dromio of Syracuse.

It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, blind! Dromio of Ephesus.

Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me. Dromio of Syracuse.

Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Well, I'll break in. Go, borrow me a crow. Dromio of Ephesus.

A crow without feather? master, mean you so? [a feather. For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'llpluck a crow together. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Go, get thee gone: fetch an iron crow. Balthazar.

Have patience, sir; I let it not be so: Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect Th' unviolated honour of your wife. [dom. Once this.—Your long experience of her wis- Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me: depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner; And about evening come yourself alone To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common route, Against your yet ungi'led estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; For slander lives upon succession, For ever housed, where it gets possession. Antipholus of Ephesus.

You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet, And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse, Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle; There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife (but, I protest, without desert,) Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal: To her will we to dinner.—Get you home, And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made: Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine; For there's the house. That chain will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spare my wife) Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste. Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disman me. Angelo.

I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Do so. This jest shall cost me some extense.
SCENE II. The same.

Enter Luciana, and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luciana.
And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love's springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
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 harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret-true; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
'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;
Il leg deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you up again:
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
[Strife.
When the sweet breath of flattery conquer
kindred.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine),
Less in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
[Divine.
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak?
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
I've folded meaning of your words' deceit.
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
But if that I am, then well I know,
[Yield.
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
'To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luciana.
Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Thy sister's sister.

Luciana.
That's my sister.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luciana.
All this my sister is, or else should be.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luciana.
Do, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will.

[Exit.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse hastily.

Antipholus of Syracuse
Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?

Dromio of Syracuse.
Do you know, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Antipholus of Syracuse.
I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dromio of Syracuse.
Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me no.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
What claim lays she to thee?

Dromio of Syracuse.
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.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
What is she?

Dromio of Syracuse.
A very reverend 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 she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dromio of Syracuse.
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 her own light. I warrant, her rage, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
What complexion is she of?
Dromio of Syracuse.

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.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

That's a fault that water will mend.

Dromio of Syracuse.

No, sir; 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

What's her name?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell; and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Then she bears some breadth?

Dromio of Syracuse.

No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Where Scotland?

Dromio of Syracuse.

I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Where France?

Dromio of Syracuse.

In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Where England?

Dromio of Syracuse.

I look'd for the chalky 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Where Spain?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Where America, the Indies?

Dromio of Syracuse.

O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dromio of Syracuse.

O! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or divider, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her: told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole 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 faith, and my heart of steel, she had trapped' me to a curtail dog, and made me turn 't the wheel.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Go, hie 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, Where I will walk till thou return to me. If every one knows us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.

Dromio of Syracuse.

As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

There's none but witches do inhabit here, And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth 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: But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo.

Master Antipholus?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ay, that's my name.

Angelo.

I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain. I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine; The chain unfinished'd made me stay, thus long.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

What is your will that I shall do with this?

Angelo.

What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

Angelo.

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

I pray you, sir, receive the money now. For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Angelo.

You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

[Exit.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

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 streets 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 1. The same.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Merchant.

You know, since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I have not much importun'd you; Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Angelo.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, from the courtier's.

Officer.

That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou 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.

Dromio of Ephesus.

I buy a thousand pound a year? I buy a rope? [Exit.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

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. Belike, you thought our love would last too long, If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Angelo.

Saying 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.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

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.

Angelo.

Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself? Antipholus of Ephesus.

No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Angelo.

Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Antipholus of Ephesus.

An if I have not, sir, I hope you have, Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo.

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain: Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman, And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excise Your breach of promise to the Porcupine. I should have chid you for not bringing it, But, like a throw, you first begin to brawl.

Merchant.

The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo.

You hear, how he importunes me: the chain— Antipholus of Ephesus.

Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now. Either send the chain, or send me by some token. Antipholus of Ephesus.

Fie! now you run this humour out of breath. Come where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Merchant.

My business cannot brook this dalliance. Good sir, say, wher'e you'll answer me, or no? If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

I answer you! what should I answer you?

Angelo.

The money that you owe me for the chain.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Angelo.

You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Angelo.

You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Merchant.

Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Officer.

I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Angelo.

This touches me in reputation.— Either consent to pay this sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Consent to pay thee that I never had? Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Angelo.

Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer.— I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Officer.

I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

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.

Angelo.

Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum, That stays but till her owner comes aboard, And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought [sir, The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vite.] The ship is in her trim: the merry wind [all, Blows fair from land; they stay for naught at But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

How now? a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dromio of Syracuse.

A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope; And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
Dromio of Syracuse.
You sent me for a rope's end as soon. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
I will debate this matter at more leisure, and teach your ears to list me with more heed. To Adriana, villain, he thee straight; give her this key, and tell her, in the desk that's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry, there is a purse of dukats: let her send it. Tell her, I am arrested in the street, [gone. And that shall bail me. He thee, slave, be on, officer, to prison till it come.

[Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Antipholus of Ephesus.]

Dromio of Syracuse.
To Adriana? that is where we din'd, Where Dorothea 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.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adriana. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so? Might'st thou perceive austerity in his eye; That he did plead in earnest? yes or no? Look'd he or red, or pale? or sad, or merrily? What observation mad'st thou in this case, Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luciana. First he denied you had in him no right. Adriana. He meant, he did me none: the more my spite. Luciana. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here. Adriana. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. Luciana. Then pleaded I for you. Adriana. And what said he?

Luciana. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me. Adriana. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luciana. With words that in an honest suit might move. First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adriana. Did'st speak him fairest?

Luciana. Have patience, I beseech.

Adriana. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still: [will. My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his lie is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where; Violent, ungenteel, foolish, blunt, unkind, Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luciana. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one? No evil lost was wait'd when it is gone.

Adriana. Ah! but I think him better than I say, And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dromio of Syracuse. Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet, now make haste.

Luciana. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dromio of Syracuse. By running fast.

Adriana. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell: A devil in an everlasting garment hath 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 countermands The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands: A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well; [soul's to hell. One that, before the judgment, carries poor

Adriana. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dromio of Syracuse. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adriana. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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 his desk?

Adriana. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at; [Exit Luciana. That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dromio of Syracuse. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adriana. What, the chain?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were gone: It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adriana. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dromio of Syracuse. O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adriana. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dromio of Syracuse. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season. [say. Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men That time comes stealing on by night and day? If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way, [day? Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a

Re-enter Luciana.

Adriana. Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it straight,

And
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sir; I am press’d down with conceit,
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
There’s not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindesses;
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, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Master, here’s the gold you sent me for.
What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell’d?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Not that Adam that kept the prison: he that goes
In the calf’s-skin that was kill’d for the prodigals:
He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
And bid you forsake thy liberty.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

I understand thec not.

Dromio of Syracuse.

No? why, ’tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durability: he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

What, thou mean’st an officer?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Ay, sir, the serjeant 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!”

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Well, sir, there rest in your jollity. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant to tarry for the joy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Courtezan.

Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis’d me to-day?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dromio of Syracuse.

Master, is this mistress Satan?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

It is the devil.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil’s dam; and
here she comes in the habit of a light wench:
and thereof comes that the wenchers say, “God damme,” that’s as much as to say, “God make me a light wench.” It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenchers will burn. Come not near her sir.

Courtezan.

Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? we’ll mend our dinner here.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or
be-speak a long spoon.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Why, Dromio?

Dromio of Syracuse.

Marry, he must have a long spoon that must cat with the devil.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Avoid them, mend! what tell’st thou me of
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: [supping]
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Courtezan.

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner;
Or for my diamond the chain you promis’d,
And I’ll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Some devils ask but the parings of one’s nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Courtezan.

I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do but mean to cheat me so.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Avault, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio.

Courtezan.

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis’d me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner [trance.
Of his own doors being shut against his eu-
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to his home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush’d into my house, and took perfume
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and a Jailer.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I’ll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money.

To
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twould sound harshly in her ears.

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?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
But where's the money?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dromio of Ephesus.
I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?

Dromio of Ephesus.
To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.]

Jailor.
Good sir, be patient.

Dromio of Ephesus.
Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Jailor.
Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dromio of Ephesus.
Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Thou whoreson, senseless villain! I

Dromio of Ephesus.
I would I were senseless, sir; that I might not feel your blows.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dromio of Ephesus.
I am an ass. Indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to 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 wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcome'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her braw; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Lucieana, the Courtezan, and a Schoolmaster called Pinch.

Dromio of Ephesus.
Mistress, respece finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Be ware the rope's end."

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Courtezan.
How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adriana.
His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luciana.
Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Courtezan.
Mark, now he tries in his ecstasy!

Pinch.
Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch.
I charge thee, Satan, how'st within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness his thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adriana.
O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Antipholus of Ephesus.
You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adriana.
O husband, God doth know, you din't at home;
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Din't at home! Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
And did not she herself revile me there?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Did not her kitchen-maid, taunt, and scorn me?

Dromio of Ephesus.
CerTes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dromio of Ephesus.
In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adriana.
Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch.
It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adriana.
Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
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Dromio of Ephesus.
Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
Antipholus of Ephesus.
Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adriana.
He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luciana.
And I am witness with her that she did.

Dromio of Ephesus.
God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch.
Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adriana.
I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dromio of Ephesus.
And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adriana.
Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and bind Antipholus and Dromio.

Adriana.
O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch.
More company!—the fiend is strong within him.

Luciana.
Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Jailor.
Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch.
Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adriana.
What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Jailor.
He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adriana.
I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd [lit.
Home to my house. — O, most unhappy day I

Antipholus of Ephesus.
O, most unhappy strumpet!

Dromio of Ephesus.
Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Antipholus of Ephesus.
Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

Dromio of Ephesus.
Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good
master:

Cry, the devil—

Luciana.
God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.

Adriana.
Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me.—
[Exeunt Pinch and assistants with Antipholus and Dromio.

Say now, whose suit is he arrest'd at?

Jailor.
One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adriana.
I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Jailor.
Two hundred ducats.

Adriana.
Say, how grows it due?

Jailor.
Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adriana.
He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Courtezan.
When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adriana.
It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier
drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luciana.
God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adriana.
And come with naked swords. Let's call more
To have them bound again. [help,

Jailor.
Away! they'll kill us.
[Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, and Jailor.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dromio of Syracuse.
She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dromio of Syracuse.
Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Antipholus of Syracuse.
I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[Exeunt.

ACT
ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Merchant. 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.

How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Of very reverend 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.

Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

'Tis so; and that soft chain about his neck, which he foreswore most monstrously to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—Signior Antipholus, I wonder much this trouble; that you would put me to this shame, and and not without some scandal to yourself. With circumstance and oaths so to deny this chain, which now you wear so openly: Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, you have done wrong to this my honest friend; who, but for staying upon our conversation, had holsted sail, and put to sea to-day. This chain, you had of me: can you deny it?

I think, I had? I never did deny it.

Yes, that you did, sir; and foreswear it too.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Who heard me to deny it; or foreswear it?

Merchant. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.

Thee on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st. To walk where any honest men resort.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus. I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

I dare, and do deny thee for a villain.

[They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adriana. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Some get within him; take his sword away.

Bloud Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dromio of Syracuse. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.

This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio to the Abbey.

Enter the Lady Abbess

Abbess. Be quiet, people; wherfore throng you thereby?

To fetch my poor distracted husband hence. Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, and bear him home for his recovery.

I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

How long hath this possession held the man?

This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad; and much different from the man he was; but, till this afternoon, his passion ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of 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. Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

To none of these, except it be the last: namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

You should for that have reprehended him.

Why, so I did.

Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adriana. As roughly, as most honestly would let me.

Abbess. Haply, in private.

Adriana. And in assemblies, too.

Ay, but not enough.

Adriana. 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.

Abbess. And thereof came it that the man was mad: the venom clamours of a jealous woman poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. It seems, his sleep were hinder'd by thy railing, and thereof comes it, that his head is light. Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy unquiet meals make ill digestions; [Braidings: thereof the raging fire of fever bred: and what's a fever but a fit of madness? Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brauins:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue, but moody and dull melancholy, Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, and at her heels a huge infectious troop: Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life? In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest To be disturb'd, would mad or man beast. The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

She never reprehended him but mildly. When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly:—why bear you these rebukes, and answer not? Adriana.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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Adriana.
She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
(Exit Duke attended, with the Headsman and other Officers.

Abbess.

Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Adriana.

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 essaying it.

Adriana.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse, Die his sickness; for it is my office, And will have no attorney but myself, And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abbess.

Be patient; for I will not let him stir, Till I have us'd the approved means I have, With wholesome 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.

Adriana.

I will not hence, and leave my husband here; And ill it doth besemi your holiness To separate the husband and the wife.

Abbess.

Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [Exit Adriana.

Luciana.

Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adriana.

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.

Merchant.

By this, I think, the dial points at five: Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person Comes this way to the melancholy vale, The place of death and sordid execution, Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Angelo.

Upon what cause?

Merchant.

To see a reverend Syracusan merchant, Who put unluckily into this bay Against the laws and statutes of this town, Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Angelo.

See, where they come: we will behold his death.

Luciana.

Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke attended, with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke.

Yet once again proclaim it publicly, If any friend will pay the sum for him, He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adriana.

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.

Adriana.

May it please your grace, Antipholus, my hus- Whom I made lord of me, and all I had, (band, At your important letters, this ill day A most outrageous fit of madness took him, That desperately he hurried through the street, (With him his hondman, 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 irreful passion, with drawn swords, Met us again, and, madly bent on us, Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid, We came again to bind them. Then they fled Into this abbey, whither we pursued them; And here the abbess shuts the gates on us, And will not suffer us to fetch him out, Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy com- mand, [help. Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for Duke.

Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars, And 1 to thee engag'd a prince's word, When thou didst make him master of thy bed, To do him all 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.

Servant.

O 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 sing'd off with brands of And ever as it blazed they threw on him [fire Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair. My master preaches patience to him, and the while His man with scissors nicks him like a fool; And, sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adriana.

Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here: And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Servant.

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 scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [Exit.

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone. Duke.

Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

Adriana.

Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you, That he is borne about invisible: Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here, And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice, Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I bestrid 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. [Exit.
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Duke.  

But had he such a chain of thee, or no? 

Angelo.  

He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck. 

Merchant.  

Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart.  

And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle. 

Antipholus of Ephesus.  

I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever did'st thou draw thy sword on me.  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
And this is false you burden me withal. 

Duke.  

Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think, you all have drunk of Circe’s cup.  
If here you have’t him, here he would have been;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—  
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you? 

Dromio of Ephesus.  

Sir, he dined with her, there, at the Porcupine. 

Courtezan.  

He did, and from my finger snatch’d that ring. 

Antipholus of Ephesus.  

’Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her. 

Duke.  

Saw’st thou him enter at the abbey here?  

Courtezan.  

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. 

Ægeon.  

Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a  
Haply, I see a friend will save my life, [word.  
And pay the sum this messenger deliver me. 

Duke.  

Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt. 

Ægeon.  

Is not your name, sir, call’d Antipholus,  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?  

Dromio of Ephesus.  

Within this hour I was his bondman, sir;  
But he, I thank him, gaz’d in two my cords:  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound. 

Ægeon.  

I am sure you both of you remember me. 

Dromio of Ephesus.  

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? 

Ægeon.  

Why look you strange on me? you know me  
well. 

Antipholus of Ephesus.  

I never saw you in my life, till now.  

Ægeon.  

O! grief hath chang’d me, since you saw me last;  
And careful hours, with time’s deformed hand,  
Have written strange defacements in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?  

Ægeon.  

Antipholus of Ephesus.  

Neither.


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Ægecon.

Dromio, nor thou?
Dromio of Ephesus.

No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Ægecon.

I am sure thou dost.
Dromio of Ephesus.

Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatso-
ever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.
Ægecon.

Not know my voice? O, time's extremity! I
hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
in seven short years, that here my only son
knows not my feeble key of untim'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

I never saw my father in my life.
Ægecon.

But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou shamt'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke.

I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and
Dromio of Syracuse.

Abbess.

Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.
[All gather to see them.
Adriana.

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!
Duke.

One of these men is Genius to the other
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who decipher them?
Dromio of Syracuse,
I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dromio of Ephesus.

I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ægecon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dromio of Syracuse.

O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abbess.

Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægecon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou be'st the same Ægecon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Ægecon.

If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abbess.

By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke.

Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance.—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea:
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

No, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.

Duke.

Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dromio of Ephesus.

And I with him.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior.
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adriana.

Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Antipholus of Syracuse.

I, gentle mistress.

Adriana.

And are not you my husband?

Antipholus of Ephesus.

No; I say nay to that.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see, and bear.

Angelo.

That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Antipholus of Syracuse.

I think it be, sir: I deny it not.
Antipholus of Ephesus.

And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Angelo.

I think I did, sir: I deny it not.

Adriana.

I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dromio of Ephesus.

No, none by me.

Antipholus of Syracuse.

This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors all arose.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke.

It shall not need: thy father hath his life.

Courtezan.

Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Antipholus of Ephesus.

There, take it; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abbess.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

ACT I.  

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.  

Leonato. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.  

Antipholus of Syracuse.  
He speaks to me,—I am your master, Dromio;  
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.  
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.  
[Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Ephesus, Adriana, and Luciana.  
Dromio of Syracuse.  
There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.  
Dromio of Ephesus.  
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?  
Dromio of Syracuse.  
Not I, sir; you are my elder.  
Dromio of Ephesus.  
That's a question: how shall we try it?  
Dromio of Syracuse.  
We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.  
Dromio of Ephesus.  
Nay, then thus:  
We came into the world, like brother and brother;  
And now, let's go hand in hand, not one before another.  
[Exeunt.]  

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Leonato.

A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Messenger.

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.

Leonato.

He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Messenger.

I have already deliver'd 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.

Leonato.

Did he break out into tears?

Messenger.

In great measure.

Leonato.

A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd: how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beatrice.

I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Messner.

I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leonato.

What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero.

My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Messenger.

O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beatrice.

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.

Leonato.

Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Messenger.

He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice.

You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Messenger.

And a good soldier too, lady.

Beatrice.

And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Messenger.

A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beatrice.

It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leonato.

You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them every day.

Beatrice.

Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd 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.

Messenger.

Is't possible?

Beatrice.

Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Messenger.

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beatrice.

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?

Messenger.

He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beatrice.

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 Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cured.

Messenger.

I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beatrice.

Do, good friend.

Leonato.

You will never run mad, niece.

Beatrice.

No, not till a hot January.

Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, John, Claudio, Benedick, Bal- thatar, and others.

Don Pedro.

Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leonato.

Never came trouble to my house in the like-ness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Don Pedro.

You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leonato.

Her mother hath many times told me so.

Benedick.

Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leonato.

Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Don Pedro.

You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by x this
this what you are, being a man. — Truly, the lady fathers herself. — Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Benedick.

If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beatrice.

I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

Benedick.

What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beatrice.

Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Benedick.

Then is courtesy a turn-coat. 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.

Beatrice.

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Benedick.

God keep your ladyship still in that mind: so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beatrice.

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Benedick.

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beatrice.

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Benedick.

I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beatrice.

You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

Don Pedro.

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 hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leonato.

If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John.

I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leonato.

Please it your grace lead on?

Don Pedro.

Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.

Claudio.

Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?
ACT I. SC. I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio.

If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Don Pedro.

Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claudio.

You speak this, to fetch me in, my lord.

Don Pedro.

By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claudio.

And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Benedick.

And by my two faiths, and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claudio.

That I love her, I feel.

Don Pedro.

That she is worthy, I know.

Benedick.

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.

Don Pedro.

Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claudio.

And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Benedick.

That a woman conceived me, I thank her:

That she brought me up, I likewise give her my humble thanks:

But that I will have a recollection wined in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric, 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 the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

Don Pedro.

I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Benedick.

With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood than that, that I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker’s pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Don Pedro.

Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Benedick.

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.

Don Pedro.

Well, as time shall try:

“in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.”

Benedick.

The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull’s horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and 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.”

Claudio.

If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

Don Pedro.

Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Benedick.

I look for an earthquake too, then.

Don Pedro.

Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato’s: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Benedick.

I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claudio.

To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it.—

Don Pedro.

The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Benedick.

Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly based on neither; ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

[Exit Benedick.

Claudio.

My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Don 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.

Claudio.

Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Don Pedro.

No child but Hero, she’s his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claudio.

O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look’d upon her with a soldier’s eye, That lik’d, but had a rougher task in hand, Than to drive likings to the name of love; But now I am return’d, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Speaking, I lik’d her ere I went to wars—

Don 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 her. Was’t not to this end, That thou began’st to twist so fine a story?

Claudio.

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.

Don Pedro.

What need the bridge much broader than the The fairest grant is the necessity. [food?]

Look, what will serve is: ‘tis once, thou, And I will fit thee with the remedy. [lovest, 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 thing. In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leonato.

How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Antonio.

He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leonato.

Are they good?

Antonio.

As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leonato.

Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Antonio.

A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leonato.

No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John and Conrade.

Conrade.

What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John.

There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conrade.

You should hear reason.

John.

And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Conrade.

If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

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, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conrade.

Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment.

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.

John.

I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering house man, it must not be denied but 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 do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conrade.

Can you make no use of your discontent?

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.

John.

Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroseth himself to unquietness?

Borachio.

Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John.

Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Borachio.

Even he.

John.

A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Borachio.

Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John.

A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Borachio.

Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty-room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John.

Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Conrade.

To the death, my lord.

John.

Let us to 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?

Borachio.

We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.}
ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leonato. 

Was not count John here at supper?

I saw him not.

Beatrice.

How tarry that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice.

He were an excellent man, that were made just in the maid's way. But been him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leonato.

Then, half signor Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signor Benedick's face, —

Beatrice.

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 a' could get her good will.

Leonato.

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Antonio.

In faith, she's too curt.

Beatrice.

Too curt is more than curt: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leonato.

So, by being too curt, God will send you no horns?

Beatrice.

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.

Leonato.

You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice.

What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He 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 take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leonato.

Well then, go you into hell?

Beatrice.

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 apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Antonio.

Well, niece, [to Hero.] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beatrice.

Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me.

Leonato.

Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice.

Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of vain dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leonato.

Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beatrice.

The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woor'd 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, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and anciently; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leonato.

Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice.

I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Leonato.

The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Batthyany, John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and maskers.

Don Pedro.

Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero.

So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Don Pedro.

With me in your company?

Hero.

I may say so, when I please.

Don Pedro.

And when please you to say so?

Hero.

When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Don Pedro.

My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SC. I.

Hero.

Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Don Pedro.

Speak low, if you speak love.

Balthazar.

Well, I would you did like me.

Margaret.

So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Which is one?

Balthazar.

I say my prayers aloud.

Balthazar.

I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Margaret.

God match me with a good dancer!

Balthazar.

And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balthazar.

No more words: the clerk is answered.

Ursula.

I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Antonio.

At a word, I am not.

Ursula.

I know you by the waggling of your head.

Antonio.

To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Ursula.

You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Antonio.

At a word, I am not.

Ursula.

Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beatrice.

Will you not tell me who told you so?

Benedick.

No, you shall pardon me.

Beatrice.

Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Benedick.

Not now.

Beatrice.

That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred merry Tales,"—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

What's he?

Benedick.

I am sure, you know him well enough.

Benedick.

Not I, believe me.

Beatrice.

Did he never make you laugh?

Benedick.

I pray, what is he?

Beatrice.

Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases 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!

Benedick.

When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beatrice.

Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peregrination, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy: and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

Benedick.

In every good thing.

Beatrice.

Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Music. Then, exequit all but John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John.

Sure, my brother is amorous 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 Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John.

Are not you signior Benedick?

Claudio.

You know me well: I am he.

John.

Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured 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.

How know you he loves her?

Claudio.

I heard him swear his affection.

Borachio.

So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John.

Come, let us to the banquet.

[B Exeunt John and Borachio.}

Claudio.

Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so:—the prince woes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own Let every eye negotiate for itself, tongues; And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch, and Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof. [Hero! Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, 

Re-enter Benedick.

Benedick.

Count Claudio?

Claudio.

Yea, the same.

Benedick.

Come, will you go with me?

Claudio.

Whither?

Benedick.
Even to the next caller, about your own business, county. 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:

Claudio.

I wish him joy of her.

Benedick.

Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claudio.

I pray you, leave me.

Benedick.

He now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claudio.

If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Benedick.

Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. — 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 so reputed: it is the base, though 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?

Benedick.

Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lode in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

Don Pedro.

To be whipped! What's his fault?

Benedick.

The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Don Pedro.

Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Benedick.

Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

Don Pedro.

I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Benedick.

If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Don Pedro.

The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Benedick.

O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks polngards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Mè in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither, so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Don Pedro.

Look, here she comes.

Benedick.

Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpickler now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Presiter John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Don Pedro.

None, but to desire your good company.

Benedick.

O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.

Don Pedro.

Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beatrice.

Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

Don Pedro.

You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beatrice.

So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Don Pedro.

Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claudio.

Not sad, my lord.

Don Pedro.

How then? Sick?

Claudio.

Neithor, my lord.

Beatrice.

The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange,
Much Ado About Nothing

Act II, Scene 1

Don Pedro.

I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have woo'd in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leonato.

Count, take of me thy daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beatrice.

Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beatrice.

Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Don Pedro.

In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatrice.

Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool. It keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claudio.

And so she doth, cousin.

Good lord! for alliance thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

Don Pedro.

Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice.

I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Don Pedro.

Will you have me, lady?

Beatrice.

No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Don Pedro.

Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beatrice.

No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leonato.

Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beatrice.

I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

Don Pedro.

By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leonato.

There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

Don Pedro.

She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leonato.

She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato.

O lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

Don Pedro.

County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claudio.

To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leonato.

Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

Don Pedro.

Come, you speak the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leonato.

My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claudio.

And I, my lord.

Don Pedro.

And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero.

I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Don Pedro.

And Benedick is not the unlovefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his churlish stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John and Borachio.

John.

It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio.

Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John.

Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?
ACT II. Sc. III.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Borachio.
Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John.
Show me briefly how.

Borachio.
I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John.
I remember.

Borachio.
I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John.
What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Borachio.
The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contamined stale, such a one as Hero.

John.
What proof shall I make of that?

Borachio.
Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John.
Only to despise them I will endeavour any thing.

Borachio.
Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, (as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid) that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John.
Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Borachio.
Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John.
I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick.

Benedick.

Boy.

Enter a Boy.

Signior.

Benedick.
In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy.
I am here already, sir.

Benedick.
I know that; [Exit Boy.] but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheape her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

Don Pedro.
Come, shall we hear this music?

Claudio.
Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Don Pedro.
See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio.
O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter Balthazar, with music.

Don Pedro.
Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balthazar.
O! good my lord, tis not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

Don Pedro.
It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection.— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balthazar.
Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos, Yet will he swear, he loves.

Don Pedro.
Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balthazar.
Balthazar.  
Note this before my notes;  
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Don Pedro.  
Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;  
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing!  
[Music.]

Benedick.  
[Aside.]
Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd!—  
Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money when all's done.

The Song.  
Balthazar.  
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never.  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.  
Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so, &c.

Don Pedro.  
By my troth, a good song.

And an ill singer, my lord.

Don Pedro.  
Ha? no, no; faith, thou singest well enough  
for a shift.

Benedick.  
[Aside.]
An he had been a dog that should have howled  
thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray  
God, his bad voice bode no mischance! I had as  
liief he had heard the night-raven, come what  
plague could have come after it.

Don Pedro.  
Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I  
pray thee, give us some excellent music, for to-  
morrow night we would have it at the lady  
Hero's chamber window.

Balthazar.  
The best I can, my lord.

Don Pedro.  
Do so: farewell.  
[Exeunt Balthazar and musicians.]  
Come hither, Leonato: what was it  
you told me of to-day? that your niece  
Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claudio.  
[Aside to Pedro.]
O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.  
[Aloud.] I did never think that lady would  
have loved any man.

Leonato.  
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.

Benedick.  
[Aside.]
Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leonato.  
By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to  
think of it, but that she loves him with an  
ennraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

Don Pedro.  
May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claudio.  
"Faith, like enough."

Leonato.  
O God! counterfeit! There was never coun-  
terfeited passion come so near the life of passion,  
as she discovers it.

Don Pedro.  
Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claudio.  
[Aside.]
Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leonato.  
What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—  
you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claudio.  
She did, indeed.

Don Pedro.  
How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I  
would have thought her spirit had been invin-  
cible against all assaults of affection.

Leonato.  
I would have sworn it had, my lord; espe-  
cially against Benedick.

Benedick.  
[Aside.]
I should think this a gull, but that the white-  
bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure,  
hide himself in such reverence.

Claudio.  
[Aside.]
He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

Don Pedro.  
Hath she made her affection known to  
Benedick?

Leonato.  
No, and swears she never will: that's her  
torrent.

Claudio.  
"Tis true, indeed. So your daughter says:  
"Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encoun-  
tered him with scorn, write to him that I love  
him?"

Leonato.  
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.

Claudio.  
Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember  
a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leonato.  
O!—when she had writ it, and was reading  
it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice be-  
tween the sheet?

That.

Leonato.  
O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-  
pence; ralled at herself, that she should be so  
immolate 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  
write to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claudio.  
Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,  
sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays,  
curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me  
patience!"

Leonato.  
She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and  
the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that  
my
my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claudio.

To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Don Pedro.

An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

Claudio.

And she is exceeding wise.

Don Pedro.

In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leonato.

O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Don Pedro.

I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leonato.

Were it good, think you?

Claudio.

Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will hate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Don Pedro.

She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claudio.

He is a very proper man.

Don Pedro.

He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claudio.

Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

Don Pedro.

He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leonato.

And I take him to be valiant.

Don Pedro.

As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leonato.

If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he breaks the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Don Pedro.

And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claudio.

Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leonato.

Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Don Pedro.

Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leonato.

My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claudio. [Aside.

If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Don Pedro. [Aside.

Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

Benedick. [Advancing from the Arbour.

This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me I why, it must be requisite. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry. —I must not seem proud. —Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous: 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice.

Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in
to dinner.

Benedick.

Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatrice.

I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Benedick.

You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beatrice.

Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [Exit.

Benedick.

Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"— there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am
I am a villain: If I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero.

GOOD Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her: say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleased bower, Where honey-suckle, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide her, To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Margaret.

I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.

Hero.

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley 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 Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by ear'say. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Ursula.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero.

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.— No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Ursula.

But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero.

So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Ursula.

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero.

They did intreat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affliction, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Ursula.

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed, As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero.

O God of love! I know, he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man; But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice: D dusted and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak. She cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

Ursula.

Sure, I think so: And therefore, certainly, it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero.

Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd, But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced, She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister: If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick, Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed: If low, an agate very vile cut; If speaking, why, a vase blown, with all winds: If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out, And never gives to truth and virtue That which simperess and merit purchaseth.

Ursula.

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero.

No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable. But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Ursula.

Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero.

No; rather I will go to Benedick, And counsel him to fight against his passion: And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stamn my cousin with. One doth not know, How much an ill word may empolson liking.

Ursula.

O I do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift and excellent a wit, As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero.

He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Ursula.

I pray you, be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero.

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Ursula.

His excellency did earn it ere he had it.— When are you married, madam?

Hero.

Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in: I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel, Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Ursula.
Scene II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Don Pedro.
I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio.
I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Don Pedro.
Nay; that would be as great a sol's 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. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Benedick.
Gallants, I am not as I have been. Leonato.
So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

Claudio.
I hope, he be in love.

Don 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.

Benedick.
I have the tooth-ache.

Don Pedro.
Draw it.

Benedick.
Hang it!

Claudio.
You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Don Pedro.
What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leonato.
Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Benedick.
Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claudio.
Yet say I, he is in love.

Don Pedro.
There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman tomorrow, 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 doubt. 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.

Claudio.
If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Don Pedro.
Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claudio.
No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leonato.
Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Don Pedro.
Nay, a' rubs himself with civit: can you smell him out by that?

Claudio.
That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

Don Pedro.
The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio.
And when was he wont to wash his face?

Don Pedro.
Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claudio.
Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

Don Pedro.
Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claudio.
Nay, but I know who loves him.

Don Pedro.
That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claudio.
Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all dies for him.

Don Pedro.
Shall she be buried with her face upwards?

Benedick.
Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

Don Pedro.
For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claudio.
'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John.

John.
My lord and brother, God save you.

Don Pedro.
Good den, brother.

John.
If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Don Pedro.
In private?

John.
John.

If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Don Pedro.

What's the matter?

John. [To Claudio.

Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Don Pedro.

You know, he does.

John.

I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claudio.

If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John.

You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

Don Pedro.

Why, what's the matter?

John.

I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, (for she has been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claudio.

Who? Hero?

John.

Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claudio.

Disloyal?

John.

The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claudio.

May this be so?

Don Pedro.

I will not think it.

John.

If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claudio.

If I see any thing to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Don Pedro.

And, as I woed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John.

I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: hear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

Don Pedro.

O day untowardly turned!

Claudio.

O mischief strangely thwarting!

John.

O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogberry.

Are you good men and true?

Verges.

Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry.

Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges.

Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogberry.

First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watchman.

Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogberry.

Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watchman.

Both which, master constable,——

Dogberry.

You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there 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 vagrum men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watchman.

How, if a' will not stand?

Dogberry.

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.

Verges.

If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry.

True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for in the watch to bubble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watchman.

We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry.

Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watch-man, 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 ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watchman.

How, if they will not?

Dogberry.

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.

2 Watchman.

Well, sir.

Dogberry.
ACT III. SC. III.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

Dogberry.

If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watchman.

If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry.

Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. 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.

Verges.

You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry.

Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges.

If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watchman.

How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogberry.

Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ege that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a call when he bleats.

' Twas very true.

Dogberry.

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.

Verges.

Nay by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogberry.

Five shillings to one o'nt, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince being willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges.

By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogberry.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 Watchman.

Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogberry.

One word 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.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Borachio.

Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Conrade.

I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Borachio.

Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watchman. [Aside.

Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Borachio.

Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conrade.

Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Borachio.

Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conrade.

I wonder at it.

Borachio.

That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conrade.

Yes, it is apparel.

Borachio.

I mean, the fashion.

Conrade.

Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Borachio.

Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watchman. [Aside.

I know that Deformed, a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Borachio.

Didst thou not hear somebody?

Conrade.

No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Borachio.

Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reed painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Conrade.

All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But at not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Borachio.

Not so, neither; but know, that I have to-night wooded Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night.—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudia, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conrade.
Conrade.

And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Borachio.

Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chieflly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore 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 Watchman.

We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watchman.

Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watchman.

And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a biret.

Conrade.

Masters, masters!

2 Watchman.

You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conrade.

Masters,—

1 Watchman.

Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Borachio.

We are like to prove a goodly commodity, oeing taken up of these men's bills.

Conrade.

A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

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.

Ursula.

I will, lady.

Hero.

And bid her come hither.

Ursula. [Exit Ursula.

Well.

Margaret.

Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero.

No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Margaret.

By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero.

My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Margaret.

I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, I'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero.

O, that exceeds, they say.

Margaret.

By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, under-borne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero.

God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Margaret.

'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero.

Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Margaret.

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 reverence,—a husband! an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body. 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.

Hero.

Good morrow, cox

Beatrice.

Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero.

Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beatrice.

I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Margaret.

Clap us into—"Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and 't'll dance it.

Beatrice.

Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Margaret.

O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beatrice.

'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. — Heigh ho!

Margaret.

For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice.

For the letter that begins them all, H.

Margaret.

Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beatrice.

What means the fool, trow?

Margaret.

Nothing; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero.

These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beatrice.

I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Margaret.

A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beatrice.
Re-enter Ursula.

Ursula.

Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

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.

Leonato.

What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogberry.

Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leonato.

Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogberry.

Marry, this it is, sir.

Verges.

Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leonato.

What is it, my good friends?

Dogberry.

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.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, &c.

Claudio.

COMB, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claudio. No.

Leonato. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Claudio. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claudio. Know you any, Hero?

None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leonato. I dare make his answer; none.

Claudio. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Benedick. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! ha!

Claudio. Stand thee by, friar,—Father, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leonato. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claudio. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Don Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claudio. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful¬ness.— There, Leonato; take her back again: 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: O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Claudio. 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 knows the heat of a luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leonato. What do you mean, my lord?

Claudio. Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leonato. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claudio. I know what you would say: if I have known her, You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large; But, as a brother to his sister, showed Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claudio. Out on the seeming! I will write against it, You seem to me as Dian in her orb, As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown: But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leonato. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Don Pedro. What that should I speak? I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common state.

Leonato. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Benedick. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True? O God!

Leonato. Leonato, stand I here?

Don Pedro. Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leonato. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claudio. Let me but move one question to your daugh¬And, by that fatherly and kindly power [ter, That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leonato. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beast!— What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claudio. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Claud.  
Marry, that can Hero:  
Hero it self can blot out Hero's virtue.  
What man was he, talk'd with you yesternight  
Out at your window, bew'xt twelve and one?  
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.  

Hero.  
I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.  

Don Pedro.  
Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,  
I am sorry you must hear upon mine honour,  
Myself, my brother, and this grieved 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.

John.  
Fie, fie! 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.

Claudio.  
O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,  
If half thy outward graces had been placed  
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!  
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
Thou pure implety, and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eye-lids shall conjure hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leonato.  
Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?  

Beatrice.  
Why, how now, cousin I wherefore shink you down?  

John.  
Come, let us go.  
These things, come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.  

[Exeunt Don Pedro, John, and Claudio.  

Benedick.  
How doth the lady?  

Beatrice.  
Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—  
Hero: why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!  

Leonato.  
O fate! take not away thy heavy hand:  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,  
That may be wish'd for.

Beatrice.  
How now, cousin Hero?  

Friar.  
Have comfort, lady.  

Leonato.  
Dost thou look up?  

Friar.  
Yea; wherefore should she not?  

Leonato.  
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 ope thine eyes;  
For did I think thou woul'dst not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,  

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life.  
Gadzooks! I, I had but one?  
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
I took up a beggar's issue at my gales?  
Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,  
I might have said, "So part of it is mine,  
This shame derives itself from unknown loves."  
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was pround on; mine so much,  
That I myself was to me sect and 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!

Benedick.  
Sir, sir, be patient.  
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

Beatrice.  
O, on my soul, my cousin is belled!  

Benedick.  
Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?  

Beatrice.  
No, truly not; although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemoon been her bedfellow.  

Leonato.  
Confirm'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 her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears? Hence! from her; let her die.

Friar.  
Hear me a little;  
For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions [shames  
To start into her face; a thousand innocent  
In angel whiteness, beat away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'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 biting error.

Leonato.  
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 none.  
If I know more of any man alive,  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy—I, my father!  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmole, or that I yesternight [ture,  
Maintain'd the change of words with any crea-  
refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar.
There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Benedick.
Two of them have the very bent of honour; and if their wisdom be misled in this, the practice of it lives in John the bastard, whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leonato.
I know not. If they speak but truth of her, these hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour, the eldest of them shall well hear of it. Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine, nor age so eat up my invention, nor fortune made such havoc of my means, nor my bad life left me so much of friends, but they shall find, awak'd in such a kind, both strength of limb, and policy of mind, ability in means, and choice of friends, to quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar.
Pause 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 publish it, that she is dead indeed: maintain a mourning ostentation; and on your family's old monument hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites that appertain unto a burial.
Leonato.
What shall become of this? What will this do?
Friar.
Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf change slander 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 main'tain'd, upon the instant that she was accus'd, shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd of every hearer; for it so falls out, that what we have we prize not to the worth, whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost, why, then we rack the value; then we find the virtue, that possess'd would not shew us, whiles it was ours. — So will it fare with Claudio: 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 the eye and prospect of his soul, [mourn, than when she liv'd indeed — then shall he (if ever love had interest in his liver) and wish he had not so accused her; no, though he thought his accusation true. Let this be so, and doubt not but success will fashion the event in better shape than I can lay it down in likelihood. But if all aim but this be level'd false, the supposition of the lady's death will quench the wonder of her infancy: and, if it sort not well, you may conceal her as best befits her wounded reputation, in some reclusive and religious life, out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Leonato.
Signor Leonato, let the friar advise you: and though you know, my inwardness and love is very much unto the prince and Claudio, yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this as secretly and justly, as your soul should with your body.
**Act IV. Sc. 11.**

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

**Beatrice.**

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

**Benedick.**

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

**Beatrice.**

I am gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

**Benedick.**

Is Claudio thine enemy?

**Beatrice.**

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the marketplace.

**Benedick.**

Hear me, Beatrice—

**Beatrice.**

Talk with a man out at a window! — a proper saying.

**Benedick.**

Nay, but Beatrice—

**Beatrice.**

Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

**Benedick.**

Beat—

Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a godly count, count capacit; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it. — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

**Benedick.**

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

**Beatrice.**

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

**Benedick.**

Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

**Beatrice.**

Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

**Benedick.**

Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

**SCENE II. A Prison.**

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade, and Borachio.

**Dogberry.**

Is our whole disorderly company? is not a stool and a cushion for the sexton?

**Verges.**

O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

**Sexton.**

Which be the malefactors?

**Dogberry.**

Marry, that am I and my partner.

**Verges.**

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.

**Dogberry.**

Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is you name, friend?

**Borachio.**

**Dogberry.**

Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

**Conrade.**

I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

**Dogberry.**

Write down master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

**Conrade and Borachio.**

Yea, sir, we hope.

**Dogberry.**

Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before 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?

**Conrade.**

Marry, sir, we say we are none.

**Dogberry.**

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.

**Borachio.**

Sir, I say to you, we are none.

**Dogberry.**

Well, stand aside — For 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.

**Dogberry.**

Yea marry, that's the easiest way: — Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

**I Watchman.**

This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

**Dogberry.**

Write down — prince John a villain. — Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

**Borachio.**

Master constable,—
Dogberry.
Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton.
What heard you him say else?

2 Watchman.
Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogberry.
Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verges.
Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton.
What else, fellow?

And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogberry.
O villain I thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton.
What else?

This is all.

Sexton.
And this is more, master, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused. In this very manner refused, 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.

[Exit.

Dogberry.
Come, let them be opined on.

Verges.
Let them be in the hands—

Conrade.
Off, coxcombs!

God's my life! where's the sexton? let him writedown the prince's officer, coxcombs.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Conrade.
Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogberry.
Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?...O, that we were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, 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 witness. I am a wise 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 losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing hands-on 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.

Antonio.
If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; and 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief against yourself.

Leonato.
I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve. Give me not counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine: Bring me a father that so low'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'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 was never yet philosopher, And sorrow, wag I cry here, when he should groan; [drunk 

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune 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 physicall medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air, and agony with 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 himself. Therefore give me no coun-

My griefs cry louder than advertisement. [sel: 

Antonio.
Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato.
I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood; For these words was never yet accursed That could endure the tooth-ache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Antonio.
Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself: Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leonato.
There thou speakest at reason: nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me Hero is belied, [Prince, And that shall Claudio know; so shall the And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Antonio.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.

Don Pedro.
Good den, good den.

Claudio.
Good day to both of you.

Leonato.
Hear you, my lords.—

Don Pedro.
We have some haste, Leonato

Leonato.
Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well my lord:— Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

Don Pedro.
Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Antonio.
If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Claudio.
Who wrongs him?

Leonato.
Leonato.

Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou.—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.
Claudio.

Marry, bestrew my hand.
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leonato.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me: I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool; As, under privilege of age, to brag [do, What I have done being young, or what would Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head, Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, [me, And with grey hairs, and bristle of many days, Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child: Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart:
And she lies buried with her ancestors, O! in a tomb where never scandal slept, Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.
Claudio.

My villainy?
Leonato.
Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
Don Pedro.

You say not right, old man.
Leonato.

My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare, Despite his nice fence, and his active practice, His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
Claudio.

Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leonato.

Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Antonio.

He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—
Win me and wear me,— let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, follow me.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your folning fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leonato.

Brother —
Antonio.

Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead: slander'd to death by villains, That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops! —
Leonato.

Brother Antonio —
Antonio.

Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea, [scruple: And what they weigh, even to the utmost Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys, That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander, Go antickly, and show outward hideousness, And speak half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they And this is all! [durst, —
Leonato.

But, brother Antony —
Antonio.

Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Don Pedro.

Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death: But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leonato.

My lord, my lord! —
Don Pedro.
I will not hear you. —
Leonato.

Come, brother, away. — I will be heard. —
Antonio.

And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.

Enter Benedick.
Don Pedro.

See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.
Claudio.

Now, signior, what news?
Benedick.

Good day, my lord.
Don Pedro.

Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claudio.

We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
Don Pedro.

Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.
Benedick.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claudio.

We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Will thou use thy wit?
Benedick.

It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
Don Pedro.

Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claudio.

Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. — I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.
Don Pedro.

As I am an honest man, he looks pale. — Art thou sick, or angry?
Claudio.

What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Benedick.

Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. — I pray you, choose another subject.
Claudio.

Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
Don Pedro.

By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.
Claudio.

If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Benedick.
Benedick.
Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claudio.
God bless me from a challenge!
Benedick.
You are a villain.—I jest not:— I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your reward! You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.
Claudio.
Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
Don Pedro.
What, a feast? a feast?
Claudio.
I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a call's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?
Benedick.
Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.
Don Pedro.
I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit; "True," said she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit." "Right," said she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she. "It hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues." "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.
Claudio.
For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.
Don Pedro.
Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, au if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.
Claudio.
All; all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.
Don Pedro.
But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?
Claudio.
Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"
Benedick.
Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggers do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.
[Exit Benedick.
Don Pedro.
He is in earnest.
Claudio.
In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Don Pedro.
And hath challenged thee?
Claudio.
Most sincerely.
Don Pedro.
What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!
Claudio.
He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.
Don Pedro.
But, soft you; let me be: pluck up my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.
Dogberry.
Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall not weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.
Don Pedro.
How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?
Claudio.
Hearken after their offence, my lord!
Don Pedro.
Officers, what offence have these men done?
Dogberry.
Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondly, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Don 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?
Claudio.
Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.
Don 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?
Borachio.
Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools 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.

Don Pedro.
Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?
Claudio.
I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.
Don Pedro.
But did my brother set thee on to this?

Borachio.
Yea: and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Don Pedro.
He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claudio.
Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogberry.
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.

Verges.
Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, Antonio, and the Sexton.

Leonato.
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?

Borachio.
If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leonato.
Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast
Mine innocent child? [kill'd

Borachio.
Yea, even I alone.

Leonato.
No, not so. villain; thou believest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claudio.
I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge your-
self;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet shin'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Don Pedro.
By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leonato.
I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina, here,
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in such invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to 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 daugh-
Almost the copy of my child that's dead, [ter,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her
And so dies my revenge. [cousin,

Claudio.
O! noble sir, your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leonato.
To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming:
To-night I take my leave. — This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pact in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Borachio.
No, by my soul, she was not; nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to
But always hath been just and virtuous, [me; in
Any thing that I do know by her.

Dogberry.
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 re-
membered in his punishment. And also, the
watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they
say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hang-
ing by it, and borrow 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. Fray you, examine him
upon that point.

Leonato.
I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogberry.
Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leonato.
There's for thy pains.

Dogberry.
God save the foundation!

Leonato.
Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogberry.
I leave an arrant knife with your worship:
which, I beseech your worship, to correct your-
self for the example of others. God keep your
worship; I wish your worship well: God re-
store you to health. I humbly give you leave to
depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished,
God prohibit it. — Come, neighbour.
[Exeunt Dogberry, Verge, and Watch.

Leonato.
Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Antonio.
Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-
morrow.

Don Pedro.
We will not fail.

Claudio.
To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.

Leonato.
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.

Benedick.
Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve
well at my hands by helping me to the speech of
Beatrice.

Margaret.
Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Benedick.
In so high a style, Margaret, that no man
living shall come over it; for, in most comely
truth, thou deservest it.

Margaret.
MUCH AND WHICH IT FOR BEATRICE.

THY WIT IS AS QUICK AS THE GREYHOUND’S MOUTH; IT CATCHES.

AND YOUR’S AS BLUNT AS THE FENCER’S FOLKS, WHICH HIT, BUT HURT NOT.

A MOST MANLY WIT, BEATRICE; IT WILL NOT HURT A WOMAN: AND SO, I PRAY THEE, CALL BEATRICE. I GIVE THEE THE BUCKLERS.

GIVE US THE SWORDS, WE HAVE BUCKLERS OF OUR OWN.

IF YOU USE THEM, BEATRICE, YOU MUST PUT IN THE PIKES WITH A VICE; AND THEY ARE DANGEROUS WEAPONS FOR MAIDS.

WELL, I WILL CALL BEATRICE TO YOU, WHO, I THINK, HATH LEGS. [EXIT BEATRICE.]

AND THEREFORE WILL COME.

THE GOD OF LOVE,

THAT SITS ABOVE,

AND KNOWS ME, AND KNOWS ME,

HOW PITYFUL I DESERVE,—

I MEAN, IN SINGING; BUT IN LOVING, LEANDER THE GOOD SWIMMER, TROILUS THE FIRST EMPLOYER OF PANDERS, AND A WHOLE BOD OF FULL OF THESE QUANDAM CARPET-MONGERS, 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 POOR SELF, IN LOVE. MARRY, I CANNOT SHOW IT IN RHYME; I HAVE TRIED: I CAN FIND OUT NO RHYME TO “LADY” BUT “BABY,” AN INNOCENT RHYME; FOR “SCORN,” “HORN,” A HARD RHYME; FOR “SCHOOL,” “FOOL,” A BABBLING RHYME—VERY OMINOUS ENDINGS. NO, I WAS NOT BORN UNDER A RHYMING PLANET, NOR I CANNOT WHO IN FESTIVAL TERMS—

ENTER BEATRICE.

SWEET BEATRICE, WOULD’S THOU COME WHEN I CALLED THEE?

BEATRICE.

YEA, SIGILOR; AND DEPART WHEN YOU BID ME.

BENEDICK.

O, STAY BUT TILL THEN!

BEATRICE.

“THEN” IS SPOKEN; FARE YOU WELL NOW:—AND YET,ERE I GO, LET ME GO WITH THAT I CAME FOR; WHICH IS, WITH KNOWING WHAT HATH PASSED BETWEEN YOU AND CLAUDIO.

BENEDICK.

ONLY FOUL WORDS; AND THEREUPON I WILL KISS THEE.

BEATRICE.

FOUL WORDS IS BUT FOUL WIND, AND FOUL WIND IS BUT FOUL BREATH, AND FOUL BREATH IS NOLSONE; THEREFORE I WILL DEPARTUNKISSED.

BENEDICK.

THOU HAST FRIGHTED THE WORD OUT OF HIS RIGHT SENSE, SO FORCEABLE IS THY WIT. BUT, I MUST TELL THEE Plainly, CLAUDIO UNDERGOES MY CHALLENGE, AND EITHER I MUST SHORTLY HEAR FROM HIM, OR I WILL SUBSCRIBE HIM A COWARD. AND, I PRAY THEE NOW, TELL ME, FOR WHICH OF MY BAD PARTS DIJST THOU FIRST FALL IN LOVE WITH ME?

BEATRICE.

FOR THEM ALTOGETHER; WHICH MAINTAINED SO POLITIC A STATE OF EVIL, THAT THEY WILL NOT ADMIT ANY GOOD PART TO INTERMINGLE WITH THEM. BUT FOR WHICH OF MY GOOD PARTS DID YOU FIRST SUFFER LOVE FOR ME?

BENEDICK.

SUFFER LOVE! A GOOD EPITHET. I DO SUFFER LOVE, INDEED, FOR I LOVE THEE AGAINST MY WILL.

BEATRICE.

IN SPITE OF YOUR HEART, I THINK. ALS, POOR HEART! IF YOU SPOILE IT FOR MY SAKE, I WILL SPIT IT FOR YOURS; FOR I WILL NEVER LOVE THAT WHICH MY FRIEND HATES.

BENEDICK.

THOU AND I ARE TOO WISE TO WOO PEACEABLY.

BEATRICE.

IT APPEARS NOT IN THIS CONFESSION: THERE’S NOT ONE WISE MAN AMONG TWENTY THAT WILL PRAISE HIMSELF.

BENEDICK.

AN OLD, AN OLD INSTANCE, BEATRICE, THAT LIVED IN THE TIME OF GOOD NEIGHBOURS. IF A MAN DO NOT ERECT, IN THIS AGE, HIS OWN TOMB ER HE DIES, HE SHALL LIVE NO LONGER IN MONUMENT, THAN THE BELL RINGS, AND THE WIDOW WEEP.

BEATRICE.

AND HOW LONG IS THAT, THINK YOU?

BENEDICK.

QUESTION:—WHY AN HOUR IN CLAMOUR, AND A QUARTER IN RHEUM? THEREFORE IS IT MOST EXPEDIENT FOR THE WISE, (IF DON WORM, HIS CONSCIENCE, AND NO IMPEDIMENT TO THE CONTRARY,) TO BE THE TRUMPET OF HIS OWN VIRTUES, AS I AM TO MYSELF. SO MUCH FOR PRAISING MYSELF, WHO, I MYSELF WILL BEAR WITNESS, IS PRAISEWORTHY. AND NOW TELL ME, HOW DOTH YOUR COUSIN?

VERY ILL.

BENEDICK.

AND HOW DO YOU?

BEATRICE.

VERY ILL TOO.

BENEDICK.

SERVE GOD, LOVE ME, AND MEND. THERE WILL I LEAVE YOU TOO, FOR HERE COMES ONE IN HASTE.

ENTER URSULA.

URSULA.

MADAM, YOU MUST COME TO YOUR UNCLE. YOUNGER’S OLD COAT AT HOME: IT IS PROVED, MY LADY HERO HATH BEEN FALSELY ACCUSED, THE PRINCE AND CLAUDIO MIGHTILY ABUSED; AND DON JOHN IS THE AUTHOR OF ALL, WHO IS SLEP AND GONE. WILL YOU COME PRESENTLY?

BEATRICE.

WILL YOU GO HEAR THIS NEWS, SIGILOR?

BENEDICK.

I WILL LIVE IN THY HEART, DIE IN THY LAP, AND BE BURIED IN THY EYES; AND, MOREOVER, I WILL GO WITH THEE TO THY UNCLE’S.

EXC.]

SCENE III. THE INSIDE OF A CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

CLAUDIO.

IS THIS THE MONUMENT OF LEONATO?

ATTENDANT.

IT IS, MY LORD.

CLAUDIO. [Reads.]

DONE TO DEATH BY SLANDEROUS TONGUES

WAS THE HERO THAT HERE LIES:

Death
Death, in guardon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

**Song.**

Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that strew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our mom;  
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graces, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

**Claudio.**

Now, unto thy bones good night!  
Yearly will I do this rite.

**Don Pedro.**  
Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.  
The wolves have prey’d; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phæbus, round about
Dapples the dray east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

**Claudio.**

Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

**Don Pedro.**  
Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;  
And then to Leonato’s we will go.

**Claudio.**  
And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render’d up this woe!

---

**SCENE IV.** A room in Leonato’s House.

**Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.**

**Friar.**  
Did I not tell you she was innocent?

**Leonato.**  
So are the prince and Claudio, who accus’d her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

**Antonio.**

Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

**Benedick.**  
And so am I, being else by faith enforce’d
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

**Leonato.**

Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves.
And, when I send for you, come hither mask’d:  
The prince and Claudio promis’d by this hour
To visit me — You know your office, brother;  
You must be father to your brother’s daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.  
[Exeunt Ladies.]

**Antonio.**

Which I will do with confirm’d countenance.

**Benedick.**

Friar, I must entertain your pains, I think.

**Friar.**

To do what, signior?

**Benedick.**

I’d blind me, or undo me; one of them.—

---

**Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior.**

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

**Leonato.**

That eye my daughter lent her: ’tis most true.

**Benedick.**

And I do with an eye of love requite her.

**Leonato.**

The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what’s your will?

**Benedick.**

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:  
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin’d
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

**Leonato.**

My heart is with your liking.

**Friar.**

And my help.

Here come the prince, and Claudio.

**Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.**

**Don Pedro.**

Good morrow to this fair assembly.

**Leonato.**

Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio: We here attend you. Are you yet determin’d
To-day to marry with my brother’s daughter?

**Claudio.**

I’ll hold my mind were she an Ethiope.

**Leonato.**

Call her forth, brother: here’s the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.]

**Don Pedro.**

Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what’s the That you have such a February face, [matter,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

**Claudio.**

I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—  
Tush! fear not, man, we’ll tip th’ horns with
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee, [gold,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

**Benedick.**  
Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;  
[cow,
And some such strange bull leap’d your father’s
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his beat.

**Re-enter Antonio with the Ladies masked.**

**Claudio.**

For this I owe you: here come other reckon-Which is the lady I must seize upon?  
[ings.

**Leonato.**

This same is she, and I do give you her.

**Claudio.**

Why, then she’s mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

**Leonato.**

No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

**Claudio.**

Give me your hand before this holy friar:  
I am your husband, if you like of me.

**Hero.**

And when I liv’d, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.

**Claudio.**
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Claudio.

Another Hero?

Hero.

Nothing certainer.

One Hero died depl'd; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a mald.

Don Pedro.

The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leonato.

She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar.

All this amazement can I qualify;

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Benedick.

Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beatrice.

I answer to that name. [Unmasking.] What is your will?

Benedick.

Do not you love me?

Beatrice.

Why, no; no more than reason.

Benedick.

Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and

Claudio,

Have been deceived: they swore you did.

Beatrice.

Do not you love me?

Benedick.

Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beatrice.

Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

Benedick.

They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beatrice.

They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Benedick.

'Tis no such matter.—Then, do you not love me?

Beatrice.

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leonato.

Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentle-

man.

Claudio.

And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero.

And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stop'd from her

Containing her affection unto Benedick. [pocket,

Benedick.

A miracle! here's our own hands against our

hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this

light, I take thee for pity.

Beatrice.

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 con-
sumption.

Benedick.

Peace! I will stop your mouth.

Don Pedro.

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Benedick.

I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-

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,

a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In

brief, since I do purpose 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.

Claudio.

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.

Benedick.

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.

Leonato.

We'll have dancing afterward.

Benedick.

First, of my word; therefore, play, music!—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a

wife: there is no staff more reverend than one

tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Benedick.

Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise

thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up

pipers.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
Moth, Page to Armado.
Biron, A Forester.
Longaville, Lords, attending on the King.
Prince of France.
Dumaine, Princess of France.
Boyet, Rosaline.
Lords, attending on the Princess of France.
Mercade, Katharine.
Don Adrian de Armado, a Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.
Jaquenetta, a country Wench.
Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.
Officers, and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.
Dull, a Constable.
Page, attending on the Prince of France.
Costard, a Clown.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Thee, in endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall hate his scythe's keen
And make us heirs of all eternity.

[Edge, 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, Dumaine, 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 oaths, and keep it too.

Longaville.

I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dumaine.

My loving lord. Dumaine is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron.

I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years;
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night, too, of half the day,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King.

Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron.

Let me say no, my liege, and if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Longaville.

You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron.

By yea, and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

King.

ACT I. Sc. I.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  

ACT I. SC. I

King.  
Why, that to know which else we should not know.  

Biron.  
Things hid and bar'd, you mean, from common sense?  

King.  
Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.  

Biron.  
Come on, then: I will swear to study so, 
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid:  
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
Where mistress from study sense are hid:  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my truth,  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.  

King.  
These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.  

Biron.  
Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchas’d, doth inherit pain:  
As painfully to pore upon a book, while  
To seek the light of truth; while truth the  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
Light. seeking light, doth light of light obscure,  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye:  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his head,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven’s glorious sun, [Looks:  
That will not be deep-search’d with saucy  
Small have continual plodders ever won;  
Save base authority from others’ books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.  

King.  
How well he’s read, to reason against reading!  

Dumaine.  
Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!  

Longaville.  
He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.  

Biron.  
The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.  

Dumaine.  
How follows that?  

Biron.  
Fit in his place and time.  

Dumaine.  
In reason nothing:  

Biron.  
Something, then, in rhyme.  

King.  
Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.  

Biron.  
Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled shows  
But like of each thing that in season grows.  
So you, to study now it is too late,  
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 with you:  
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,  
Than for that angel knowledge you can say.  
Yet confident I’ll keep what I have sworn,  
And hide the penance of each three years’ day.  
Give me the paper: let me read the same;  
And to the strictest decrees I’ll write my name.  

King.  
How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!  

Biron.  
[Reads.]  
Item, “That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.”—Hath this been proclaimed?  

Longaville.  
Four days ago.  

Biron.  
Let’s see the penalty. [Reads.] “On pain of losing her tongue.” —Who devi’d this penalty?  

Longaville.  
Marry, that did I.  

Biron.  
Sweet lord, and why?  

Longaville.  
To fright them hence with that dread penalty.  

Biron.  
A dangerous law against gentility!  

[Reads.] Item, “If any man be seen to talk with a woman within 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 Aquitaine  
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:  
Therefore, this article is made in vain,  
Or vainly comes th’ admired princess hither.  

King.  
What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.  

Biron.  
So study evermore is overshot:  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
’t doth forget to do the thing it should;  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
’I is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.  

King.  
We must of force dispense with this decree:  She must lie here on mere necessity.  

Biron.  
Necessity will make us all forsworn [space;  
Three thousand times within this three years’  
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;  
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainted of eternal shame.  
Suggestion are to others, as to me;  
But,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SC. I.

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King.

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is
haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain; 
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony; 
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado bright,
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.

Longaville.

Costard, the swarm, and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dudley, with a letter, and Costard.

Dull.

Which is the duke's own person?

Biron.

This is he.

Dull.

Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's
villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Costard.

Sir, the contempts 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.

Longaville.

A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron.

To hear, or forbear hearing?

Longaville.

To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately;
or to forbear both.

Biron.

Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause
to climb in the merriness.

Costard.

The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaguemeta. The manner of it, I was taken
with the manner.

Biron.

In what manner?

Costard.

In manner and form following, sir; all those
two: I was seen with her in the manor house,
sitting with her upon the form, and taken fol-
lowing her into the park; which, put together,
is, in manner and form following. Now, sir,
With a wench.

Costard.

"—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed 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.

"For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat 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?

Costard.

Sir, I confess the wench.

King.

Did you hear the proclamation?

Costard.

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.

Costard.

I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King.

Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Costard.

This was no damsel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King.

It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Costard.

If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King.

This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Costard.

This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King.

Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Costard.

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 King, Longaville, and Dumaine.

Biron.

I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle Sirrah, come on. [scorn.—

Costard.

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, set thee down, sorrow!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Armado's House in the Park.

Enter Armado, and Moth, his page.

Armado.

Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth.

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Armado.

Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth.

No, no; O lord I sir, no.

Armado.

How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth.

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Armado.

Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth.

Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Armado.

I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epithet appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth.

And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Armado.

Pretty, and apt.

Moth.

How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Armado.

Thou pretty, because little.

Moth.

Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Armado.

And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth.

Speak you this in my praise, master?

Armado.

In thy condition praise.

Moth.

I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Armado.

What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth.

That an eel is quick.

Armado.

I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth.

I am answered, sir.

Armado.

I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside. He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him?

Armado.

I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth.
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Moth.  You may do it in an hour, sir.
Armado.  Impossible.
Moth.  How many is one thrice told?
Armado.  I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.
Moth.  You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.
Armado.  I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.
Moth.  Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
Armado.  It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth.  Which the base vulgar do call three.
Armado.  True.
Moth.  Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.
Armado.  A most fine figure!
Moth.  To prove you a cypher,
Armado.  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 humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?
Moth.  Hercules, master.
Armado.  Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.
Moth.  Samson, 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.
Armado.  O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?
Moth.  A woman, master.
Armado.  Of what complexion?
Moth.  Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.
Armado.  Tell me precisely of what complexion.
Moth.  Of the sea-water green, sir.

Armado.  Is that one of the four complexions?
Moth.  As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.
Armado.  Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.
Moth.  It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.
Armado.  My love is most immaculate white and red.
Moth.  Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.
Armado.  Define, define, well-educated infant.
Moth.  My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!
Armado.  Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!
Moth.  If she be made of white or red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.
Armado.  Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?
Moth.  The world was very guilty of such a ballad 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 tune.
Armado.  I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.
Moth.  To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.
Armado.  Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.
Moth.  And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.
Armado.  I say, sing.
Moth.  Forbear till this company be past.
Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.
Dull.  Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but 's must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.
Man.  
Armado.
Armado.
I will visit thee at the lodge.
Jaquenetta.
That's hereby.
Armado.
I know where it is situate.
Jaquenetta.
Lord, how wise you are!
Armado.
I will tell thee wonders.
Jaquenetta.
With that face?
Armado.

I love thee.
Jaquenetta.
So I heard you say.
Armado.
And so farewell.
Jaquenetta.
Fair weather after you!
Dull.
Come, Jaquenetta, away.
[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.
Armado.
Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.
Costard.
Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.
Armado.
Thou shalt be heavily punished.
Costard.
I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Armado.
Take away this villain: shut him up.
Moth.
Come, you transgressing slave: away!
Costard.
Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.
Moth.
No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Costard.
Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—
Moth.
What shall some see?
Costard.
Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners 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.
[Exeunt Moth and Costard.
Armado.

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood;) if I love; and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour!

rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the Park. A Pavillion 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 whom 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 all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

Princess.
Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean Needs not the painted flourish of your praise: Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues. I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Till painful study shall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his silent court: Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalf, Bold of our worsting this, we single you As our best moving fair solicietor. Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, On serious business, craving quick despatch, Importunes personal conference with his grace He no matter much; while we attend, Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet.
Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Princess.
All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.— Who are the vortaries, my loving lords, That are vort-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Longaville is one.

Princess.
Know you the man? Maria.

I know him, madam: at a marriage feast, Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized In Normandy, saw I this Longaville. A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd; Well fitted in arts; glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well. The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss, If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; Whose
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Princess.

Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Martha.

They say so most that most his humors know.

Princess.

Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Katherine.

Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they 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 exponent,) 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.

Princess.

God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Princess.

Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet.

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
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 make.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumaine, Biron, and Attendants.

King.

Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Princess.

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 wide fields too base to be mine.

King.

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Princess.

I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

King.

Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.

Princess.

Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King.

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Princess.

Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King.

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Princess.

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.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher I beseech me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Give a paper.

King.

Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Princess.

You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Rosaline.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron.

I know you did.

Rosaline.

How needless was it, then,
To ask the question?

Biron.

You must not be so quick.

Rosaline.

"Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron.

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosaline.

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron.

What time o' day?

Rosaline.

The hour that fools should ask.

Biron.

Now fair befall your mask!

Rosaline.

Fair fall the face I love!

Biron.

And send you many lovers!

Rosaline.

Amen, so you be none.

Biron.

Nay, then will I begone.

King.

Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the One part of Aquitain is bound to us, (which,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But
But that, it seems, be little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain, so gilded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his request so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

**Princess.**

You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

**King.**

I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

**Princess.**

We arrest your word.

**Boyet.**

You can produce acquaintances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

**King.**

Satisfy me so.

**Boyet.**

So please your grace, the packet is not come,
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 tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and fare-
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

**Princess.**

Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

**King.**

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exeunt King and his Train.

**Boyet.**

Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

**Rosaline.**

Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

**Biron.**

Now, God save thy life!

**Rosaline.**

And yours from long living!

**Biron.**

I cannot stay thanksgiving.

**Dumaine.**

Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

**Boyet.**

The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

**Dumaine.**

A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit. Longaville. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?

**Boyet.**

A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

**Longaville.**

Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

**Boyet.**

She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

**Longaville.**

Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

**Boyet.**

Her mother's, I have heard.

**Longaville.**

God's blessing on your beard!

**Boyet.**

Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

**Boyet.**

Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

**Boyet.**

Not unlike, sir: that may be.

[Exit Longaville. Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

**Boyet.**

Katherine, by good hap.

**Biron.**

Is she wedded, or no?

**Boyet.**

To her will, sir, or so.

**Biron.**

O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.

**Boyet.**

Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron. — Ladies unmask Maria. Biron. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

**Boyet.**

And every jest but a word.

**Princess.**

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

**Boyet.**

I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

**Maria.**

Two hot sheepes, marry I

**Boyet.**

And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

**Maria.**
ACT III, Sc. 1. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Maria.
You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet.
So ye'1 grant pasture for me.
[Offering to kiss her.

Maria.
Not so, gentle beast.

Boyet.
Belonging to whom?

Maria.
To my fortunes and me.

Princess.
Good wits will beangling; but, gentle, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better used 
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.

Boyet.
If my observation, (which very seldom lies,) 
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes, 
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Princess.
With what?

Boyet.
With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Princess.
Your reason?

Boyet.
Why, all his behaviours did make their retire 
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire: 
His heart, like an agate, with your print im-
pressed, 
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 senses to that sense 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, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glaze'd, 
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd. 
His face's own margin did quote such amazes, 
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes. 
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his, 
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Princess.
Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet.
But to speak that in words, which his eye 

Maria.
Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Rosaline.
He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Rosaline.
Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet.
Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Maria.
No.

Boyet.
What, then, do you see?

Rosaline.
Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet.
You are too hard for me.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. Another part of the same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Armado.
WARBLE, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth.
Concolinel——

Armado.
[Singing.

Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him fortunately bolder; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth.
Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Armado
How mearest thou? brawling in French?

Moth.
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; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you sniffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, 'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly's 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 a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Armado.
How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth.
By my penny of observation.

Armado.
But O, but O—

Moth.
—the hobby-horse is forgot.

Armado.
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?

Armado.
Almost I had.

Moth.
Negligent student I learn her by heart.

Armado.
By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth.
And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Armado.
What wilt thou prove?

Moth.
A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon
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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 that you cannot enjoy her.

Armado.

I am all these three.

Moth.

And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Armado.

Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth.

A message well sympathised: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Armado.

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.

Armado.

The way is but short. Away!

Moth.

As swift as lead, sir.

Armado.

Thy meaning, pretty Ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth.

Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Armado.

I say, lead is slow.

Moth.

You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Armado.

Sweet smoke of rhetoric! He reproves me a cannon; and the bullet, that's I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth.

Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

Armado.

A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace! By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth.

A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Armado.

Some enigma, some riddle: come, — thy Envoj; — begin.

Costard.

No egma, no riddle, no Envoj! no salve in the male, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no Envoj, no Envoj: no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Armado.

By virtue, thou enforces laughter: thy silly thought, my spleen; the hearing of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Dost the inconsiderate take salve for Envoj, and the word Envoj for a salve?

Moth.

Do the wise think them other? is not Envoj a salve?

Armado.

No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedent that hath tofore been I will example it: [sain.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: now the Envoj.

Moth.

I will add the Envoj. Say the moral again.

Armado.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth.

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 Envoj.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three.

Armado.

Until the goose came out of door, Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth.

A good Envoj, ending in the goose. Would you desire more?

Costard.

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. — Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose: Let me see, a fat Envoj; ay, that's a fat goose.

Armado.

Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth.

By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin. Then call'd you for the Envoj.

Costard.

True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in; [bought, Then the boy's fat Envoj, the goose that you And he ended the market.

Armado.

But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth.

I will tell you sensibly.

Costard.

Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that Envoj. I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Armado.

We will talk no more of this matter.

Costard.

Till there be more matter in the shin.

Armado.

Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Costard.

O! marry me to one Frances? — I smell some Envoj, some goose, in this.

Armado.

By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thouwert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Costard.

True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Armado.

I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Enter Biron.

O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron.

What is a remuneration?

Costard.

Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron.

O! why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Costard.

I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

Biron.

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.

Costard.

When would you have it done, sir?

Biron.

O! this afternoon.

Costard.

Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron.

O! thou knowest not what it is.

Costard.

I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron.

Why, villain, thou must know first.

Costard.

I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron.

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 name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon: go.

Costard.

Guerdon. — O! sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven pence farthing better.
Most sweet guerdon! — I will do it, sir, in print.
—Guerdon — remuneration!

Biron.

O! — And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering prince for the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans.
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Solo imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors, (O my little heart!) And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
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 perjur'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 Argus were her eumuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[1 xit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Princess.

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.

Princess.

Whoe'er a' was, a' show'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?

Forester.

Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Princess.

I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

Forester.

Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Princess.

What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O, short-iv'd pride! Not fair? alas! for woeful ease!

Yes, madam, fair.

Princess.

Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair Is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

[Forester.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act IV. Sc. 1.

Boyet.

Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Princess.

See, see I my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days! [praise. —
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
But come, the bow: — now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
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;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes, [part,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no

Boyet.

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty?
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Princess.

Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Princess.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Costard.

God dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is the head lady?

Princess.

Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
have no heads.

Costard.

Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Princess.

The thickest, and the tallest.

Costard.

The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth
is truth
[wit,
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the

Princess.

What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Costard.

I have a letter, from monsieur Biron to one
lady Rosaline.

Princess.

O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of
mine. Stand aside, good bearer. — Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet.

I am bound to serve. —
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is wrt to Jaquenetta.

Princess.

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 inflam-
ible: true, that thou art beautious; truth itself;
that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beautious, truer than truth itself,
have commisseration on thy heretical vassal! The
magnanimous and most illustre king Co-
phetus set eye upon the pernicious and imbittered
beggar Penelopean; and he it was that might-
rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize
in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) vividly,
he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one;
Saw, two; overcame, three. Who came?
The king; thy did he come? to see; Why did
he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to
the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom
overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is
victory: on whose side? the king's: the captive
is enriched on whose side? the beggar's. The
cautel of a nuptial: on whose side? the
kings? — 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 entreat thy
love? I will. What shall thou exchange for
rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me.
Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my
lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my
heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
Thy, Adriano de Armado."

"Thy dost thou hear the Nemeeion lion
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his
prey:
Submit all 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."

Princess.

What plume of feathers is he that indited this
letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever
hear better?

Boyet.

I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the
style.

Princess.

Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-
while.

Boyet.

This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in
a phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes
To the prince, and his book-mates. [sport

Princess.

Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Costard.

I told you; my lord.

Princess.

To whom shouldst thou give it?

Costard.

From my lord to my lady.

Princess.

From which lord, to which lady?

Costard.

From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Princess.

Thou hast mistaken his letter. — Come, lords,
away. —

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another
day.

[Exeunt Princess and Train.

Boyet.

Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Rosaline.

Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet.

Ay, my continent of beauty.
Rosaline. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off! Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year mis-
Finely put on! [carry.

Rosaline. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Rosaline. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not Finely put on, indeed! — [near.

Maria. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Rosaline. 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.

Rosaline. Thou cannot hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou cannot hit it, my good man.

Boyet. As I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[Exit Rosaline and Katherine.

Costard. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Maria. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit [it].

Boyet. A mark! O mark but that mark: a mark, says my lady, [may be.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it

Maria. Wode o' the bow hand: I'faith your hands is not.

Costard. 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.

Costard. Then will she get the upshot by clearing the pin.

Maria. Come, come, you talk greedily; your lips grow sou.

Costard. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to a bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [Exit Boyet and Maria.

Costard. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down! [vulgar wit! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incoy When it comes so smoothly off, so obscurely, as it were, so fit. [man! Armado o' the one side, — O, a most dainty

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! — [a' will swear I — To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly And his page o' the other side, that handful of Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! [wit! Sola, sola! [Shouting within. [Exit Costard.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nathaniel. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, — in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caro, — the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon fallith like a crab, on the face of terra, — the soil, the land, the earth.

Nathaniel. 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.

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, hau'd credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a hau'd credo, 'twas a pricket.

Holofernes. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in sia, in way of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his undressed, unpolluted, unbruised, untrained, unlettered, or, rather, unconfessed 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.

Holofernes. Twice sod simplicity, bis coebris! — O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nathaniel. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eaten paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he; For as it would ill become me to be vain, in- discreet, or a fool, [him in a school! So, were there a patch set on learning, to see But, omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind, [wind. Many can brook the weather, that love not the

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by your wit, [not five weeks old as yet? What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's

Holofernes. Dichtymna, good man Dull; Dichtymna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dichtymna?

Nathaniel. A title to Paebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Holofernes.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Holofernes.
The moon was a month old when Adam was no more; [five-score.]

Dull.
'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Holofernes.
God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull.
And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Holofernes.
Sir, Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nathaniel.
Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Holofernes.
I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The precyful princess piecr'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket; [sore with shooting.]

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made
The dogs did yeil; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket; [hootings.

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fail
If sore be sore, then I to sore makes fifty sores; [one more is.

O sore! I

Of one sore I

One hundred make, by adding but

Nathaniel.
A rare talent! Dull.

If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Holofernes.
This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pis mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nathaniel.
Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters prof't very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Holofernes.
Meherele! If their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.
Jaquenetta.
God give you good morrow, master person.

Holofernes.
Master person.—quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Costard.
Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Holofernes.
Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of con-
celt in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaquenetta.

Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter, which I sent unto me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Holofernes.
Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbro.
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede, ci non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his

What, my soul, v'sos?

Nathaniel.
Ay, sir, and very learned.

Holofernes.
Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: {lege, domine.}

Nathaniel.
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed. [prose.

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed. [eyes.

Stud his bias leaves, and makes his book thine Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend; {eyes.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend; {wonder

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire. [dreadful thunder.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet song;

Celestial, as thou art, O pardon, love, this wrong That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Holofernes.
You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let us supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, canzonet. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jorks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound is master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaquenetta.

Aye, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Holofernes.
I will overglance the superscription. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, bath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act 1, Sc. 5.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act iv. Sc. iii.

LOVE'S Costard.

By God, King. I think you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith.

Holofernes.

Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nathaniel.

Marvellous well for the pen.

Holofernes.

I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech you for your society.

Nathaniel.

And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Holofernes.

And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To Dull.] I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: pauce serba. Away I the gentle are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.]

SCENE III. Another part of the same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron.

The king he is hunting the deer; I am courting myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile? a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow for so, they say, the fool saith and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: I' faith, I will not. O! but her eye.—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her I yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweetener fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to grow!—

[Gets up into a tree.]

Enter the King, with a paper.

King.

Ay me!

Biron. [Aside.]

Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

King.

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 [Flour:]

The night of dew that on my cheeks down Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright Through the transparent bosom of the deep, 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 ridest thou triumphant in my woe. 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 far 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.

[Aside.] What, Longaville 1 and reading? listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside.]

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! Longaville.

Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside.]

Why, he comes in like a perjurier, wearing papers.

King. [Aside.]

In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. [Aside.]

One drunkard loves another of the name.

Longaville.

Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.]

I could put thee in comforts: not by two that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Longaville.

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move. O sweet Maria, empress of my love! These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.]

O I rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's Disfigure not his slop. [hose:

Longaville.

This same shall go.—

[He reads the sonnet.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument, Persuade my heart to this false perjury? Fours for thee broke deserve not punishment. A woman I forswore; but I will prove, Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love; Thy grace, being gain'd, cures alldisgrace in me. Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is: Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost Eshart this vapour—vow; in thee is: [shine, If broken, then, it is no fault of mine. If by me broke, what fault is not so wise, 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
Enter Dumaine, with a paper.

Longaville.

By whom shall I send this? — Company I stay.

[Steps aside.]

Biron. [Aside.]

All hâd, all hâd: an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedlessly o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:

Dumaine transform'd four woodcocks in a dish!

Dumaine.

O most divine Kate!

Biron. [Aside.]

O most profane cockcomb!

Dumaine.

By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. [Aside.]

By earth, she is not: — corporal; there you lie.

Dumaine.

Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

Biron. [Aside.]

An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dumaine.

As upright as the cedar.

Biron. [Aside.

My love was a child.

As fair as day.

Biron. [Aside.]

Ay, as some days: but then no sun must shine.

Dumaine.

O, that I had my wish!

Longaville. [Aside.]

And I had mine.

King. [Aside.]

And I mine too, good lord!

Biron.

Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

Dumaine.

I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. [Aside.]

A fever in your blood? why, then incline Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

Dumaine.

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. [Aside.

Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dumaine.

On a day, alack the day!

Love, whose mouth is ever May,

Spirited blossoms, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the ecstasy leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But alack! my hand is sworn,

'Neer to pluck thee from thy thorn:

'Fou, alack! for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet,

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Dumaine.

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethelind were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! I will, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Longaville. [Advancing.]

Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'd society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'heard, and taken napping so.

King. [Advancing.]

Come, sir, 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 about
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
Saw sights reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! I says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hair was gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
And Jove for your love would injure an oath.

[To Dumaine.]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Descends from the tree.]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reproove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coachees; in your tears There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tush! I none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'shott?
You three found his mote; the king your mote did
But I a beam do find in each of three. [see;]
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of tears! O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a giant:
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys:
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good
Dumaine:
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's all about the breast: —
A caudle, ho!

King.

Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Biron.

Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin.
ACT IV. Sc. III.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that
I will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb? —

King.

Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that galspos so?

Biron.

I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaquenetta.

God bless the king! —

King.

What present hast thou there?

Costard.

Some certain treason.

King.

What makes treason here?

Costard.

Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King.

If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaquenetta.

I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King.

Biron, read it over. [Biron reads the letter.

Where had'st thou it?

Jaquenetta.

Of Costard.

King.

Where had'st thou it?

Costard.

Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King.

How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron.

A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not

Fear it.

Longaville.

It did move him to passion, and therefore
Let's hear it.

Dumaine.

It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[Picking up the pieces.

Biron.

Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [To Costard.] you were born to do me shame. —

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King.

What?

Biron.

That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make
Up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O I dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you
more.

Dumaine.

Now the number is even.

Biron.

True, true; we are four. —

Will these turtles be gone?

King.

Hence, sirs; away!

Costard.

Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

Biron.

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decrees;
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King.

What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron.

Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline.

That, like a rude and savage man of Jude,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, or wise-sighted eye,
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King.

What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
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 complexions the cuir'selevengy
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 me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth fit.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crust the cradle's infancy.
O! 'tis the sun, that makest all things shine!

King.

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron.

Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O! who can-give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she 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 dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It morns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
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 therefore red, that would avoid displeasure,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dumaine.

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Longaville.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  

Act IV. Sc. III.

Longaville.
And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King.
And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dumaine.
Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

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 find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron.
I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King.
No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dumaine.
I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Longaville.
Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face
see.

Biron.
O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dumaine.
O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.

King.
But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron.
O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

Longaville.
Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dumaine.
Ay, marry, there; some fancy for this evil.

Biron.
O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

Dumaine.
Some salve for perjury.

Biron.
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 treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his 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 Academias,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean
Why, universal plodding prisons up
fire.

The nimble 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 forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the cause 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 ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In headen contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eye,
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 sound,
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
For valour is not love a Hercules,
[taste.
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, and the harmony,
Never burst post on such a pen to write.

'till 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 sparkel still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academias,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent;
Thus, fools you were these women to forswear.
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will 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 woman's sake, by whom we men are men.
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

Saint Cupid, then I, and soldiers, to the field!

Biron.
Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Longaville.
Now to plain-dealing: lay these glozes 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
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For we'll have vales, masques, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with
flowers.
ACT V.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull. Holofernes.

SATIS quod sufficit.

Nathaniel.

I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without surdry, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse thisgroundom day with a companion of the king’s, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Holofernes.

Novi hominem tanguam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thra-sonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nathaniel.

A most singular and choice epithet. [Draws out his table-book.

Holofernes.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insolcable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debit—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neighb abominable ne. This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanite: ne intelligis domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nathaniel.

Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Holofernes.

Bone? bone, for bene: Priscian a little scratch’d: ‘twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nathaniel.

Videte quis venit?

Holofernes.

Video, et gaudio.

Armado.

Chirrah!

Holofernes. [To Moth.

Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?

Armado.

Moth.

Men of peace, well encounter’d.

Holofernes, Most military sir, salutation. Moth.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Costard.

O! they have lived long on 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 honorificabilitudinitatis; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth.

Peace! the peal begins.

Armado.

Monsieur, [To Holofernes:] are you not letter’d?

Moth.

Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Holofernes.

Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth.

Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Holofernes.

Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth.

The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Holofernes.

I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth.

The sheep: the other two conclude it; o, u. Armado.

Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

Moth.

Offer’d by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Holofernes.

What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth.

Horns.

Holofernes.

Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth.

Lend me thy horn to make one, and I will whip about thy infamy circumscribed. A gig of a cuckold’s horn!

Costard.

An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purser of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers’ ends, as they say.

Holofernes.

O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Armado.

Arts-man, præambula: we will be singed from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Holofernes.

Or mons, the hill.

Armado.

At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  Act v. Sc. 1

SCENE 11. Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Princess.

Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady well'd about with diamonds —
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Rosaline.

Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Princess.

Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Write on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Rosaline.

That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Katharine.

Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rosaline.

You'll ne'er be friends with him: a' kill'd your sister.

Katharine.

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might a' been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Rosaline.

What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Katharine.

A light condition in a beauty dark.

Rosaline.

We need more light to find your meaning out.

Katharine.

You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Rosaline.

Look, what you do, you do it still I' the dark.

Katharine.

So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Rosaline.

Moth.

Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Armado.

Shall I tell you a thing?

Holofernes.

We attend.

Armado.

We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Holofernes.

Vis! — Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull.

Nor understood none neither, sir.

Holofernes.

Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull.

I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Holofernes.

Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away! [Exeunt.

Holofernes.

Sirs, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posterior of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Holofernes.

The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Armado.

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, remember thy courtesy: I beseech thee, apparel thy head: — and among other important and most serious designs, — and of great import indeed, too,— but let that pass; — for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus daily with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel; that hath seen the world; but let that pass. — The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — 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 curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crav your assistance.

Holofernes.

Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. — Sir Nathaniel, as concerning 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, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nathaniel.

Where will you find men worthy enough to present them!

Holofernes.

Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Armado.

Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Holofernes.

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 that purpose.

Moth.

An excellent device I so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, " Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Armado.

For the rest of the Worthies? —

Holofernes.

I will play three myself.

Armado.

Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Armado.

Shall I tell you a thing?

Holofernes.

We attend.

Armado.

We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

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Holofernes.

Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away! [Exeunt.

Katharine.

A light condition in a beauty dark.

Rosaline.

We need more light to find your meaning out.

Katharine.

You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Rosaline.

Look, what you do, you do it still I' the dark.

Katharine.

So do not you, for you are a light wench.
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.

Rosaline.
The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Marla.
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.

Princess.
Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet.
O ! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her grace?

Princess.

Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet.
Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguise'd,
Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Princess.

Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet.

Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall over hear;
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conj'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear."
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have feared 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 spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "Via! we will do, come what will come;"
[well:]
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes
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,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Princess.

But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet.

They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress: which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Princess. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd; For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd. And not a man of them shall have the grace, Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. —
Hold, Rosaline; this favour shall thou 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. —[loves And change you favours, too; so shall your Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Rosaline. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.
Katharine. But in this changing what is your intent?
Princess. 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 display'd, to talk, and greet.
Rosaline. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Princess. No; to the death, we will not move a foot: Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace; But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart, And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Princess. 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'erthrown; I'll make theirs ours, and ours none but our own: So shall we stay, mocking intended game; And they, well 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 habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians, and Attendants.
Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"
Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames, [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. [safe "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 perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Rosaline. 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.
Rosaline. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosaline. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles, To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile, To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Rosaline. It is not so: ask them how many inches Is in one mile? if they have measured many, The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither you have measured miles, And many miles, the princess bids you tell, How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Rosaline. How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you: Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt. Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face, That we, like savages, may worship it.
Rosaline. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do! Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine (Those clouds removed) upon our watery eye.
Rosaline. O, vain petitioner! I beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen As is the razor's edge invisible, Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen; Above the sense of sense, so sensible. Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings, Swiftier things. Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff! Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits. 

[Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.]
Princess. 

Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at? 

Boyet. 

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths 

puff'd out. 

Roseline. 

Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, 

fat. 

Princess. 

O, poverty in wit, klugly-poor flout! [night, 

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to— 

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces? 

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite. 

Roseline. 

They were all in lamentable cases 

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word. 

Princess. 

Biron did swear himself out of all suit. 

Maria. 

Dumaine was at my service, and his sword: 

No point, quoth I: my servant straight was 

mute. 

Katharine. 

Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart; 

And trow you, what he call'd me? 

Princess. 

Katharine. 

Yes, in good faith. 

Princess. 

Go, sickness as thou art! 

Roseline. 

Well, better wits have worn plain statute-

caps. 

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn. 

Princess. 

And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me. 

Katharine. 

And Longaville was for my service born. 

Maria. 

Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree. 

Boyet. 

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear. 

Immediately they will again be here. 

Katharine. 

In their own shapes; for it can never be, 

They will digest this harsh indignity. 

Princess. 

Will they return? 

Boyet. 

They will, they will, God knows; 

And leap for joy, though they are lame with 

brows: 

[pair, 

Therefore, change favours; and, when they re-

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. 

Princess. 

How blow? how blow? speak to be under-

stood. 

Boyet. 

Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud: 

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture 

shown, 

Are angels vailing clouds or roses blown. 

Princess. 

Avant perplexity! What shall we do, 

If they return in their own shapes to woo? 

Roseline. 

Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd, 

Let's mask them still, as well, known, as dis-

guis'd. 

Let us complain to them what fools were here, 

Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear; 

And wonder, what they were, and to what end 

Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd 

And their rough carriages so ridiculous, 

Should be presented at our tent to us. 

Boyet. 

Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand. 

Princess. 

Whip to our tents, as roses run over land. 

[Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and 

Maria. 

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Du-

maine, in their proper habits. 

King. 

Fair sir, God save you! Where is the prin-

cess? 

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 pecks 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 wassalls, meetings, markets, fairs; 

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know, 

Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 

This gallant pins the wenchers on his sleeve: 

Id'd he been Adam, he had tempted Eve. 

A' can carve too, and lisp; why, this is he, 

That kis'd away his hand in courtesy: 

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice, 

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice 

In honourable terms: nay, he can sing 

A mean most meanly; and, in usherring, 

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 whales bone; 

And consciences, that will not die in debt, 

Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet. 

[Enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosal-

line, Maria, Katharine, and Attendants. 

Biron. 

See where it comes I— Behaviour, what wert 

thou, 

[now? 

Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou 

King. 

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day! 

Princess. 

Fair, in all hall, is fowl, as I conceive. 

King. 

Construe my speeches better, if you may. 

Princess. 

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. 

Princess. 

This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow: 

Nor God, nor I, delight in perfur'd men. 

King. 

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke: 

The virtue of your eye must break my oath. 

Princess.
### Act v. Sc. ii.  LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

#### Princess.
You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's truith.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unassuiled lilly, I protest.
A world of torments 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 oats, vow'd with integrity.

#### King.
O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

#### Princess.
Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

#### King.
How, madam! Russians?
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

#### Rosaline.
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 were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd aspace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fam have drink.

#### Biron.
This jest is dry to me.—Gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish when we meet.
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

#### Rosaline.
This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

#### Biron.
I am a fool, and full of poverty.

#### Rosaline.
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.

#### Rosaline.
All the fool mine?

#### Biron.
I cannot give you less.

#### Rosaline.
Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

#### Biron.
Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

#### Rosaline.
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.

#### Dumaine.
Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

#### Princess.
Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
ACT V. SC. 11.

Princess. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Princess. Peace! peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Princess. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Rosaline.

Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Princess. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Rosaline.

By heaven, 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 knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Princess. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I think him, is my dear.—
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either! I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforesaid of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy. [zany,
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight; some
Dick, [trick

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the signs, wo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—and might not you

[To Boyet.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untruse?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Dye when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Costard. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Costard. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Costard. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is
not so.

Biron. Is not nine.

Costard. Under correction, sir, we know whereunto it
doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Costard. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get your
living, by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Costard. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
sir, will show whereunto it doth amount: for
mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect
one man,—'en one poor man.—Pompius the
great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Costard. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompius
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.

Costard. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take
some care.

[Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not ap-
proach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some
policy [his company.
To have one show worse than the king's and

King. I say, they shall not come.

Princess. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth least know
how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dye in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Armado. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy
royal sweet breaths, as will utter a brace of

[Armado converses with the King, and de-

Princess. livers a paper to him.

Armado. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Princess.
**Princess.**

He speaks not like a man of God his making.

**Armado.**

That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical: too, too, vain; too, too, vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal companion! 

[Exit Armado.]

**King.**

Here is like to be a good present of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alisander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Maccabees. And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, these five. These four will change habits, and present the

**Biron.**

There is five in the first show.

**King.**

You are deceived; 'tis not so.

**Biron.**

The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the boast, and the boy:— Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again. Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his

**King.**

The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

**Enter Costard armed, for Pompey.**

**Costard.**

"I Pompey am,——"

**Boyet.**

You lie, you are not he.

**Enter I Pompey am,——**

**Boyet.**

With libbard's head on knee.

**Biron.**

Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

**Enter I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,——**

**Dumaine.**

The great.

**Costard.**

It is great, sir; — "Pompey surnam'd the great; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my arms to sweat: [by chance. And travelling along this coast 1 here am come And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." : I had done. If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey,"

**Princess.**

Great thanks, great Pompey.

**Costard.**

'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in, "great."

**Biron.**

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

**Enter Sir Nathaniel armed, for Alexander.**

**Nathaniel.**

"When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;" [querie might: By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-

My scutchecoon plain declares, that I am Al-

**Biron.**

**Princess.**

Your nose says no, you are not; for it stands too right.

**Biron.**

Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

**Princess.**

The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

**Nathaniel.**

"When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;" —

**Boyet.**

Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

**Biron.**

Pompey the great,——

**Costard.**

Your servant, and Costard.

**Biron.**

Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

**Costard.**

O! sir [To Nathaniel] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afoard to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [Nathaniel 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, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 'tis; — a little o' perted. — But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

**Princess.**

Stand aside, good Pompey.

**Enter Holofernes armed, for Judas, and Moth armed.**

**Holofernes.**

"Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed centis; And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp. Thus did he strange serpents in his manus. Qoniam, he seemeth in minority, Ergo, I come with this apology. Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish."

[Exit Moth.]

**Holofernes.**

"Judas I am," —

**Dumaine.**

A Judas!  

**Holofernes.**

Not Iscarath, sir.---"Judas I am, sycip'd Maccabes."

**Dumaine.**

Judas Maccabes elipt is plain Judas.

**Biron.**

A kissing traitor.—How art thou prov'd Judas?  

**Holofernes.**

"Judas I am," —

**Dumaine.**

The more shame for you, Judas.

**Holofernes.**

What mean you, sir?  

**Boyet.**

To make Judas hang himself.

**Holofernes.**

Begin, sir: you are my elder.
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

Act V. Sc. ii.

Biron. Well follow’d: Judas was hang’d on an elder.

Holofernes. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Holofernes. What is this?

Boyet. A citron head.

Dumaine. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death’s face in a ring.

Longaville. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Caesar’s faulchion.

Dumaine. The carv’d-bone face on a flask.

Biron. S. George’s half-cheek in a brooch.

Dumaine. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Holofernes. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Holofernes. But you have out-fac’d them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dumaine. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—Judas, away.

Holofernes. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Princess. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dumaine. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber’d.

Longaville. His leg is too big for Hector’s.

Dumaine. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dumaine. He’s a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Armado. “The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-

Gave Hector a gift, —” [mighty,

Dumaine. A gift nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Longaville. Stuck with cloves.

Dumaine. No, cloven,

Armado. Peace!

“ The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath’d, that certain he would fight,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—”

Dumaine. That mint.

Longaville. That columbine.

Armado. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Longaville. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dumaine. Ay, and Hector’s a greyhound.

Armado. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet

chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. [Biron whispers Costard.

Princess. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Armado. I do adore thy sweet grace’s slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dumaine. He may not by the yard.

Armado. “This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.”

Costard. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone;

she is two months on her way.

Armado. What meanest thou?

Costard. 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.

Armado. Dost thou infamouze me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Costard. Then shall Hector be whipp’d for Jaquenetta

that is quick by him, and hang’d for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Boyet.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V. SC. II.

Dumaine.

Most rare Pompey!

Renowned Pompey!

Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge

Dumaine.

Hector trembles.

Pompey is moved.—More Aes, more Aes! stir them on! stir them on!

Dumaine.

Hector will challenge him.

Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Armado.

By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Costard.

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 your arms again.

Dumaine.

Room for the incensed Worthies!

Costard.

I'll do it in my shirt.

Dumaine.

Most resolute Pompey!

Moth.

Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the contest? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Armado.

Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dumaine.

You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Armado.

Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron.

What reason have you for't?

Armado.

The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Boyet.

True, and it was enjoind him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur Mercade, a Messenger.

Mercade.

God save you, madam.

Princess.

Welcome, Mercade.

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mercade.

I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Princess.

Dead, for my life.

Mercade.

Even so: my tale is told.

Biron.

Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Armado.

For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.

King.

How fares your majesty?

Princess.

Broyt, prepare: I will away to-night.

King.

Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Princess.

Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and, entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouc safe In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a bumble tongue. Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King.

The extreme parts of time extremely form All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which is so fair it would convince; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it [lost From what it purpos'd: since, to wall friends Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Princess.

I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king. For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd soul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to the opposed end of our intents; And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,— As love is full of unbecitting straits: All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain; Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye, Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms, Varying in subjects, as 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 gravities, 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: we to ourselves prove false; By being once 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.

Princess.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love; Your favours, the ambassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As bombast, and as lining to the time. But more devout than this, in our respects Have we not been; and therefore met your In their own fashion, like a merriment. [loves

Dumaine.

Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Longaville.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V. SC. 11.

Longaville.

So did our looks.

Rosaline.

We did not quote them so.

King.

Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Princess.

A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perf’r’d much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this. —
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until 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 frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year, [deserts,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father’s death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intituled in the other’s heart.

King.

If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
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 me?

Rosaline.

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 seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dumaine.

But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Katherine.

A wife! — A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dumaine.

O! I shall say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Katherine.

Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I’ll mark no words that smooth-fac’d wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I’ll give you some.

Dumaine.

I’ll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Katherine.

Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Longaville.

What says Maria?

Maria.

At the twelvemonth’s end,
I’ll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Longaville.

I’ll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Maria.

The liker you: few taller are so young.

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.

Rosaline.

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 wondring flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won, [day,
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 all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron.

To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rosaline.

Why, that’s the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers 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,
Dear’d with the clannery of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
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, befal what will befal,
I’ll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Princess.

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 wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jilt: these ladies’ courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King.

Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then ‘twill end.

Biron.

That’s too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Armado.

Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Princess.

Was not that Hector?

Dumaine.

The worthy knight of Troy.

Armado.

I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jocucento to hold
the pledge for your 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.

Armado.
I. 

This is *Our* MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S WEDDING. 

**Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.** 

This side is *Hemens*, winter; this *Ver*, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. *Ver*, begin.

**Song.**

**Spring.**

*When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
*And lady-smocks 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 oaten straws,*
*And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,*
*When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,*
*And maidens 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.*

**Winter.**

*When twixt 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 ways be foul,*
*Then nightly sings the starting owl,*
*To-whoo,*
*Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

**IV.**

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,*
*And coughing drouns the parson's saw,*
*And birds sit brooding in the snow,*
*And Marilan's nose looks red and raw;* 
*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,*
*Then nightly sings the starting owl,*
*To-whoo,*
*Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

**Armado.**

The words of *Mercury* are harsh after the songs of *Apollo*. You, that way: we, this way. 

**Exeunt.**

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**MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.**

**Dramatis Personae.**

*Theseus*, Duke of Athens.  
*Egeus, Father to Hermia.*  
*Lysander,* in love with *Hermia.*  
*Demetrius,* in love with *Hermia.*  
*Philostrate,* Master of the Revels to *Theseus.*  
*Quince,* a Carpenter.  
*Snug,* a Joiner.  
*Bottom,* a Weaver.  
*Flute,* a Bellows-mender.  
*Snout,* a Tinker.  
*Starveling,* a Tailor.  
*Hippolita,* Queen of the Amazons.  
*Hermia,* in love with *Lysander.*  
*Helena,* in love with *Demetrius.*  
*Oberon,* King of the Fairies.  
*Titania,* Queen of the Fairies.  
*Puck,* or Robin-Goodfellow.  
*Peas-blossom,* Cobweb,  
*Moth,*  
*Mustard-seed,*  
*Pyramus,*  
*Thistle,*  
*Wall,*  
*Moonshine,*  
*Lion,*  
*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.*  
*Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.*

**Scene 1.** Athens. A Room in the Palace of *Theseus.*

Enter *Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate,* and *Attendants.*

**Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour**

**Dawns on space:** four happy days bring in

Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hippolita.

Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Theseus.
Go, Philostrate.
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals.
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta. I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, with his daughter Hermia,
Lysander, and Demetrius.

Egeus.
Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

Theseus.
Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Egeus.
Full 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 man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
rhymes,
And interchanging's love-token's with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy (feits,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, con-
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meat (messen-
gers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth;)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your grace,
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.

Theseus.
What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid,
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him Imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Hermia.
So is Lysander.

Theseus.
In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Hermia.
I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!

Theseus.
Rather, your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Hermia.
I do entreat your grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know

The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

Theseus.
Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life.
Dancing faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Hermia.
So well I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Here I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

Theseus.
Take time to pause: and by the next new
moon,
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Demetrius.
Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy craz'd title to my certain right.

Lysander.
You have your father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Egeus.
Scrornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lysander.
I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd;—my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd;
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius;
And, which is more than all these boasts 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,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry.
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

Theseus.
I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to 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
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
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 confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Egeus.
Enter Helena.

Helena. 

God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Helena. 

Call you me fair? that fair again usay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are love-stars, and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneful than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hatchow buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so!

Your words 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 sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Hermia.

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Helena.

O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Hermia.

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Helena.

O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Hermia.

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Helena.

The more I love, the more he bateth me.

Hermia. 

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Helena.

None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Hermia.

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 as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

Lysander.

Helen, to your minds we will unfold

To-morrow night when Phebe 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 Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Hermia.

And in the word, 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 stranger companies.

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 morrow deep midnight.

Lysander. 

I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you.

[Exit Hermia.]

[Exit Lysander.]

Helena.

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
And as he errs, doting 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 said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As wagish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,
He half'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hall some heat from Hermia's sight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.

SCENE II. A Room in a Cottage. Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quince.

All our company here?

Bottom.

You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quince.

Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interior before the dukes and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bottom.

First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quince.

Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bottom.

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince.

Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bottom.

Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince.

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom.

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince.

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bottom.

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will con- dole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to bear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
"And shivering shocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of prison-gates:"

Quince.

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute.

Here, Peter Quince.

Quince.

You must take Thisby on you.

Flute.

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quince.

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute.

Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quince.

That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bottom.

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too.

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—
"Thine, Thisne—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! I thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quince.

No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom.

Well, proceed.

Quince.

Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starveling.

Here, Peter Quince.

Quince.

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout.

Here, Peter Quince.

Quince.

You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug.

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince.

You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom.

Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that 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."

Quince.

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shrill; and that were enough to hang us all.

All.

That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom.

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggrava-

190 "And Phileus' ear
"Shall shine from far,
"And make and mar
"The foolish fairest."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players. —This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quince.

Bottom.

Pyramus, the gardener.

Pyramus.

Here, Peter Quince.

Quince.

In the role of Pyramus.

Quince.

This was my turn. Now, Thisby.

Quince.

I take it; and I'll to-morrow night play to your hearing.

Quince.

This is my play, Quince. We have our parts quite.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.

Quince.
as any sucking dove: I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quince.
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.

Well, I will undertake it. What beast were I best to play it in?

Quince.
Why, what you will.

[Enter Oberon and Titania from opposite sides.]

Oberon.
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests 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 star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fairy.
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 frights the mailus of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,
And footless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime makes the drink to bear no harm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good
Are not you he? [Luck.

Puck.
Thou speak’st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
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 bum, down topples she,
And “taller” cries, and falls into a couch;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
[Swear.
And waxen in their mirth, and sneeze, and
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Fairy.
And here my mistress.—Would that he were
gone!

Enter Oberon, from one side, with his train, and
Titania, from the other, with hers.

Oberon.
Ill me by moon-light, proud Titania.

Titania.
What, jealous Oberon! Fairy, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon.
Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Titania.
Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol’n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versings love
To amorous Philida. Why art thou here, come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon,
Your buskin’d mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
to give their bed joy and prosperity.

Oberon.
How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
From Perigenia, whom he ravished? [night
And make him with fair Eglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Titania.
These are the forgeries of jealousy:—
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
That since our zinglets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawl 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 pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:—
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweet; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows 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 lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governor of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemper, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall on the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hygen's thin 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 livery; and the 'marked world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our digestion:
We are their parents and original.

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 henchman.

Set your heart at rest:
The faery land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gospel'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th'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 and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb, then rich with my young sire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
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.

How long within this wood intend you stay?

Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act 2, Sc 2.

(From the original picture in the collection of Mr. Augustus Egg.)
ACT II. SC. II. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The more you best me, I will fawn on you: Use me but as your spaniel, spur me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you. What worse place can I beg in your love, (And you know, no place of more respect with me,) Than to be used as you use your dog?

Demetrius.
Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Helena.
And I am sick when I look not on you.

Demetrius.
You do impeach your modesty too much, To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

Helena.
Your virtue is my privilege for that. It is not night, when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night; Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company, For you. In my respect, are all the world. Then how can I be said, I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

Demetrius.
I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Helena.
The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd; Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase: The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed! When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Demetrius.
I will not stay thy questions; let me go; Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Helena.
Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius! Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex; We cannot fight for love, as men may do; We should be wo'd, and were not made to woo. I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Helena.]

Oberon.
Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove, Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck.
Ay, there it is.

Oberon.
I pray thee, give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows; Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine: There sleeps Titania, some time of the night, Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws her enameled skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in; And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, And make her full of hateful fantasies. [grove: Take thou some of it, and seek through this A sweet Athenian lady is in love With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes; But do it, when the next thing he espies May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove More fond on her, than she upon his love. And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck.
Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Titania.
Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song; Then, for the third part of a minute, hence: Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds; Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings, [back To make my small elves coats; and some keep The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep; Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies' Song.

1 Fairy.
You spotted snakes, with double tongue, Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen, Next, and blind-worms, do no wrong; Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.
Philemon, with melody, Sing in our sweet lullaby; Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby: Never harm, Nor spell nor charm, Come our lovely lady nigh; So, good night, with lullaby.

2 Fairy.
Weaving spiders, come not here; Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence! Beetles black, approach not near; Worm, nor spaniel, do no offence.

Chorus.
Philemon, with melody, &c.

2 Fairy.
Hence, away! now all is well. One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Oberon.
What thou seest, when thou dost wake, [Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids. Do it for thy true love take; Love, and languish for his sake: Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, Pard, or boar with bristled hair, In thy eye that shall appear When thou wak'st, it is thy dear. Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lysander.
Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood; And to speak tru'th, I have forgot our way: We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good, And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia.
Be it so, Lysander: and you out a bed, For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander.
Lysander.

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia.

Nay, good Lysander: for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

Lysander.

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love’s conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Hermia.

Lysander riddles very pretty.
Now much behorsw my manners and my pride.
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off: in human modesty
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne’er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lysander.

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Hermia.

With half that wish the wisher’s eyes be press’d!

Enter Puck.

Puck.

Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower’s force in stiring love.
Night and silence I who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid:
And gave him the golden sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power that this charm doth owe.
When thou wak’st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia, running.

Hermia.

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Demetrius.

I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.

Hermia.

O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Demetrius.

Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.

Hermia.

O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe’er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are often wash’d than her’s.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear.
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia’s sphyry eyes?

But who is here? — Lysander on the ground?
Dead, or asleep? — I see no blood, no wound. —
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lysander.

And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Helen.

Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord!
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lysander.

Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed,
And reason says you are the worshipful maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So, I being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o’erlook
Love’s stories, written in love’s richest book.

Helen.

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is’t not enough, is’t not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius’ eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
[do.
Good troth, you do me wrong: good sooth, you
In such dishonorable manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus’d,
Should, of another, therefore, be abus’d! [Exit.

Lysander.

She sees not Hermia. — Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near;
For, as a surfet 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.

Hermia.

[Starting.

Help me, Lysander, help me! I do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ah, me, for pity! — what a dream was here! Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear. Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. —
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear; 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
ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.
Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Are we all met?

Quince.

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.

Bottom.

Peter Quince.—Quince.

What say'st thou, Bottom?

Bottom.

There are things in this comedy 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'rlakin, a parlous fear.

Starveling.

I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottom.

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.

Quince.

Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bottom.

No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Quince.

Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Starveling.

I fear it, I promise you.

Bottom.

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful 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 lion.

Bottom.

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 same defect:—"Ladies, or fair ladies, I wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I comp hither as a lion, It were pitty of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quince.

Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug.

Doth the moon shineth at night we play our play?

Bottom.

A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince.

Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom.

Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince.

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. 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.

Snug.

You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bottom.

Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quince.

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 cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck.

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering 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.

Quince.

Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyramus.

"Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,"—

Quince.

Odours, odours.

Pyramus.

"Odours savours sweet: So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.— But, hark, a voice I stay thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appear."

Puck.

A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

Exit.

Thisbe.

Must I speak now?

Quince.

Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thisbe.

"Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."—

Pyramus.

Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is: new tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Thisbe.

O!—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."—

Pyramus.

"If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine:"—

Quince.

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [Exeunt Clowns.

Puck.

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar.
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Bottom.

Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

O Bottom! thou art changed; what do I see on thee?—

Bottom.

What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quince.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

Bottom.

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.

Sings.

The cowslip-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tauerny bill,
The thrush with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Titania.

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bottom.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dare not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Titania.

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; [me,
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom.

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.

Titania.

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom.

Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania.

Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or I am a spirit of no common rate; [no.
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. [seed! Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fairy.

Ready.

2 Fairy.

And 1.

3 Fairy.

And 1.

4 Fairy.

And 1.

All.

Where shall we go?

Titania.

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 bags steal 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 pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.
Not to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cobweb.

1 Fairy.

Hail, mortal!

2 Fairy.

Hail!

3 Fairy.

Hail!

4 Fairy.

Hail!

Bottom.

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.

I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?
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Mustard-seed.

Mustard-seed.

Bottom.

Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Titania.

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 lover's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Oberon.

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.

My 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 met together to rehearse a play, Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented in their sport, Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take; An ass's now! I fixed on his head: Anon, his Thisbe must be answered, [spy, And forth my mimic comes. When they him As wild geese that the creage, Or russet-pated 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 call's. Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong, Made senseless, things begin to do them wrong, For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch, Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch. I led them on in this distracted fear, And left sweet Pyramus translated there; When in that moment (so it be my fowler pass,) Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Oberon.

This fails out better than I could devise. But hast thou yet latch'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.

Oberon.

Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck.

This is the woman; but not this the man.

Demetrius.

O! why refuse you him that loves you so? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Hermia.

Now, I but chide; but I should use thee worse, For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse. If thou hast slain Lysander 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 stolen away from sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon, This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon May through the centre creep, and so displease Her brother's noon tide with th' Antipodes. It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him: So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Demetrius.

So should the murder'd look, and so should I, Pier'd through the heart with your stern cruelty; Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, As yonder Vener in her glimmering sphere.

Hermia.

What's this to my Lysander? where is he? Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Demetrius.

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Hermia.

Out, dog! I out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then? Henceforth be never number'd among men! O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake; Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake, And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch! Could not a worm in adder, do so much? An adder did it: for with doubler tongue Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Demetrius.

You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood: I am not guilty of Lysander's blood, Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Hermia.

I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Demetrius.

And, if I could, what should I get therefore? Hermia.

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. [Exit.

Demetrius.

There is no following her in this fierce vein: Here, therefore, for a while I will remain. So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier 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. [Dies down.

Oberon.

What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite, And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight: Of thy misprision must perforce ensue [true. Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd

Puck.

Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding truth, A million fall, confounding oath on oath.
Oberon.

About the wood go swifter than the wind, And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer [ dear.
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his heart against she do appear.

Puck.

I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Oberon.

Flower of this purple dle,
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 thereto fond pageant see?
Lord, what tools these mortals be!

Oberon.

Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck.

Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That beal preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lysander.

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Helena.

You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hernia's: will you give her o'er?
[weigh:
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lysander.

I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Helena.

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lysander.

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Demetrius. [A wakeing.

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddily. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crowd,
When thou holdest up by hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Helena.

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as if you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hernia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! I none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lysander.

You are unkild, Demetrius; be not so,
For you love Hernia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hernia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Helena.

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Demetrius.

Lysander, keep thy Hernia: I will none:
If ever I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lysander.

Hernia.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly dist thou leave me so?

Lysander.

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Hernia.

What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lysander.

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Hernia.

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Helena.

Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have confounded, all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hernia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these cons-
To bait me with this foul derision? [triv'd
It is all the counsel that we two have shar'd:
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,— O! is all forgot? [cence
All school-days' friendship, childhood inno-
We, Hernia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both
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 grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition; Two lovely berries moulded on one stem, So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one, and crowned with one crest. And will you rend our ancient love asunder, To join with men in scoring your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly; Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.

Hermia.
I am amazed at your passionate words. I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Helena.
Have you not set Lysander, as 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 goddess, nymph, divine, and rare, Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander Deny your love, so rich within his soul, And tender me, forsooth, affection, But by your setting on, by your consent? What though I be not so in grace as you, So hung upon with love, so fortunate, But miserable most to love unlov'd, This you should pity, rather than despise.

Hermia.
I understand not what you mean by this.

Helena.
Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks, Make mouths 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, faire ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault, Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lysander.
Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse: My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

O excellent I
Helena.
Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Demetrius.
If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lysander.
Thou canst compel no more than she entreat: Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.

Helena.
I love thee; by my life, I do: I swear by that which I will lose for thee, To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Demetrius.
I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lysander.
If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Demetrius.
Quick, come,——

Hermia.
Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lysander.
Away, you Ethiop!
Hermia.
  Lower! hark, again.
Helen.

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 follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him; But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too: And now, so you will let me quiet go, To Athens will I bear my folly back, And follow you no further. Let me go; You see how simple and how fond I am.

Hermia.

Why, get you gone. Who 's it that hinders you?
Helen.

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Hermia.

What, with Lysander?
Helen.

With Demetrius.

Lysander.

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helen.
Demetrius.

No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Helen.

O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd. She was a vixen, when she went to school; And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Hermia.

Little again? nothing but low and little?— Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.
Lysander.

Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made; You bead, you acorn.
Demetrius.

You are too officious In her behalf that scars your services. Let her alone; speak not of Helen; Take not her part, for if thou dost intend Never so little show of love to her, Thou shalt aby it.
Lysander.

Now she holds me not, Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right, Of thine or mine, is most in Helen.

Demetrius.

Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, check by jowl.

Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.

Hermia.

You, mistress, all this coll is 'long of you. Nay, go not back.
Helen.

I will not trust you, I, Nor longer stay in your curtse company. Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray; My legs are longer though, to run away.

Hermia.

I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

Oberon.

This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st, Or else commit'st thy knavery willfully. I'll have thee thither another thing to do.

Puck.

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook. Did not you tell me I should know the man By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprize, That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes; And so far am I glad it so did sort, As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Oberon.

Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight: He, therefore, Robin, overcast the night; The starry willow cover thou anon With drooping fog, as black as Acheron; And lead these tawdy rivas so astra, As one come not within another's way. Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime raff thou like Demetrius; And from each other look thou lead them thus, Till I'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep. With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep; Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye; Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from thence all error with his might, And make his eye-balls roll with wond't sight. When they next wake, all this derision Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision; And back to Athens shall the lovers wand, With league, whose date till death shall never Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, [end. I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy; And then I will her charmed eye release [peace. From monster's view, and all things shall be

Puck.

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste, For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger: [there, At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits That in cross-ways and floods have burial, [fall, Already to their wormy beds are gone; For fear lest day should look their shames upon, They willfully themselves exile from light, And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Oberon.

But we are spirits of another sort. I with the morning's love have oft made sport; And, like a forester, the groves may tread, Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams. But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay: We may effect this business yet each day.

Oberon.

[Exit Oberon. Puck.

Up and down, up and down; I will lead them up and down: I am fear'd in field and town; Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lysander.

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck.

Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lysander.

I will be with thee straight.

Puck.

Follow me then

To planter ground.

Exeunt Lysander as following the voice.

Enter Demetrius.

Demetrius.

Lysander! speak again.
ACT IV.  SC. 1.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your walk; g shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.
[Exit Puck. — Demetrius, Helena, & c. sleep.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.  The same.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Fairies attending: Oberon behind unseen.

Titania.

COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bottom.

Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas-blossom.

Ready.

Bottom.

Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. — Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cobweb.

Ready.

Bottom.

Monsieur 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 loath to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signor—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mustard-seed.

Ready.

Bottom.

Give me your neff, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesies, good monsieur.

Mustard-seed.

What's your will?

Bottom.

Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalry Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Titania.

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bottom.

I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and the bones.

Titania.

Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bottom.

Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Titania.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SC. I.

TITANIA.
I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's beard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM.
I had rather have a handful or two of dried pens:
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me:
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA.
Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet osyucke,
Gently entwist: the female i'th so
Enrings the barking fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter PUCK.

OBERON. [Advancing.

Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet
Her doteage now do I begin to pity? 
[sight? For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraud her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had roun'd
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 flow'rs' 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 changeling child,
Which straight she gave me; and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower 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
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 dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! I wake thee, my sweet queen.

TITANIA. My Oberon! what visions have I seen! I
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBERON. There lies your love.

TITANIA. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

OBERON. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

TITANIA, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these live the sense.

TITANIA. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBERON. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands
With me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

FAIRY KING, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass so
Swifter than the wandering moon.

TITANIA.
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.

THESEUS. 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 music of my hounds. —
Uncouple them in the western valley: let them go! —
Despatch, I say, and find the forester. —
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top;
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding can for, besides the groves,
The skles, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So dew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. — But, soft! what nymphae are these?

EGEUS. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of Mow; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity. —
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermione should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS. It is, my lord.

THESEUS. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[Horns, and shott within. Demetrius, Ly-
sander, Hermione, and Helena, wake and
start up.

THESEUS. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYSANDEHR. Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 203

ACT IV. SC. II. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 203

Helena. And Hippolyta.

Lyanser.

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Demetrius.

Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

Bottom. [Exeunt. [Waking.

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer;—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."

—He, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! 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 tell 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 Quince 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 latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quince.

Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Starveling.

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flute.

If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quince.

It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flute.

No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quince.

Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute.

You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug.

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 been made men.

Flute.

O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hast he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scapeped sixpence a-day: an 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.
ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hippolyta.

'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

Theseus.

More strange than true: I never may believe These antic fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains, Such shaping fantazies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, 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 frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth And, as imagination bodies forth [to heaven; The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy 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?

Hippolyta.

But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfixed so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy, But, however strange, and admirable.

Theseus.

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.


Enter Bottom, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lysander.

More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Theseus.

Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philostrate.

Here, mighty Theseus.

Theseus.

Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we be-
The lazy time, if not with some delight? [gulle
Philostrate.

There is a brief how many sports are ripe; Make choice of which your highness will see first. [Giving a paper. Theseus.

"The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian exult to the harp." We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage." That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Theseus came last a conqueror. "The thrie three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, late deceased in beggary." That is some satire, keen, and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, And his love Thisbee: very tragical mirth." Merry and tragical! Tedioue and brief! That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostrate.

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, Which makes it tedious; for in all the play There is not one word apt, one player fitted. And tragicall, my noble lord, it is For Pyramus therein doth kill himself. Which, when I saw rehearse'd, I must confess, Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Theseus.

What are they, that do play it?

Philostrate.

Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here, Which never labour'd in their minds till now; And now have told 'em their unbreath'd memories With this same play, against your nuptial.

Theseus.

And we will hear it.

Philostrate.

No, my noble lord; It is not for you: I have heard it over, And it is nothing: nothing in the world, Unless you can find sport in their intents, Extremely stretch'd and curd'd with cruel pain, To do you service.

Theseus.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Theseus:—for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare 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 slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody shameful 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, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain:"

[Exeunt Prologue, Theseus, Thise, Lion, and
Moonshine.

Theseus.

I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Demetrius.

No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall.

"In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
Show this lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
That I am that same wall: the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

Theseus.

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Demetrius.

It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

Theseus.

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyramus.

"O, grim-look'd night! O, night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! I alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That standeth between her father's ground
and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eye.
[Wall holds up his fingers.

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well
for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss:
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

Theseus.

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyramus.

No, in truth, sir, he should not.—"Deceiving me,"
Enter Thisbe.

Thysbe.

"O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knot in thee."

Pyramus.

"I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"

Thysbe.

"My love I thou art my love, I think." Pyramus.

"Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
And like Lysander am I trusty still."

Thysbe.

"And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyramus.

"Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

Thysbe.

"As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyramus.

"O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

Thysbe.

"I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all." Pyramus.

"Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

Thysbe.

"Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

Wall.

"Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thysbe.

Theseus.

Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Demetrius.

No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful
to hear without warning.

Hippolyta.

This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Theseus.

The best in this kind are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hippolyta.

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theseus.

If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion.

"You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
[here,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug the Joiner, am
A lion fall, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

Theseus.

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Demetrius.

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lysander.

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theseus.

True; and a goose for his discretion.

Demetrius.

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

Theseus.

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moonshine.

"This lantern doth the horned moon present;"

Demetrius.

He should have worn the horns on his head.

Theseus.

He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumferenc.

Moonshine.

"This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man I the moon do seem to be."

Theseus.

This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man I the moon?

Demetrius.

He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hippolyta.

I am awear of this moon: would, he would change!

Theseus.

It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lysander.

Proceed, moon.

Moonshine.

All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon: I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Demetrius.

Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thysbe.

Enter Thysbe.

Thysbe.

"This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion.

"Oh—."

[The Lion roars.—Thysbe runs off.

Demetrius.

Well roared, lion.

Theseus.

Well run, Thysbe.

Hippolyta.

Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion tears Thysbe's mantle, and exit.

Theseus.

Well moused, lion.

Demetrius.

And then came Pyramus.

Lysander.
Lysander.

And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyramus.

"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 Thisby sight.

But stay; — O spile! — But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here! Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear! Thy mantle good,

What! stan'd with blood?

Approach, ye furles fell!

O fates! come, come;

Cut thread and thread;

Quell, crush, conclude, and quell!"

Theseus.

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hippolyta.

Beshew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus.

"O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame,

Since lion vile hath here defou'd my dear?

Which is,— no, no,—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd

with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

Thus die I; thus, thus, thus!

Now I be dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die!"

[Dies. — Exit Moonshine.

Demetrius.

No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lysander.

Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theseus.

With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ace.

Hippolyta.

How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Theseus.

She will find him by starlight. — Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hippolyta.

Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Demetrius.

A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lysander.

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius.

And thus she moans, videlicet. —

Thisbe.

"Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus! arise:

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip checks,

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 shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word: —

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

And farewell, friends. —

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies. — Theseus.

Moonshine and Lysander are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius.

Ay, and wall too.

Bottom.

No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? —

Theseus.

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 garner, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. —

A dance.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. —

Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairest time. I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn, As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd The heavy gait of night. — Sweet friends, to A fortnight hold we this solemnity. —

[Exeunt. —

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck.

Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowlis the moon:

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task for done.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud

Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun.

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door. —

[Exit. —
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with all their Train.

Oberon: Through the 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.

Titania: First, rehearse your song by rote, To each word a warbling note: Hand in hand with fairy grace Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG.

Oberon: 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 blots 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; Ever shall in safety rest, And the owner of it blest. Trip away; make no stay; Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.

Puck: If we shadows have 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 have unearned luck Now to ‘scape the serpent’s tongue, We will make amends ere long. Else the Puck a lier call: So, good night unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Prince of Morocco, ? Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, ? Suitors to Portia.
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice:
Bassanio, his Friend.
Gratiano.
Salanio, ? Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Salarino.
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a Jew:
Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown.

Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.
Salerio, a Messenger.
Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.
Balthazar, ? Servants to Portia.
Stephano, ?
Portia, a rich Heiress.
Nerissa, her Waiting-woman.
Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailors, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio.

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,
MERCHANT OF VENICE.


Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curr'y to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salarino.
Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking 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.

Salarino.
My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andros dock'd in sand,
Vailing 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 bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
But, tell not me: I know, Antonio,
[sad?] Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Antonio.
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.

Salarino.
Why, then you are in love.

Antonio.
Fie, fie!

Salarino.
Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are
sick,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are
merry,
[Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor wear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salarino.
Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well: [man,
We leave you now with better company.

Salarino.
I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Antonio.
Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino.
Good morrow, my good lords.

Bassanio.
Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salarino.
We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours,
[Exeunt Salarino and Salarino.

Lorenzo.
My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
tonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bassanio.
I will not fail you.

Gratiano.
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.

Antonio.
I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gratiano.
Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I shall thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks: —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!' O!
my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing: when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brethren.
I'll tell thee more of this another time;
But fish not, with this thin ichankoly seal,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo.— Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lorenzo.
Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gratiano.
Well, keep me company but two years more.
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Antonio.
Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gratiano.
Thanks, I'faith; for silence is only commend-
able
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vend-
[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Antonio.
It is that:— any thing now.

Bassanio.
Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man 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.

Antonio.

Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bassanio.

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would graces continue:
Nor do I make mean to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Bath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio.

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,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bassanio.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I see you much, and, like a wiser 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 search the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio.

You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making enquiries of my utmostmost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bassanio.

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio.

Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That self shall rack'd, 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. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Portia.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary
Of this great world.

Nerissa.

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
Were in the same abundance as your good fortunes.
And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick,
That surfeit 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 competency lives longer.

Portia.

Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa.

They would be better, if well followed.

Portia.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa.

Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof he chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, have no other chosen by any right, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia.

I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia.

Ay, that's a colt, indeed. for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropiation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Nerissa.

Then, is there the county Palatine.

Portia.

He doth nothing but frown, as he should say, "An 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 be married to a death's head
Act i. Sc. iii.,

MERCHANT

OF VENICE.

head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of
these. God defend me from these two!

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Portia.

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 Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of
frowning than the count Paleatine; he is every
man in no man; if a throaty sing, 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 despie me, I
would forgive him; for if he love me to mad-
ness, I shall never requite him.

What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the
young baron of England?

Portia.

You know, I say nothing to him, for he under-
stands 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 penny-worth
in the English. He is a proper man's picture;
but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show?
How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his
doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his
bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every
where.

What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour?

Portia.

That he hath a neighbourly charity in him;
for he borrowed a box of the ear of the English-
man, and swore he would pay him again, when he
was able: I think, the Frenchman became
his surety, and sealed under for another.

How like you the young German, the duke of
Saxony's nephew?

Portia.

Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober,
and most vilely in the evening, 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. An the worst fall that ever fell, I
hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

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 it.

Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee,
set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the con-
trary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that
temptation without, I know he will choose it.
I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be mar-
rried to a spuge.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of
these lords: they have acquainted me with their
determinations; 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 father's imposition, depending on the
caskets.

If I live to be as old as Sibylta, 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 de-
parture.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's
time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that
came hither in company of the Marquis of
Montferrat?

Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was
he called.

True, madam: he, of all the men that ever
my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best de-
serving a fair lady.

I remember him well, and I remember him
worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

The four strangers seek for you madam, to
take their leave; and there is a forerunner come
from a firth, the prince of Morocco, who brings
word, the prince, his master, will be here to-
night.

If I could bid the fool welcome with so good
heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I
should be glad of his approach: if he have the
condition of a saint, and the complexion of a
devil, I had rather he should shrive me than
wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.
—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer,
another knocks at the door.

[Execut.

SCENE III. Venice. A public Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shylock.

Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bassanio.

Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock.

For three months,—well.

Bassanio.

For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be
bound.

Shylock.

Antonio shall become bound,—well.

May you stand me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

Three thousand ducats for three months, and
Antonio bound.

Your answer to that.

Antonio is a good man.

Have you heard any imputation to the con-
trary?

Ho! no, no, no:—my meaning, in say-
ing he is a good man, is to have you under-
standing, that he is sufficient; yet his means
are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound
to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand
moreover upon the Reialto, he hath a third at
Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ven-
tures he hath squandered abroad; but ships are
but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats,
and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves;
I mean,
I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats.—I think, I may take his bond.

Bassanio.

Be assured you may.

Shylock.

I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio.

If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock.

Yes, to smell pork: to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite; conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bassanio.

This is signior Antonio. [Aside.

How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian; But more, for that, In low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bassanio.

Shylock, do you hear?

Shylock.

I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubat, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good Signior.

10 Antonio.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio.

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the rife wants of my friend, I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd, How much you would?

Shylock.

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats. Antonio.

And for three months.

Shylock.

I had forgot:—three months; you told me so. Well then, your bond; and let me see.—But hear you:

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage. Antonio.

I do never use it.

Shylock.

When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,) The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

OF VENICE.

Antonio.

And what of him? did he take interest?

Shylock.

No, not take interest; not, as you would say, Directly interest: mark what Jacob did. When Laban and himself were compromis'd, That all the canlings which were streak'd, and pie'd, Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank, In end of autumn turned to the rams; And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act, The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands, And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes, Who, then conceiving, did in eating time, Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest: And thrift is blessing. If men steal it not.

Antonio.

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for; A thing not in his power to bring to pass, But say'd, and, fashion'd by the hand of heaven. What was insert't to make interest good? Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shylock.

I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.— But note me, signior.

Antonio.

Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul, producing holy witness, Is like a villain with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart. O, what a goodly outsie falsehood hath!

Shylock.

Three thousand ducats;—tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the Antonio.

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shylock.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, In the Rialto, you have rated me About my monies, and my usances: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears, you need my help: Go to then; you come to me, and you say, "Shylock, we would have monies:" you say so; You, that did void your rheaum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold; monies is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say, "Hath a dog money? Is it possible, A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With bated breath, and whispering humbleness, Say this:—"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Antonio.

I am as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If that wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends; for when did friendship take A breed for barren metal of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock.

Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Antonio.

This were kindness.

Shylock.

This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound.
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio.

Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio.

You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio.

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock.

O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Antonio.

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock.

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrift' knave, and presently
I will be with you.

[Exit.

Antonio.

Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bassanio.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Antonio.

Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Followers; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Train. Flourish Cornets.

Morocco.

MISTLIKE me not for my complexion.
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' 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 hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Portia.

In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lotteries of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted 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 com'er I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Morocco.

Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Soliman,—
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 Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Actides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Portia.

You must take your chance;
And either 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 advis'd.

Morocco.

Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

Portia.

First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco.

Good fortune then, [Cornets.
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo. Launcelot.

Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow,
elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot, Gobbo; good 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; soon running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Vie!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, humming about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something else, something grow 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 devil incarnate; 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: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a Basket.

Gobbo.

Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? [Aside]

Launcelot.

O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

Gobbo.

Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot.

Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo.

By God's senties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Launcelot.

[Aside] Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[To him.] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo.

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.

Launcelot.

Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gobbo.

Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot.

But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo.

Of Launcelot, as't please your mastership.

Launcelot.

Ergo, master Launcelot. Talk not of master

Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates, and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo.

Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very stuff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. [Aside] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[To him.] Do you know me, father?

Gobbo.

Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo.

Alack, sir, I am sand-blind: I know you not.

Launcelot.

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you what your son says, I will give him your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gobbo.

Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot.

Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo.

I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot.

I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gobbo.

Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a hard heart hath a fool in him! I'll give more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my hump-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot.

It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gobbo.

Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Launcelot.

Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and Followers.

Bassanio.

You may do so; — but let it be so hasted, that
To him, father.

Gobbo.

God bless your worship.

Bassanio. 

Gramercy. Would you have with me?

Gobbo. Here’s my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Lucentio. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew’s man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify.

He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Lucentio. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify.

His master and he (saving your worship’s reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

Lucentio. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutily unto you.

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Lucentio. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both.—What would you?

Lucentio. Serve you, sir.

That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well: thou hast obtain’d thy suit. Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath pretend’d thee; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew’s service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Lucentio. 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.

Bassanio. Thou speak’st it well. — Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. — Give him a livery.

[To his followers. More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Lucentio. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, — no; I have never a tongue in my head. — Well; [Looking on his palm.] If any man in Italy have a taller table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune. — Go to: here’s a simple line of life! here’s a small trite of wives: alas! 600en wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to scape 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 the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Old Gobbo.

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. These things being bought, and orderly be-Return in haste, for I do feast to-night [stow’d, My best-esteem’d acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gratiano. Where is your master?

Leonardo. - Yonder, sir, he walks.

Gratiano. [Exit Leonardo.

Signior Bassanio!

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. — You have obtain’d it.

Gratiano. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmon.

Bassanio. Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano. Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; — Parts, that become thee happily enough. And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal. — Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild beha- vour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de- murely: Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me By what we do to-night.

Bassanio. No, that were pity. I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. Fare you well, I have some business.

Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest; But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.}
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino.

**Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.**

Salanio.

And so will I.

**Lorenzo.**

Meet me, and Gratiano,

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino.

*Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]

Gratiano.

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

**Lorenzo.**

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE V.** The same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shylock.

Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio. —
What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me; — What, Jessica! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out. —
Why, Jessica, I say! —

Launcelot.

**Why, Jessica!**

Shylock.


Launcelot.

Your worship was wont to tell me, that I
could do nothing without bidding.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE VI.** The same. Jessica, Shylock, Launcelot.

Call you? What is your will?

Shylock.

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica: [go? There are my keys. — But wherefore should I
I am not bid for love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. — Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house: — I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Launcelot.

I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth
expect your approach.

Shylock.

So do I his.

Launcelot.

And they have conspired together: — I will
not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,
them it was not for nothing that my nose fell a
bleeding on black Monday last, at six o'clock
'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wed-
nesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shylock.

What! are there masques? — Hear you me
Jessica: And
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd sife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into 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 floppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of fasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Lanzeleto.
I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at
window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Shylock.
What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? hal
Jessica.
His words were, farewell mistress; nothing else.

Shylock.
The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day [me;]
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with
Therefore I part with him, and part with him;
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd 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 thrift newcomers.

Jessica.
Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.
Gratiano.
This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salarino.
His hour is almost past.
Gratiano.
And it is marvel he be out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino.
O ! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly [wont
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gratiano.
That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. [are,
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scarred bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter Lorenzo.
Salarino.
Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.
Lorenzo.
Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, by my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,
I'll whate as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.
Jessica.
Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo.
Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica.
Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much? And now who
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [knows,

Lorenzo.
Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that
thon art.

Jessica.
Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
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 follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lorenzo.
Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jessica.
What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, [light
And I should be obscur'd.

Lorenzo.
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 stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jessica.
I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gratiano.
Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jew.

Lorenzo.
Beshrew 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 prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica.
What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio.
Antonio.
Who's there?

Signior Antonio.
Antonio.
Pie, fie, Gratiano! 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.

Gratiano.
I am glad on't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VII. Belmont. An Apartment in Portia’s House.

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.

Portia.

Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover The several caskets to this noble prince.— Now make your choice.

Morocco.

The first, of gold, who this inscription bears; "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." The second, silver, which this promise carries; "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt; — "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Portia.

The one of them contains my picture, prince: If you chose that, then I am yours withal.

Morocco.

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see, I will survey the inscriptions back again: What says this leaden casket? [What?]

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he 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 show of dross; I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead. What says the silver, with her virgin hue? "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires." As much as he desires? — Pause there, Morocco. And weigh thy value with an even hand. If thou best rated by thy estimation, Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough May not extend so far as to the lady; And yet to be afraid of my deserving Were but a weak disabling of myself, As much as I deserve? — Why, 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 me 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 Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now, For princes to come view fair Portia: The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head Split in the face of heaven, is no bar 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. Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation, To think so base a thought: it were too gross To rib her corecloth in the obscure grave. Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd, Being ten times undervalued to tried gold? O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem Was set in worse than gold. They have in England A coin that bears the figure of an angel Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd 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! Portia.

There, take it, prince; and if my form lie Then I am yours. [there, he unlocks the golden casket.]

Morocco.

O hell! what have we here? A carroll death, within whose empty eye There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing, "All that glister is not gold; Often have you heard that told; Many a man his life hath sold, But my outside to behold! Gilded tombs do worms infold. Had you been as wise as bold, Young in limbs, in judgment old, Your answer had not been inscriv'd: Fare you well; your suit is cold." Cold, indeed, and labour lost: Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost. — Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

Portia.

A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains: go. Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

Enter Salario and Salanio.

Salarino.

Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail: With him is Gratiano gone along: And in their ship, I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Saliano.

The villain Jew with outwits raf'd the duke, Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino.

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 amorous Jessica. Besides, Antonio certified the duke, They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salarino.

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 ducats! — O my daughter! Fled with a Christian? — O my Christian ducats! Justice! the law! my ducats, 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!"

Saliano.

Why, all the boys in Venice follow him. Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salarino.

Let good Antonio look he keep his day, Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino.

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.
Salanio.

You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salanio.

A kinder gentleman tread not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd: "Do not so;
Slumber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew'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 ostents 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.

Salanio.

I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quickly his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salanio.

Do we so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servitor.

Nerissa.

Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight.
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Trains. Flourish cornets.

Portia.

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I 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.

Arragon.

I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose: next, if I fall
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fall in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and me gone.

Portia.

To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon.

And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
(He hath: "Who choosest me must give and hazard all
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! I let me see: —
"Who choosest me shall gain what many men desire,
What many men desire: — that many may be
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' 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 choosest me shall get as much as he deserves:"
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 dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices, [Honour
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Wert purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many he commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be glem'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who choosest me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert: — Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Portia.

Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon.

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia? —
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings! —
"Who choosest me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Portia.

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arragon.

"The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There bo' fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone: you are sped."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two. —
Sweet, adieu; I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrotch.

[Exeunt Arragon, and Train.]

Portia.

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.

Nerissa.

The ancient saying is no heresy: —
Hanging and wlying goes by destiny.

Portia.

Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Where is my lady?

Portia.

Here; what would my lord?

Messenger.

Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one 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-spurrer comes before his lord.

Portia.

No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa.

Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino

Saliano.

Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino.

Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio
hath a ship of rich laden wreck'd on the narrow
seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place:
a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
 carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say,
if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her
word.

I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as
ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours
believe she wept for the death of a third husband.
But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the
good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I
had a title good enough to keep his name com-
pany I—

Salarino.

Come, the full stop.

Saliano.

Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is,
he hath lost a ship.

Salarino.

I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Saliano.

Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross
my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of
a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the mer-
chants?

Shylock.

You knew, none so well, none so well as you,
of my daughter's flight.

Salarino.

That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor
that made the wings she flew withal.

Saliano.

And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird
was fledg'd: and then, it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

Shylock.

She is damned for it.

Salarino.

That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shylock.

My own flesh and blood to rebel! Shylock.

Salarino.

Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these
years?

Shylock.

She, my daughter, is my flesh and blood.

Salarino.

There is more difference between thy flesh
and hers, than between jet and ivory; more be-
tween your bloods, than there is between red
wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear
whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or
no?

Shylock.

There I have another bad match: a bankrupt,
a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on
the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so
smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond:
he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look
to his bond: he was wont to lend money
for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his
bond.

Salarino.

Why, am I sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not
take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shylock.

To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing
else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced
me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at
my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my na-
tion, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends,
heated mine 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 kind of food, hurt with
the same weapons, subject to the same diseases,
healed by the same means, 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 wrong us, shall we
not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we
will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a
Christian, what is his humility? re-
venge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should
his sufferance be by Christian example? why,
revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will exe-
cte; and it shall go hard but I will better the
instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house,
and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino.

We have been up and down to seek him.

Saliano.

Here comes another of the tribe: a third
cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn
Jew. [Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant.

Enter Tubal.

Shylock.

How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa?
hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal.

I often came where I did hear of her, but
cannot find her.

Shylock.

Why there, there, there, there! a diamond
gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt.

The
ACT III. SC. II.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coif! No news of them?—Well; and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sights, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? I'll luck, ill luck?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal. — Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? In Genoa?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou tortur' me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfet; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and their Attendants. The caskets set out.

Portia. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you, and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beswore your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours! O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bassanio. Let me choose;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treasure there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love. There may as well be amity and life 'Twixt snow and fire, as, I, Bassanio, and my love.

Portia. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bassanio. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Portia. Well then, confess, and live.

Bassanio. Confess, and love, Had been the very sum of my confession. O, happy torment, when my torturer DOTH teach me answers for deliverance! But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them: If you do love me, you will find me out.— Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. Let music sound, while he doth make his choice; Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, Fading in music: that the comparison [stream, May stand more proper, my eye shall be the And watery death-bed for him. He may win, And what is music then? then music Is even as the flourish when true subjects bow To a new-crowned monarch: such it is, As are those dulcet sounds in break of day, That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear, And summon him to marriage. Now he goes, With no less presence, but with much more love, Than young Alcides, when he did redeem The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice, The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, With bleared visages, come forth to view The issue of th'-exploit. Go, Hercules! Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay 

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?

How
Holo begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
It will begin.

Ding, dong, bell.

**Bassanio.**

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Ocures 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?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
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, and crowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them resolutely.
Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchase'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks, [wind,
Which make such wanton gambols with the Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second shore,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou guazy
Hard food for *Midas.* I will none of thee. [gold,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Twixt man and man: but thou, thou meaner lead,
Aught, Which rather threatnest than dost promise
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I joy be the consequence!

**Portia.**

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embra'd despair,
And shuddering fear and green-eyed jealousy.
O love I be moderate; alway thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

**Bassanio.**

What find I here?

**Opening the leaden casket.**

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes I—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
[his,
Metiticks, it should have power to steal both
And leave itself unfinancial: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow [scroll,
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the continent and summary of my fortune.

"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 new.
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;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.

**Kissing lur.**

Like one of two containing in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so.
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

**Portia.**

You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be resolved twenty times myself;
A thought a times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, impractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old.
But she may learn: happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, 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 now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my self.
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

**Bassanio.**

Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some ordination, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing. Save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this
is hence:
Parts from this finger, then parts like from O I then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

**Nerissa.**

My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, and lady

**Gratiano.**

My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

**Bassanio.**
Bassanio.

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gratiano.

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress. I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wounding here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oats of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Portia.

Is this true, Nerissa?

Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bassanio.

And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gratiano.

Yes, 'faith, my lord.
Bassanio.

Our feast shall be much honoured in your
marriage.
Gratiano.

We'll play with them the first boy for a
thousand ducats.
Nerissa.

What! and stake down?
Gratiano.

No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down. —
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his in-
fidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?
Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.
Bassanio.

Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. — By your
leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Portia.

So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome,
Lorenzo.

I thank your honour. — For my part, my
lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Salerio.

I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Siguror Antonio
Commends him to you.

[Give Bassanio a letter
Bassanio.

Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Salerio.

Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gratiano.

Nerissa, cheer you stranger; bid her welcome.

Act III. Sc. II.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Your hand, Salerio: what's the news in
Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jussons, we have won the fleece.

Salerio.

I would you had won the fleece that he hath
lost!

Portia.

There are some shrewd contents in your same
paper.
That steal the colour from Bassanio's check:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse? —
With leave, Bassanio! I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bassanio.

O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant't words
That over bilotted Prince, Julia, and
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 mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marrying rocks?

Salerio.

Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice; twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica.

When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Otho, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia.

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bassanio.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia.

What sum owes he the Jew?

Bassanio.
Bassanio.

For me, three thousand ducats.

Portia.

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond: Double six thousand, and then trouble that, Before a friend of this description Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

First, go with me to church, and call me wife, And then away to Venice to your friend; For never shall you lie by Portia's side With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold To pay the petty debt twenty times over. When it is paid, bring your true friend along. My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time, Will live as maids and widows. Come, away! For you shall hence upon your wedding-day. Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer; Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.— But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bassanio. [Heads.

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew 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, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter." Portia.

O love! despatch all business, and begone.

Bassanio.

Since I have your good leave to go away, I will make haste; but till I come again, No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay, Nor rest be interpos'd but only twixt us twain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Balthasar.

Shylock.

I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond: I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. Thou calldst me dog before thou hadst a cause, But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs. The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder, Thou naught jarror, that thou art so fond To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio.

I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock.

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-eved 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.

Salaio.

It is the most impenetrable cur, That ever kept with men.

Antonio.

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.

Salaio.

I am sure, the duke Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio.

The duke cannot deny the course of law; For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, Will much impeach the justice of the state; Since that the trade and profit of the city Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go: These griefs and losses have so 'bated me, That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh To-morrow to my bloody creditor.— Well, j dryer, 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.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

Madam, although I speak it in your presence You have a noble and a true conciet Of god-like amity, which appears most strong. 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 my lord, your husband, I know, you would be prouder of the work, Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Portia.

I never did repent for doing good, Nor shall not now: for in companions That do converse and waste the 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 heilish 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.

Lorenzo.

Madam, with all my heart I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Portia.

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. Lorenzo.

Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you! Jessica.

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Portia.

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[Exit Jessica and Lorenzo.

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Portia.

Now, Balthasar, as I have ever found thee honest, true, And let me find thee still. Take this same letter, And use thou all the endeavours 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 imagin'd speed Unto the Tranceto, to the common ferry Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words, But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balthasar.

Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Portia.

Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand, That you yet know not of. We'll see our hus- 

band before they think of us.

Nerissa.

Shall they see us?

Portia.

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit, That they shall think we are accomplished With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager, When we are both accounted like young men, I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two, And wear my dagger with thebraver grace; And speak between the change of man and boy, With a reed voice; and turn two mining steps Into a manly stride; and speak of tray, Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies, How honourable ladies sought my love, Which I denying, they fell sick and died; I could not do withal:—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 shall swear, I have discontinued school Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks, Which I will practise.

Nerissa.

Why, shall we turn to men?

Portia.

Fie! 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 coach, which stays for us At the park gate; and therefore haste away, For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[Exit.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Launcelot.

Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; there- fore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jessica.

And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Launcelot.

Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jessica.

That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot.

Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica.

I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot.

Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chris- 

tians now before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: If we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jessaic.

I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lorenzo.

I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jessica.

Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of thecommonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lorenzo.

I shall answer that better to the common- 

wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Launcelot.

It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lorenzo.

How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo.

Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot.

That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lorenzo.

Will you cover then, sir?

Launcelot.

Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lorenzo.

Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Launcelot.

For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming

ACT III. SC. V.
in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

Lorenzo.

O, dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; and I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a truculent word Doth the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion; How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife? Jessica.

Past all expressing. It is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life, 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, then, In 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 Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow. Lorenzo.

Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife. Jessica.

 Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that. Lorenzo.

I will anon; first, let us go to dinner. Jessica.

 Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach. Lorenzo.

 No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other I shall digest it. Jessica.

 Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

—ACT IV.


Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes: Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Saliando, and others.

Duke.

What, is Antonio here? Antonio.

Ready, so please your grace. Duke.

I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy. Antonio.

I have heard, Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury, and am arm'd To suffer with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his. Duke.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saliando.

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 so too, That thou hast beat'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'lt 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 loose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so buff'dled on his back, Know to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. Shylock.

I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; And by my 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 humour: is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad if they behold a cat; And others, when the bag-pipe sings in the nose, Cannot contain their urine; for affection, Master of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer: As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame, As to offend, himself being offended, So cannot I give no reason, nor I will not. More than a lode'd hate, and a certain loathing, I bear Antonio, that I follow thus A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd? Bassanio.

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty. Shylock.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer. Bassanio.

Do all men kill the things they do not love? Shylock.

Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Bassanio.

Every offence is not a hate at first. Shylock.

What I wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? Antonio.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew. You may as well go stand upon the beach, And bid the main flood bat his usual height.
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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 fretten with the gusts of heaven; You may as well do any thing most hard, As to seek to soften that (than which's harder?) His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you, Make no more offers, use no farther means, But with all brief and plain convenience, Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

**Bassanio.**

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

**Shylock.**

If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

**Duke.**

How shall thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

**Shylock.**

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? You have among you many a purchaser’s slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and you use in abject and in slavish parts, [mules, Because you bought them:—shall I say to you, Let them be free; marry them to your heirs? Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates 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, ’tis mine, and I will have it. If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice. 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.

**Salarino.**

My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

**Duke.**

Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

**Bassanio.**

Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet! [all, The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and Eric thou shalt lose for one drop of blood.

**Antonio.**

I am a tainted weaver of the flock, Mearest 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 Padua, from Bellario? Nerissa.

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [Presents a letter.

**Bassanio.**

Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly?

**Shylock.**

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Duke.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia.

Is your name Shylock?

Shylock.

Shylock is my name.

Portia.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. — You stand within his danger, do you not? [To Antonio.

Antonio.

Ay, so he says.

Portia.

Do you confess the bond?

Antonio.

I do.

Portia.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock.

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd; It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes: 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throne-warded monarch better than his crown: His sceptre 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 likest 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 spoke thus much, To mitigate the justice of thy plea, Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock.

My deeds upon my head: I crave the law; The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio.

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 o'er, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart. If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech You, To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia.

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.

Shylock.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! — O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Portia.

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock.

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

Portia.

Shylock, there's thrice the money offered thee.

Shylock.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven; Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No, not for Venice.

Portia.

Why, this bond is forfeit, And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful; Take thrice the money: bid me tear the bond.

Shylock.

When it is paid according to the tenor. — It doth appear you are a worthy judge; You know the law: your exposition Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law, Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear, There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Antonio.

Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment.

Portia.

Why then, thus is —

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock.

O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Portia.

For the intent and purpose of the law, Hath full relation to the penalty Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock.

'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge! How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia.

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shylock.

Ay, his breast; So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? — Nearest his heart: those are the very words. —

Portia.

It is so. Are there balance here to weigh The flesh?

Shylock.

I have them ready.

Portia.

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge, To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock.

Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia.

It is not so express'd; but what of that?

Shylock.

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Portia.

I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Portia.

You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Antonio.

But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd. — Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well. Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you, For herein fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom: it is still her use To let the wretched man out-live his wealth, To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow, An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off. 
Commend me to your honourable wife: 
Tell her the process of Antonio's end; 
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death; 
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge, 
Whether Bassanio had not once a love. 
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend, 
And he repents not that he pays your debt. 
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

**Bassanio.**

Antonio, I am married to a wife, 
Which is as dear to me as life itself; 
But life itself, my wife, and all the world, 
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life: 
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all, 
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

**Portia.**

Your wife would give you little thanks for 
If she were by to hear you make the offer. [that, 

**Gratiano.**

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love: 
I would she were in heaven, so she could 
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

**Nerissa.**

'Tis well you offer it behind her back: 
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

**Shylock.**

These be the Christian husbands! I have a 
Would any of the stock of Barrabas [daughter: 
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! 
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

**Portia.**

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine: 
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

**Shylock.**

Most rightful judge!

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast: 
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

**Shylock.**

Most learned judge!—A sentence I come, prepare! 

**Portia.**

Tarry a little: there is something else— 
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood; 
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh: 
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of 
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed flesh; 
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods 
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate 
Unto the state of Venice.

**Gratiano.**

O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge! 

**Shylock.**

Is that the law? 

**Portia.**

Thyself shalt see the act; 
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd, 
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

**Gratiano.**

O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge! 

**Shylock.**

I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice, 
And let the Christian go.

**Bassanio.**

Here is the money.

**Portia.**

Soft! [haste:— 
The Jew shall have all justice:—soft!—no 
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

**Gratiano.**

O Jew! an upright Judge, a learned judge! 

**Portia.**

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh. 
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more, 
But just a pound of flesh: if thou takst more, 
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much 
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance, 
Or the division of the twentieth part 
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn 
But in the estimation of a hair, 
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

**Gratiano.**

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! 
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

**Portia.**

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture. 

**Shylock.**

Give me my principal, and let me go.

**Bassanio.**

I have it ready for thee: here it is.

**Portia.**

He hath refuse'd it in the open court: 
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

**Gratiano.**

A Daniel, still say I: a second Daniel!— 
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

**Shylock.**

Shall I not have barely my principal? 

**Portia.**

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, 
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

**Shylock.**

Why then the devil give him good of it. 
I'll stay no longer question.

**Portia.**

Tarry, Jew: 
The law hath yet another hold on you. 
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, 
If it be prov'd against an alien, 
That by direct, or indirect attempts, 
He seek the life of any citizen, 
The party, 'gainst the which he 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 duke only, 'gainst all other voice. 
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st: 
For it appears by manifest proceeding, 
That, indirectly, and directly too, 
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life 
Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd 
The danger formerly by me rehears'd. 
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

**Gratiano.**

Beg, that 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, [charge. 
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's 

**Duke.**

That thou shalt see the difference of our 
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it. [spirit, 
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's! 
The other half comes to the general state, 
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine. 

**Portia.**

Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

**Shylock.**

Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that: 
You 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.

Portia. 
What mercy can you render him, Antonio? 
Gratiano.

A halter gratis; nothing else, for God’s sake!

Antonio.

So please my lord the duke, and all the court, 
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; 
He, and 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. 

Portia. 
Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say? 
Shylock.

I am content. 

Portia. 
Clerk, draw a deed of gift. 
Shylock.

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. 

Gratiano.

In christening thou shalt have two godfathers: 
Had I been judge, thou should’st have had ten more, 
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 

Duke.

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner. 

Portia. 
I humbly do desire your grace of pardon: 
I must away this night toward Padua, 
And it is meet I presently set forth. 

Duke.

I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not. 
Antonio, gratify this gentleman, 
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. 
[Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.

Bassano.

Most worthy gentleman, I 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.

Antonio.

And stand indebted, over and above, 
In love and service to you evermore. 

Portia. 
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, know me, when we meet again: 
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bassano.

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther: 
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.

Portia. 
You press me far, and therefore I will yield. 
Give me your gloves, I’ll wear them for your sake; 
You. 

And, for your love, I’ll take this ring from 
Do not draw back your hand; I’ll take no more, 
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassano.

This ring, good sir?—alas, it is a trifle; 
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. 
I will have nothing else but only this; 
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bassano.

There’s more depends on this, than on the value. 
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, 
And find it out by proclamation; 
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me. 

Portia. 
I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: 
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks, 
You teach me how a beggar should be answer’d.

Bassano.

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife; 
And when she put it on she made me vow, 
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it. 

Portia. 
That ‘scuse serves many men to save their 
An if your wife be not a mad woman, 
Gifts, and know how well I have deserv’d this ring, 
She would not hold out enemy for ever, 
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you. 
[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.

Antonio.

My lord Bassano, let him have the ring: 
Let his deservings, and my love withal, 
Be valued ‘gainst your wife’s commandment.

Bassano.

Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him, 
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst, 
Unto Antonio’s house.—Away I make haste. 
[Exeunt Gratiano.

Come, you and I will thither presently, 
And in the morning early will we both 
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Portia. 
Inquire the Jew’s house out, give him this deed, 
And let him sign it. We’ll away to-night, 
And be a day before our husbands home. 
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Fair sir, you are well o’erta’en. 
My lord Bassano, upon more advice, 
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat 
Your company at dinner.

Portia. 
That cannot be. 
His ring I do accept most thankfully, 
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore, 
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock’s house.

Gratiano. 
That will I do.

Nerissa. 
Sir, I would speak with you.—

[To Portia.

I’ll see if I can get my husband’s ring; 
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever. 

Portia
ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. — In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troylus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creussa lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thibes fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and war'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jessica. 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.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Stephano. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Who calls?

Launcelot. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him, there's a post come from my master,
With his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.

Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And 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 music forth into the air.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sits, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines 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-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unwieldy colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music 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 music: therefore, the poet
Did flog that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
Floos.
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spiles:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Portia.
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.

Nerissa.
When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Portia.
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
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Nerissa.
It is your music, madam, of the house.

Portia.
Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Nerissa.
Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia.
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
—Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [Music ceases.

Lorenzo.
That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Portia.
He knows me, as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo.
Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia.
We have been praying for our husbands' wel-
fare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lorenzo.
Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia.
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 you.

Lorenzo.
Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Portia.
This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Bassanio.
We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Portia.
Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me: [lord. But God sort all! — You are welcome home, my

Bassanio.
I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my
This is the man, this is Antonio, [friend: To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia.
You should In all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio.
No more than I am well acquit of.

Portia.
Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano. [To Nerissa.
By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Portia.
A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gratiano.
About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poye was
For all the world, like cutters' poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Nerissa.
What talk you of the poye, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have
kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk I no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that
had it.

Gratiano.
He will, an if he live to be a man.

Nerissa.
Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano.
Now, by this hand. I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy: a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia.
You were to blame. I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so rivet'd with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gra-
tiano.
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. [Aside.
Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gratiano.

My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg’d it, and, indeed,
Deserv’d it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg’d mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia.

What ring, gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv’d of me.

Bassanio.

If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

Portia.

Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne’er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa.

Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio.

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia.

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas’d to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I’ll die for’t, but some woman had the ring.

Bassanio.

No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg’d the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer’d him to go displeas’d away.
Even he that had held up the very life
Lady? Of my dearest friend. What should I say, sweet
I was enforc’d to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmirch it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
Begg’d the ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Portia.

I let not that doctor e’er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov’d,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I’ll not deny him anything I have;
No, not 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
If you do not, if I be left alone,
[Argus; Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I’ll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerissa.

And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis’d
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gratiano.

Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I’ll mar the young clerk’s pen.

Antonio.

I am th’ unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia.

Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome not-withstanding.

Bassanio.

Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Portia.

Mark you but that I
In both my eyes he doubtfully sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there’s an oath of credit.

Bassanio.

Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio.

I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband’s ring
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia.

Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Antonio.

Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio.

By heaven! It is the same I gave the doctor.

Portia.

I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Nerissa.

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.

Gratiano.

Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv’d it?

Portia.

Speak not so grossly: You are all amaz’d;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
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 even but now return’d: I have not yet
Enter’d my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanc’d on this letter.

Antonio.

I am dumb.

Bassanio.

Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gratiano.

Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Nerissa.

Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bassanio.
Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.

Antonio.
Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Portia.
How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Lorenzo.
Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift.
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam.

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando.

Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oliver.

Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando.

Nothing: I am not taugh to make anything.

Oliver.

What mar you then, sir?

Orlando.

Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver.

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orlando.

Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that should come to such penury?

Oliver.

Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando.

O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oliver.

Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando.

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 you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver.

What, boy?

Orlando.

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver.

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando.

I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward.

Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver.

Let me go, I say.

Orlando.

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 alottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver.

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 will. I pray you, leave me.

Orlando.

I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oliver.

Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam.

Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service,—God be with my old master! I would not have spoke such a word.

[Exit Orlando and Adam.

Oliver.

Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis! Enter Dennis.

Dennis.

Calls your worship?

Oliver.

Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dennis.

So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oliver.

Call him in. [Exit Dennis.].—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles.

Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver.

Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Charles.

There's no news 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.

Oliver.

Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles.

O! no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles been together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver.

Where will the old duke live?

Charles.

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.

Oliver.

What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?
Charles.

Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised 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 come hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intemperance, or brook such disgrace as well as he shall run into, that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oliver.

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 laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbonest 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 didst 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 mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, 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 it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles.

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! 

[Exit.

Oliver.

Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not what he hates more than he: yet he's a gentleman; never schooled, and yet learned; full of 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.

Rosalind.

Dear Celia, I show more mirth 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 my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Rosalind.

Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

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, perforce, 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.

Rosalind.

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Celia.

Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Rosalind.

What shall our sport then?

Celia.

Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind.

I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia.

'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind.

Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns 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?

Rosalind.

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; who, 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 the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touchstone.

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia.

Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone.

No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind.

Where learned you that oath, fool?
Touchstone.

Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia.

How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind.

Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone.

Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia.

By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone.

By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Celia.

Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touchstone.

One that old Frederick, your father, loves!

Rosalind.

My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touchstone.

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Celia.

By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Rosalind.

With his mouth full of news.

Celia.

Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind.

Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Celia.

All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau.

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia.

Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau.

What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Rosalind.

As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone.

Or as the destinies decree.

Celia.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone.

Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rosalind.

Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau.

You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind.

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.

Celia.

Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau.

There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Celia.

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau.

Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Rosalind.

With bills on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents,"—

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 served 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 weeping.

Rosalind.

Alas!

Touchstone.

But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau.

Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone.

Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia.

Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind.

But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-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.

Celia.

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke Frederick.

Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind.

Is yonder the man?

Le Beau.

Even he, madam.

Celia.

Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick.

How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind.
Rosalind.  
Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.  
Duke Frederick.  
You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.  
Celia.  
Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.  
Duke Frederick.  
Do so: I'll not be by.  
[_Duke goes apart._  
Le Beau. 
Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.  
Orlando.  
I attend them, with all respect and duty. 
Rosalind. 
Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?  
Orlando.  
No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.  
Celia. 
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 yourself 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 attempt.  
Rosalind.  
Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.  
Orlando.  
I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamefaced that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. 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 supplied when I have made it empty.  
Rosalind.  
The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.  
Celia.  
And mine, to eke out hers.  
Rosalind.  
Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!  
Celia.  
Your heart's desires be with you.  
Charles.  
Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?  
Orlando.  
Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.  
Duke Frederick.  
You shall try but one fall.  
Charles.  
No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.  
Orlando.  
You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.  
Rosalind.  
Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!  
Celia.  
I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.  
Rosalind.  
O, excellent young man!  
Celia.  
If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.  
[Charles is thrown. Shout.  
Duke Frederick,  
No more, no more.  
Orlando.  
Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.  
Duke Frederick.  
How dost thou, Charles?  
Le Beau.  
He cannot speak, my lord.  
Duke Frederick.  
Bear him away. [Charles is borne out.  
What is thy name, young man?  
Orlando.  
Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.  
Duke Frederick.  
I would, thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable, but I did find him still mine enemy: [Deed. Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth. I would thou hadst told me of another father. [Exeunt Duke Fredericke, Train, and Le Beau.  
Celia.  
Were I my father, coz, would I do this?  
Orlando.  
I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son, and would not change that To be adopted heir to Frederick. [calling,  
Rosalind.  
My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind. Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured.  
Celia.  
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 de- If you do keep your promises in love [serv'd: But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.  
Rosalind.  
[Giving him a chain from her neck Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, That could give more, but that her hand lacks Shall we go, coz?  
[means. —  
Celia.  
Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.  
Orlando.  
Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are
As are all thrown down, and that which here stands up is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes; I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz? Rosalind. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.


Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place. Albeit 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.

Orlando. 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 smaller is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping 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 my life, his malice 'gainst 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.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well.

[Exit Le Beau. Enter Duke Frederick with Lords. Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Celia. Me, uncle?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin: Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. 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 Frederick. 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.

Rosalind.
Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor. Tell me, wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Rosalind. 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.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake; Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay: It was your pleasure, and your own remorse. I was too young 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 where so'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness, Her very silence, and her patience, [ness, Speak to the people, and they pity her. Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous, When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips: Firm and irrevocabile is my doom; Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [liege:

Duke Frederick. You are a fool. Yeu, niece, provide yourself: If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die. [Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Celia. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Will thou change fathers? I will give thee mine, I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin.

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That be hath not.

Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love, Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one. Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No: let my father seek 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.

Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?

Celia. To seek my uncle In the forest of Arden.

Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maid's as we are, to travel forth so far! Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind ofumber smirch my face. The like do you: so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

Rosalind. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh, A boar-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 mannish cowards have, That do outface it with theirsemblances.

Celia. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Rosalind. 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?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court? Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Celia. 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, Devise the fittest time, and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke, Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, like Foresters.

Duke, Senior. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet, Than that of painted pomp? Are not these More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference: as, the lazy fang, And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites, and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say, This is no business: 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 in his head: And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Amiens.

I would not change it; Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbournness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke, Senior.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dupped fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord.

Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
This both your brother and you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that sprawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heart'd for 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 piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke, Senior.

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord.

O! yes, into a thousand similis.
First, for his weaving into the needleless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa" As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more (ment
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;
"Tis right," quoth he; "thys misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a car'd astag,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and grasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke, Senior.

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord.

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke, Senior.

Show me the place.

I love to cope him 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 Frederick.

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and suffrance in this.

1 Lord.

I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord.

My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler.
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke Frederick.

Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition fail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orlando.

Who's there?

Adam.

What! my young master?—O, my gentle 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 fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
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 virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traits to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Orlando.

Why, what's the matter?

Adam.

O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: within this roof
The enmy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
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 fall of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; the good case is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando.

Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

Adam.

No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlando.

What! would'st thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;

Orlando.

Besides, I have a mind to essay that task.
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.

But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saw'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently cats for the sparrow.
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your 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 unbashful 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.

Orlando.

O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweet 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 up
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 all thy pains and husbandry.
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 1, 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 recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden...
Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Alithea,
and Clown, alias Touchstone.

Rosalind.

O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
Touchstone.

I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Rosalind.

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 doubtlet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, course, good Alithea.

Celia.

I pray you, bear with me: I can go no farther.
Touchstone.

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.
Rosalind.

Well, this is the forest of Arden.
Touchstone.

Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I:
when I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.

Rosalind.

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you: who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Corin.

That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Silvius.

O Corin, that thou know'st how I do love her!
Corin.

I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.
Silvius.

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 must thy actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin.

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Silvius.

O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily,
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thine 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 Phèbe, Phèbe, Phèbe!

[Exit Silvius.

Rosalind.

Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone.

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 June Smile: and
I remember the kissing of her batter, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chappled hands had milked: and I remember the wooling of a peascod instead of her: from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them 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.

Rosalind.

Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touchstone.

Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
Till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind.

Joe, Joe! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone.

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia.

I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone.

Holla, you clown!

Rosalind.

Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Corin.

Who calls?

Touchstone.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act 2 Sc. 4.
[Act II. Sc. VI.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Touchstone.
Your betters, sir.
Else are they very wretched.
Rosalind.
Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.
Corin.
And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.
Rosalind.

I pr'ythee, 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 succour.

Corin.

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 sheathe the fleeces in my grace:
My master is of churlish 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 sheacote now,
By 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.

Rosalind.

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin.

That young swain that you saw here but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Rosalind.

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.

Corin.

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Rosalind.

Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song:

Amiens.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques.

More, more! I pr'ythee, more.

Amiens.

It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaques.

I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Amiens.

My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.
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 as presently, and I'll bring thee rakish 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'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE VII.** The same.

A Table set out. Enter Duke, Senior, Attense, Lords, and others.

Duke, Senior.
I think he be transform'd into a beast, For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord.
My lord, he is but even now gone hence: Here was he merrily, hearing of a song.

Duke, Senior.
If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord 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, Senior.
Why, how now, monsieur I what a life is this, That your poor friends must woo your company! What, you look merrily.

**Jaques.**
A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; (a miserable world!)
As I do live by food, I met a fool, Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool. "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he, "fortune."
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me Then he drew a dial from his poke, And beheld it with a motley lustre eye, Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock: wag's Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine, And after one 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 motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crawl like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep contemplative; And I did laugh, sans intermission, An hour by his dial.— O, a worthy fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

**Duke, Senior.**
What fool is this?

**Jaques.**
O, worthy fool!— One that hath been a cour-
And says, if ladies be but young and fair, (titer, They have the gift to know it; and in his brain, Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'm'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms. — O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

**Duke, Senior.**
Thou shalt have one.
Act III. Sc. 1.  

As you like it.  

Jaques  

An you will not be answered with reason,  
I must die.  

Duke, Senior.  

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.  

Orlando.  

I almost die for food, and let me have it.  

Duke, Senior.  

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.  

Orlando.  

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
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,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what tie to pity, and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.  

Duke, Senior.  

True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.  

Orlando.  

Then, but 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 weary step  
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, Senior.  

Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.  

Orlando.  

I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good com-  
fort!  

[Exit.  

Duke, Senior.  

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene  
Wherein we play in.  

Jaques  

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woof balled  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Justice,  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the  
In fair round belly, with good capon lid'd,  
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 pantaloons,  

With spectacles on nose, and pock on side:  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish 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 every thing.  

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.  

Duke, Senior.  

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,  
And let him feed.  

Orlando.  

I thank you most for him.  
Adam.  

So had you need;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.  

Duke, Senior.  

Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you  
As yet to question you about your fortunes.  
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.  

Bong.  

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!  

This life is most jolly,  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the winter's warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp,  
As friend remember'd not.  

Heigh, ho! sing, &c.  

Duke, Senior.  

If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,  
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly lim'd, and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,  
That lov'd your father. The residue of your  
fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me—Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;  
Support him by the arm—Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.  

[Exeunt.  

Act III.  

Scene I. A Room in the Palace.  

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and  
Attendants.  

Duke Frederick.  

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made merry,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Living, Seek him with me, and kill him, dead or  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
[thine,  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  

Till
ASH YOU LIKE IT.

ACT III. Sc. 1.

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver.

O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick.

More villain thou.—Well, push him out of
And let my officers of such a nature
[doors; Make an extent upon his house and lands. Do this expeditiously, and turn him going.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orlando.

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
'Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touchstone.

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin.

No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone.

Such a one is a natural philosopher. Was ever in court, shepherd?

Corin.

No, truly.

Touchstone.

Then thou art damned.

Corin.

Nay, I hope,—

Touchstone.

Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Corin.

For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone.

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin.

Nor a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most selectable 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.

Touchstone.

Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Corin.

Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touchstone.

Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Corin.

Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone.

Your lips will feel them the sooner; shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Corin.

And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touchstone.

Most shallow man! Thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wilt, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin.

You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touchstone.

Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Corin.

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 heart; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touchstone.

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 he bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month, to a crooked-paled, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou best not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Corin.

Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Rosalind.

From the east to western Ind,
Joewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lend'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let me face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone.
of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Celia
How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone.
Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.]

Celia.
Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind.
O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia.
That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind.
Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia.
But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hung and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind.
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-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia.
Trow you, who hath done this?

Rosalind.
Is it a man?

Celia.
And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour?

Rosalind.
I pray thee, who?

Celia.
O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind.
Nay, but who is it?

Celia.
Is it possible?

Rosalind.
Nay, I pray thee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia.
O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind.
Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery: I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may think thy tidings.

Celia.
So you may put a man in your belly.

Rosalind.
Rosalind.

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia.

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind.

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.

Celia.

It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind.

Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Celia.

I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind.

Orlando.

Celia.

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia.

You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind.

But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshely as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia.

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 good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped scorn.

Rosalind.

It may well be call'd Joe's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia.

Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind.

Proceed.

Celia.

There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

Rosalind.

Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia.

Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Rosalind.

O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia.

I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Celia.

You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind.

'Tis he: sink by, and note him.

[Rosalind and Celia retire.

Jaques.

I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando.

And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques.

Good bye, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando.

I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques.

I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando.

I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques.

Rosalind is your love's name?

Yes, just.

Jaques.

I do not like her name.

Orlando.

There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques.

What stature is she of?

Orlando.

Just as high as my heart.

Jaques.

You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orlando.

Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques.

You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orlando.

I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques.

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando.

'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques.

By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando.

He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques.

There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando.

Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaques.

I'll carry no longer with you. Farewell, good signior love.

Orlando.
Orlando.

I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[Exit Jaques.—Rosalind and Celia come forward.]

Rosalind. [Aside to Celia.]

I will speak to him like a saw, and under that habit play the knife with him. [To him.] Do you hear, forester?

Rosalind.

Very well: what would you?

Orlando.

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Rosalind.

You should ask me, what time o'day: there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind.

Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Rosalind.

And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind.

By no means, sir. Time travels in divers places with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando.

I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind.

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orlando.

Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind.

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando.

Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind.

With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando.

Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind.

With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orlando.

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind.

With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando.

Are you native of this place?

Rosalind.

At the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando.

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind.

I have been told so of many: but, Indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man: one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando.

Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind.

There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando.

I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Rosalind.

No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon haw-thorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quintessence of love upon him.

Orlando.

I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind.

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orlando.

What were his marks?

Rosalind.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, 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 ac-coutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando.

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind.

Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess 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 is so admired?

Orlando.

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind.

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT III. SC. II.

Orlando.

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind.

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando.

Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind.

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 but a 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 the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness: which was, to forswear 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.

Orlando.

I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind.

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orlando.

Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Rosalind.

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?

Orlando.

With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind.

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind, observing them.

Touchstone.

Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey.

Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone.

I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. [Aside.

O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touchstone.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding. It strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey.

I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone.

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.

Audrey.

Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone.

I do, truly; for thou swearest to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey.

Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone.

No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.


Audrey.

Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touchstone.

Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey.

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone.

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness 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. [Aside.

I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey.

Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone.

Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but hornbeasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are 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 huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier 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 horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met; will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver.

Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone.
ACT III. Sc. iv. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Touchstone

I will not take her on gift of any man.
Sir Oliver.

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.
Jaqes. [Coming forward.

Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touchstone.

Good even, good Mr. What-she-callit: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God'll you for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaqes.

Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone.

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pidgeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaqes.

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then, one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone.

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 leave my wife.

Jaqes.

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone.

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 behind thee: But wind away, Begone, I say. I will not to wedding with thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.

Sir Oliver.

'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knife of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind.

Never talk to me: I will weep.

Celia.

Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind.

But have I not cause to weep?

Celia.

As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Rosalind.

His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia.

Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind.

I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia.

An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind.

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia.

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind.

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia.

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind.

Do you think so?

Celia.

Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind.

Not true in love?

Celia.

Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Rosalind.

You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Celia.

Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer 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 as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia.

O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilt, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin.

Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Celia.

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, Go 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. — Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt. SCENE
SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Silvius.
Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe: Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart th' accurstum'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you sternly be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corn, behind Phebe.

Phebe.
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:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on omens, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeited to swoon; why, now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame! Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now 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 clarificc and capable impression [eyes, Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Silvius.
O I dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,) You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.—

Phebe.
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 [Advancing.
And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother, That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty. 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? Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary Of nature's sale-work:—Oh'd my little life! I think the means to tangle my eyes too. No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it: 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream, That can entame my spirits to your worship. You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her, Like foggy south, puffed with wind and rain? You are a thousand times a properer man, Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you, That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

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 fasting for a good man's love; For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can: you are not for all markets. Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer: For is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phebe.
Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year togeth'er: I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Rosalind.
He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phebe.
For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind.
I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am failer than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not. If you will know my name,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by. — Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard. — Come, sister. — Shepherdesse, look on him better, And be not proud: though all the world could None could be so abus'd in sight as he. [see Come, to our flock. —

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corn. Phebe.

Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

Silvius.
Sweet Phebe,—

Phebe.
Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Silvius.
Sweet Phebe, pley me.

Phebe.
Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius. Silvius.

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 extern'd. —

Phebe.
Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly? Silvius.

I would have you.

Phebe.
Why, that were covetousness. Silvius.

The time was that I hated thee, And yet it is not that I bear thee love; But since that thou canst talk of love so well, Thy company, which erst was irksome to me, I will endure, and I'll employ thee too; But do not look for farther recompense, Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd. —

Silvius.
So holy, and so perfect is my love, And I in such a poverty of grace, That I shall think it a most plentiful crop To glean the broken ears after the man That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phebe.
Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

Silvius.
Act IV. Sc. 1. AS YOU LIKE IT.

SILVIUS.
Not very well, but I have met him oft; And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds, That the old cariol once was master of.

PHEBE.
Think not I love him, though I ask for him. 'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:— But what care I for words? yet words do well, When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty: [him, But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes 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 very tall; yet for his years he's tall. His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty redness in his lip; A little riper, and more lusty red— [silence Than that mix'd in his cheek: "twas just the dif- Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask. There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him In parcels, as I did, would have gone near To fall in 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 my hair black; And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me; I marvel why I answer'd not again: But that's all one; omission is no quittance: I'll write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius? 

SILVIUS.
Phebe, with all my heart.
Phebe.
I'll write it straight; The matter's in my head, and in my heart; I will be better with him, and passing short. Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. The Forest of Arden.
Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

JACQUES.
I PRYTHEE, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND.
They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

JACQUES.
I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND.
Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JACQUES.
Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND.
Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JACQUES.
I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is fallation; 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 all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simplices, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND.
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.

JACQUES.
Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

ROSALIND.
And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. And to travel for it too!

ORLANDO.
Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

JACQUES.
Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

ROSALIND.
Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have sworn in a gondola. — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? — An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO.
My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND.
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 clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO.
Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND.
Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wo'd of a snail.

ORLANDO.
Of a snail?

ROSALIND.
Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO.
What's that?

ROSALIND.
Why, horns; which such as you are fail to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO.
Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND.
And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA.
It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND.
Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday
holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—
What would you say to me now, and I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando.
I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind.

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.

Orlando.
How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind.

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando.
Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind.

Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando.
What, of my suit?

Rosalind.

Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando.
I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind.

Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orlando.
Then, in mine own person, I die.

Rosalind.

No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellepsont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—

Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando.
I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind.

By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando.
Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind.

Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orlando.
And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind.

Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando.
What say'st thou?

Rosalind.

Are you not good?

Orlando.
I hope so.

Rosalind.

Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orlando.
Pray thee, marry us.

Celia.
I cannot say the words.

Rosalind.

You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando?"—

Celia.
Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando.
I will.

Rosalind.

Ay, but when?

Orlando.

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind.

Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orlando.
I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind.

I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl, goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando.
So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Rosalind.

Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orlando.
For ever, and a day.

Rosalind.

Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: 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 hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando.
But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind.

By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando.
O! but she is wise.

Rosalind.

Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando.
A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt?"
Rosalind.
Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orlando.
And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosalind.
Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never 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 will breed it like a fool.

Orlando.
For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind.
Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando.
I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind.
Ay, go your ways, go your ways. —I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: — that flattering tongue of yours won me: — 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour?

Orlando.
Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind.
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, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think 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 gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orlando.
With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

[Exit Orlando.]

Celia.
You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind.
O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou dist know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia.
Or, rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind.
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, let him be judge how deep I am in love. —I'll tell thee, Alison, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando, I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.
Enter Jaques, and Lords, like Foresters.

Jaques.
Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord.
Sir, it was I.

Jaques.
Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. — Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord.
Yes, sir.

Jaques.
Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.
What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father love it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Then sing him home; the rest shall bear this burden.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Forest.
Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind.
How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Celia.
I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, Forth—He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone To sleep. Look, who comes here.

[Enter Silvius.]

Silvius.
My errand is to you, fair youth.—My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: (Giving a letter.) I know not the contents; but as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action, Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind.
Patience herself would startle at this letter, And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all. She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me. Were men as rare as Phœbus. Od's my will! Her love is not the bare that I do hunt: [well; Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, This is a letter of your own device.]

Silvius.
No, I protest; I know not the contents: Phebe did write it.

Rosalind.
Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of love. I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands: She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter. I say, she never did invent this letter; This is a man's invention, and his hand.
Silvius.

Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind.

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude Invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Silvius.

So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phèbe's cruelty.

Rosalind.

She Phèbes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius.

Call you this railing?

Rosalind.

"Why, thy goshead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?—
"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning?

"If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Silvius.

Call you this chiding?

Celia.

Alas, poor shepherd, know,

Rosalind.

Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. . .
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. — If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

[Exit Silvius.]

Enter Oliver.

Oliver.

Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlease of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Celia.

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oliver.

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description; [fair, Such garments, and such years — "The boy is Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe sister: the woman low, And browner than her brother." Are you not You the owner of the house I did inquire for? Celia.

It is no boast, being a ask'd, to say, we are.

Oliver.

Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Rosalind.

I am. What must we understand by this?

Oliver.

Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Celia.

I pray you, tell it.

Oliver.

When last the young Orlando parted from
He left a promise to return again
You, Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! I he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself! Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd
With age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, ap-
proach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlik'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay coughing, head on ground, with catlike
watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Celia.

O! I have heard him speak of that same
brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That it 'd 'mongst men.

Oliver.

And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind.

But, to Orlando. — Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oliver.

Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurttling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Celia.

Are you his brother?

Rosalind.

Was it you he rescu'd?

Celia.

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?

Oliver.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT V. SC. 1.

Oliver. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two, Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place: — In brief, he led me to the gentle duke, Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment, Committing me unto my brother's love: Who led me instantly unto his cave, There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his The lioness had torn some flesh away, [arm, Which all this while had bled; and now he And cried in fainting upon Rosalind. [fainted, Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound; And, after some small space, being strong at He sent me hither, stranger as I am, [heart, To tell this story, that you may not excuse His broken promise; and to give this napkin, Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.


Rosalind. I would I were at home. Celia. We'll lead you thither. — I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth. — You a man? You A man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh ho! —

Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest. Rosalind. Counterfeited, I assure you.

Oliver. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do; but, 'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. — Good sir, go with us.

Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back, How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.


ACT V.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touchstone.
WE shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone.
A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey; there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touchstone. 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 beouting; we cannot hold.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr’theye, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William, sir. Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born it’ the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. Thank God; — a good answer. Art rich?

William. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touchstone. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: — and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou say’st well. I do now remember a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone.
Touchstone.
Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
William.
No, sir.
Touchstone.
Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipsa* is he: now, you are not *ipsa*, for I am he.
William.
Which he, sir?
Touchstone.
He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown thou perioch; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, 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 o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.
Audrey.
Do, good William.
William.
God rest you merry, sir.
[Exit Corin.
Corin.
Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away! 
Touchstone.
Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

SCENE II. The same.
Enter Orlando and Oliver.
Orlando.
Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her; and, loving, woo; and, wooing, she should grant; and will you persevere to enjoy her?
Oliver.
Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, 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.
Orlando.
You have my consent.
Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers.
Enter Rosalind.
Rosalind.
Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, Here comes my Rosalind.
God save you, brother.
Oliver.
And you, fair sister.
[Exit.
Rosalind.
O I my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.
Orlando.
It is my arm.
Rosalind.
I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.
Orlando.
Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.
Rosalind.
Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?
Orlando.
Ay, and greater wonders than that.
Rosalind.
O! I know where you are,—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thraumalchical brag of—"I came, saw," and "overcame;" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they came to another; no sooner knew the reason, but 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.
Orlando.
They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-happiness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.
Rosalind.
Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind.
Orlando.
I can live no longer by thinking.
Rosalind.
I will weary you, then, no longer 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 esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from 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 his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set another before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.
Orlando.
Speak'st thou in sober meanings?
Rosalind.
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 Phebe.
Look; here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.
Phebe.
'tis Silvius. | \[Exeunt.\]

Another. You all ing to morrow me you. — So, married what made purity, humbleness, adoration, all to-morrow. — I married you, [To Orlando.] 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 contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — As you [To Orlando] love Rosalind, meet; — as you [To Silvius] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman. I'll meet. — So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.
Orlando.
I 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——

[To the Duke.] You say, if I bring in your
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke, Senior.
That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. [To Orlando.
And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her?

Orlando.
That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rosalind. [To Phebe.
You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phebe.
That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosalind.
But if you do refuse to marry me, [heark? You'll give yourself to this most faithful shep-

Phebe.
So is the bargain.

Rosalind. [To Silvius.
You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Silvius.
Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rosalind.
I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke! I give your daughter:—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke, Senior.
I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orlando.
My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath 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.

Jaques.
There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark. Here
comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all
tongues are called fools.

Touchstone.
Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaques.
Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the
motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often
met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he
swears.

Touchstone.
If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flat-
tered a lady; I have been politic with my friend,
smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three
tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to
have fought one.

Jaques.
And how was that ta'en up?

Touchstone.
'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was
upon the seventh cause.

Jaques.
How seventh cause? — Good my lord, like
this fellow.

Duke, Senior.
I like him very well.

Touchstone.
According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such
dulce diseases.

Jaques.
But, for the seventh cause; how did you find
the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone.
Upon a lie seven times removed. — Bear your
body more seeming, Audrey.— As this, sir, I
did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he
sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut
well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the
"retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me
word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the
"quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he
had not cut; — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Jaques.
And how oft did you say, his beard was not
well cut?

Touchstone.
I durst go no farther than the "lie circum-
stantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie
direct;" and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques.
Can you nominate in order now the degrees of
the lie.

Touchstone.
O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you
have books for good manners: I will name you
the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the
second, the quip modest; the third, the
reply courteous; the fourth, the reproof valiant;
the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the
sixth, the lie, with circumstance; the seventh,
the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the
lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an
of. I knew when seven justices could not take
up a quarrel; but when the parties were met
themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as
If you said so, then I said so; and they shook
hands and swore brothers. Your if is the only
peace-maker; much virtue in if.
Jaques.
Is not this a rare fellow, thy lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.
He uses his folly like a stalking-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 mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Alone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Ye, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind.

[To Duke, Senior.] To you I give myself, for
I am yours. [yours.

[To Orlando.] To you I give myself, for I am Duke, Senior.

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando.

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind. I'phee.

If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Rosalind.

[To Duke, Senior.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[To Orlando.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [not she.
[To I'phee.] Nor ever wed woman, if you be not Hymen.

Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true content.

[To Orlando and Rosalind.] You and you a cross shall part:
[To Oliver and Celia.] You and you are in heart.
[To I'phee.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
While a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Hymen's crown;
O, blest bed of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured;
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Phebe.

[To Silvius.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine:
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2 Brother.

Let me have audience for a word or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every
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 banish'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.

Duke, Senior.

Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number, [us,
That have endured'shrievd days and nights with
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 I and you brides and bridgrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures

Jaques.

Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

2 Brother.

He hath.

Jaques.

To him will I: out of these conventes
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You [To Duke, Senior] to your former honour
I bequeath; [it:
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve
You [To Orlando] to a love, that your true faith
doth merit; — [great allies:
You [To Oliver] to your land, and love,
You [To Silvius] to a long and well deserved bed
thy love, and voyage
And you [To Touchstone] to wrangling: for
Is but for two months victual'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke, Senior.

Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques.

To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit.

Duke, Senior.

Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'lI end in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Rosalind.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epi-
logue; but it is no more unseasonable, 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
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 you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates 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 breasts that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsey, bid me farewell.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE 1. Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

I’LL pheese you, in faith.

Hostess.

A pair of stocks, you rogue.

Sly.

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly.

No, not a denier. Go, by S. Jeronimy!

Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hostess.

I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.

Sly. [Exit.

Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I’ll answer him by law. I’ll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord, Christopher Sly, a Tinker. Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants.


INDUCTION.

Hostess.

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord.

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed,

And couple Clowder 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 Huntsman.

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 Huntsman.

I will, my lord.

Lord.

What’s here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Huntsman.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

2 Huntsman.
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,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Huntsman.
Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Huntsman.
It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

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 music 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 bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—will'p please your lordship cool your some one be ready with a costly suit, hands?
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 lunatic;
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 Huntsman.
My lord, I warrant you, we will 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.—
(Sigl does come out. A trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[Exit Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Servant.
An it please your honour, Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord.
Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players.
We thank your honour.

Lord.
Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Player.
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 Player.
I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord.
'Tis very true: thou did'st 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 who will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, 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, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 Player.
Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest ant next in the world.

Lord.
Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that their affairs,—

[Exeunt Servant and Players.

[To a Servant.] 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 observ'd in the ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy,
And say,—what is't your honour will 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 this seven years hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
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 usurp 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 the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exeunt. SCENE
SCENE II. A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

Sly is discovered, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ever, and appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly.

For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Servant.

Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Servant.

Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Servant.

What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly.

I am Christopher Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord.

Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! 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 alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the liegest knife in Christendom. What! I am not bestrafed. Here's—

1 Servant.

O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Servant.

O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord.

Hence comes it that your kindred shun your As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. [house, O, noble lord! I bethink thee of thy birth: 
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment.
And banish hence these object lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? 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 will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Servant.

Say wilt thou course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Servant.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee Adonis painted by a running brook, [straight And Cytherea all in sedges hid.
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord.

We'll show thee Jo as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Servant.

Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her 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, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Servant.

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—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 Servant.

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants present an ever, bason, and napkin.

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once 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.

These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Servant.

O! yes, my lord, but very lile words:—
For though you lay here in this goody chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rai[n upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the feet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly.

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

2 Servant.

Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men, as you have reckond' up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Peppernet,
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!
Amen.

Sly.

I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter
ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lucentio.

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,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and imply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father, first
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincenzo's come of the Bonteschei.
Vincenzo's son, bared in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes concili'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
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow bash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satisly seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio.

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 stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
(you)
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
Who profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Lucentio.

Gramerclies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, 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 shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tranio.

Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio,
and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.

Baptista.

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
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.

Gremio.

To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any youth?

Katharina.
Katharina. [To Baptista.
I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hortensio.

Mates, mad! how mean you that? no mates
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Katharina.
I’faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it’s not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-leg’d stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hortensio.
From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gremio.
And me too, good Lord!

Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Lucentio.
But in the other’s silence do I see
Maid’s mild behaviour, and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tranio.
Well said, master: mum I and gaze your fill.
Baptista.

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 ne’er the less, my girl.
Katharina.
A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,— an she knew why.
Bianca.

Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my com-
On them to look, and practise by myself. [pany,
Lucentio.

Hark, Tranio! thou may’st hear Minerva speak.
Hortensio.

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca’s grief.
Gremio.

Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the peneance of her tongue? 
Baptista.

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv’d;—
Go in, Bianca.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep 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 Bianca.
Katharina.

Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though,
belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave?
Ha!
Gremio.
You may go to the devil’s dam: your gifts

are so good, here’s none will hold you. Their
love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow
our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our
cake’s dough on both sides. Farewell,—yet,
for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can
by any means light on a fit man to teach her
that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her
father.

Hortensio.
So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook’d parle, know now upon advice, it touch-
eth us both, that we may yet again have access
to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in
Bianca’s love, to labour and effect one thing
’specially.

Gremio.

What’s that, I pray?
Hortensio.

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
Gremio.

A husband! a devil.
Hortensio.

I say, a husband.
Gremio.

I say, a devil. Think’st thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so
very a fool to be married to hell?
Hortensio.

Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience;
and mine, to endure her loud alarams, why,
man, there be good follows in the world, an a
man could light on them, would take her with
all faults, and money enough.
Gremio.

I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-
cross every morning.

Hortensio.

‘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’t all of.—Sweet
Bianca! — Happy man be his done! He that
runs fastest get’s the ring. How say you, signior
Gremio?

Gremio.

I am agreed: and ‘would I had given him the
best horse in Padua to begin his wooling, that
would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed
her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Tranio. [Advancing.
I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Lucentio.

O, Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible; or likely;
But see! while 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.
Tranio

Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but 
Redime te captum, quam quas minimis. [so—Lucentio.

Gramercies, lad! go forward: this contents; The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound. 
Tranio.

Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. Lucentio.

O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Aggenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand. Lucentio.

Rcdime

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? Lucentio

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air: Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her. Tranio.

Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance. — I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands: Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors. Lucentio.

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advis'd, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her? Tranio.

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted. Lucentio

I have it, Tranio. Tranio.

Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one. Lucentio.

Tell me thine first. Tranio.

You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device. Lucentio.

It is: may it be done? Tranio.

Not possible; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son; Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them? Lucentio.

Basta; content thee; for I have it full. We have not yet been seen in any house, Nor can we be distinguished by our faces, 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. I will some other be; some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: — Tranio, at once Uncase thee; take my cloak'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee, But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tranio.

So had you need. [They exchange habits.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so 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.

Lucentio.

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves, And let me be a slave, 't achieve that maid Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been? Biondello

Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes, Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news? Lucentio.

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest And therefore frame your manners to the time. Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on, And 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 descried. Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life. You understand me?

Biondello. I, sir? ne'er a whit. Lucentio.

And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. Biondello.

The better for him; 'would I were so too! Tranio.

So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after, daughter. That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptist's youngest But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise companies: You use your manners discreetly in all kind of When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; But in all places else, your master, Lucentio. Tranio.

Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute; To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [Exeunt.

1 Servant.

My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play. Sly.

Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it? Page.

My lord, 'tis but begun. Sly.

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done. 

SCENE 11. The same Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio. 

Petruchio.

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 trust, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.

Grumio.
Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has refused your worship?

Petruchio.
Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio.
Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,
sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Petruchio.
Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio.
My master is grow'n quarrelsome.—I should
knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petruchio.
Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can sol fa, and sing it.

[He wrings Grumio by the ears.

Grumio.
Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Petruchio.
Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hortensio.
How now! what's the matter?—My old
friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!
How do you all at Verona?

Petruchio.
Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hortensio.
Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato
signor mio Petruchio. [quarrel.
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this
Grumio.
Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in
Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me
to leave his service, —look you, sir,—he bid me
knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was
it fit for a servant to use his master so; being,
perhaps, (for aught I see) too and thirty,—a pip
out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Petruchio.
A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grumio.
Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you
not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me
here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock
me soundly?" And come you now with
knocking at the gate?

Petruchio.
Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hortensio.

Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio,
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy
gale
Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?

Petruchio.
Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where 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,
Haply to wife, and thrive, as best I may,
Crows in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hortensio.

Petruchio, shall I then come soundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?
Thou dost thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Hortensio.
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 burthen of my woeful dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentia's love,
As old as Sybil, and as cursed 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 the swelling Adriatic sea,
I come to wife it wealthily in Padua,
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grumio.
Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry
him to a puppet, or an agit-baby; or an old trot
with a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why,
nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hortensio.

Petruchio, since we are steep'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
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 intolerable 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.

Petruchio.

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.

Petruchio.
Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola.
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petruchio.
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.

Grumio.
I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour
lasts! O my word, an she knew him as well as
I do, she would think scolding would do little
good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing:
an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.
I'
I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, 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. 

**Hortensio.**

Tarry, Petruchio; I must go with thee. For in **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 reheard, That ever Katharine will be wood'd: Therefore this order hath **Baptista** ta'en, That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharine the curst have got a husband. 

**Grumio.**

Katharine the curst! A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 

**Hortensio.**

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes, To old **Baptista** as a school-master. 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 unsuspicious court her by herself. 

Enter **Gremio**, and **Lucentio** disguised, with books under his arm. 

**Grumio.**

Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha! 

**Hortensio.**

Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love. 

**Petruchio.**

A proper stripling, and an amorous one! 

[They retire.

**Gremio.**

O! very well! I have perus'd the note. 

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand, And see you read no other lectures to her. You understand me.—Over and beside Signior **Baptista**'s liberality, [too, I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, And let me have them very well perfum'd, For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go. What will you read to her? 

**Lucentio.**

Whate'er 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: Yea, and perhaps with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. 

**Gremio.**

O, this leaning! what a thing it is! 

**Grumio.**

O, this woodcock! what an ass it is! 

**Petruchio.**

Peace, sirrah! 

**Hortensio.**

**Gremio,** mum!—[Coming forward]—God save you, signior **Gremio**! 

**Gremio.**

And you are well met, signior Hortensio. 

Trow you, whither I am going?—To **Baptista** I promis'd to inquire carefully [Minola. About a schoolmaster for the 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 ye. 

**Hortensio.**

'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman 

Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 

A fine musician to instruct our mistress: 

So shall I no whit be behind in duty 

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. 

**Gremio.**

Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove. 

**Grumio.**

And that his bags shall prove. 

**Hortensio.**

**Gremio,** 'tis now no time to vent our love. Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. 

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katharine; Yes, and to marry her, if her dowry please. 

**Gremio.**

So said, so done, is well.— 

**Hortensio,** have you told him all her faults? 

**Petruchio.**

I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. 

**Gremio.**

No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? 

**Petruchio.**

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: 

My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And I do hope good days, and long, to see. 

**Gremio.**

O! sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange; 

But if you have a stomach, to'r O'God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all. 

But will you woo this wild cat? 

**Petruchio.**

**Grumio.**

Will I live? 

**Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.** 

**Petruchio.**

Why came I hither, but to that intent? 

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears? 

Have I not in my time heard lions roar? 

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, Rage like an angry boar, chased with sweat? 

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? 

Have I not in a pitched battle heard [clang! Loud 'larmus, neighting steeds, and trumpets'] And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear, As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 

Tush! tush! I fear boys with bugs. 

**Grumio.**

For he fears none. 

**Hortensio.**

Hark! 

This gentleman is happily arriv'd, 

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours. 

**Hortensio.**

I promis'd we would be contributors, 

And bear his charge of wooling, whatsoever. 

**Gremio.**

And so we will, provided that he win her. 

**Grumio.**

I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.
Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.

Tranio.

Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold, Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest To the house of signior Baptista Minola? [way Biondello.

He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you mean?

Tranio.

Even he, Biondello.

Gremio.

Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—

Tranio.

Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Petruchio.

Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tranio.

I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Lucentio. [Aside.

Well begun, Tranio.

Hortensio.

Sir, a word ere you go. [no? Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or

Tranio.

An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gremio.

No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tranio.

Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free For me, as for you?

Gremio.

But so is not she.

Tranio.

For what reason, I beseech you?

Gremio.

For this reason, if you'll know, That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hortensio.

That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tranio.

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 was 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 Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gremio.

What! this gentleman will out-talk us all. Lucentio.

Sir, give him head: I know, he'll prove a jade.

Petruchio.

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hortensio.

Sir, let me be so bold as ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tranio.

No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two, The one as famous for a scolding tongue, As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Petruchio.

Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gremio.

Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules, And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Katharina.
If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
Enter Baptista.

Baptista.
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?

Katharina.
Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[Flies after Bianca.

Baptista.
What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot 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.

Baptista.
Was ever gentleman thus grief'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in a mean habit:
Petruchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gremio.
Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Baptista.
Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Petruchio.
And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Baptista.
I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gremio.
You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Petruchio.
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 foreign 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 music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Baptista.
You're welcome, sir, and, he, for your good
sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Petruchio.
I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Baptista.
Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Petruchio.
Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Baptista.
I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gremio.
Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backare: you are marvellous forward.

Petruchio.
O I pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gremio.
I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
Of it. To express the like kindness myself, that
have been more kindly beholding 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 music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Baptista.
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?

Tranio.
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 eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
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.

Baptista.
Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tranio.
Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Baptista.
A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [To Hortensio] the lute, and you [To
Lucentio] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within! [Exit

Servant.
Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, 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.

Petruchio.
Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then, tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Baptista.

After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Petruchio.

And, for that reasons, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Baptista.

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Petruchio.

Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-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.

Baptista.

Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Petruchio.

Aye, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Baptista.

How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hortensio.

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Baptista.

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hortensio.

I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Baptista.

Why, then thou can'st not break her to the lute?

Hortensio.

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 fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" with such a heat;
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillar looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler, 
And twanging Jack, and driving twenty such vile
As had she strung to misuse me.

Petruchio.

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench I
Love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Baptista.

Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with your younger daughter:
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Petruchio.

I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say, that she rai; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she crown'd; 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 commend 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 [riad—
When I shall ask the bans, and when be mar-
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Katharina.

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Petruchio.

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 eate; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katharina.

Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you
bether.
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable?

Petruchio.

Why, what's a moveable?

Katharina.

A joint-stool.

Petruchio.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Katharina.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katharina.

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Petruchio.

Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Katharina.

Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio.

Should be? should buzz.

Katharina.

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Petruchio.

O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Katharina.

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Petruchio.

Come, come, you wisp; if faith, you are too angry.
Katharina. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Petruchio. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.
Katharina. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Petruchio. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
Katharina. In his tongue.
Petruchio. Whose tongue?
Katharina. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Petruchio. What shall I with my tongue in your tail? Nay, good Kate, I am a gentleman. (Come again:)
Petruchio. That I'll try. (Striking him)
I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Katharina. So may you lose your arms: If you strike me you are no gentleman, And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Petruchio. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.
Katharina. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Petruchio. A combleess cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Katharina. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Petruchio. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Katharina. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Petruchio. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Katharina. There is, there is.
Petruchio. Then show it me.
Katharina. Had I a glass, I would.
Petruchio. What, what, what is my face?
Katharina. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Petruchio. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Katharina. Yet you are wither'd.
Petruchio. 'Tis with cares.
Katharina. I care not.
Petruchio. Nay, hear you, Kate: In sooth, you 'scape not so.
Katharina. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Petruchio. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and And now I find report a very liar; [ullen,

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, flowers. But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look as-kance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will: Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk: But thou with mildness euerinist thy woors, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig, Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. O! let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt.

Katharina. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Petruchio. Did ever Dian so become a grove, 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.

Katharina. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Petruchio. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

A witty mother! witless else her son.
Petruchio. Am I not wise? 
Katharina. Yes; keep you warm.
Petruchio. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy And therefore, setting all this that awhile, [bed. Thus in plain terms:—your father hath con-
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed And, will you, nill you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; For, by this light, whereby I see thy 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 Kate to a Kate Conformable. as other household Kates. Here comes your father: never make denial; I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio

Baptista. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Petruchio. How but well, Sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Baptista. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your 

Katharina. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you, You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic: A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, That thinks with oaths 'tis face the matter out.
Petruchio. Father, 'tis thus:—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 Grisell, And Roman Lucrece for her chastity; [father, And to conclude, we have 'greed so well to That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory cofers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In Cypress chests my arays, counterpoints, Costly apparel, tents, and canopius.
Fine linen, Turky cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping; then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

That “only” came well in. — Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseillest road —
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Gremio,
Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galleasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these will assure her,
And twice as much, what' er thou offer's next.

Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than I have: —
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own: else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

And may not young men die, as well as old?

Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd. — On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bide to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not.
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

A vengeance on your crafty wether'd hide!
ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Lucentio.

FIDDLER, forbear: you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hortensio

But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then, give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Lucentio.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man?
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hortensio.

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bianca.

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breaching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles:
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hortensio.

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[Lucentio retires.

Bianca.

That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Lucentio.

Where left we last?

Bianca.

Here, madam:

[Hortensio, serving as a waiter.]

Bianca.

Construe them.

Hortensio.

[Aside.]

Bianca.

You have been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bianca.

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hortensio.

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bianca.

Gamut, I am, the ground of all accord;
A re, to pleas Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord;
C flat, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one chief, two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

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.

Bianca.

Farewell, sweet masters, both: I must be gone.

Exeunt Bianca and Servant.

Lucentio.
Lucentio.

"Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay."

[Exit.}

Hortensio.

But I have cause to pry into this pedant: Methinks, he looks as though he were in love. Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble, To cast thy wandering eyes on every state, Set e thee that list: 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, Tranio, Katharine, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day That Katharine and Petruchio should be married. And yet we hear not of our son-in-law. [riled, What will be said? what mockery will it be, To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage? What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? Katharine.

No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be for'd. To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart, Unto a mad-brain rude by, full of spleen; Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at I told you, i. he was a frantic fool, [leisure. Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour; And to be noted for a merry man, [ringle, He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the bands; Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd. Now must the world point at poor Katharine, And say,—'Tis too, there is mad Petruchio's wife, If it would please him come and marry her."

Tranio.

Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too. Upon my life, Petruchio means but well. Whatever fortune stays him from his word: Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise; Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Katharine.

Would Katharine had never seen him though! [Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others. Baptista.

Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep, For such an injury would vex a very saint, Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Blondello.

Blondello.

Master, master! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Baptista.

Is it new and old too? how may that be? Blondello.

Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Baptista. Is he come?

Blondello. Why, no, sir.

Baptista. What then?

Blondello. He is coming.

Baptista. When will he be here?

Blondello. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tranio.

But, say, what to thine old news?

Blondello.

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 t'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old moth saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the flies, stark spoiled with the staggerers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; 'ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with patchthread.

Baptista.

Who comes with him?

Blondello.

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 footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tranio.

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion: Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Baptista.

I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Blondello.

Why, sir, he comes not.

Baptista.

Didst thou not say, he comes?

Blondello. Who? that Petruchio came?

Baptista.

Ay, that Petruchio came.

Blondello.

No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on his back.

Baptista.

Why, that's all one.

Blondello.

Nay, 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.

Petruchio. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Baptista. You are welcome, sir.

Petruchio. And yet I come not well.

Baptista. And yet you hatt not.
Tranio.

Thy degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signor Gremio, came you from the church?

Gremio.

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tranio.

And is the bride, and bridgroom, coming home?

Gremio.

A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tranio.

Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gremio.

Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tranio.

Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gremio.

Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up. [cuff,
This mad-brain'd bridgroom took him such
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tranio.

What said the wench when he arose again?

Gremio.

Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. [and swore,
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—" A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

Enter Pettruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

Pettruchio.

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Baptista.

Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pettruchio.

I must away to-day, before night 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,
TAMING OF THE SHIREW.

ACT III. Sc. 11.

TAMING OF THE SHIREW.

ACT III. Sc. 11.

That have beheld me give away myself
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.

Tranio.
Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Petruichio.
It may not be.

Gremio.
Let me entreat you.

Petruichio.
It cannot be.

Katharina.
Are you content to stay?

Petruichio.
I am content.

Katharina.
I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Katharina.
Now, if you love me. stay.

Petruichio.
Grumio, my horse!

Grumio.
Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Katharina.
Nay, then,
Do what thou canst. I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petruichio.
O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee be not angry,

Katharina.
I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure

Gremio.  
Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Katharina.
Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petruichio.
They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to 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.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare:
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckle thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruichio, Katharina, and Grumio.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruichio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Grumio.
Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters,
And all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten?
Was ever man so razed? Was ever man so weary?
I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curtis.
Who is that, calls so coldly?

Grumio.
A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curtis.
Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grumio.
O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.

Curtis.
Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Grumio.
She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curtis.
Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Grumio.
TAMING OF THE SHERW.

Grumio.

Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curtis.

I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Grumio.

A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curtis.

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Grumio.

Why, "Jack boy! ho boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curtis.

Come, you are so full of conycatching.—

Grumio.

Why therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curtis.

All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Grumio.

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

How?

Grumio.

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curtis.

Let's ha'nt, good Grumio.

Grumio.

Lend thine ear.

Curtis.

Here.

Grumio.

There.

Curtis.

This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grumio.

And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: \textit{Imprimis}, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curtis.

Both of one horse?

Grumio.

What's that to thee?

Curtis.

Why, a horse.

Grumio.

Tell thou the tale:—but hast thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curtis.

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grumio.

Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, 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?

Curtis.

They are.

Grumio.

Call them forth.

Curtis.

Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Grumio.

Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curtis.

Who knows not that?

Grumio.

Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curtis.

I call them forth to credit her.

Grumio.

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several 	extit{Servants}.

Nathaniel.

Welcome home, Grumio.

Philip.

How now, Grumio?

Joseph.

What, Grumio?

Nicholas.

Fellow Grumio!

Nathaniel.

How now, old lad?

Grumio.

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?

Nathaniel.

All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio.

E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Petruchio.

Where be these knaves? What I no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Servants.

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Petruchio.

Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. Sc. 1.

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?— Where is the foolish knife I sent before?—

Gruchio.

Here, sir; as foolish as I was before. —

Petruchio.

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge! Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along those rascal knaves with thee? —

Gruchio.

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpin'd at the heel; There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

[Gregory ; There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; [you. Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet Petruchio.

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants. "Where is the life that late I led".—

Where are those?—Sit down, Kate, and wel-Soud, soud, soud, soud! [comn.

Re-enter Servants, with supper. Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry, [when? Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, "It was the friar of orders grey, As he forth walked on his way:"

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot away: Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[Strikes him. Be merry, Kate;—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Enter Servant, with water. Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence, And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit Servant. One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with,—

Water? Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some A bason is presented to him. Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain I will let it fall? —

[Strikes him. Katharina.

I'attience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Petruchio.

A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-eared knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. —

[1?— Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall What's this? mutton? —

1 Servant. Ay.

Petruchio. Who brought it? I Servant. I. Petruchio. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook? How dare 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. at them. You heedless jolheads, and unmanner'd slaves! What do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Katharina.

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: The meat was well, if you were so contented. Petruchio.

I tell thee. Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away, And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choleric, planteth anger; And better 'twere, that both of us did fast, Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended, And for this night we'll fast for company, Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.


Peter, didst ever see the like? Peter. He kills her in her own humour. Re-enter Curtis. Grumio. Where is he? Curtis. In her chamber, Making a sermon of continency to her: [soul, And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor 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. —

[Exit. Re-enter Petruchio. Petruchio. Thus have I politicly begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end successfully. My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty, And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'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 watch her, as we watch these kites, That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient. She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not: As with the meat, some undeserved 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 sheet:—

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, 'twill rai, and brawl, And with the clamour keep her still awake. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour. He that knows better how to tame a shrew, Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew. —

Blanca.
What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Lucentio.
I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Blanca.
And may you prove, sir, master of your art! 
Lucentio.
While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[They retire.]
Hortensio.
[Coming forward.
Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tranio.
O, despitful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hortensio.
Mistake no more: I am Sir Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scornt to live in this disguise,
For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a calfion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tranio.
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,
Forwear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hortensio.
See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Her.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court
Hortensio.
Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn! 
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere 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 Bianca advance.]
Tranio.
Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case! 
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.
Blanca.
Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?
Tranio.
Mistress, we have.
Lucentio.
Then we are rid of Licio.
Tranio.
I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tranio.

Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Pedant.

I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tranio.

He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Biondello. [Aside.

As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tranio.

To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do for your sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
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.

Pedant.

O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tranio.

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
'Twixt me and one Baptistita's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Grumio.

No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Katharina.

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But, I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio.

What say you to a neat's foot?

Katharina.

'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grumio.

I fear, it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Katharina.

I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio.

I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Katharina.

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio.

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Katharina.

Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grumio.

Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard or else you get no beef of Grumio. [tard, Katharina.

Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio.

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Katharina.

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

Grumio.

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 Pettruchio with a dish of meat, and Hortensio.

Petruchio.

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hortensio.

Mistress, what cheer?

Katharina.

'Faith, as cold as can be.

Petruchio.

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[Sets the dish on a table.

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.

Katharina.

I pray you, let it stand.

Petruchio.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Katharina.

I thank you, sir.

Hortensio.

Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Petruchio.

[Aside.

Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me:
[To her.] 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 coats, and caps, and golden rings.
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and:
With bravery,
With scars, and fans, and double change of
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this

Knavery,

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
TAMING OF THE SKEW.

Act 1. Sc. 3.
Enter Haberdasher.

Petruchio.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir? Haberdasher.

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Petruchio.

Why, this was moulded on a perringer; A velvet duff:—see, see! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell, A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap; Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Katharina.

I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time; And gentilwomen wear such caps as these.

Petruchio.

When you are gentle, you shall have one too; And not till then.

Hortensio. [Aside]

That will not be in haste.

Katharina.

Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, And speak I will: I am no child, no babe.

Your betters have endure'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, Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Petruchio.

Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.

O, mercy, God! what making stuff is here? What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon: What! up and down, carr'd like an apple-tart? Here's sup, and nip, and cut, and slish, and Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—[slash, Why, what, o devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?]

Hortensio. [Aside]

I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tailor.

You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion, and the time.

Petruchio.

Marry, and do; 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.

Katharina.

I never saw a better fashion'd gown, More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Petruchio.

Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor.

She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Petruchio.

O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou

Petruchio.

Thou blind, thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail; "Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—"--

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?

Away I thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant, Or I shall so be mete with thy yard, As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest. I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.

Tailor.

Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made Just as my master bid direction. Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grumio.

I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tailor.

But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio.

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tailor.

But did you not request to have it cut?

Grumio.

Thou hast faced many things.

Tailor.

I have.

Grumio.

Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tailor.

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Petruchio.

Read it.

Grumio.

The note lies in'thoat, if he say I said so.

"Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown." Grumio.

Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Petruchio.

Proceed.

Tailor.

"With a small compassed cape."

Grumio.

I confess the cape.

Tailor.

"With a trunk sleeve."

Grumio.

I confess two sleeves.

Tailor.

"The sleeves curiously cut."

Petruchio.

Ay, there's the villainy.

Grumio.

Error i'the bill, sir: error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tailor.

This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Grumio.

I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hortensio.

Grumio. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Petruchio.

Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Grumio.
You are 't the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Petruchio.
Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grumio.

Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Petruchio.

Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grumio.

O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Petruchio. [Aside.

Hortensio, say wilt thou see the tailor paid. —

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hortensio.

Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow: Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.

Petruchio.

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peareth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jury more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Katharina.

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Petruchio.

It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone: I will not go to-day; and ere I do, it shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hortensio.

Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt.


Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vi
cen
tio.

Tranio.

Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call?

Pedant.

Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa.

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tranio.

'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Pedant.

I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your 'Twere good, he were school'd. [boy;

Tranio.

Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:

Imagine 'twere the right Vincenio.

Biondello.

Tut! fear not me.

Tranio.

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Biondello.

I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tranio.

Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.—

I pray you, stand good, and father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Pedant.

Soft, son!—

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 bear'st 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 I, upon some agreement,

Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Baptista.

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say: [well:
Your plainness, and your shortness please me
Right true it is, your son Lucentio, here;

Dost 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 dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tranio.

I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en, [best,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Baptista.

Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tranio.

Then at my lodging, as it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.

Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thu and slender pittance.

Baptista.

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 how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Lucentio.
I pray the gods she may with all my heart！

Tranio.
Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signor Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Baptista.

I follow you.

[Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.

Biondello.

Cambio! —

Lucentio.

What say'st thou, Biondello?

Biondello.
You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Lucentio.

Biondello, what of that?

Lucentio.

Facebook nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning of moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio.
I pray thee, moralize them

Biondello.

Then thus. Baptist is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Lucentio.

And what of him?

Biondello.
His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

And then? —

Biondello.
The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio.

And what of all this?

Biondello.
I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, cum privilegio ad imprimentum solam. To the church! — take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Lucentio.

Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Biondello.

I cannot marry: I knew a wenches married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so creeke, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

Lucentio.

I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be please d, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: it shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.

SCENE V. A public road.

Enter Petrucho, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Petrucho.

Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's. [moon.

Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the

Katharina.
The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Petrucho.

I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katharina.

I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petrucho.

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, it shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house. —
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.

Hortensio.

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Katharina.

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, and be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush candle, henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Petrucho.

I say, it is the moon.

Katharina.

I know, it is the moon.

Petrucho.

Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Katharina.

Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun; but sun it is not, when you say it is not. And the moon changes, even as your mind. What you will have it nam'd, even that it is; and so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hortensio.

Petrucho, go thy ways: the field is won.

Petrucho.

Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should and not unluckily against the bias. — [run, but soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.

[To Vincentio.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? —
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? Such war of white and red within her cheeks! What stars do spangle heaven 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.

Hortensio.

' A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Katharina.

Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet.
Whither away, or where is thy abode? Happy the parents of so fair a child; happier the man, whom favourable stars allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Petrucho.

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 be he.

Katharina.

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.
Petruchio.
Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travell'st: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio.
Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, [me,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
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.

Vincentio.
What is his name?

Petruchio.
Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverence 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 beseen
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.

Vincentio:
But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hortensio.
I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Petruchio.
Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first erramient hath made thee jealous.
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.

Hortensio.
Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[Exit.

ACT V

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.

Biondello.
SOFTLY and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Lucentio.
I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore leave us.

Biondello.
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 Biondello.

Gremio.
I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Petruchio.
Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:

My father's bears more toward the marketplace;
This is I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vincentio.
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.

Gremio.
They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Pedant.
What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vincentio.
Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant.
He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vincentio.
What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Pedant.
Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Petruchio.
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.

Pedant.
Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vincentio.
Art thou his father?

Pedant.
Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio.
Why, how now, gentleman! [To Vincentio.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pedant.
Lay hands on the villain. I believe, a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Biondello.
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.

Vincentio.
Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing Biondello.

Biondello.
I hope I may choose, sir.

Vincentio.
Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Biondello.
Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vincentio.
What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Biondello.
What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vincentio.
Vincentio.

Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.

Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.

Pedant.

Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit, from the window.

Petrucho.

Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tranio.

Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vincentio.

What am I, sir? Nay, what are 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.

Tranio.

How now! what's the matter?

Baptista.

What is the man lunatic?

Tranio.

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vincentio.

Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Baptista.

You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vincentio.

His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Pedant.

Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vincentio.

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, where is my son Lucentio?

Tranio.

Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. — Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vincentio.

Carry me to the jail! 

Gremio.

Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Baptista.

Talk not, signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gremio.

Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be connived in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Pedant.

Swear, if thou darest.

Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tranio.

Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gremio.

Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Tranio.

Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vincentio.

Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O, monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello with Lucentio, and Bianca.

Biondello.

O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Lucentio.

Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vincentio.


Bianca.

Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.

Baptista.

How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Lucentio.

Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eye.

Gremio.

Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vincentio.

Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Baptista.

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bianca.

Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Lucentio.

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss. What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to, Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vincentio.

I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Baptista. [To Lucentio.

But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vincentio.

Fear not. Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy.

[Exit.

Baptista.

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Lucentio.

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Gremio.

My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

Petruchio
Petruchio and Katharina advance.
Katharina.

Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.
Petruchio.

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
Katharina.

What, in the midst of the street?
Petruchio.

What! art thou ashamed of me?
Katharina.

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.
Petruchio.

Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.
Katharina.

Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Petruchio.

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 Pedani, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Blindilio, Grunto, and others, attending.

Lucentio.

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.— My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thee. — Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina.— And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house: My banquet is to close our stomachs up, After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;

[They sit at table.]
Petruchio.

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! Baptista.

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Petruchio.

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hortensio.

For both our sakes I would that word were true.
Petruchio.

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Widow.

Then, never trust me, if I be afraid.
Petruchio.

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense: I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.
Widow.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Petruchio.

Roundly replied.
Katharina.

Mistress, how mean you that?
Widow.

Thus I conceive by him.
Petruchio.

Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hortensio.

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Petruchio.

Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.
Katharina.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:— I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Widow.

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe. And now you know my meaning.
Katharina.

A very mean meaning.
Widow. Right, I mean you.
Katharina.

And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Petruchio.

To her, Kate! Hortensio.

To her, widow! Petruchio.

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hortensio.

That's my office.
Petruchio.

Spoke like an officer:—Ha! to thee, lad. [Drinks to Hortensio. Baptista.

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks? Gremio.

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bianca.

Head and butt? an hasty-witted body [horn. Would say, your head and butt were head and
Vincenzo.

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bianca.

Ay, but not frighted me; therefore, I'll sleep again.
Petruchio.

Nay, that you shall not; since you have Have at you for a better jest or two. [begun,
Bianca.

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow.— You are welcome all.
[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow. Petruchio. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio; This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not: Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tranio.

O sir! Lucentio slip'd me, like his greyhound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Petruchio.

A good swift simile, but something curriish.
Tranio.

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself: 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Baptista.

O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Lucentio.

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hortensio.

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Petruchio.
Petruchio.

'Tis in my young mistress' power to make a man a fool.

[Exit Gymio.]

Hortensio.

I know her answer.

Petrucho.

What?

Petrucho.

She will not.

Petrucho.

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharina.

Baptista.

Now, by my holdaine, here comes Katharina!

Katharina.

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Petrucho.

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Katharina.

They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Petrucho.

Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, swing me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.

Lucentio.

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Petrucho.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life;

An awful rule, and right supremacy; [happy.

And, to be short, what not that sweet and

Baptista.

Now fair befall 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.

Petrucho.

Nay, I will win my wager better yet, And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

See, where she comes and brings your froward wives As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Widow.

Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bianca.

Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Lucentio.

I would, your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, [time Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper—

Bianca.

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Petrucho.

Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow.

Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Petrucho.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act v. Sc. ii.

Petruchio.

Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

She shall not.

Petruchio.

I say, she shall:—and first begin with her.

Katharina.

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do 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-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign 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,
Whilst thoulest 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 oweth 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 ashamed, 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,
Weak, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt 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,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
Then vail 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.

Petruchio.

Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Lucentio.

Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vincenzo.

'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Lucentio.

But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Petruchio.

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—We three are married, but you two are spred.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white:
And, being a winner, God give you good night.

[Exeunt Petruhio and Katharina.

Hortensio.

Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Lucentio.

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[Exeunt.
ACT I.

SCENE I. Roussillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafieu, all in black.

Countess. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Bertram. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death once; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Lafieu. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, most 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.

Countess. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Lafieu. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Countess. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that had I how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched 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 the death of the king's disease.

Lafieu. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Countess. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—Gerard de Narbon.

Lafieu. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Bertram. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Lafieu. A fistula, my lord.

Bertram. I heard not of it before.

Lafieu. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Countess. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Lafieu. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Countess. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrow...
sorrows 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.

I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it
too.

Lafeu.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Countess.

If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess
makes it soon mortal.

Bertram.

Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Lafeu.

How understand we that?

Countess.

Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy
father
In manners, as in shape: thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
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 friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven
more will,
[down,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
Pleas from thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Lafeu.

Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the
credit of your father.

Helena.

O, were that all! — I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance
more
[like? Than those I shed for him. What was he
I have forgot him: — my imagination.
Carries no favour in't 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 think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a
To see him every hour; to sit and draw [plague,
His arched brows, his hawk-like eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and turn of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his
And yet I know him a notorious liar, [sake,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely
bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Parolles.

Save you, fair queen.

Helena.

And you, monarch.

Parolles.

No.

Helena.

And no.

Parolles.

Are you meditating on virginity?

Helena.

Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you,
Love: and it is a question: man is enemy to
virginity; how may we barricado it against
him?

Parolles.

Keep him out.

Helena.

But he assails; and our virginity, though
valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to
us some warlike resistance.

Parolles.

There is none: man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

Helena.

Bless our poor virginity from underminders,
and blowers up! — Is there no military policy,
how virgins might blow up men?

Parolles.

Virginy being blown down, man will quick-
licher 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. Loss of
virginity is rational increase; and there was
never virgin got, till virginity was first lost.
That you were made of is metal to make virgins.
Virginy, by being once lost, may be ten times
found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis
too cold a companion: away with't.

I will stand for't a little, though therefore I
die a virgin.

Parolles.

There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the
rule of nature. To speak on the part of vir-

ginity 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 offends against nature. Vir-

ginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; con-
sumes itself to the very paring, and 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 by't. Out
with't: within ten years it will make itself ten,
which is a goodly increase, and the principal
itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Helena.

How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own
liking?

Parolles.

Let me see: marry, ill; to like him that
ne'er 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
the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unseemly: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Helena.

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 traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptive christendoms, That blinking Cupid goossip. Now shall he— I know not what he shall:—God send him well!— The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Parolles.

What one, sir?—

Helena.

That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Parolles.

What's pity?—

Helena.

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 Returns us thanks. [never

Enter a Page. Page.

Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [Exit Page.

Parolles.

Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Helena.

Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Parolles.

Under Mars, I.

Helena.

I especially think, under Mars.

Parolles.

Why under Mars?—

Helena.

The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Parolles.

When he was predominant.

Helena.

When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Parolles.

Why think you so?

Helena.

You go so much backward, when you fight.

Parolles.

That's for advantage.

Helena.

So is running away, 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.

Parolles.

I am so full of 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 what advice shall thrust upon thee; 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. [Exit.

Helena.

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 Senoys are by th' ears; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

First Lord.

So 'tis reported, sir.

King.

Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria. With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

First Lord.

His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For amplest 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.

Second Lord.

It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and exploit.

King.

What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafau, and Parolles.

First Lord.

It is the count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King.

Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Bertram.
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 tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. 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 unmot'd,
Ere they can hide their levity in hon'r:
So like a courtier, contemp't nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awoke'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue ob'ed his hand: who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
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 goers backward.

Bertram.
His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approv'd lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King.
Would I were with him! He would always
say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,) — "Let me not live,"
This 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 senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments
Are of stancies
Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
Expire before their fashions." — This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolv'd from my live,
To give some labourers room.

Second Lord.
You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King.
I fill a place, I know't. — How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Bertram.
Some six months since, my lord.

King.
If he were living, I would try him yet:
Lend me an arm: — the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Bertram.
Thank your majesty. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III. Roussillon. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Countess.
I will now hear: what say you of this gentle-
woman?

Steward.
Madam, the care I have had to even your
content, I wish might be found in the calendar
of my past endeavours; for then we wound our
modesty, and make soul the clearness of our
deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Countess.
What does this knave here? Get you gone,
sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do
not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do not;
for I know you lack not folly to commit them,
and have ability enough to make such knaveries
yours.

Clown.
'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor
fellow.

Countess.
Well, sir.

Clown.
No, madam; '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, Isbel, the woman, and I will do as we
may.

Countess.
Will thou needs be a beggar?

Clown.
I do beg your good-will in this case.

Countess.
In what case?

Clown.
In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no
heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the
blessing of God, till I have issue of my body, for
they say, barns are blessings.

Countess.
Tell me thy reason, why thou wilt marry.

Clown.
My poor body, madam, requires it: I am
driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go,
that the devil drives.

Countess.
Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown.
Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such
as they are.

Countess.
May the world know them?

Clown.
I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as
you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I
do marry that I may repent.

Countess.
Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown.
I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to
have friends for my wife's sake.

Countess.
Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown.
You are shallow, madam; 'tis great friends;
for the knaves come to do that for me, which I
am a- weary of. He, that cares my land, spares
my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if
I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that
comforts
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I Sc 3.
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: ergo he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charmian the puritan, and old Pogson the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer in the herd.

**Countess.**

Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calum- nious knave?

**Clown.**

A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:—

For I the blind shall repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

**Countess.**

Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

**Steward.**

May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

**Countess.**

Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

**Clown.**

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was 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 mine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good.
There's yet one good in ten.

**Countess.**

What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

**Clown.**

One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

**Countess.**

You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

**Clown.**

That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty 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 to come hither. [Exit.]

**Countess.**

Well, now.

**Steward.**

I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

**Countess.**

Faith, I do; her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

**Steward.**

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 sense. Her matter was, she loved your son; fortune, she said, was no goddes, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, since thou in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

**Countess.**

You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Fray you, I leave me: till this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you farther anon.

[Exit Steward.]

**Enter Helena.**

**Countess.**

What is your pleasure, madam?

**Countess.**

You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

**Helena.**

Mine honourable mistress.

**Countess.**

Nay, a mother.

**Helena.**

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother, That you start at? I say, I am your mother, And put you in the catalogue of Those that were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care.— God's mercy, maiden! does it curb thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd tri's, rounds thine eye?— Why, that you are my daughter?

**Helena.**

That I am not.

**Countess.**

I say, I am your mother.

**Helena.**

Pardon, madam; The count Rousillon cannot be my brother, I am from humble, he from honour'd name; No note upon 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.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  ACT I. Sc. III.

Countess.  Nor I your mother?

Helena.  You are my mother, madam; would you were
For so that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother! — or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister.  Can't no other,
But, your daughter, he must be my brother?

Countess.  Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and
mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness; Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis
You love my son; invention is asham'd, [gross,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so: — for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it; only sin,
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue.
That truth should be suspected. Speak, ia't so?
If it be so, you have won a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't! how'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Helena.  Good madam, pardon me.

Countess.  Do you love my son?

Helena.  Your pardon, noble mistress,

Love you my son?

Helena.  Do not you love him, madam?

Countess.  Go not about: my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appreh'd.

Helena. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That here you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this capious and intemible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his 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 cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chasetly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O! 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 to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Countess.  Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Helena.  Madam, I had.

Countess.  Wherefore? tell true.

Helena.  I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedful's 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 whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Countess.  This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Helena.  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.

Countess.  But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they
credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Helena.  There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified [honour
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would you
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Countess.  Dost thou believe it?

Helena.  Ay, madam, knowingly.

Countess.  Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and
love,
Means, 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, Par-
roles, and Attendants.

King.  Farewell, young lords: these warlike
principles

Do
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

First Lord.
'Tis our hope, sir, after well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King.
No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady [lords;]
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questants shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

Second Lord.
Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King.
Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both.
Our hearts receive your warnings.

King.
Farewell. Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.

First Lord.
O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind
us!

Parolles.
'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Second Lord.
O, 'tis brave wars!

Parolles.
Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Bertram.
I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too early.'

Parolles.
An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Bertram.
I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll steal away.

First Lord.
There's honour in the theft.

Parolles.
Commit it, count.

Second Lord.
I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Bertram.
I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord.
Farewell, captain.

Second Lord.
Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Parolles.
Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:
you shall find in the regiment of the spirit:
one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem

of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live,
and observe his reports for me.

Second Lord.
We shall, noble captain. [Exeunt Lords.

Parolles.
Mars dote on you for his novices!—What will you do?

Bertram.
Stay; the king—

Parolles.
Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time: there do mustard true gait; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Bertram.
And I will do so.

Parolles.
Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

Lafeu.
Pardon, my Lord, [Kneeling.] for me and for my tidings.

King.
I'll see thee to stand up.

Lafeu.
Then here's a man stands, that has brought
his pardon. [mercy.
I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King.
I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Lafeu.
Goodfaith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis
Will you be out'd of your infirmity? [thus;

King.
No.

Lafeu.
O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could teach them. I have seen
A medicine that's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple
Is powerful to raise king Pepsis, say, [touch
To give great Charlemaine a pan'd in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King.
What her is this?

Lafeu.
Why, doctor she! My lord, there's one ar-
riv'd, [honour.
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and
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 constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see
her? [ness?
(For that is her demand) and know her busi-
That done, laugh well at me.

King.
Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.
Lafeu. Nay, I'll fit you, [Exit Lafeu.
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.
Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.
Lafeu. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings, indeed.
Lafeu. 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 Orestes' uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well.
[Exit.
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Helena. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
In what he did profess well found. [my father;]
King. I knew him.
Helena. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up as a triple eye;
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein 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 care:
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The conjured college haves concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inanimate estate, I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to disiever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Helena. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humblly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou 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.
Helena. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation falls, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Helena. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But mort it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Helena. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Molt Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?
Helena. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try.
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Helena. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die: [see;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Helena. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
Helena. Then shalt thou give me with thy kindly hand
What husband in thy power I will command;
Exempted...
SCENE II. Rosaline. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Countess. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Countess. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off’s cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all me.

Countess. Marry, that’s a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber’s chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quach-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Countess. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib’s rush for Tom’s fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail 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 pudding to his skin.

Countess. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Countess. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a tribe neither, in good faith. If the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to’t: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Countess. 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?

Clown. O Lord, sir!—there’s a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Countess. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Countess. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to’t, I warrant you.

Countess. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Countess. Do you cry, “O Lord, sir!” at your whipping, and “spare not me?” Indeed, your “O Lord, sir,” is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to’t.

Clown. I ne’er had worse luck in my life, in my—“O Lord, sir.” I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Countess. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—why, there’t serves well again.

Countess. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: 

Commend me to my kinemen, and my son. This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Countess. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Countess. Haste you again.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III. Paris. A Room in the King’s Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Lafeu. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make tribes of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Parolles. Why, ’tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Bertram. And so ’tis.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  ACT II.  SC. III.

Lafeu.  To be relinquished of the artists,—
Parolles.
So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Lafeu.  Of all the learned and authentic follows,—
Parolles.
Right; so I say.
Lafeu.  That gave him out incurable,—
Parolles.
Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
Lafeu.  Not to be helped,—
Parolles.
Right; as 'twere a man assured of an—
Lafeu.
Uncertain life, and sure death.
Parolles.
Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Lafeu.  I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Parolles.
It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,
you shall read it in,—what do you call there?—
Lafeu.  A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Parolles.
That's it I would have said; the very same.
Lafeu.  Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'tis of me, I
speak in respect—
Parolles.
Nay, 'tis strange; 'tis very strange, that is the
brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most
facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to
be the—
Lafeu.  Very hand of heaven.
Parolles.
Ay, so I say.
Lafeu.  In a most weak—
Parolles.
And debile minister, great power, great trans-
scendence; which should, indeed, give us a
further use to be made, than alone the recovery
of the king, as to be—
Lafeu.  Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.
Parolles.
I would have said it; you say well. Here
comes the king.
Lafeu.  Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a
maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my
head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.
Parolles.
Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?
Lafeu.  'Fore God, I think so.

King.
Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[Exit an Attendant.
SIT, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promises'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.
Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's
I have to use; thy frank election make. [voice
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake.
Helena.
To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Falli, when love pleaseth—marry, to each, but
one.
Lafeu.  I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture, [boys,
My mouth no more were broken than these
And writ as little beard.
King.
Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Helena.
Gentlemen, [health.
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to
All.
We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Helena.
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, be
refus'd;
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:
We'll ne'er come there again."

King.
Make choice: and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.
Helena.
Now Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high, [suits?
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my
First Lord.
And grant it.
Helena.
Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Lafeu.
I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace for my life.
Helena.
The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!
Second Lord.
No better, if you please.
Helena.  My wish receive,
Which great Love grant it and so I take my
leave.
Lafeu.
Do all they deny her? An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send
them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.
Helena.  [To Third Lord.
Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Lafeu.
These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
her:
her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Helena.
You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord.
Fair one, I think not so.

Lafeu.
There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Helena. [To Bertram.
I dare not say, I take you; but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King.
Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Bertram.
My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King.
Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Bertram.
Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King.
Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Bertram.
But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your 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 over ever!

'Tis only title thou disdain'st 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 she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the door's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a droptied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property 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 scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honour's thrive.
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. 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 canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth from me.

Bertram.
I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

国王:
但你不必这样反对我，如果我应该挑选

海伦娜.
你太年轻，太快乐，太好了，
你不应使自己成为我的儿子。

第四幕．
好孩子，我想不是这样。

拉费．
你，我的陛下？我会请求你的恩典，
在这样的事情中让我使用我的眼睛。

国王．
你知道吗，伯特兰，
她为我做了什么？

伯特兰．
是的，我的好主人，
但不要希望知道我为什么要娶她。

国王．
你知道她，她使我不健康。

伯特兰．
但随着它，我的主人，把我带下去
必须为你的抚养而回答吗？我知道她。
她得到了她父亲的抚育。
一个贫穷的医生的女儿我的妻子？—蔑视
同样是美德，（除去你不喜欢的，
一个贫穷医生的女儿）你不喜欢
对名称的美德；但不要这样做：
从最低的地方美德事情继续，
位置被门口的行为所提升：
伟大的增加膨胀了，美德没有，
它是一种跌落的荣誉：好本身
是好的，没有名称；没有美德是这样：
财产由什么它应该去，
而不是标题。她是年轻的，聪明的，美丽的；
在这些向自然她是直接的继承者，
和这些产生荣誉：这是荣誉的耻辱，
这挑战自己作为荣誉的诞生，
而且不像父亲：荣誉繁荣。当
而不是从我们的行动我们使它们产生
而不是我们的前辈。这个词是奴隶，
放荡在每一座墓上；在每一座坟墓，
一个谎言的奖杯，而且是常常是哑巴，
在灰尘，和可鄙的遗忘，是墓
荣誉的骨头的确。应该说什么？
如果你能像这样对待她像对待女仆，
我可以被创造的其余：美德，和她
是她自己的财宝；荣誉，和财富是我。

伯特兰．
我不能爱她，也不会努力去做。
Lafeu.

To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Parolles.

You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Lafeu.

I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Parolles.

What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Lafeu.

I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of so great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Parolles.

Hast thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Lafeu.

Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hell! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Parolles.

My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Lafeu.

Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Parolles.

I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Lafeu.

Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Parolles.

Well, I shall be wiser.

Lafeu.

E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarfs and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default he is a man I know.

Parolles.

My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Lafeu.

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.

Parolles.

Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! — Well, I must be patient; there is no lettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter Lafeu.

Lafeu.

Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Parolles.

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.

Lafeu.

Who? God?

Parolles.

Ay, sir.

Lafeu.

The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter 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 honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee; methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Parolles.

This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Lafeu.

Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more sucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[Exit.]

Enter Bertram.

Parolles.

Good, very good; it is so then: — good, very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

Bertram.

Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Parolles.

What is the matter, sweet heart？

Bertram.

Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her.

Parolles.

What! what, sweet heart?

Bertram.

O, my Parolles, they have married me! —

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Parolles.

France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Bertram.

There's letters from my mother: what the I know not yet.

Parolles.

[Import is,

Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy ! to the wars! He wears his honour in a box, unseen.

That hogs his kicky-wicky here at home, Spending his manly marble in his arms.

Which should sustain the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades; Therefore, to the war!

Bertram.

It shall be so: I'll send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the king That which I durst not speak. His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields, Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Parolles.

Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Bertram.
ACT II. SC. V.  ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  303

Bertram.
Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Parolles.
Why, these balls bound; there’s noise in it;
’tis hard.
A young man married is a man that’s marr’d:
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! ’tis so.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.  The same.  Another Room in the same.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Helena.
My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clown.
She is not well; but yet she has her health:
she’s very merry; but yet she is not well: but
thanks be given, she’s very well, and wants
nothing I’ the world; but yet she is not well.

Helena.
If she be very well, what does she all, that
she’s not very well?

Clown.
Truly, she’s very well indeed, but for two things.

Helena.
What two things?

Clown.
One, that she’s not in heaven, whither God
send her quickly! the other, that she’s in earth,
from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Parolles.
Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Helena.
I hope, sir, I have your good will to have
mine own good fortunes.

Parolles.
You had my prayers to lead them on; and to
keep them on, have them still.—O, my knife! How
does my old lady?

Clown.
So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,
I would she did as you say.

Parolles.
Why, I say nothing.

Clown.
Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a
man’s tongue shaves 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 title, which is within a very little of no-
thing.

Parolles.
Away I thou’rt a knave.

Clown.
You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou’rt a knave; that is, before me thou’rt a
knave: this had been truth, sir.

Parolles.
Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clown.
Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you
taught to find me? The search, sir, was profit-
able; and much fool may you find in you, even
to the world’s pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Parolles.
A good knave, I’ faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he does ac-
knowledge,
But puts it off to a compell’d restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time
To make the coming hour o’erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Helena.
What’s his will else?

Parolles.
That you will take your instant leave o’ the king,
[Ing.
And make this haste as your own good proceed-
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Helena.
What more commands he?

Parolles.
That having this obtain’d, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Helena.
In every thing I wait upon his will.

Parolles.
I shall report it so.

Helena.
I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.  Another Room in the same.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Lafeu.
But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

Bertram.
Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Lafeu.
You have it from his own deliverance.

Bertram.
And by other warranted testimony.

Lafeu.
Then my dial goes not true.  I took this lark
for a bunting.

Bertram.
I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Lafeu.
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 to repent.  Here he comes.  I pray you,
make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Parolles.  [To Bertram.
These things shall be done, sir.

Lafeu.
Pray you, sir, who’s his tailor?

Parolles.
SIR?

Lafeu.
O! I know him well.  Ay, sir; he, sir, is a
good workman, a very good tailor.

Bertram. [Aside to Parolles.
Is she gone to the king?

Parolles.
She is.

Bertram.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT II. Sc. v

Bertram. 
Will she away to-night?
Parolles.
As you'll have her.
Bertram. 
I have writ my letters, casked my treasure, 
Given order for our horses; and to-night, 
When I should take possession of the bride, 
End, ere I do begin.

Lafau. 
A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothingst with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Bertram. 
Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?
Parolles. 
I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Lafau. 
You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs all, like him that leaped into the custard: and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Bertram. 
It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Lafau. 
And shall so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there 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 natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

Parolles. 
An idle lord, I swear.
Bertram. 
I think so.
Parolles. 
Why, do you not know him?
Bertram. 
Yes, I do know him well; and common speech 
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Helena. 
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.

Bertram. 
I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, 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 shows 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, 
I leave you to your wisdom.

Helena. 
Sir, I can nothing say 
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Bertram. 
Come, come, no more of that.

Helena. 
And ever shall 
With true observance seek to eke out that, 
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fall'd 
To equal my great fortune.

Bertram. 
My haste is very great. Farewell: he home.

Helena. 
Pray, sir, your pardon.

Bertram. 
Well, what would you say?

Helena. 
I am not worthy of the wealth I owe; 
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is, 
But, like a timorous thief, most fall would steal 
What law does vouch mine own.

Bertram. 
What would you have?

Helena. 
Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.

[ Faith, yes:— ]

I would not tell you what I would, my lord— 
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Bertram. 
I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Helena. 
I shall not break your bidding, good my lord. 
Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell.

[EXEUCT.

Parolles. 
Bravely, coraggio! 

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence attended by 
two Frenchmen and Soldiers.

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 thirsts after.

First Lord. 
Holy seems the quarrel 
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful 
On the opposer.

Duke. 
Therefore we marvel much our cousin France 
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom 
Against our borrowing prayers.

French Envoy. 
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 fall
As often as I guess'd.

Duke,
Be it his pleasure.

French Gentleman.

But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeits on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke.
Welcome shall they be.
And all the honours that can fly from us [well;
Shall on them settle. You know your places
When better fall, for your avails they fail].
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit.

SCENE II. Roussillon. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Countess.
It hath happened all as I would have had it,
save that he comes not along with her.

Clown.
By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Countess.
By what observance, I pray you?

Clown.
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.

Countess.
Let me see what he writes, and when he
Means to come. [Opening a letter.

Clown.
I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court.
Our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are
Nothing 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.

Countess.
What have we here?

Clown.
E'en that you have there. [Exit. Countess.

[Reads.]  "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath
Recovered the king, and undone me. I have
Wedded her, 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 please his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a mald, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clown.
O madam! yonder is heavy news within, be-
tween two soldiers and my young lady.

Countess.
What is the matter?

Clown.
Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some

comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as
I thought he would.

Countess.
Why should he be kill'd?

Clown.
So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he
does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the
loss of men, though it be 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 French Gentlemen.

French Envoy.
Save you, good madam.

Helena.
Madam, my lord is gone; for ever gone.

French Gentleman.
Do not say so.

Countess.
Think upon patience. — '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 unt' to: — where is my son, I
Pray you?

French Gentleman.
Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Flo-
rence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despact in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Helena.
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 ne-
ver."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Countess.
Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

French Envoy.
Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
Pains.

Countess.
I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'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?

French Gentleman.
Ay, madam.

Countess.
And to be a soldier?

French Gentleman.
Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Countess.
Return you thither?

French Envoy.
Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Helena. [Reads.]
"Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France."

'Tis bitter.

Countess.
COUNTESS.

Find you that there?

Helena.

Ay, madam.

FRENCH ENVOY.

'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, Which his heart was not consenting to.

COUNTESS.

Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

FRENCH ENVOY.

A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

COUNTESS.

Parolles, was it not?

FRENCH ENVOY.

Ay, my good lally, he.

COUNTESS.

A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness. My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

FRENCH ENVOY.

Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that too much, Which holds him much to have.

COUNTESS.

Y'are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

We serve you, madam, In that and all your worshipful affairs.

COUNTESS.

Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near? [Exeunt Countess and French Gentlemen.

HELENA.

"Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France; Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air, That rings with piercing, do not touch my lord! Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the caffiff that do hold him to it; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effect'd. Better twere, I met the ravin lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger; better twere That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon, Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all: I will be gone. My being here it is that holds the hence. Shall I say here to do't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels of't all: I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight, To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day; For with the dark poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Lords, Officers, Soldiers; and others.

Duke.

The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

Bertram.

Sir, it is A charge too hardy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke.

Then go thou forth, And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious mistress!

Bertram.

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, hater of love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and her Steward.

Countess.

Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do as she has By sending me a letter? Read it again. [Done.

Steward. [Reads.

"I am Salut Jaque's pilgrim, thither gone. Ambitious love hath so in me offended, That bare-foot trod I the cold ground upon, With sainted vow my faults to have amended. Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war, My dearest master, your dear son, may live; Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far His name with zealous fervour sanctify. His taken labours bid him me forgive: I, his despoiled Juno, sent him forth From courtly friends, with camping foes to live, Where death and danger dog the heels of worth; He is too good and fair for death and me, Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Countess.

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much, As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, I could have well diverted her intents, Which thus she hath prevented.

Steward.

Pardon me, madam: If I had given you this at over-night, She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes Pursuit would be but vain.

Countess.

What angel shall Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive, Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear, And loves to grant, reprove him from the wrath Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo, To
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skil in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messen-
ger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

SCENE V. Without the Walls of Florence.
A bucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, and other Citizens.

Widow.
Nay, come; for if they do approach the city,
we shall lose all the sight.

Diana.
They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Widow.
It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mariana.
Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Widow.
I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mariana.
I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl:—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, cathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that disamiss succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Diana.
You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Widow.
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.—God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Helena.
I am the Saint Jacques le grand. Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you?

Widow.
At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Helena.
Is this the way?

Widow.
Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you!

They come this way.—
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops 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.

Helena.
Is it yourself?

Widow.
If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Helena.
I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Widow.
You came, I think, from France?

Helena.
I did so.

Widow.
Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Helena.
His name, I pray you.

Diana.
The count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Helena.
But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Diana.
Whatso'er 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?

Helena.
Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Diana.
There is a gentleman, that serves the count;
Reports but coarsely of her.

Helena.
What's his name?

Diana.
Monsieur Parolles.

Helena.
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.

Diana.
Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detecting lord.

Widow.
I write good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [Do her
Helena.
How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Widow.
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.

Mariana.
The gods forbid else!

Widow.
Widow.
So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Helena.
Which is the Frenchman?
Diana.
He:
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?
Helena.
I like him well.
Diana.
'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Helena.
Which is he?
Diana.
That jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he me-
Helena.
Perchance he's hurt! the battle.
Parolles.
Lose our drum! well.
Mariana.
He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he
has spied us.
Widow.
Marry, hang you!
Marina.
And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[Exit Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers.
Widow.
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 Jacques bound,
Already at my house.
Helena.
I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thank-
ing
Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.
Both.
We'll take your offer kindly.
[Exit.

SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.
Enter Bertram, and the two Frenchmen.
French Envoy.
Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have
his way.
French Gentleman.
If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold
me no more in your respect.
French Envoy.
On my life, my lord, a bubble.
Bertram.
Do you think I am so far deceived in him?
French Envoy.
Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct
knowledge, without 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 quali-
worthy your lordship's entertainment.
French Gentleman.
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.
Bertram.
I would I knew in what particular action to
try him.
French Gentleman.
None better than to let him fetch off his drum,
which you hear him so confidently undertake to
do.
French Envoy.
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 hoodwink him so, that he shall sup-
pose no other but that he is carried into the
league of the adversaries, when we bring him
to our own tents. Be but your lordship present
at his examination, if he do not, for the pro-
mise 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,
ever trust my judgment in any thing.
French Gentleman.
O I for the love of laughter, let him fetch his
drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When
your lordship makes 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 re-
moved. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.
French Envoy.
O I for the love of laughter, hinder not the
honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum
in any hand.
Bertram.
How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely
in your disposition.
French Gentleman.
A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.
Parolles.
But a drum! Is't 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 our own soldiers.
French Gentleman.
That was not to be blamed in the command of
the service: it was a disaster of war that Caesar
himself could not have prevented, if he had
been there to command.
Bertram.
Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success:
some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum;
but it is not to be recovered.
Parolles.
It might have been recovered.
Bertram.
It might; but it is not now.
Parolles.
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 jacket.
Bertram.
Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if
you
you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this
instrument of honour again into his native
quarter, be magnaminous in the enterprize, and
so 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 farther
becomes his greatness, even to the utmost sy-
table of your worthiness.

Paroles.
By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Bertram.

But you must not now slumber in it.

Paroles.
I'll about it this evening: and I will presently
pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my
certainty, put myself into my mortal prepara-
tion, and by midnight look to hear farther from
me.

Bertram.
May I be bold to acquaint his grace are
you gone about it?

Paroles.
I know not what the success will be, my lord;
but the attempt I vow.

Bertram.
I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility
thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Fare-
well.

Paroles.
I love not many words. [Exit.

French Envoy.
No more than a fish loves water—is not this
a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently
seems to undertake this business, which he
knows is not to be done, dams himself to do,
and dares better be damned than to do't?

French Gentleman.
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 discoveres; but when you find him out,
you have him ever after.

Bertram.
Why, do you think, he will make no deed at
all of this, that so seriously he does address
himself unto?

French Envoy.
None in the world; but return with an in-
vention, and clap upon you two or three pro-
hable lies. But we have almost embossed him,
you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is
not for your lordship's respect.

French Gentleman.
We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere
we case him. He was first smoked by the old
lord Lafeu; when his disguise and he is parted,
tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which
you shall see this very night.

French Envoy.
I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Bertram.
Your brother, he shall go along with me.

French Gentleman.
As't please your lordship.

French Envoy.
I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bertram.
Now will I lead you to the house, and show
The less I spoke of.

French Gentleman.
But, you say, she's honest.

Bertram.
'Tis 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 i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

French Gentleman.
With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Florence. A Room in the
Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Helena.
If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you farther,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Widow.
Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Helena.
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,
Err in bestowing it.

Widow.
I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well ap-
You are great in fortune. [proves

Helena.
Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will ever-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved 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,
How'er repented after.

Widow.
Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Helena.
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,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Widow.
I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceipt so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our ears, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Helena.
Helena.

Why, then, 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 French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush.

French Envoy.

He can come no other way but by this hedge corner.
When you sally 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.

First Soldier.

Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

French Envoy.

Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Soldier.

No, sir, I warrant you.

French Envoy.

But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

First Soldier.

Even such as you speak to me.

French Envoy.

He must think us some band of strangers: the adversary’s entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages: therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough’s language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Parolles.

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. I find, my tongue is too foothard; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not dreading the reports of my tongue.

French Envoy. [Aside.

This is the first truth that e’er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Parolles.

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 got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, “Come you off with so little?” and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what’s the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman’s mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet’s mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

French Envoy. [Aside.

Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Parolles.

I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

French Envoy. [Aside.

We cannot afford you ro.

Parolles.

Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

French Envoy. [Aside.

"Twould not do.

Parolles.

Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

French Envoy. [Aside.

Hardly serve.

Parolles.

Though I swore I leaped from the window o. the citadel—

French Envoy. [Aside.

How deep?

Parolles.

Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Parolles.

I would I had any drum of the enemy’s: I would swear I recovered it.

French Envoy. [Aside.

You shall hear one anon.

Parolles.

A drum, now, of the enemy’s!

[Alarum within.

French Envoy.

Throca movensus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All.

Cargo, cargo, withanda par corbo, cargo.

Parolles.

O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize and blindfold him.

First Soldier.

Boskos thoriumdo boskos.

Parolles.

I know you are the Muskos’ 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.

First Soldier.

Boskos vauvado:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kerelyponto:—Sir, Beflake thee to thy thith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Parolles.

O! First Soldier.

O! pray, pray, pray. —

Manka revania duuche.

French Envoy.

Oscorbidulscho vavilorco.

First Soldier.

The general is content to spare thee yet, And, hoodwink’d as thou art, will lead thee on To
To gather from thee; haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Parolles. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak
Which you will wonder at. [Exit.

First Soldier. But wilt thou faithfully?

Parolles. If I do not, damn me.

First Soldier. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.

Second Soldier. So I will sir.

French Envoy. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Bertram. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Diana. No, my good lord, Diana.

Bertram. 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 not 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.

Diana. She then was honest.

Bertram. So should you be.

Diana. No;

My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Bertram. No more o' that: I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for Do thee all rights of service. [ever

Diana. 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 bareness.

Bertram. How have I sworn?

Diana. '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, tell me,
If I should swear by Love's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, you oaths Are words, and poor conditions, but unsay'd,
At least, in my opinion.

Bertram. 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
But give thyself unto my sick desires, [off

Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and
My love, as it begins, shall so perserver. [ever

Diana. I see, that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Bertram. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Diana. Will you not, my lord?

Bertram. 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.

Diana. Mine 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 an unpitying, honour, on my part
Against your vain assault.

Bertram. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Diana. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now 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 token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Bertram. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[Exit.

Diana. For which live long to thank both heaven and
You may so in the end,—[me!
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry
[him,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
When
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so baid:
Marry that will, I live and die a maled:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III. The Florentine Camp.
Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.

French Gentleman.
You have not given him his mother's letter.
French Envoy.
I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

French Gentleman.
He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and to sweet a lady.

French Envoy.
Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

French Gentleman.
When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

French Envoy.
He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he flockes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

French Gentleman.
Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

French Envoy.
Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream overflows himself.

French Gentleman.
Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

French Envoy.
Not till after midnight, for he is dictated to his hour.

French Gentleman.
That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

French Envoy.
We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

French Gentleman.
In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

French Envoy.
I hear there is an overture of peace.

French Gentleman.
Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

French Envoy.
What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

French Gentleman.
I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

French Envoy.
Let it be forb'd, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

French Gentleman.
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 she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

French Envoy.
How is this justified?

French Gentleman.
The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come,—was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

French Envoy.
Hath the count all this intelligence?

French Gentleman.
Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

French Envoy.
I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

French Gentleman.
How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

French Envoy.
And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

French Gentleman.
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 cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.
How now? where's your master?

Servant.
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 commendation to the king.

French Envoy.
They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.
French Gentleman.
They cannot be too sweet for the king's tarness. Here's his lordship now.—How, now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Bertram.
I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer heed: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

French Envoy.
If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning
morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Bertram.

I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning pro-

phesyer.

French Envoy.

Bring him forth. [Exeunt Soldiers.] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant

knave.

Bertram.

No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

French Envoy.

I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks, and what think you he hath confessed?

Bertram.

Nothing of me, has he?

French Envoy.

His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.

Bertram.

A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

French Gentleman.

Hoodman comes!—Portotartarossa.

First Soldier.

He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Parolles.

I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Soldier.

Bosko chimurcho.

French Gentleman.

Boblbindo chicurumrusco.

First Soldier.

You are a merciful general. — Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Parolles.

And truly, as I hope to live.

First Soldier.

"First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Parolles.

Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Soldier.

Shall I set down your answer so?

Parolles.

Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Bertram.

All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

French Gentleman.

'Y' are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

French Envoy.

I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Soldier.

Well, that's set down.

Parolles.

Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truly.

French Gentleman.

He's very near the truth in this.

Bertram.

But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Parolles.

Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Soldier.

Well, that's set down.

Parolles.

I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Soldier.

"Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Parolles.

By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambe so many, Jacques so many; Guillian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chiolphere, Fawnord, Beniti, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Bertram.

What shall be done to him?

French Gentleman.

Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Soldier.

Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumaine be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertise in wars; or whether he think'd, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revol." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Parolles.

I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: demand them singly.

First Soldier.

Do you know this Captain Dumaine?

Parolles.

I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's foil with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[Dumaine lifts up his hand in anger.

Bertram.

Nay, by your leave, hold your hands: though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.
First Soldier.

Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Parolles.

Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

French Gentleman.

Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Soldier.

What is his reputation with the duke?

Parolles.

The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

First Soldier.

Marry, we'll search.

Parolles.

In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

First Soldier.

Here 'tis: here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Parolles.

I do not know if it be it, or no.

Bertram.

Our interpreter does it well.

French Gentleman.

Excellently.

First Soldier. [Reads.]  

"Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold," — Parolles.

That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rosillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Soldier.

Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Parolles.

My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Bertram.

Dammable, both-sides rogue!

First Soldier. [Reads.]  

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;  

After he scores, he never pays the score:  

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:  

He ne'er pays after debts; take it before,  

And say, a soldier, Diana, told thee this.  

Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss:  

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,  

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.  

"Thine, as he vow'd thee in thine ear,  

"Parolles.""

Bertram.

He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

French Envoy.

This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Bertram.

I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Soldier.

I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Parolles.

My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, 't the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Soldier.

We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Parolles.

He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

French Gentlemen.

I begin to love him for this.

Bertram.

For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me he is more and more a cat.

First Soldier.

What say you to hisexpertness in war?

Parolles.

Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians. — to belle him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instreet for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

French Gentleman.

He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Bertram.

A pox on him! he's a cat still.

First Soldier.

His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Parolles.

Sir, for a quart 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.

First Soldier.

What's his brother, the other captain Dumaine?

French Envoy.

Why does he ask him of me?

First Soldier.

What's he?

Parolles.

E'en a crow 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. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.
First Soldier.  
If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine? 

Parolles.  
Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon. 

First Soldier.  
I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 

Parolles.  
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? 

First Soldier. 
There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head. 

Parolles.  
O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death. 

First Soldier.  
That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.] So, look about you: know you any here? 

Bertram.  
Good morrow, noble captain. 

French Envoy.  
God bless you, captain Parolles. 

French Gentleman.  
God save you, noble captain. 

French Envoy.  
Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France. 

French Gentleman.  
Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you write to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt Bertram, Frenchmen, &c. 

First Soldier.  
You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet. 

Parolles.  
Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 

First Soldier.  
If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [Exit. 

Parolles.  
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 braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery 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. 

Helena.  
That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd One of the greatest in the Christian world [you, Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. Time was I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude [forth, Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep And answer, thanks. I duly am informed, His grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome. 

Widow.  
Gentle madam, You never had a servant, to whose trust Your business was more welcome. 

Helena.  
Nor 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 As it hath fated her to be my motive, And helper to a husband. But O, strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pious might! so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is 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. 

Helena.  
Yet, I pray you: But with the word, the time will bring on summer. When briers 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 fine's the crown; What'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt. 

SCENE V. Roussillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. 
Enter Countess, Lafew, and Clown. 

Lafew.  
No, no, no; your son was mistook with a snip-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy 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. 

Countess.  
I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken
taken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lafeu. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady; we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Lafeu. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Lafeu. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Lafeu. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Lafeu. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Lafeu. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

At your service.

Lafeu. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Lafeu. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phonism is more hotter in France, than there.

Lafeu. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Lafeu. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for p Pompe to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Lafeu. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

[Exit.

Lafeu. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Clown. So 'a' is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Lafeu. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Countess. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Lafeu. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: 'a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Countess. It replaces me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here tonight: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Lafeu. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Countess. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Lafeu. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on't face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of woerie and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Lafeu. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clown. But it is its carbonadoed face.

Lafeu. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[Exeunt.
ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A Street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; (as one, But, since you have made the days and nights To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gentle Astringer.

And you.

Helena.

SIR, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gentle Astringer.

I have been sometimes there.

Helena.

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 which I shall continue thankful.

Gentle Astringer.

What's your will?

Helena.

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.

Gentle Astringer.

The king's not here.

Helena.

Not here, sir?

Gentle Astringer.

Not, indeed: He hence remov'd last night, and with more Than is his use. [haste Widow.

Lord, how we lose our pains! [Helena.

All's well that ends well yet, Though time seem to adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gentle Astringer.

Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon; Whither I am going:

Helena.

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 render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gentle Astringer.

This I'll do for you.

Helena.

And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, What'er falls more.—We must to horse again:— Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rousillon. The Inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Parolles.

Good monsieur Lawatch, 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, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clown.

Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Parolles.

Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I speak but by a metaphor.

Clown.

Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

Parolles.

Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. 

Clown.

Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself. 

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 fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown.

Parolles.

My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Lafeu.

And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails 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 quart d'ecu for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Parolles.

I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Lafeu.

You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha' ; save your words.

Parolles.

My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Lafeu.

You beg more than a word, then — Cox' my passion! give me your hand.— How does your drum?

Parolles.

O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Lafeu.

Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Parolles.

It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. [Lafeu,
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT V. SC. II.

Lafue.
Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Farolles.
I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafue, 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.

Countess.
'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done 'tis the blade of youth; When oile and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erthea't it, and burns on.

King.
My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenge were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Lafue.
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 [tive; Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took cap- Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to Humbly call'd mistress. [serve

King.
Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither. We are reconcile'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 we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gentleman.
I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.

King.
What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Lafue.
All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King.
Then shall we have a match. I have letters That set him high in fame. [sent me,

Enter Bertram.

Lafue.
He looks well on't.

King.
I am not a day of season, For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hall In me at once; but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth; The time is fair again.

Bertram.
My high repented, blame,

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 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Bertram.
Admiringly.

My liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men praise'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King.
Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away, [too late, From the great compt. But love, that comes Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults Make trivial price of serious things we have, Not knowing them, until we know their grave: Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust: Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull 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 consents are had; and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Countess.
Which better than the first, O, dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Lafue.
Come 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 on't, Helen, that's dead, Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this, The last that, ere I took her leave at court, I saw upon her finger.

Bertram.
Hers it was not.

King.
Now, pray you, let me see it: for mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.— The token: and, when I gave it Helen, I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitated to help, that by this token I would relieve her. Had you that craft to Of what should stead her most? [reave her

Bertram.
My gracious sovereign, Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Countess.
Countess.

Son, on my life, I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it At her life's rate.

Lafeu.

I am sure I saw her wear it.

Bertram.

You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never saw it. In Florence was it from a casement thrown me, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought I stood engag'd; but when I had subscribe'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully I could not answer in that course of honour. As she had made the overture, she ceas'd, In heavy satisfaction, and would never Receive the ring again.

King.

Plutus himself, That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature's mystery more science, Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 'twas here, and by what rough enforcement [surely, You got it from her. She call'd the saints to That she would never put it from her finger, Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, Where you have never come, or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

Bertram.

She never saw it.

King.

Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour, And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me, Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove That thou art so inhuman,-'twill not prove So;—[deadly And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her And she is dead; which nothing, but to close Her eyes myself, could win me to believe, More than to see this ring.—Take him away. —[Guards seize Bertram. My forepast proofs, how'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, [him! Having vainly fear'd too little. —Away with We'll sift this matter farther.

Bertram.

If you shall prove This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy Prove that I husband'd her bed in Florence, Where yet she never was. —[Exit Bertram, guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

King.

I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.

Gentleman.

Gracious sovereign, Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know Here's a petition from a Florentine, [not: Who hath, for four or five removes, come short '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.

[Heads. "Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Plutos a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole 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 seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone."—Diana Caplet."

Lafeu.

I will buy me a soul-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I'll none of him.

King.

The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these sultors:— Go speedily, and bring again the count. [Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants. I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady Was foully snatch'd.

Countess.

Now, justice on the doers! —Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King.

I wonder, sir, for 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.

Diana.

I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Caplet: My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied. Widow.

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? —Bertram.

My lord, I neither can, nor will deny But that I know them. Do they charge me further? —Diana.

Why do you look so strange upon your wife? —Bertram.

She's none of mine, my lord. —Diana.

If you shall marry, You give away this hand, and that is mine; You give away heaven's vows, 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. —Lafeu. [To Bertram.

Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her. —Bertram.

My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Than for to think that I would sink it here. —Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour, Than in my thought it lies.

Diana. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Bertram. She's impudent, my lord; And was a common gamester to the camp.

Diana. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him. Of! 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.

Countess. He blushes, and 'tis his: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem Confer'd by testament to the sequest issue, Hath it been o'wd 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.

Diana. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles. Lafeu. I saw the man to-day, if man he be. King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Bertram. What of him? He's quoted for a most pernicious slave, With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'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.

Bertram. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her, And boarded her: I 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 course Are more of more fancy scold, 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.

Diana. I must be patient: You, that have turn'd off 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.

Bertram. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Diana. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Diana. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him Out of a casement.

Diana. I have spoke the truth. Enter Parolles. Bertram. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers. King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts Is this the man you speak of? you—

Diana. 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?

Parolles. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come; to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Parolles. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Parolles. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Parolles. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. — What an equivocal companion is this!

Parolles. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Lafeu. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Diana. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Parolles. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Parolles. 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 Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit 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 derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken already, unless thou canst Say they are married. But thou art too fine
In thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Diana. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Diana. It was not given me, nor did I not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Diana. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Diana. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Diana. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.

Diana. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now.

To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this
Thou diest within this hour. [ring,

Diana. I'll never tell you.

Take her away.

Diana. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Diana. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Diana. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Poling to Lafau.

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!

Diana. Good mother, fetch my ball.—[Exit Widow.] Stay, royal sir:

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he has his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguilis the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Helena. No, my good lord:
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.

Bertram. Both, both! O, pardon!

Helena. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And at that time with guilt," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Bertram. If she, my liege, can make me know this
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. [clearly,

Helena. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—

Good Tom Drum, 'To Parolles, I lend me a handkerchief: so, I think thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courteous alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—

[To Diana.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess, that by thy honest aid

Thou keest a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end to meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With stile to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt omnes.}
TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, Brother to Viola.
Antonio, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
Valentino, Curio, Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, Steward to Olivia.
Fabian, 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.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Curio, 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 a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Received as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute I so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Curio.

Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Curio. The hart.

Duke.

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now! what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Valentine.

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 amble view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
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 flocks 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-same
king.—
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canonical with
borders.
Scene II. The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Viola.

What country, friends, is this?

Captain.

This is Illyria, lady.

Viola.

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Illyria. [sailors?]

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you,

Captain.

It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd,

Viola.

O, my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Captain.

True, madam: and, to comfort you with

chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split, [you,

When you, and those poor number saved with

Hung on our driving boat. I saw your brother.

Most provident in peril, blind himself [tice]

(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-

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.

Viola.

For saying so there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereeto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Captain.

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Viola.

Who governs here?

Captain.

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Viola.

What is his name?

Captain.

Osnio.

Osnio! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

Captain.

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.

Viola.

What's she?

Captain.

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 shortly also died: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company,

And sight of men.

Viola.

O! that I serv'd that lady,

And might not delivered to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,

What my estate is.

Captain.

That were hard to compass,

Because she will admit no kind of suit,

No, not the duke's.

Scene III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir Toby.

What a plague means my niece, to take the

death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an

enemy to life.

Maria.

By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in

earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes

great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby.

Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria.

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the

modest limits of order.

Sir Toby.

Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I

am. These clothes are good enough to drink

in, and so be these boots too; an they be not,

let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria.

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 Toby.

Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Maria.

Ay, he.

Sir Toby.

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Maria.

What's that to the purpose?

Sir Toby.

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria.

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these

ducats: be's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir Toby.

Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol,
de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the

good gifts of nature.

Maria.

He hath, indeed—almost natural: for, be-

sides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;

and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to

alay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought

among
among the prudent he would quickly have the
gift of a grave.

Sir Toby.
By this hand, they are scoundrels, and sub-
tricators that say so of him. Who are they?

María.
They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir Toby.
With drinking hathels to my niece. I'll drink
to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat,
and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a
cosystril, that will not drink to my niece, fill his
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What,
wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir
Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Sir Andrew.
Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir Toby.
Sweet sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew.
Bless you, fair shrew.

María.
And you too, sir.

Sir Toby.
Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew.
What's that?

Sir Toby.
My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir Andrew.
Good mistress Accost, I desire better ac-
quaintance.

María.
My name is Mary, sir.

Sir Andrew.
Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir Toby.
You mistake, knight: accost is front her,
board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew.
By my troth, I would not undertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of accost?

María.
Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby.
An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou
might'st never draw sword again!

Sir Andrew.
An you part so, mistress, I would I might
never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think
you have fools in hand?

María.
Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir Andrew.
Marry, but you shall have; and here's my
hand.

María.
Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring
your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir Andrew.
Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your met-
aphor?

María.
It's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew.
Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I
can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Sir Toby.
A dry jest, sir.

Sir Andrew.
Are you full of them?

María.
Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends:
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit María.

Sir Toby.
O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary.
When did I see thee so put down?

Sir Andrew.
Never in your life, I think; unless you see
canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I
have no more wit than a Christian, or an or-
dinary man has; but I am a great eater of
beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir Toby.
No question.

Sir Andrew.
An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride
home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir Toby.
Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir Andrew.
What is pourquoi? do or not do? I would I
had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I
have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O,
had I but followed the arts!

Sir Toby.
Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir Andrew.
Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Toby.
Past question; for, thou seest, it will not
curl by nature.

Sir Andrew.
But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

Sir Toby.
Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and
I hope to see a housewife take thee between her
legs, and spin it off.

Sir Andrew.
'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your
niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to
one she'll none of me. The count himself, here
hard by, wos her.

Sir Toby.
She'll none o' the count: she'll not match
above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor
wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's
life in't, man.

Sir Andrew.
I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the
strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques
and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Toby.
Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir Andrew.
As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,
under the degree of my betters: and yet I will
not compare with an old man.

Sir Toby.
What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew.
'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby.
And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir Andrew.
And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply
as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir Toby.
Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have
Act I. Sc. v.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galiard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galiard.

Sir Andrew.

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revells?

Sir Toby.

What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir Andrew.

Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir Toby.

No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Maria.

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 thine excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown.

Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Maria.

Make that good.

Clown.

He shall see none to fear.

Maria.

A good lenient answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clown.

Where, good mistress Mary?

Maria.

In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown.

Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria.

Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown.

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria.

You are resolute, then?

Clown.

Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Maria.

That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown.

Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria.

Peace, you rogue, no more o'that. Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely; you were best.

[Exit.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clown.

Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very
I'll, Maria.

Olivia.

Take the fool away.

Clown.

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia.

Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown.

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 butcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamy, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia.

Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown.

Misprison in the highest degree!—Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia.

Can you do it?

Clown.

Dexterously, good madonna.

Olivia.

Make your proof.

Clown.

I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Olivia.

Well, sir, for want of other idleless I'll 'bide your proof.

Clown.

Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Olivia.

Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown.

I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia.

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown.

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Olivia.

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Malvolio.

Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown.

God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Olivia.

How say you to that, Malvolio?
Olivia.
What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown.
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.

Olivia.
Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit 
'ot' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink; 
he's drown'd: go look after him.

Clown.
He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool 
shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown

Re-enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.
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 there-
fore 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 
fortified against any denial.

Olivia.
Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Malvolio.
He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand 
at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the 
supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Olivia.
What kind of man is he?

Malvolio.
Why, of man kind.

Olivia.
What manner of man?

Malvolio.
Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will 
you, or no.

Olivia.
Of what personage, and years is he?

Malvolio.
Not yet old enough for a man, nor young 
enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a 
peacoc, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple; 
tis with him o'en standing water, between boy 
and man. He is very well-favoured, and he 
speaks very shrivishly: one would think, his 
mother's milk was scarce out of him.

Olivia.
Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Malvolio.
Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Olivia.
Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my 
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. [face.

Enter Viola.

Viola.
The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Olivia.
Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your 
will?

Viola.
Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable 
beauty.—I pray you, tell me, if this be the 
lady of 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 con it. Good beauties, let me 
sustain no scorn; I am very comitible even to 
the least sinister usage.

Olivia.
Whence came you, sir?

Viola.
I can say little more than I have studied, and 
that question's out of my part. Good gentle 
one, give me modest assurance if you be the 
lady of the house, that I may proceed in my 
speech.

Olivia.
Are you a comedian?

Viola.
No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very 
fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. 
Are you the lady of the house?

Olivia.
If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola.
Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp 
yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not 
yours to reserve. But this is from my com-
mision. I will on with my speech in your 
praise, and then show you the heart of my 
message.

Olivia.
Come to what is important in't: I forgive 
you the praise.

Viola.
Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis 
poetical.

Olivia.
It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, 
keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my 
gates, and allowed your approach, rather to 
wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not 
mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis 
not that time of moon with me to make one in so 
skipping a dialogue.

Maria.
Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola.
No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little 
longer. — Some mollification for your giant, 
sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a mes-
senger.

Olivia.
Sure, you have some hideous matter to de-
liver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. 
Speak your office.

Viola.
It alone concerns your ear. I bring no over-
ture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the 
olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace 
as matter.

Olivia.
Yet you began rudely. What are you? what 
would you?

Viola.
The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have 
I learn'd from my entertainment. What I 
am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-
head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, 
profanation.

Olivia.
Give us the place alone. We will hear this 
divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir; what is your 
text?

Viola.
Most sweet lady,— 

Olivia.
A comfortable doctrine, and much may be 
said of it. Where lies your text?
TWELFTH-NIGHT:

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Viola.

In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia.

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola.

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Olivia.

O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say? 

Viola.

Good madam, let me see your face.

Olivia.

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: 'is't not well done? 

Unveiling.

Viola.

Excellent done, if God did all.

Olivia.

'Tis in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola.

'Tis beauty truly blunt, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Olivia.

O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utoeal, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola.

I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O! such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were The nonpareil of beauty!

Olivia.

How does he love me?

Viola.

With adorations, fertile tears, 

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of

Olivia.

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, 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.

Viola.

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: I would not understand it.

Olivia.

Why, what would you?

Viola.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Halloa your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air.

Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Olivia.

You might do much. What is your parentage?

Viola.

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well; I am a gentleman.

Olivia.

Get you to your lord: I cannot love him. Let him send no more, Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Viola.

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse: My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love, And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[Exit.

Olivia.

What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art: Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and [soft]: soft! Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast: — 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. To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What, ho! Malvolio.—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.

Here, madam, at your service.

Olivia.

Run after that same peevish messenger, The country's man: he left this ring behind him, Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord. Nor hold 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. Hee thee, Malvolio.

Malvolio.

Madam, I will.

Olivia.

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 I. The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Sebastian.

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, dis temper 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.

Antonio.
Act II. Sc. III.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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Antonio.

Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Sebastian.

No, 'sooth, sir. My determinate voyage la more extravagancy; but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me. And one thing 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 Roderigo. 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 1 but, you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the break of the sea was my sister drowned.

Alas, the day!

Sebastian.

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 or far belief that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her—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.

Antonio.

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Sebastian.

O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

Antonio.

If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Sebastian.

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 me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.

Antonio.

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court. Else would I very shortly see thee 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.

Malvolio.

Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Viola.

Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Malvolio.

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.

Malvolio.

Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Viola.

I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak so distractedly.

She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none. I am the man: — if it be so, as 'tis. Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy it, for the proper false

In women's waken hearts to set their forms! Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote 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 thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe.

O time! thou art untangl'd this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t'untie. [Exit.

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew: Aque-cheek.

Sir Toby.

Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou know'st.

Sir Andrew.

Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir Toby.

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, 's early; so that, to go to bed after mid-night, is to go to bed at last times. 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.

Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marrian, I say! — a stop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir Andrew.

Here comes the fool, 1 faith.

Clown.

How now, my heart! 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 fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigropermithus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quevibus: 'twas very good, 1 faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon; hast thou it?

Clown.

I did impeculc thty gratitelly; for Malvolio's nose
Enter Maria.

Maria.

What a catterwauling 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 Toby.

My lady's a Catalan; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[Singing.]

Clown.

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir Andrew.

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 Toby.

"O 't he twelfth day of December,"—

Maria.

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, 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 Toby.

"Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Maria.

Nay, good sir Toby.

"His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Malvolio.

Is't even so?

Sir Toby.

"But I will never die."

Clown.

Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio.

This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby.

"Shall I bid him go?"

Clown.

"What an if you do?"

Sir Toby.

"Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clown.

"O I no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir Toby.

Out o' tune!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a stew-
a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown.
Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot l' the mouth too.

Sir Toby.
Thou'rt l' the right.—Go, sir: rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Malvolio.
Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this unciivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Maria.
Go shake your ears.

Sir Andrew.
'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 Toby.
Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of him.

Maria.
Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monstrous Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a newword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir Toby.
Possess us, possess us: tell us something of him.

Maria.
Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir Andrew.
O I if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir Toby.
What, for being a Puritan I thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew.
I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria.
The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby.
What wilt thou do?

Maria.
I will drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

María.
My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew.
And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

Maria.
Ass I doubt not.

Sir Andrew.
O! 'twill be admirable.

Maria.
Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir Toby.
Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew.
Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir Toby.
She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir Andrew.
I was adored once too.

Sir Toby.
Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir Andrew.
If I cannot recover your niece, I am a fool way out.

Sir Toby.
Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not t' the end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew.
If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir Toby.
Come, come: I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke.
Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.

Curio.
He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke.
Who was it?

Curio.
Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke.
Seek him out, and play the tune while he is

[Exit Curio.—Music.

Come bither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pang 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 creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola.

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke.

Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Viola.

A little, by your favour.

Duke.

What kind of woman is't?

Viola.

Of your complexion,

Duke.

She is not worth thee, then. What years, I' faith?

Viola.

About your years, my lord.

Duke.

Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm.
More longings, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola.

I think it well, my lord.

Duke.

Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola.

And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke.

O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maidas, that weave their thread
with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dally's with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown.

Are you ready, sir?

Duke.

Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Music]

THE SONG.

Clown.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, death;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke.

There's for thy pain.

Clown.

No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke.

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown.

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time
or another.

Duke.

Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown.

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and
the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata,
for thy mind is a very opal—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 Clown.

Duke.

Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt Curio and Attendants.

Once more, Cesario.

Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke.

It cannot be so answered.

Viola.

Sooth, but you must
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke.

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Viola.

Ay, but I know, —

Duke.

What dost thou know?

Viola.

Too well what love Women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be; perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke.

And what's her history?

Viola.

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,—
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:
And,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke.

But did thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola.

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke:—

Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denial.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-check, and Fabian.

Sir Toby.

Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fabian.

Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir Toby.

Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly,
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fabian.

I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' 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.

An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir Toby.

Here comes the little villain. — How now, my metal of India?

Maria.

Get you all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder 1 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 trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exit Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.

'Tis 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 one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on?

Sir Toby.

Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fabian.

O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jects under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew.

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.—

Sir Toby.

Peace! I say.

Malvolio.

To be count Malvolio.—

Sir Toby.

Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew.

Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir Toby.

Peace! peace!

Malvolio.

There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew.

Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian.

O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows him.

Malvolio.

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir Toby.

O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! 

Malvolio.

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir Toby.

Fire and brimstone!

Fabian.

O, peace! peace!

Malvolio.

And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby—

Sir Toby.

Bolts and shackles!

Fabian.

O, peace, peace, peace I now, now.

Malvolio.

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.

Sir Toby.

Shall this fellow live?

Fabian.

Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!

Malvolio.

I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir Toby.

And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Malvolio.

Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."—

Sir Toby.

What, what?

Malvolio.

"You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir Toby.

Out, scab!

Fabian.

Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Malvolio.
Malvolio. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight."

Sir Andrew. That’s me, I warrant you.

Malvolio. "One Sir Andrew."

Sir Andrew. I knew ’twas I; for many do call me fool.

Malvolio. [Seeing the letter.]

What employment have we here?

Fabian. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Malvolio. [Taking up the letter.]

By my life, this is my lady’s hand! these be her very C’s, her U’s, and her T’s; and thus makes she her great P’s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir Andrew. Her C’s, her U’s, and her T’s: Why that?

Malvolio. [Reads.]

"Joce knows, I love; But who? Lips do not move: No man must know."

"No man must know":—What follows? the number’s altered.—"No man must know:" — if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir Toby. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolio. [Reads.]

"I may command, where I adore: But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore: M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fabian. A fustian riddle.

Sir Toby. Excellent wench, say I.

Malvolio. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fabian. What a dish of poison has she dressed him?

Sir Toby. And with what wing the stannely checks at it!

Malvolio. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her: she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir Toby. O! ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sower will cry upon’t, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio. M,—Malvolio:—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fabian. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel, that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fabian. And O! shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Malvolio. And then I comes behind.

Fabian. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more distraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Malvolio. M, O, A, I.—this simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Softly! here follows prose.—[Reads.] “If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state: put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commendeth thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirdest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servitude, not worthy to touch fortune’s fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, "The fortunate-unhappy."

Day-light and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors. I will battle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Josce, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet another manuscript. [Reads.] “Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.”

"Josce, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me."

[Exit Fabian.]
Fabian.
I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy: Sir Toby.
I could marry this wench for this device.
Sir Andrew.
So could I too.
Sir Toby.
And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.
Sir Andrew.
Nor I neither.
Enter Maria.
Fabian.
Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
Sir Toby.
Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck? Sir Andrew.
Or o' mine either?
Sir Toby.
Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-servant? Sir Andrew.
I'faith, or I either.
Sir Toby.
Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that then the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Maria.
Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?
Sir Toby.
Like aquavitae with a midwife.
Maria.
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 a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; 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, follow me.
Sir Toby.
To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!
Sir Andrew.
I'll make one too.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.
Enter Viola, and Clown.

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown.

No, sir; I live by the church.

Viola.

Art thou a churchman?

Clown.

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.

Viola.

So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown.

You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheverell glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola.

Nay, that's certain: they, that daily nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown.

I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola.

Why, man?

Clown.

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.

Viola.

Thy reason, man?

Clown.

Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola.

I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown.

Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that he to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola.

Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown.

No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as plichards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola.

I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines everywhere. 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.

Viola.

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee.

Clown.

Now Joe-, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Viola.

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?

Clown.

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola.

Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown.

I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Viola.

I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

Clown.

The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging 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 welkin: I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Viola.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He 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 wise man's art; For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit, But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-catch.

Sir Toby.

Save you, gentleman.

Viola.

And you, sir.

Sir Andrew.

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Viola.

Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.

Sir Andrew.

I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir Toby.

Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola.

I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir Toby.

Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

Viola.

My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir Toby.

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Viola.

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 Andrew.

That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours!"

Well.

Viola.

My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew.

"Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed!"

—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Olivia.

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

Viola.

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Olivia.

What is your name?

Viola.

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Olivia.

My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Viola.

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Olivia.

For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than ill'd with me!'

Viola.

Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts On his behalf.—

Olivia.

O! I 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 solicit that, Than music from the spheres.

Olivia.

Dear lady,—

Olivia.

Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment 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 that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving Enough is shown: a cypris, not a bosom, Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Viola.

I pity you.

Olivia.

That's a degree to love.

Viola.

No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

Olivia.

Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again. O world, how apt the poor are to be proud; If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.— Be not 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. There lies your way, due west.

Olivia.

Then westward ho! Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship. You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Olivia.

Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Viola.

That you do think you are not what you are.

Olivia.

If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viola.

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Olivia.

I would, you were as I would have you be!

Viola.

Would it be better, madam, than I am? I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Olivia.

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip! A mur-
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
Censorio, by the roses of the spring.
[Noon.]
By malice, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I wou, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather, reason thus with reason better:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is
Valiant.

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st
Move that heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek,
and Fabian.

Sir Andrew.
No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir Toby.
Thy reason, dear Thoman: give thy reason.

Fabian.
You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew.
Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
The count's serving man, than ever she bestowed
Upon me: I saw 't in the orchard.

Sir Toby.
Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir Andrew.
As plain as I see you now.

Fabian.
This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir Andrew.
'Slight! will you make an ass of me?

Fabian.
I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Toby.
And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fabian.
She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your
dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and
Brutonstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-
new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dullness. This was look'd for at
your hand, and this was baulked: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and
you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an
icle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do re-
em' it by some laudable attempt, either of
valour, or policy.

Sir Andrew.
An't be any way, it must be with valour, for
policy I hate: I had as ill be a Brownist as a
politician.

Sir Toby.
Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the
basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to
fight with him; but him in eleven places:
my niece shall take note of it; and assure thy-
self, there is no love-broker in the world can
more prevail in man's commendation with wo-
man, than report of valour.

Fabian.
There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew.
Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir Toby.
Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and
brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be elo-
quent, and full of invention: taunt him with the
licence of link: if thou thou'st 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 Ware in Eng-
land, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there
be gall enough in thy link; though thou write
with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir Andrew.
Where shall I find you?

Sir Toby.
We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fabian.
This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir Toby.
I have been dear to him, lad; some two thou-
sand strong, or so.

Fabian.
We shall have a rare letter from him; but
you'll not deliver it.

Sir Toby.
Never trust me then; and by all means stir
on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and
walruses cannot hate them together. For An-
drew, if he were opened, and you find so much
blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea,
I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fabian.
And his opposite, the youth, bears in his
visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir Toby.
Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes

Maria.
If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your-
selves into stitches, follow me. Young gull
Malolo is turned heathen, a very renegade;
f there is no Christian, that means to be saved
by believing rightly, can ever believe such im-
possible passages of grossness. He's in yellow
stockings.

Sir Toby.
And cross-gartered?

Maria.
Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a
school 'i the church. I have dogged 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 Indis-
You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can
hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know,
my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile,
and take't for a great favour.

Sir
I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

To the Elephant. —

I do remember.

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Maria. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come.

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or I speak too loud. —

Where is Malvolio? —

Maria. He's coming, madam: but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Olivia. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Maria. No, madam: he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Olivia. Go call him hither. — I am as mad as he, if sad and merry madness equal be. —

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio? Malvolio.

Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles ridiculously.]

Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some 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 sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolio. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Olivia. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Malvolio. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Maria. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio. " Be not afraid of greatness:" — 'Twas well writ.
Olivia.
What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Malvolio.
"Some are born great,"

Olivia.

Ha?

Malvolio.
"Some achieve greatness,"

Olivia.

What say'st thou?

Malvolio.
"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Olivia.
Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio.
"Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings?"

Olivia.
Thy yellow stockings?

Malvolio.
"And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Olivia.
Cross-gartered?

Malvolio.
"Go to: thou art made, if thou desierest to be so:" —

Olivia.
Am I made?

Malvolio.
"If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Olivia.
Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Servant.
Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia.
I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.]

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Malvolio.
Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; — "be opposite with a kinman, surly with servants, — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, — put thyself into the trick of singularity;" — and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her: but it is Joe's doing, and Joe make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to," fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that, no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Joe, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir Toby.
Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? Is all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fabian.
Here he is, here he is. — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Malvolio.
Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Maria.
Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Malvolio.
Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir Toby.
Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. — How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Malvolio.
Do you know what you say?

Maria.
La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fabian.
Carry his water to the wise woman.

Maria.
Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Malvolio.
How now, mistress?

Maria.
O lord!

Sir Toby.
Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fabian.
No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby.
Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou chuck?

Malvolio.
Sir!

Sir Toby.
Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Maria.
Get him to say his prayers: good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Malvolio.
My prayers, minx!

Maria.
No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Malvolio.
Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Sir Toby.
Is't possible?
Now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir Toby.

Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baillie. So soon as ever thou see'st him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for if it comes to pass off, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away I!

Sir Andrew.

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Sir Toby.

Now, will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-check a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fabian.

Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir Toby.

I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Olivia.

I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid my honour too unchary on't. There's something in me that reproves my fault, But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Viola.

With the same ha'pworth that your passion Go on my master's grief. [Bear's,]

Olivia.

Here; wear this jewel for me: 'tis my picture. Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you; And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny, That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Viola.

Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Olivia.

How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Viola.

I will acquit you.

Olivia.

Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well. A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.]

Re-enter Sir Toby Relch, and Fabian.

Sir Toby.

Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola.

And you, sir.

Sir Toby.

That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interjuter, full of de-
sight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the
orchard end. Present thy tuck; be yare in thy
preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skil-
ful, and deadly.

Viola.

You mistake, sir: I am sure, no man hath
any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very
free and clear from any image of offence done to
any man.

Sir Toby.

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake
you to your guard; for your opposite hath in
him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can
furnish man with.

Viola.

I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir Toby.

He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier,
and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in
private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divored
three, and his incensement at this moment is so
implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by
pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his
word; give't, or take't.

Viola.

I will return again into the house, and desire
some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I
have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels
purposely on others to taste their valour; belike,
this is a man of that quirk.

Sir Toby.

Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a
very competent injury: therefore, get you on,
and give him his desire. Back you shall not to
the house, unless you undertake that with me,
which with as much safety you might answer
him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark
naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or
forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola.

This is as uncivill, as strange. I beseech you,
do me this courteous office, as to know of the
knight what my offence to him is: it is some-
thing of my negligence, nothing of my pur-
purpose.

Sir Toby.

I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by
this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.

Viola.

Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fabian.

I know, the knight is incensed against you,
ven to a mortal arbitration, but nothing of the
circumstance more.

Viola.

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fabian.

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 opposite 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.

Viola.

I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one,
that would rather go with sir priest than sir
knighth: I care not who knows so much of my
mettle. [Exit.

[Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.]

Sir Toby.

Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen
such a frago. 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 Sophy.

Sir Andrew.

Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir Toby.

Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian
can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew.

Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant,
and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him
made ere I'd have challenged him. Let him
let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse,
grey Capulet.

Sir Toby.

I'll make the motion. Stand here: make a
good show on't. This shall end without the
perdition of souls. [Aside.] Marry, I'll ride
your horse as well as I ride you.

[Re-enter Fabian and Viola.]

I have his horse [To Fabian] to take up the
quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth's a
devil.

Fabian.

He is as horribly conceited of him; [To Sir
Toby] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were
at his heels.

Sir Toby.

There's no remedy, sir: [To Viola] he will
fight with you for oath's sake. Marry, he hath
better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds
that now scarce to be worth talking of: there
fore, draw for the supportance of his vow: he
protests, he will not hurt you.

Viola. [Aside.

Pray God defend me! A little thing would
make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fabian.

Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir Toby.

Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the
gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one
bount with you: he cannot by the duello avoid
it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentle-
manship and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come
on; to't.

Sir Andrew.

Pray God, he keep his oath!

[Draws.

Viola.

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Enter Antonio.

[Draws.

Antonio. 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.

Sir Toby.

You, sir? why, what are you?

Antonio.

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more.
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir Toby.

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.

Enter
Enter Officers.

Fabian.

O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir Toby.

I'll be with you anon.

Viola.

Pray, sir; put your sword up, if you please.

Sir Andrew.

Marry, will I, sir: and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reaps well.

First Officer.

This is the man: do thy office.

Second Officer.

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit

Of count Orsino.

Antonio.

You do mistake me, sir.

First Officer.

No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. — Take him away: be knows, I know him well, Antonio.

I must obey. — [To Viola.] This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy: I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity [me Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves Much more for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

Second Officer.

Come, sir, away.

Antonio.

I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola.

What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability [much: I'll lend you something. My having is not I'll make division of my present with you. Hold, there's half my coffers.

Antonio.

Will you deny me now? Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

Viola.

I know of none; Nor know I you by voice, or any feature. I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lying valness, babbling drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Antonio.

O, heavens themselves! Second Officer.

Come, sir: I pray you, go.

Antonio.

Let me speak a little. This youth, that you see here, I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death; Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, And to his image, which,methought, did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Officer.

What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Antonio.

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'ftrifflour'd by the devil.

First Officer.

The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Antonio.

Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers, with Antonio. Viola.

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, he now ta'en for you! Sir Toby.

Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Viola.

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 Toby.

A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fabian.

A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir Andrew.

'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir Toby.

Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir Andrew.

An I do not,—[Exit. Fabian.

Come, let's see the event.

Sir Toby.

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House. Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Sebastian.

Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clown.

Well held out, I' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing that is so, is so.
Sebastian.
I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clown.
Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sebastian.
I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown.
By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir Andrew.
Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Sebastian.
Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.

Sir Toby.
Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown.
This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your costs for two-pence. [Exit Clown.

Sir Toby.
Come on, sir: hold! [Holding Sebastian.

Sir Andrew.
Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Sebastian.
Let go thy hand.

Sir Toby.
Come, come, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed. Come on.

Sebastian.
I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

Sir Toby.
What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.

Enter Olivia.

Olivia.
Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold! [Sir Toby.

Madam —

Olivia.
Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch! Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight! —

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend, [Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil, and unjust extent. Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Sebastian.
What relish is in this? how runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Olivia.
Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Sebastian.
Madam, I will.

Olivia.
O! say so, and so be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Maria.
Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this bodice: make him believe thou art Sir Topas, the curate; do it quickly, I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [Exit Maria.

Clown.
Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall 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 Toby.
Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown.
Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That, that is, is," so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir Toby.
To him, sir Topas.

Clown.
What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.

Sir Toby.
The knife counterfeits well; a good knife.

Malvolio. [Within.

Who calls there?

Clown.
Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Malvolio.
Sir Topas, sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown.
Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man. Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir Toby.
Well said, master parson.

Malvolio.
Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown.
Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Malvolio.
Malvolio.

As well, sir Topas.

Clown.

Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Malvolio.

I am not mad, sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown.

Madman, thou earnest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Malvolio.

I say, this house is as 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.

Clown.

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Malvolio.

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown.

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Malvolio.

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown.

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 dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Malvolio.

Sir Topas! sir Topas!—

Sir Toby.

My most exquisite sir Topas.

Clown.

Nay, I am for all waters.

Maria.

Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir Toby.

To 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 offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.]

Clown.

"Heh Robin, Jolly Robin. Tell me how thy lady does." [Singing.

Malvolio.

Fool,—

Clown.

"My lady is unkind, perdy." 

Malvolio.

Fool,—

Clown.

"Alas, why is she so?"

Malvolio.

Fool, I say;—

Clown.

"She loves another." —Who calls, ha?

Malvolio.

Good fool, as 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.

Clown.

Master Malvolio!

Malvolio.

Ay, good fool.

Clown.

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Malvolio.

Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown.

But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better lucid in your wits than a fool.

Malvolio.

They have here propounded me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown.

Advise you what you say: the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain blubblé babble.

Malvolio.

Sir Topas,—

Clown.

Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Malvolio.

Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clown.

Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Malvolio.

Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clown.

Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Malvolio.

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.

Clown.

I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit.

Malvolio.

Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clown.

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Malvolio.

Fool, I'll require it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown.

I am gone, sir; And anon, sir, I'll be with you again, In a trice, Like to the old vice, Your need to sustain; Who with dagger of faith, In his rage and his wrath, Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil; Like
Like a mad lad,  
Par’d thy nails, dad,  
Odieu, Goodman devil.  

[Exit.

SCENE III.  
Olivia’s Garden.  

Enter Sebastian.  

Sebastian.  

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel it, 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 arrange 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 instance, 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  
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As, I perceive, she does. There’s something in’t,  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.  

Enter Olivia and a Priest.  

Olivia.  

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean  
Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well,  
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,  
While you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth.—What do you say?  

Sebastian.  

I’ll follow this good man, and go with you,  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.  

Olivia.  

Then lead the way, good father; and heavens  
so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine!  

[Exeunt.

ACT V.  

SCENE I.  
The Street before Olivia’s House.  

Enter Clown and Fabian.  

Fabian.  

Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.  

Clown.  

Good master Fabian, grant me another request.  

Fabian.  

Any thing.  

Clown.  

Do not desire to see this letter.  

Fabian.  

This 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?  

Clown.  

Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.  

Duke.  

I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?  

Clown.  

Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.  

Duke.  

Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.  

Clown.  

No, sir, the worse.  

Duke.  

How can that be?  

Clown.  

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.  

Clown.  

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.  

Clown.  

But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I  
would you could make it another.  

Duke.  

O I you give me ill counsel.  

Clown.  

Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this  
one, 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.  

Clown.  

Primo, secundo, tercio, is a good play; and  
the old saying is, the third pays for all: the  
triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the  
bells of S. 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 bounty further.  

Clown.  

Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come  
again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to  
think, that my desire of having is the sin of  
coverture: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty  
take a nap, I will awake it anon.  

[Exit Clown.  

Enter Antonio and Officers.  

Viola.  

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 besmeared,  
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.  

A bow-
A bawling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

First Officer.

Osrino, this is that Antonio;[
Candy; that took the Phenix, and her fraught, from
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg,
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Viola.

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon
I know not what 'twas, but distraction. [me;

Duke.

Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Antonio. Osrino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you gave me:

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Osrino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingratitude boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.
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 out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own
Which I had recommended to his use [purse,
Not half an hour before.

Viola.

How now can this be?

Duke.

When came he to this town?

Antonio.

To-day, my lord; and for three months beeno interim, 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!—[meas;
But for thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are mad.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Olivia.

What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.


Gracious Olivia,—
That makes thee strange thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario: take thy fortunes up; 
[art
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome,
father!

Re-enter Attendant with the 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,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest.

A contract of eternal bond of love.
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strenthen'd by interchangegment of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
I have travelled but two hours. [grave

Duke.

O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? 
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.

Viola.

My lord, I do protest,—

Oliv.

I do not swear: [fear
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head
broken.

Sir Andrew.

For the love of God, a surgeon! send one
presently to sir Toby.

Oliv.

What's the matter?

Sir Andrew.

He has broke my head across, and has given
sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of
God, your help! I had rather than forty pound
I were at home.

Oliv.

Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew.

The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke.

My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir Andrew.

Oid's lifelings! here he is. —You broke my
head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set
on to do't by sir Toby.

Vila.

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir Andrew.

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt
me: I think you set nothing by a bloody cox-
comb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you other places than he did.

Duke.

How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir Toby.

That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's
the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown.

O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone: his
eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir Toby.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures
pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Olivia.

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc
with them?

Sir Andrew.

I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed
together.

Sir Toby.

Will you help? An ass-head, and a coxcomb,
and a knife! a thin-faced knife, a gull!

Olivia.

Get him to bed, and let his hurt he look'd to.
[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian.

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by
I do perceive it hath offended you: [that
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke.

One face, one voice, one habit, and two per-
A, natural perspective, that is, and is not! [sons;

Sebastian.

Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Sebastian are you?

Sebastian.

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Antonio.

How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple clef't in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Olivia.

Most wonderful!

Sebastian.

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-

[To Viola.]

Of charity, what kin are you to
What countryman? what name? what parent-
age?

Viola.

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.

Sebastian.

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!

Viola.

My father had a mole upon his brow.
Sebastian.
And so had mine.

Viola.
And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Sebastian.
O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola.
If nothing lets make us happy both,
But this my masquer'd and attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town. [help
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose genteel
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Sebastian.
So comes it, lady, [To Olivia] you have been
mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceitful:
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke.
Be not amaz'd; 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, [To Viola.] thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Viola.
And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swears keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbited continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke.
Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola.
The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some ac-
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit, [clown,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Olivia.
He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio
hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

How does he, sirrah?

Clown.
 Truly, madam, he holds Belmont 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.

Olivia.
Open it, and read it.

Clown.
Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—[Reads]"By the Lord, madam,"—

Olivia.
How now! art thou mad?
And, acting this in an obedient 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 gawk, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Olivia.

Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And now I do betheke me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then canst in
smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fabian.

Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby, [not,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Olivia.

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown.

Why, "some are born great, some achieve
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
Lord, fool, I am not mad." — But do you re-
member? "Madam, why laugh you at such a
barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd:"
And thus the whirligig of time brings in his
revenge.

Malvolio.

I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

Olivia.

He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke.

Purse him, and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,
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.

[Exeunt.

CLOWN SINGS.

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, 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, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ho, 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, ho, the wind and the rain,
With tost-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**LEONTES, King of Sicilia.**

Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.

Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Lords of Sicilia.

Dion, Rogero, a Gentleman of Sicilia.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia.

Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

A Mariner.

Gadler,

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

**Camillo,** his Son,

**Servant to the old Shepherd.**

**Autolycus,** a Rogue.

**Time,** the Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.

Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady attending the Queen.

Mopsa, Shepherdess.

**Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.**

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

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**ACT I.**

**SCENE I. Sicilia.** An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

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.

Camillo, I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Archidamus.

Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Camillo.

Beseech you,—

Archidamus.

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.

Camillo.

You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Archidamus.

Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

---

Camillo.

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 attorney'd, 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?

Archidamus.

I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Camillo.

I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Archidamus.

Would they else be content to die?

Camillo.

Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Archidamus.

If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE
SCENE II. The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Camillo, and Attendants.

Polixenes.

Nine changes of the watery star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden; time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should for perpetuity Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one we-thank-you many thousands more That go before it.

Leontes.

Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

Polixenes.

Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say, "This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have To tire your royalty. [stay'd

Leontes.

We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Polixenes.

No longer stay.

Leontes.

One seven-night longer.

Polixenes.

Very sooth, to-morrow,

Leontes.

We'll part the time between's then; and in I'll no gain-saying. [that

Polixenes.

Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, [now, So soon as yours, could win me: so it should Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder, Were in your love a whip to me, my stay To you a charge, and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leontes.

Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Hermione.

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until [You, sir, You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him, He's best from his best ward.

Leontes.

Well said, Hermione.

Hermione.

To tell he longs to see his son were strong: But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.— Yet of your royal presence [To Polixenes]

I'll adventure The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him there a month behind the gest

Prefix'd for parting: yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jot o' the clock behind What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Polixenes.

No, madam.

Hermione.

Nay, but you will?

Polixenes.

I may not, verily.

Hermione.

Verily! You put me off with limber vows; but I, Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths, Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily, You shall not go: a lady's verily Is As potent as 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 say you? My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Polixenes.

Your guest then, madam: To be your prisoner should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit, Than you to punish.

Hermione.

Not your jailor then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were You pretty lording here. [boys:

Polixenes.

We were, fair queen, Two lads, that thought there was no more be- But such a day to-morrow as to-day, [hind, And to be boy eternal.

Hermione.

Was not my lord the verler wag o' the two?

Polixenes.

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun, And beat the one at th'other: what we chang'd, Was innocence for innocence: we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did. Had we pursued that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd, Hereditary ours.

Hermione.

By this we gather, You have tripp'd since.

Polixenes.

O! my most sacred lady, Temptations have since then been born to's; for In those unfield'd days was my wife a girl: Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young play-fellow.

Hermione.

Gracious to boot! Of this make no conclusion, lest you say, Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on; Th' offences 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 with us.

Leontes.

Is he won yet?

Hermione.

He'll stay, my lord.
Leontes.
At my request he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Hermione.
Never?

Leontes.
Never, but once.

Hermione.
What? have I twice said well? when wasn't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
tongueless,
Slaughter's a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has 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 have't; I long.

Leontes.
Why, that was when
Three crabb'd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make them open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Hermione.
It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
The' other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.]

Leontes. [Aside]
Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances,
But not for joy,—not joy. —This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty.
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as
'twere
The mort o' the deer: O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mamillius.
Ay, my good lord.

Leontes.
I' fecks?
Why, that's my baycock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all cal'd neat.—Still virgining

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mamillius.
Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leontes.
Thou want'st a rough pass, and the shoots
That I had,
To be full like me—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sit page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet vil-
lain!
[may't be
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—
Affection? thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicating with dreams:—(how can this
With what's unreal thou coaxative art, [be]?—
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou
dost:
(And that beyond commission;) and I find It,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Polixenes.
What means Sicilia?

Hermione.
He something seems unsettled.

Polixenes.
How, my lord!

Leontes.
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Hermione.
You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leontes.
No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recall
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. —Mine honest
Will you take eggs for money? [friend,
Mamillius.
No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leontes.
You will? why, happy man be his dole!—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Polixenes.
If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childish cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leontes.
So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap. [come:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Hermione.
If you would seek us,
We are yours I' the garden: shall's attend you there?

Leontes.
To your own bents dispose you: you shall be
found.

Be
THE WINTER'S TALE

ACT I. Sc. II.

Be you beneath the sky. — [Aside] I am angling now.
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the net, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife.
To her allowing husband. Gone already!
[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! —
Go play, boy, play — thy mother plays, and I Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go play, boy, play. — There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd. cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this,) holds his wife by th' arm.
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's ab—
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
[open'd,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike [none:
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it.
From east, west, north, and south; be it con-
No barricado for a belly: know it; [closed,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mamillius.
I am like you, they say.

Leontes.
Why, that's some comfort. —
What ! Camillo there?

Camillo.
Ay, my good lord.

Leontes.
Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. —
[Exit Mamillius.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Camillo.
You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leontes.
Didst note it?

Camillo.
He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leontes.
Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering,
rounding,
"Sicilia is a " — so-forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. — How came 't Camillo,
That he did stay?

Camillo.
At the good queen's entreaty.

Leontes.
At the queen's, be't: good should be perti-


Camilo.
Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leontes.
Ha?

Camillo.
Stays here longer.

Leontes.
Ay, but why?

Camillo.
To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leontes.
Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy?
—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Camillo.
Be it forbid, my lord!

Leontes.
To bide upon't, — thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'est that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be
counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool.
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
And tak'st it all for jest.

Camillo.
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, fear,
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 cry out
Against the non-perfectance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if then I deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leontes.
Have not you seen, Camillo,

(But that's past doubt; you have, 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
Resides not in that man that does not think)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative, [say,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flux-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-pilgrimage: say't and justify't.

Camillo.
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

Then
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leontes.


With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only, That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? Why, then the world, and all that is in’t, is nothing:
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing; My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these If this be nothing.

Camillo.

Good my lord, be cur’d.

Of this disease’d opinion, and betimes;
For ’tis most dangerous.

Leontes.

Say, it be; ’tis true.

Camillo.

No, no, my lord.

Leontes.

It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pray pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave, Or else a hovering temporizer, that Cannot with thine eyes at once see good and evil, Inclining to them both: Were my wife’s liver Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Camillo.

Who does infect her?

Leontes.

Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck. Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
to see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form
Have ‘brench’d, and rear’d to worship, who
may’st see
[heaven, Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
How I am galled.—might’d besip a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Camillo.

Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov’d thee,—

Leontes.

Make that thy question, and go rot!
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 goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o’ the prince, my son,
(Who, do I think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to’? Would I do this?
Could man so brench?

Camillo.

I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for’t;

Provided, that when be’s remov’d, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son’s sake; and thereby for
Sealing The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leontes.

Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I’ll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Camillo.

My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leontes.

This is all:
Do’t, and thou hast one half of my heart;
Do’t not, thou split’s at thine own.

Camillo.

I’ll do’t, my lord.

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis’d me.

[Exit.}

Camillo.

O, miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do’t
Is the obedience to a master: one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. —To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish’d after, I’d not do’t; but since
No brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
Let villainy itself forswear’t. I must,
Forsake the court: to do’t, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Polixenes.

This is strange. Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Camillo.

Hail, most royal sir!

Polixenes.

What is the news? the court?

Camillo.

None rare, my lord.

Polixenes.

The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov’d as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Waiting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speedeth from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Camillo.

I dare not know, my lord.

Polixenes.

How! dare not? Do not! Do you know, and
dare not
Be intelligent to me? ’Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang’d complexions and to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang’d too; for I must
A party in this alteration, finding
[be
Myself thus alter’d with ‘t.

Camillo.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. Sc. 1.

Camillo. There is a sickness which puts some of us in disorder; but I cannot name the disease, and it is caught of you, that yet are well.

Polixenes. How caught of me? Make me not sighted like the basilisk: [better I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,-- As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto Clerk-like, experience, which no less adorns Our gentry than our parents' noble names, In whose success we are gentle,--I beseech you, If you know aught which does behove my know— Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not [ledge In ignorant concealment.

Camillo. I may not answer.

Polixenes. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well? I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo, I conjure thee, by all the parts of man [least Which honour does acknowledge,—If you do not the Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare What incendancy thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near; Which way to be prevented, if to be; If not, how best to bear it.

Camillo. Sir, I will 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, "lost," and so good night.

Polixenes. I am appointed him to murder you.

Camillo. By whom, Camillo?

Polixenes. By the king.

Polixenes. For what?

Camillo. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears, As he had seen't, or been an instrument To vice you to— that you have touch'd his Forbiddenly.

Polixenes. O! 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 freshest reputation To a savour, that may strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd, Nay, hated too, worse than the great't in That e'er was heard, or read! 

Camillo. I saw his heart in's 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: as 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 Profess'd to him, why, his revenge must [me: In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo: I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Camillo. 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.

Hermione. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me, 'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord: Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mamillius. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mamillius. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

Second Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mamillius. Not for because [say, Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they Become some women best, so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Second Lady. Who taught this?

Mamillius. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now, What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mamillius. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose, That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

Second Lady. Hark ye. The queen, your mother, rounds space: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince, One of these days, and then you'd wanton with If we would have you.

First Lady. She is spread of late Into a goody bulk: good time encounter her!

Hermione. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir; I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, [now And tell's a tale.

Mamillius. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Hermione. As merry as you will.

Mamillius. A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of sprites and goblins.

Hermione. Let's have that, good sir. Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful

Mamillius. There was a man.—

Hermione. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mamillius. Dwelt by a church-yard.—I will tell it softly; Yond' crickets shall not hear it.

Hermione. Come on then, And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leontes. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuit of pines I met them: never Saw I men scour so on their way. I e't them Even to their ships.

Leontes. How bless'd am I In my just carens! In my true opinion!— Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accrues'd, In being so biest!—There may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge Is not infected; but if one present The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the Camillo was his help in this, his pardon.— There is a plot against my life, my crown: All's true that is mistrusted;—that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him. He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick For them to play at will.—How came the posterns So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevail'd than so, On your command.

Leontes. I know't well too.— Give me the boy. [To Hermione.] I am glad, you did not nurse him: Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Hermione. What is this? sport?

Leontes. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about Away with him; and let her sport herself [her. With that she's big with, for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.

Hermione. But I'd say he had not, And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to the yawnd.

Leontes. You, my lords, Look on her, mark her well; be but about To say, "she is a goodly lady," and The justice of your hearts will thereto add, "'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:" Praise her but for this her without-door form, (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands, That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!— That merey does, for calumny will scar (ha's, Virtue itself)—these shrugs, these hums, and When you have said "she's goodly," come be'tween, Ere you can say "she's honest." But be'lt known, From him that has most cause to grieve it She's an adultress? [should be,]

Hermione. Should a villain say so, The most replenish'd villain in the world, He were as much more villain: you, my lord, Do but mistake.

Leontes. You have mistook, my lady, Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing! Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, Least bastardism, making me the precedent, Should a like language use to all degrees, And mannerly distinguishment leave out Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said She's an adultress; I have said with whom: More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is A fiderary with her, and one that knows What she should shame to know herself, But with her most vile principal, that she's A bed-servant, even as bad as those That vulgar give bold titles; ay, and privy To this their late escape.

Hermione. No, by my life, Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord, You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say You did mistake.

Leontes. No; if I mistake In those foundations which I build upon, The centre is not big enough to bear A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison! He
Hermione.

There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drawn. Beseech you, all my
lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me—and so
The king's will be perform'd.

Leontes. Shall I be heard? [To the Guards.

Hermione.

Who is't, that goes with me?—Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: 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.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now, [leave.
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have

Leontes.

Go, do our bidding: hence! [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

First Lord.

Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Antigonus.

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones
Yourself, your queen, your son. [suffer,

First Lord.

For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Antigonus.

If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust
For every lurch of woman in the world, [ther;
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leontes.

Hold your peace! [First Lord.

Antigonus.

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the
villain.
[Sw'd—
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour
I'll gend 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.

Leontes.

Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and
As you feel doing thus, and see withal [feel't,
The instruments that feel.

Antigonus.

If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leontes. What! lack I credit?

First Lord.

I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content
me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leontes.

Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural good-
ness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupid'd
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The lose, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Antigonus.

And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture,

Leontes.

How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age
Or thou wilt born a fool. Camillo's flight
Added to their familiariry,
(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 pro-
yet, for a greater confirmation, [covenanting:
(For in an act of this importance 'twere [post,
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd In
To sacred Delphos, Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord.

Well done, my lord.

Leontes.

Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not [good,
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Let that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Antigonus. [Aside.

To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

GENE II. The Same. The outer Room
Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paulina.

The keeper of the prison, call him:
[Exit an Attendant.

CENE II. The Same. The outer Room
of a Prison
Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paulina.

The keeper of the prison, call him:
[Exit an Attendant.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SC. 11.

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 Jailor.

You know me, do you not?

Jailor. For a worthy lady, And one whom much I honour.

Paulina. Pray you then, Conduct me to the queen.

Jailor. I may not, madam: to the contrary I have express commandment.

Paulina. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from [you, Th' access of gentle visitors I—Is't lawful, pray To see her women? any of them? Emilia?] Jailor. So please you, madam, To put apart these your attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paulina. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.

Jailor. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

Paulina. Well, be 't so, pr'ythee. [Exit Jailor. Here's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

Re-enter Jailor, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, How fares our gracious lady?

Emilia. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together. On her frowns, and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater,) She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

A boy?

Emilia. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in't, says, "My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you!"

Paulina. I dare be sworn:—These dangerous, unsafe lunes 't the king, be-shrew them! He must be told on't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me. If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister, And never to my red-look'd anger be. The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia, Commend my best obedience to the queen: If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know How he may soften at the sight o' the child: The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emilia. 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 [ship So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-

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, Lest she should be denied.

Paulina. 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 do good.

Emilia. Now, be you blest for it! I'll to the queen.—Please you, come something nearer.

Jailor. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe, I know not what I shall incur to pass it, Having no warrant.

Paulina. You need not fear it, sir: The child was prisoner to the womb, and is, By law and process of great nature, hence Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to The anger of the king, nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Jailor. I do believe it.

Paulina. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leontes. Nor night, nor day, nor rest. It is but weakness To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If The cause were not in being, part o' the cause, She, th' adultress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she I can hook to me: say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again.—Who's there?

First Attendant. My lord.

Leontes. How does the boy?

First Attendant. He took good rest to-night: 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharge'd.

Leontes. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply, Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself, Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, [go, And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely;— See how he fares. [Exit Attendant.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him:— The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty, And in his paces, his alliance,—let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polizenes Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them; Shall she, within my power. [nor

Enter Paulina, with a Child. First Lord. You must not enter.

Paulina.
Paulina.
Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
That the queen’s life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Antigonus.
That’s enough.

First Attendant.
Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
None should come at him. [manded
Paulina.
Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. ’Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leontes.
What noise there, ho?
Paulina.
No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leontes.
How 2—
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg’d thee, that she should not come about
I knew she would. [me:

Antigonus.
I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure’s peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leontes.
What I cannot not rule her?
Paulina.
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.

Antigonus.
Lo, you now I you hear.
When she will take the rent, I her run;
But she’ll not stumble.

Paulina.
Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician.
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leontes.
Good queen!

Paulina.
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.

Leontes.
Force her hence.

Paulina.
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.

Leontes.
Out!
Paulina.
A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leontes.
I'll ha' thee burn'd.

Paulina.
I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire, [tyrant;
Not she which burns it. I'll not call you
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [savors
Than your own weak hing'd fancy) something
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leontes.
On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where was her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paulina,
I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: [Jove
Send her [hands?—
A better guiding spirit!—What need these
You, that are thus tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leontes.
Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this:—
My child? away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou re-
fuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sott'st on thy wife.

Antigonus.
I did not, sir:—
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

First Lord.
We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leontes.
You're liars all.

First Lord.
Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services, [pose;
Fast, and to come) that you do change this pur-
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leontes.
I am a feather for each wind that blows. —
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, come you hither;
[To Antigonus.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your mildwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you
To save this brat's life? [adventure

Antigonus.
Any thing, 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: any thing possible.

Leontes.
It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Antigonus.
I will, my lord.

Leontes.
Mark, and perform it, seoeth thou; for the fall
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin
thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry [it
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, 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 thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take
it up.

Antigonus.
I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. —Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savage ness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. —Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—and
Against this cruelty fight on thy side, [blessing
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[Exit with the child.

Leontes.
No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

First Attendant.
Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
Hasting to the court.[landed,
First Lord.
So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leontes.
Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed, forrestals
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she bath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Same. A Street in some Town.
Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleomenes.
THERE the climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Dion.
I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the gods wearers. O, the sacrifice!

How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was I the offering I

Cleomenes.
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 th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen.—O, be't so—
As it has been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleomenes.
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,
(That by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh horses;—
And grac'd be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leontes.
This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even presses against our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too 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 purification.—
Produce the prisoner.

Officer.
It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [Silence.

Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina, and Ladies attending.

Leontes.
Read the indictment.

Officer.
"Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia: and consorting 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.
Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part no other [boast me
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, be so receiv'd; But thus,—if pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,) I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chast, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devil'sd,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for hoo-
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, [nour,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes,
Came to your court. how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncertain I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act, or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, ' Fie!" upon my grave.

Leontes.
I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Hermione.
That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leontes.
You will not own it.

Hermione.
More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded; [me
Which not to have done, I think, had been in
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love
I had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leontes.
You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Hermione.
Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leontes.
Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes. [shame.
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou

Shall
Enter a Servant, hastily.

Servant.

My lord the king, the king!

Leontes.

What is the business?

Servant.

O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leontes.

How I gone?

Leontes.

Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione faints]

How now there?

Paulina.

This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leontes.

Take her hence:—Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much belief'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione]
My great profaneness 'gainst 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 bloody 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 [with
My swift command; though I with death, and
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And still'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glister
Thorough my rust! and how his plenty
Does my deeds make the blacker?

Re-enter Paulina.

Paulina.

Woe the while!—O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord.

What fit is this, good lady?

Paulina.

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What playing? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture?
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fanes too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O! I think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone follyers were but spiles of it.
That thou betray'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant,
And dangnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon
The
The casting forth to crowns thy baby daughter, To be or none, or little; though a devil Would have she shed water out of fire, ere don't: Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts Of one so tender, so fair, so full of grace Could conceiv'd a good and foolish sire Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no, I laid to thy answer: but the last.—O, lords! When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen. The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't Not dropp'd down yet.

**First Lord.**

The higher powers forbid!

**Paulina.**

I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath, Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring Tincture, or lustre, in her eye, Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant! Do not repent these things, for they are heavier 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.

**Leontes.**

Go on, go on; Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd All tongues to talk their bitterest.

**First Lord.**

Say no more: How're the business goes, you have made fault I' the boldness of your speech.

**Paulina.**

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 rashness of 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 has minded you Of what you should forget. Now, good my Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman: [liege, The love I bore your queen,—I, 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.

**Leontes.**

Thou dost speak but well, When most the truth, which I receive much better, Than to be pitted 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, unto 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 Will bear up with this exercise, so long I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me To these sorrows. [Exeunt.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III. Sc. III.

But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I, To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! The day frowns more and more: thou art like A lullaby too rough. I never saw [to have The heavens so dim by day. [Bear roar.] A savage clamour?—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase; I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shepherd.

I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wrangling the anciently, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brows of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some scope: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scope. This has been some stairs-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll carry till my son come: he halloed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Hilloa, loa! Shepherd.

What art so near? If thou'll see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What all's thou, man?

Clown.

I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land:—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shepherd.

Why, boy, how is it?

Clown.

I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes I see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her malmsait; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshad. And then for the land service:—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. — But to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-flap flapped it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shepherd.

Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clown.

Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shepherd.

Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clown.

I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shepherd.

Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met st with things dying, 1 with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling. — Open't: what's within, boy?

Clown.

You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shepherd.

This is fair gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but charity.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown.

Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curt, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shepherd.

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.

Clown.

Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him 1 the ground.

Shepherd.

'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time.

I THAT please some, try all; both joy, and terror, Of good and bad; that make, and unfold Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried Of that wide gap; since it is in my power To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass The same I am, ere ancient'st order 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 The glistering of this present, as my tale [stale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn by glass, and give my scene such growing, As you had slept between. Leontes leaving Th' effects of his fond jealosies, so grieving That he shuts up himself, imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mention'd a son o' the king's, 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 enues, 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 'th argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

SCENE I. The Same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Polixenes.
I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Camillo.
It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been ailed 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 allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Polixenes.
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 away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my duty, my master, and my profit that for me to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. 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.

Camillo.
Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Polixenes.
I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; 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.

Camillo.
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 estate.

Polixenes.
That's 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 course, and teach Florizel; for whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of

my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Camillo.
I willingly obey your command.

Polixenes.
My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, height! the dozy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, height! the sweet birds, C, how they sing!

Doth set my priggling tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The bark, that erra-lira chants,—
Say, With, height! with height! the thrush and the
Arc summer songs for me and my aunts;
While we, with running in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn 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 son-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With dils, and drait, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the sly cheat. Gallows, 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.

Clown.
Let me see;—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Autolycus.
If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clown.
I cannot do without counters.—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice".—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shepherds; three-man song-men 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 have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—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.

Autolycus.
O, that ever I was born!

"Groveling on the ground.

Clown."
I' the name of me! —

Autolycus.

O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clown.

Alack, poor soul! you need not more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Autolycus.

O, sir! the loathsome ness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown.

Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Autolycus.

I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel 't an me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown.

What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Autolycus.

A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clown.

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.

[Helping him up.]

Autolycus.

O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clown.

Alas, poor soul!

Autolycus.

O, good sir! softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown.

How now? canst stand?

Autolycus.

Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.]: good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown.

Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Autolycus.

No, good, sweet sir: no. I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman 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.

Clown.

What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Autolycus.

A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-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 whipped out of the court.

Clown.

His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Autolycus.

Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; 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 settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown.

Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Autolycus.

Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown.

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Autolycus.

I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown.

How do you now?

Autolycus.

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's.

Clown.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

Autolycus.

No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown.

Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Autolycus.

Prosper you, sweet sir! — [Exit Clown.]

Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your splice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hunt the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your and tires in a mile-a. — [Exit.]

SCENE III. The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Florizel.

These, your unusual weeds, to each part of Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This, your sheep Is as a meeting of the petty gods, [shearing, And you the queen on.'

Perdita.

Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me: O! pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have ob-scur'd [maid, With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the seeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired, sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

Florizel.

I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Perdita.

Now, Jove afford you cause! To me the difference forges dread; [ble Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I trem- To
To think, your father, by some accident, should pass this way, as you desire. O, the fate! 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 flaults, behold The sternness of his presence?

Florizel.

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune a ram, and bleated; and the fire-rod's god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, as I seem now. Their transformations were never for a piece of beauty rarer, nor in a way so chaste: since my desires run not before mine honour, nor my lusts burn hotter than my faith.

Perdita.

O! but, sir, your resolution cannot hold when 'tis [king, Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the One of these two must be necessaries, Which then will speak — that you must change Or I my life.

Florizel.

Thou dearest Perdita, [not With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, 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, Though destiny say, no. Be not my gait Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of dedication of that capital, which We two have sworn shall come.

Perdita.

O, lady fortune, Stand you auspicious.

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised; Clown, Nops, Dorcas, and others. Shepherds.

See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shepherd.

Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon This day she was both pantier, butter, cook; Both dame and servant; welcome'd all; serv'd all; [here, Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now At upper end o' the table, now, 'tis the middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire, [it, With labour, and the thing she took to quench She would to each slip. You are retir'd, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come; quench your blushes, and present your- [on, self That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Perdita. [To Polixenes.]

Sir, welcome, It is my father's will, I should take on me The hostess-ship o' the day:—[To Camillo.] You're welcome, sir.—[sirs, Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long: Grace, and remembrance, be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

Polixenes.

Shepherdess, (A fair one are you) well you fit our ages With flowers of winter.

Perdita. Sir, the year growing ancient,— Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers of the season Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers, Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not To get slips of them.

Polixenes.

Wherefore, gentle maiden, Do you neglect them?

Perdita. For I have heard it said, There is an art which, in their Piedness, shares With great creating nature.

Polixenes. Say, there be; Yet nature is made better by no mean, But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art, Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we A gentle scion to the wildest stock, [marry And make conceive a bark of baser kind By bud of nobler race: this is an art [but But which does mend nature,—change it rather; The art itself is nature.

Perdita. So it is.

Polixenes.

Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers, And do not call them bastards.

Perdita. I'll not put The dibble in earth to set one slip of them: No more than, were I painted, I would wish This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore Desire to breed by me. —Here's flowers for Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram; [you; The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun, And with him rises weeping: these are flowers Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Camillo.

I should leave grazing, were I of your flock, And only live by gazing.

Perdita. Out, alas! You'd be so lean, that blasts of January Would blow you through and through.—Now my fair' st friend, [might I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that Become your time of day; and yours, and yours, That wear upon your virgin branches yet. Your maidenheads growing,—O Proserpina! For the flowers now, that, that, frightened, thou let'st From Dis's waggon I daffodills, [fall That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty, violet dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phæbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maid's; bold oxlips, and
The crown- imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Florizel.

What I like a corse?

Perdita.

No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Florizel.

What you do (sweet,
Still better's what is done. When you speak,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for 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 no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crows what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Perdita.

O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through
It,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Florizel.

I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Perdita.

I'll swear for'em.

Polixenes.

This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or
seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Camillo.

He tells her something,
That makes her blood look on't. Good sooth,
The queen of curds and cream. [she is

Clown.

Come on, strike up.

Dorcas.

Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mopsa.

Now, in good time—

Clown.

Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [Music.

[Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Polixenes.

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swan is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shepherd.

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself.

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my

I think so too; for never gaz'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.

Polixenes.

She dances fealty.

Shepherd.

So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

O master! if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move
you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll
tell money; he utters them as he had eaten
ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown.

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 indeed, and sung lamentably.

Servant.

He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for
maids; so without bawdry, which is strange
with such delicate burdens of " diklos" and
"fading," "jump her and thump her;" and
where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would, as
it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap
into the matter, he makes the maid to answer,
"Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts
him off, slight's him with "Whoop, do me no
harm, good man."

Polixenes.

This is a brave fellow.

Clown.

Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Servant.

He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rain-
bow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bo-
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come
to him by the gross; inkies, caddisses, cambries,
lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were
gods or goddesses. You would think a smell
were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-
hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clown.

Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach
singing.

Perdita.

Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words
in's tunes.

Clown.

You have of these pedlars, that have more in
them than you'd think, sister.

Perdita.

Ay, good brother, or go about to think.
Autolycus.

Here's another bland, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: 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.

**Dorcas.**

It is true too, think you?

**Autolycus.**

Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

**Clown.**

Lay it by too: another.

**Autolycus.**

This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

**Mopsa.**

Let's have some merry ones.

**Autolycus.**

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 tell you.

**Mopsa.**

We can both sing it: if thou'lt hear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

**Dorcas.**

We had the tune 'nt a month ago.

**Autolycus.**

I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

**Song.**

**Autolycus.**

Get you hence, for I must go; Where it fits not you to know.

**Dorcas.**

Whither? 

**Mopsa.**

O! whither?

**Dorcas.**

Whither?

**Mopsa.**

It becomes thy oath, full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

**Dorcas.**

Me too: let me go thither.

**Mopsa.**

Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;

**Dorcas.**

If to either, thou dost ti.

**Autolycus.**

Neither.

**Dorcas.**

What, neither?

**Autolycus.**

Neither.

**Dorcas.**

Thou hast sworn my love to be;

**Mopsa.**

Thou hast sworn it more to me: Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

**Clown.**

We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

**Autolycus.**

And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.] Will you buy any tape, Or lace for your cape, My dainty duck, my dear-a? Any silk, any thread, Any toys for your head, Of the newest, and finest, wear-a? Come to the pedler; Money's a medler, That doth uther all men's ware-a.

[Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

**Enter a Servant.**

Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, 

three
three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have
made themselves all more of hair: they call
themselves saltiers; and they have a dance
which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of
gambols, because they are not in't; but they
themselves are of the mind, (if it be not too
rough for some, that know little but bowling) it
will please plentifully.

Shepherd.

Away I'll none on't: here has been too
much homely foolery already. — I know, sir, we
weary you.

Polixenes.

You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's
see these three threes of herdsmen.

Servant.

One of them, by their own report, sir,
hath danced before the king; and not the worst
of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by
the squire.

Shepherd.

Leave your prating. Since these good men
are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Servant.

Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited
like Satyrs. They dance, and then exit.

Polixenes.

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. 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 silk treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Florizel.

Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and
loot'd.
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O! I 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 the fann'd snow, that's
By the northern blasts twice o'er. [boiled

Polixenes.

What follows this? —
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before! — I have put you
But, to your protestation: let me hear [out.—
What you profess.

Florizel.

Do, and be witness to't.

Polixenes.

And this my neighbour too?

Florizel.

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,
[them,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize
Without her love: for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her ser-
Or to their own perdition.

Polixenes.

Fairly offer'd.

Camillo.

This shows a sound affection.

Shepherd.

But, my daughter,
Say you the-like to him?

Perdita.

I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shepherd.

Take hands; — a bargain: —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness
to't. I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Florizel.

O! that must be
I 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;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shepherd.

Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Polixenes.

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.

Have you a father?

Florizel.

I have; but what of him?

Polixenes.

Knows he of this?

Florizel.

He neither does, nor shall.

Polixenes.

Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest [more:
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid [hear?
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Florizel.

No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Polixenes.

By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unphilial. Reason, my son [reason,
Should choose himself a wife: but as good
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Florizel.

I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint.
My father of this business.

Polixenes.
Polixenes. Let him know't.

Florizel.

He shall not.

Polixenes. Pry'thee, let him.

Florizel.

No, he must not.

Shepherd. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Florizel. Come, come, he must not.—

Mark our contract.

Polixenes. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scep'tre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can [piece
But shorten thy life one week. — And thou fresh
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copst with —

Shepherd. O, my heart!

Polixenes. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, [boy,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack,
as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from success-
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Desecration off: — 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, enchant-
ment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,— if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches 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.

Perdita. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — Will you please you, sir, be
gone?

I told you, what was come of this. Beseech
you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no much farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Camillo. Why, how now, father?

Shepherd

I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O, sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,

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 would
adventure
To mingle fate with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Florizel. Why look you so upon me? —
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd, But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for buckling back; not
My leash unwillingly.

[Following

Camillo. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Florizel. I not purpose it.

Camillo. Even he, my lord.

Perdita. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'were known?

Florizel. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth togeth-
[looks: —
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Camillo. Be advis'd.

Florizel. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Camillo. This is desperate, sir.

Florizel. So call it; but it does fulfill my vow:
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be threat't glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hide
In unknown fathom's, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver. — I am put to sea.
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Camillo. O, my lord! —

I would
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

Florizel.  

Hark, Perdita.—  

[To Camillo.] I'll hear you by and by.  

Camillo.  

He's irremovable;  
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

Florizel.  

Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony.  

[Going.  

Camillo.  

Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, I 'tis love  
That I have borne your father?

Florizel.  

Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Camillo.  

Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king, [is  
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration) 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.

Florizel.  

How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done,  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

Camillo.  

If I have thought on  
A place wheroeto you'll go?

Florizel.  

Not any yet;  
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and files  
Of every wind that blows.

Camillo.  

Then list to me:  
This follows:—if you will not change your pur-  
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia, [pose  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be) fore Leonatus:  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leonatus, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, for-  
giveness,  
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th' one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought, or time.

Florizel.  

Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

Camillo.  

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 buttwixt us three, I'll write you  
down:  
The which 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.

Florizel.  

I am bound to you.  

There is some sap in this.

Camillo.  

A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves [certain,  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,  
But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love, [gather,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart to-  
Affliction alters.

Perdita.  

One of these is true:  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

Camillo.  

Yea, say you so?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these  
Be born another such. [seven years

Florizel.  

My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the rear our birth.

Camillo.  

I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

Perdita.  

Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

Florizel.  

Your prettiest Perdita.—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!— Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me.  
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?  
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

Camillo.  

My lord, [tunes  
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my for-  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if [sir,  
The scene you play were mine. For Instance,  
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.  
[They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.  

Autolycus.  

Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I  
have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeited  
stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch,  
table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie,  
bracelet, horn-rug, to keep my pack from fast-  
ing: they throng who should buy first; as if  
my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a  
benediction
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Benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches’ song, that he would not stir his petticoats, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a picket, it was senseless; ’twas nothing to geld a copiece of a purse: I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir’s song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king’s son, and scared my thoughts from the chalk, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Camillo.

Nay, but my letters, by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Florizel.

And those that you’ll acquire from king Leontes? Camillo.

Shall satisfy your father. Perdita.

Happy be you! All that you speak shows fair.

Camillo.

Whom have we here?—[Seeing Autolycus.

We’ll make an instrument of this: omit Nothing may give us aid.

Autolycus.

If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

Camillo.

How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here’s no harm intended to thee.

Autolycus.

I am a poor fellow, sir.

Camillo.

Why, be so still; here’s nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discourse thee instantly, (thou must think, there’s a necessity in’t) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennypworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there’s some boot.

Autolycus.

I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I know ye well enough. Camillo.

Nay, pr’ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Autolycus.

Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell the trick of it.

Florizel.

Dispatch, I pr’ythee. Autolycus.

Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Camillo.

Unbuckle, unbuckle. [Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy

Come home to you! you must retire yourself into some covert; take your sweetheart’s hat, and pluck it o’er your brows; muzzle your Dismantle you, and as you can, dislik’en [face; The truth of your own seeming, that you may, (For I do fear eyes ever) to ship-board Get undescribed. Perdita.

I see, the play so lies, That I must bear a part. Camillo.

No remedy. — Have you done there? Florizel.

Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son. Camillo.

Nay, you shall have no hat. — Come lady, come.— Farewell, my friend.

Autolycus.

Adieu, sir.

Florizel.

O Perdita! what have we twain forgot? Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.

Camillo.

What I do next shall be to tell the king Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail, To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman’s longing.

Florizel.

Fortune speed us! — Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Camillo.

The swifter speed, the better. [Exit Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Autolycus.

I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose 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 had this been without boot! I what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year conclave at us, and we may do any thing exemplifies. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do’ : 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.

Clown.

See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she’s a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood. Shepherd.

Nay, but hear me. Clown.

Nay, but hear me. Shepherd.

Go to them. Clown.

She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him.
Shepherd.

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.

Clown.

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.

Autolycus. [Aside.

Very wisely, peddling.

Shepherd.

Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Autolycus. [Aside.

I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown.

Pray heartily he be at palace.

Autolycus. [Aside.

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance; let me wrestle up my peddler's excrement. [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustles! whither are you bound?

Shepherd.

To the palace, an it like your worship.

Autolycus.

Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clown.

We are but plain fellows, sir,

Autolycus.

A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbling steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clown.

Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shepherd.

Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Autolycus.

Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these unfoldings? hast not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkst thou, for that I insinuate or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-piece; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shepherd.

My business, sir, is to the king.

Autolycus.

What advocate hast thou to him?

Shepherd.

I know not, an't like you.

Clown.

Advocate's the court word for a pheasant: say, you have none.
I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown.

He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn 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!

That shepherd.

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.

Autolycus.

After I have done what I promised?

Shepherd.

Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clown.

In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Autolycus.

O! that's the case of the shepherd's son.—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown.

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.

Autolycus.

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. Clown.

We are blessed in this man, as I may say even blessed.

Shepherd.

Let's before, as you bids us. He was prorided to do us good.


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 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.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others.

Cleomenes.

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
[Last,
More penitence than done trespass. At the Do,
As the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leontes.

Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that o'er man
Bred his hopes out of: true.

Paulina.

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.

Leontes.

I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter [now,
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good
Say so but seldom.

Cleomenes.

Not at all, good lady: I would
You might have spoken a thousand things that
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paulina.

You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion.

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incurious lookers on: 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?

Paulina.

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the kenour 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.

Leontes.

Good Paulina,—Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
[now,
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paulina.

And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leontes.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V. Sc. 1.

Leontes. Thou speak'st truth. [worse, No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage, (Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd, Begin, "And why to me?" Paulina. Had she such power, She had just cause. Leontes. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married. Paulina. I should so: Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd 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 [low'd Should rift to hear me, and the words that fol- Should be, "Remember mine."] Leontes. Stars, stars! And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no I'll have no wife, Paulina. [wife ;

Paulina. Will you swear Never to marry, but by my free leave? Leontes. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit! Paulina. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath. Cleomenes. You tempt him over-much. Paulina. Unless another, As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye. Cleomenes. Good madam,—I have done. Paulina. 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 was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should To see her in your arms. [take joy

Leontes. My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us. Paulina. That Shall be when your first queen's again in breath: Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman. Gentleman. One that gives itself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access To your high presence. Leontes. 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 need, and accident. What train? Gentleman. But few, And those but mean.

(He
ACT V. Sc. II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres, And those that bear them, living.

Leontes.

O, my brother! Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee Ashen within me; and these thy offices, [sit! So rarely kind, are as interpreters Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither, As is the spring to the earth. And hath he, too, Exposé'd this paragon to the fearful usage (At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man not worth her pains, much less Th' adventure of her person?

Fiorzel. Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

Leontes. That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Fiorzel. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd.

To execute the charge my father gave me, For visiting thy 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 we are.

Leontes. The blessed gods Purge all infection from our air, whilst you Do climate her! You have a holy father, A graceful gentleman, against whose person, So sacred as it is, I have done sin;

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 Bohemia greets you from himself by me; [sir, Desires you to attach his son, who has (His dignity and duty both cast off) Fleed from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.


Lord. Here in your city; I came now from him: I speak amazedly, and it becomes My marvel, and my message. To your court While he was hastening (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.

Fiorzel. Camillo has betray'd me, Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now, Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay'st su to his charge: He's with the king your father.

Leontes. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quakes: 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.

Perdita. O, my poor father!— The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have Our contract celebrated.

Leontes. You are married?

Fiorzel. 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.

Leontes. My lord, Is this the daughter of a king?

Fiorzel. She is,

When once she is my wife.

Leontes. That once, I see, by your good father's speed, Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, 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.

Fiorzel. 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.

Leontes. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress, Which he counts but a trifle.

Paulina. Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month Fore your queen died, she was more worth Than what you look on now. [such gazes

Leontes. I thought of her, Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [To Fiorzel. Is yet unanswered. I will to your father: Your honour not o'erthrown 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.

Autolycus. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gentleman. 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
only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

**Autolycus.**  
I would most gladly know the issue of it.

**First Gentleman.**  
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 strangling on one another, to tear 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, haply, knows more. The news, Roger?  

**Second Gentleman.**  
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 ballad-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 called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

**Third Gentleman.**  
Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. 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?

**Second Gentleman.**  
No.

**Third Gentleman.**  
Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have b—held one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow went to take leave of them, for their joy waived in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our 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 Bohemtia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

**Second Gentleman.**  
What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

**Third Gentleman.**  
Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, 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 him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his that Paulina knew.

**First Gentleman.**  
What became of his bark, and his followers?

**Third Gentleman.**  
Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

**First Gentleman.**  
The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such it acted.

**Third Gentleman.**  
One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the writer, though not the fault) was, when at the relative loss of the queen's death, (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confessed, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of doleful to another, she did, with an alms! I would fain say, bled tears, for, I am sure, my heart went blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

**First Gentleman.**  
Are they returned to the court?

**Third Gentleman.**  
No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath in his work, would beguile 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 to answer. To thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to stay.

**Second Gentleman.**  
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. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoiceing?

**First Gentleman.**  
Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthy to our knowledge. Let's along.

**[Exeunt Gentleman.**

**Autolycus.**  
Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, I would preface drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardele, and I know not what; but he at that time, over fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so then he took her to his heart,) and I made myself over light, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out
WINTER'S TALE.

Act 5. Sc. 3
out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discords.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shepherd.

Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown.

You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolycus.

I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown.

Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shepherd.

And so have I, boy.

Clown.

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 prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shepherd.

We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown.

Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so posteroestate as we are.

Autolycus.

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.

Shepherd.

Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown.

Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autolycus.

Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown.

Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shepherd.

You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown.

Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shepherd.

How if it be false, son?

Clown.

If it be ne'er 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 that thou wilt not 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 would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Autolycus.

I will prove so, sir, to my power.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V. SC. III.

Perdita.
And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, 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.

Paulina.
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Camillo.
My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live: no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Polixenes.
Dear 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.

Paulina.
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
I'd not have show'd it.) [mine]

Leontes.
Do not draw the curtain.

Perdita.
No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leontes.
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? [veins

Polixenes.
Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leontes.
The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paulina.
I'll draw the curtain.

Leontes.
O, sweet Paulina! Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

Paulina.
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
I could afflict you farther. [but

Leontes.
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 yet cut breath? Let no man mock
For I will kiss her. [me,

Paulina.
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?

Leontes.
No, not these twenty years.

Perdita.
I am so long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paulina.
Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue more indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leontes.
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.

Paulina.
It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still.
On, those that think it is unlawful business
I am about; let them depart.

Leontes.
No foot shall stir.

Paulina.
Music awake her. Strike!—[Music.
'Tis time; descend; be stone more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.
[Hermondes descends 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 double. Nay, present your hand;
When was she young you woor'd her; now, in
Is she become the auctor? [age,

Leontes.
O! she's warm. [embracing her.
If this be magic, let it be an art.
Lawful as eating.

Polixenes.
She embraces him.

Camillo.
She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Polixenes.
Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paulina.
That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted 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
Our Perdita is found. [lady,

[Perdita kneels to Hermione.

Hermione.
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'd? 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.

Paulina.
There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.
William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex.
William Longavard, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain to the King.
Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip Faulconbridge.
James Gurney, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret.
Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.

Philip of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, Ambassador from France.
Elinor, Widow of King Henry II.
Constance, Mother to Arthur.
Blanch, Daughter to Alphonsus, King of Castile.
Lady Faulconbridge.
Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriffs, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and 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.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France, in my behaviour, to the majesty, the borrow'd majesty, of England here.

A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

And take her by the hand, whose worth, and is richly noted, and here justified [honesty, by us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—What!—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
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 disserver'd. Haste! lead away.

[Exeunt.

KING JOHN.

Will wing me to some whither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Listen.

Peace, Paulina!
The husband take by my consent,
As by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine:

But how is to question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PALMULPH, THE POPE'S LEGATE.
MELUN, A FRENCH LORD.
CHATILLON, AMBASSADOR FROM FRANCE.
ELINOR, WIFE TO KING HENRY II.
CONSTANCE, MOTHER TO ARTHUR.
BLANCH, DAUGHTER TO ALPHONSO, KING OF CASTILE.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

LORDS, LADIES, CITIZENS OF ANGERS, SHERIFFS, HERALDS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, sometimes in ENGLAND and sometimes in FRANCE.
Châtillon.
Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

King John:
Bears mine to him, and so depart in peace. Be thine 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! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And sullen preface of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have: Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Châtillon. [Exeunt Châtillon and Pembroke.]

Elinor.
What now, my son? have I not yet said, How that ambitious Constance would not cease, Till she had kindled France, and all the world, Upon the right and party 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.

King John.
Our strong possession, and our right for us. Elinor.
Your strong possession, much more than your right. Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: So much my conscience whispers in your ear, Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex.
My liege, here is the strangest controversy, Come from the country to be judge'd by you, That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men.

King John.
Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.]

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his bastard brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bastard.
Your faithful subject 1; a gentleman Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son, As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

King John.
What art thou?

Robert.
The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

King John.
Is that the elder, and art thou the heir? You came not of one mother, then, it seems?

Bastard.
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.

Elinor.
Out on thee, rude man! I thou dost shame thy mother, And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bastard.
I, madam? no, I have no reason for it: That is my brother's plea, and none of me; The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out From at least fair five hundred pound a year.

Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

King John.
A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bastard.
I know not why, except to get the land. But once he slander'd me with bastardy: But 'wher' I be as true begot, or no, That still I lay upon my mother's head; But, 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 beget us both, And were our father, and this son like him, O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

King John.
Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Elinor.
He hath 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?

King John.
Mime eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak; What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bastard.
Because he hath a half-face, like my father, With that half-face would he have all my land: A half-face'd great five hundred pound a year!

Robert.
My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd, Your brother did employ my father much.—

Bastard.
Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land: Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Robert.
And once despatch'd him in an embassy To Germany, there, with the emperor, To treat of high affairs touching that time. The advantage of his absence took the king, And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's; Where he did prevail I shame to speak, But truth is truth: large lengths of seas And between my father and my mother lay, [shores As I have heard my father speak himself, When this same lusty gentleman was got. Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd 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. Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine, My father's land, as was my father's will.

King 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 calf, bred from his cow, from all the world; In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's, My brother might not claim him, nor your father, Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes.—

My
KING JOHN.

My mother’s son did get your father’s heir; Your father’s heir must have your father’s land.

Shall, then, my father’s will be of no force To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bastard.

Of no more force to dispossess me, sir, Than was his will to get, as I think.

Elinor.

Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge, And like thy brother to enjoy thy land, Or the reputed son of Ceaur-de-lion, Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bastard. Madam, an if my brother had my shape, And I had his, sir Robert his, like him; And if my legs were two such riding-rioles, My arms such eel-skins stuff’d; my face so thin, That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, Lest men should say, “Look, where three-farthings goes,”

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, Would I might never sit from off this place, I’d give it every foot to have this face: It would not be sir Nob in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thyfortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? I am a soldier, and now bound to France?

Bastard. 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.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me therewith. Our country manners give our betters way.

King John. 

What is thy name?

Bastard. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun; Philip, good old sir Robert’s eldest son.

King John. From henceforth bear his name whose form Is the best;

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great; Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bastard. Brother, by the mother’s side, give me your hand: My father gave me honour, yours gave land.— Now blessed be the hour, by night or day, When I was got sir Robert was away.

Elinor. The very spirit of Plantagenet!— I am thy granddaughter, Richard; call me so.

Bastard. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what something about, a little from the right, In at the window, or else o’er the hatch: Who dare not stir by day, must walk by night, And have is have, however men do catch. Near or far off, well won is still well won, And I am low, how’e’er I was begot.

King John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire; A landless knight makes thee a landed ‘squire.— Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed. For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bastard. Brother, adieu! good fortune come to thee, For thou wast got in the way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was. But many a many foot of land the worse. Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:— “Good den, sir Richard.”—” God-a-mercy, fol- low;”—

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 conversation. Now your traveller,— He and his tooth-jick at my worship’s mess; And when my knightly stomach is suffic’d, Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize My picked man of countries:—” My dear sir,” Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin, “I shall beseech you”—that is question now; And then comes answer like an absay-book:— “O sir,” says answer, “at your best command: At your employment; at your service, sir:’— “No, sir,” says question, “I see you, sir;— And so, ere answer knows what question would, Saving in dialogue of compliment, And talking of the Alps, and Alpenines, The Pyreneus, 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_at oberwok and: 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 smack upon the other’s tooth: Which, though I will not practise to deceive, Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn, For it shall strew the footstep’s 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 Faulconbridge.

Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he, That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bastard. My brother Robert? old sir Robert’s son? Colbrant the giant, that same mighty man? Is It sir Robert’s son, that you seek so?

Lady Faulconbridge.

Sir Robert’s son! Ay, thou un reverend boy, Sir Robert’s son: why scorn’st thou at sir Ro. He is sir Robert’s son, and so art thou. [Exit Bastard.

James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gurney. Good leave, good Philip. [Exit Bastard.

Philip?— sparrow! —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-fridays and no’er broke his fast. Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess, Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it: We know his handy-work. —Therefore, good mother, To whom am I beholding for these limbs? Sir Robert never hoip to make this leg.

Lady
Lady Faulconbridge.

Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,
That thine own gain should'st defend mine honour? [kneel]

What means this scorn, thou most untoward Bastard.

Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-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; Legitimation, name, and all is gone. Then, good my mother, let me know my father: Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady Faulconbridge.

Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bastard.

As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady Faulconbridge.

King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father. By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed.— Heaven I lay not my transgression to my charge, That art the issue of my dear offence, Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bastard.

Now, by this light, were I to get again, Madam, I would not wish a better father. Some sins 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, Subjected tribute to commanding love, Against whose fury and unmatched force The aweless lion could not wage the fight, Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand, He, that perfere robes lions 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 dares 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'd said him nay, it had been sin: Who says it was, he 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.

Lewis.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.— Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood, Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart, And fought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave 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

Arthur.

God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death, The rather, that you give his offspring life, Shadowing their right under your wings of war I give you welcome with a powerless hand, But with a heart full of unstained love: Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis.

A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Austria.

Upon thy cheque lay this zealous kiss, As seal to this indenture 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-face'd shore, Where thou hast spurs back the ocean's roaring And coops from other lands her islanders; [tides, Even till that England, 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 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Constance.

Oh take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks, [frestrength, Till your strong hand shall help to give him To make a more requital to your love.

Austria.

The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their In such a just and charitable war. [swords

King Philip.

Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be sent Against the brows of this resisting town: — Call for our chiefest men of discipline, To call 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.

Constance.

Stay for an answer to your embassy, Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood. My lord Chatillon 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 Chatillon.

King Philip.

A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish, Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd. What England says, says briefly, gentle lord: We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chatillon.

Then turn your forces from this paltry siege, And stir them up against a mighty task. England, impatient of your just demands, Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds, Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him To land his legions all as soon as I. [time His marches are expedient to this town; His forces strong, his soldiers confident. With him along is come the mother-queen, An Até stirring him to blood and strife: With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain; With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd, And all th' unsettled honours of the land: Rash, Inconsiderate, flighty, and many volunaries, With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spoons, Have sold their fortunes at their native homes, Bearing their birthrights proudly 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 never float upon the swelling tide, To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[Drums heard within

The Interruption of their council

KING JOHN.  

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.  

King Philip.  

How much unlook'd for is this expedition! 

Austria.  

By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence,  
For courage mounteth with occasion;  
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.  

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanche, the Bastard, Pembroke, and Forces.  

King 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 contempt that beats his peace to heaven.  

King Philip.  

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 toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
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 Jeffry's face:  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Jeffry, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Jeffry was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son: England was Jeffry's right,  
And this is Jeffry's. In the name of God,  
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?  

King John.  

From whom hast thou this great commission,  
To draw my answer from thy articles? [France.  

King Philip.  

From that supernal Judge, that stirs good  
In any breast of strong authority,  
[thoughts To look into the blot and stains of right,  
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.  

King John.  

Alack! thou dost usurp authority.  

King Philip.  

Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.  

Elinor.  

Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?  

Constance.  

Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.  

Elinor.  

Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,  
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!  

Constance.  

My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father were we.  

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, I think,  
His father never was so true begot:  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.  

Elinor.  

There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.  

Constance.  

There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.  

Peace!  

Bastard.  

Hear the crier.  

Austria.  

What the devil art thou?  

Bastard.  

One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, and I catch you right:  
Sirrah, look to't; I faith, I will, I faith.  

Blanche.  

O! well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.  

Bastard.  

It lies as sightly 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 that shall make your shoulders crack.  

Austria.  

What cracker is this same, that deals our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?  

King Philip.  

Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.  

Lewis.  

Women and fools, break off your conference.  

King John, this is the very sum 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?  

King John.  

My life as soon: I do defy thee, France. —  
Arthur of Bretagne, 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.  

Elinor.  

Come to thy grandam, child.  

Constance.  

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.  

Arthur.  

Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.  

Elinor.  

His mother shame him so, poor boy, he weeps.  

Constance.  

Now shame upon you, whe'r she do, or no!  
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's  
Shames,  

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be  
To do him justice, and revenge on you. [brib'd  

Elinor.  

Thou monstrous slanderrr of heaven and earth!  

Constance.  

Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!  
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurps.  

Cc
The dominations, royalties, and rights. [son, Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's Infortunate 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-conceving womb.

King John.

_Bedlam_, have done.

Constance.

I have but this to say,— That he that is not only plagued for her sin, But God hath made her sin and her, the plague On this removed issue, plaguing for her, And with her plague her sin: his injury Her injury the heading to her sin, All punished in the person of this child, And all for her, a plague upon her!  

Elinor.

Thou madvised scold, I can produce A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Constance.

Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will! A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!  

King Philip.

Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate. It ill becomes this presence, to your aim To these ill-tuned repetitions.— Some trumpet summon bither 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.

Citizen.

Who is it, that hath warned us to the walls?  

King Philip.

_Tis France, for England._

King John.

England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

King Philip.

You loving men of Angiers, _Arthur's_ subjects, Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

King John.

For our advantage; therefore, bear us first,— These flags of France, that are displayed here Before the eye and prospect of your town, Have hither march'd to your endament: 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, Confirmt your city's eyes, your winking gates; And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones, That as a waist do girdle you about, By the compulsion of their ordnance By this time from their fixed beds of lime Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made For bloody power to rush upon your peace. But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, Who painfully, with much expedient march, Have brought a countercheck before your gates, To save unscrath'd your city's threaten'd cheeks, Behold, the French amazed, unawares a parle; And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire, To make a shaking fever in your walls, They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke, To make a faithless error in your ears: Which trust according, kind citizens, And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits, Forwearied in this action of swift speed, Crave harbourage within your city walls.

King Philip.

When I have said, make answer to us both. Lo! 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 king o'er him, and all that he enjoys. For this down-trodden equity, we treat In wardlike march these green fields before your town: Being no farther enemy to you, Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, 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 then our arms, like to a muzzled bear, Save in aspect, have all offense seal'd up; Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven; And with a blessed and unvex'd retire, With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised, We will bear home that lusty blood again, Which here we came to spout against your town, And leave your children, wives, and you, In peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer, 'Tis not the roundtide of your old-fac'd walls Can hide you from our messengers of war, Though all these English, and their discipline, Were harbour'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 stalk in blood to our possession?

Citizen.

In brief, we are the king of England's subjects. For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

King John.

Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Citizen.

That can we not; but he that proves the king, To him will we prove loyal; till that time, Have we remitt'd our gates against the world.

King John.

Dost not the crown of England prove the And, if not that, I bring you witnesses, [king? Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, —

Bastard.

Bastards, and else.

King John.

To verify our title with their lives.

King Philip.

As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bastard.

Some bastards too.

King Philip.

Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Citizen.

Till you compound whose right is worthiest, We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

King John.

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls, That to their everlasting residence Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet, In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

King Philip.

Amen, Amen. — Mount, chevaliers! to arms! -

Bastard.

S. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,

_Sits._
KING JOHN.

ACT II. SC. II.  

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door, 
Teach us some fence! [To Austria.] Sirrah, 
were I at home,  
at your den, sirrah, with your lonesse,  
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you. 

Austria.  

Peace! no more.  

Bastard.  

O! I tremble, for you bear the lion roar.  

King John.  

Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth  
in best appointment all our regiments.  

Bastard.  

Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.  

King Philip.  

It shall be so;—[To Lewis] and at the  
other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our  
right! [Exeunt.  

SCENE II. The same.  

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat.  
Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the  
gates.  

French Herald.  

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, duke of Brittany, in.  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth,  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.  

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.  

English Herald.  

Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, ring your bells:  
King John, your king, and England's, doth appoint  
Commander of this hot malicious day. [proach,  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France:  
Our colours do return in those same hands,  
That did display them when we first march'd  
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come [forth;  
Our lusty English, all with purple bands,  
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.  

Citizen.  

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured:  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have an-
swer'd blows; [fronted power  
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
Both a like, and both alike we like. [even,  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so  
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.  

Enter, at one side, King John, with his power,  
Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other,  
King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and Forces.  

King John.  

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?  

Say, shall the current of our right roam on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment.  
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean.  

King Philip.  

England, thou hast but said one drop of blood,  
In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom thou dost arms  
Or add a royal number to the dead. [we bear,  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.  

Bastard.  

Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.  
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings back to the stained field,  
You equal potent, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm [death!  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and  

King John.  

Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?  

King Philip.  

Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?  

Citizen.  

The king of England, when we know the king.  

King Philip.  

Know him in us, that here hold up his right.  

King John.  

In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.  

Citizen.  

A greater power than we denies all this;  
And, till he unclench'd, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
Kings of our fear; until our fears, resolve'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.  

Bastard.  

By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,  
And stand securely on their battlements. [kings,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;  
Do like the multines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile, 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-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
The faint shrill 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, discover your united strengths,  
And parle your mingled colours o'er again;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?
KING 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?

Bastard.

All as 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, Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.

King Philip.

Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?—

King John.

We from the west will send destruction Into this city’s bosom.

Austria.

1 from the north.

King Philip.

Our thunder from the south, Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bastard.

O, prudent discipline! From north to south, Austria and France shoot in each other’s mouth: [Aside.

I’ll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

Citizen.

Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay: [Lecture And shall show you peace, and fair-fac’d Win you this city without stroke, or wound; Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds, That here come sacrifices for the field. Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

King John.

Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.

Citizen.

That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch, 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 Blanch? If jealous love should go in search of virtue, Where should he find it purer than in Blanch? If love ambitious sought a match of birth, Whose veins bound richer blood than Blanch? Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, Is the young Dauphin every way complete: If not complete of, 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 lies in him. O! two such silver currents, when they join, Do glorify the banks that bound them in; lone, And two such shores to two such streams made 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 swifter 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.

Bastard.

Here’s a stay, That shakes the rotten carcase of old death Out of his rags! Here’s a large mouth, indeed, That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, Trees and a fowling of roaring lions, and seas; As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs. What cannon ear begets this lusty blood? He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bompas.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue; Our ears are cudgell’d: not a word of his, But buffets better than a fist of France.

Zounds! I was never so bethump’d with words, Since I first call’d my brother’s father dad.

Elinor.

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 uns’r’d assurance to the crown, That yond’ 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 Are capable of this combination, [Souls Last rest, now melted by the cloudy breath Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse, Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Citizen.

Why answer not the double majesties This friendly treaty of our threaten’d town?

King Philip.

Speak England first, that hath been forward To speak unto this city: what say you? [first

King John

If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son, 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 that we upon this side the sea [Excuse this city now by us besieg’d] Find liable to our crown and dignity, Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich In titles, honours, and promotions, As she in beauty, education, blood, Holds hand with any princess of the world.

King Philip.

What say’st thou, boy? look in the lady’s face.

Lewis.

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, Which, being but the shadow of your son, Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow. I do protest, I never lov’d myself, Till now infixed I beheld myself Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. [Whispers with Blanch.

Bastard.

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 espy Himself love’s traitor: this is pity now, That hang’d, and drawn, and quarter’d, there That should be, In such a love, so vile a lout 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 can
ACT III. Sc. 1. 

I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love;  
Thus this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should  
That I can find should merit any hate.

King John.

What say these young ones? What say you,  
my niece?

Blanch.

That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

King John.

Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you love  
this lady?

Lewis.

Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

King John.

Then do I give Volquessen, Tournaine, Maine,  
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

King Philip.

It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Austria.

And your lips too; so, I am well assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

King Philip.

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.

Lewis.

She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

King Philip.

And, by my faith, this league, that we have  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
[made,  
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.

King John.

We will heal up all;  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Brittany,  
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity;—I 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.  
[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.

Bastard.

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part;—  
[on.  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same pious, churlish man, that evil devil,  
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
maids.

Who having no external thing to lose  
[that;  
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of  
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling comon-  
Commodity, the bias of the world;  
[dity,—  
The world, who of itself is pleased well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground,  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle 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 rall I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woop'd me yet:  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, ralleth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say, there is no vice but beggary.  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.  

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Constance.

GONE to be married? gone to swear a peace?  
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be  
friends or foes?  
[vinces?  
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those pro-  
it is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:  
Be well advis'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 frightening me,  
For I am capable of fear,  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears; [fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess, 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?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of  
thing?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmares of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Salisbury.
A true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Constance
O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter an.
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 with England! what becomes of
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Salisbury.
What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Constance
Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arthur.
I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Constance
If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blot, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then should I not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve 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 lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
Shi' adulatoris hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To trend down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That 'tis a trump't fortune, that usurping John. —
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Salisbury.
Pardon me, madam, I may not go without you to the kings.

Constance.
Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud, [thee.
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
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 sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Etienne, Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

King Philip.
'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 alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Constance.
A wicked day, and not a holy day! [Rising.
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week,
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,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let women fear no wreck;
No bar'zains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

King Philip.
By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not promised to you my majesty?

Constance.
You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
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 grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace.
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let no' the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings! I hear me! O, hear me! Austria.

Lady Constance, peace!

Constance.
War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O, Lynneges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
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'd 'st up greatness. What a foole'rt thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spok'd like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier! bidding me depend,
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fail over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Austria.
O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bastard.
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Austria.
Thou dar' st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bastard.
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

King John.
We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

King Philip.
Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pandulph.
Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
Act III. Sc. i.

KING JOHN.

I Pandulp, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So falsely and most unspeakably,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope. [And,
Tell him this tale: and from the mouth of Eng-
Shall much more— that no Italian priest
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

And the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic:
That hand be call'd, Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Admit false life.

I can lawfully let it be,
Thou that have room with Rome to curse us,
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse me right.

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 his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is peremptory wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Elizor.

Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.

Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

Austria.

King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bastard.

And hang a calf's-skin on his recusant limbs.

Austria.

Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bastard.

Your breeches best may carry them.

King John.

Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Constance.

What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lewis.

Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch.

That's the curse of Rome.

Constance.

O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch.

The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Constance.

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.

King John.

The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Constance.

O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Austria.

Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bastard.

Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

King Philip.

I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pandulp.

What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

King Philip.

Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself;
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
What fatal breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
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, [stain'd
Heaven knows, they were besmeard and over-
Both in our hands, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear 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.  

Pandulph.

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 mother's curse, on her revolving son,  
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost

King Philip.

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.  
So mak'st thou faith with an enemy to faith;  
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-  
form'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our church.  
What since thou swor'st 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 mistook  
Is to mistake again: though indirect,  
Yet Indirection thereby grows direct,  
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire  
Within the scorched veins of one new born'd.  
It is religion that doth make vows kept,  
But thou hast sworn against religion, [swear'st,  
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou  
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure  
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?  
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost  
swear.  
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:  
And better conquest, never cannot thou make,  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against these 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.  

Austria.

Rebellion, flat rebellion!  

Bastard.

Will not be?

Will not a call'skin stop that mouth of thine?  

Lewis.

Father, to arms!  

Bianch.

Up! is thy wedding day?  

Against the blood that thou hast married?  
What shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
Shall braying trumpets, and loud curliarch drums,  
Clamours of hell, be measured to our pomp?  
O husband, hear me! ah, alack! how now  
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-  
nounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.  

Constance.

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?  

Constance.

That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine  
honour.  

Lewis.

I muse, thy majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pandulph.

I will denounce a curse upon his head.  

King Philip.

Thou shalt not need.—England I'll fall from  

thee.  

Constance.

O, fair return of banish'd majesty!  

Elinor.

O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!  

King John.

France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  

hour.  

Bastard.

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald 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 side that I must go withal!  
I am with both: each army hath a hand,  
And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirr asunder, and dismember me.  
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;  
Uncle, I needs 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.  

Lewis.

Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.  

Blanch.

There where my fortune lives, there my life  

dies.  

King John.

Cousin, go draw our puissance together.  

[Exit Bastard.

France: I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can alloy, nothing hut blood.  
The blood, and dearest-val'd blood of France.  

King Philip.

Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt  
turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.  
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.  

King John.

No more than he that threats.—To arms let's  

hie!  

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Plains near Angiers.  

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard with  

Austria's Head.  

Bastard.

Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  

Some
KING JOHN.

ACT III. SC. IV.

Some airy devil hovers in the sky, And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie, While Philip breathes. [there, Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

King John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up: My mother is assailed in our tent, And t'ain, I fear.

Bastard. My lord, I rescued 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.

King John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [To Elinor. So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad; [To Arthur. Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arthur. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

King John. Cousin, [To the Bastard, away for England: haste before; And ere we coming, see thou shake the bags Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon: Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bastard. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back, When gold and silver beckes me to come on. I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray (if ever I remember to be holy,) For your fair s'cety: so I kiss your hand.


King John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hubert, We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh There is a soul, counts thee her creditor, And with advantage means to pay thee love: And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,— But I will fit it with some better time. By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

King John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet; But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow; Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good. I had a thing to say—but let it go. The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,

To give me audience:—if the midnight bell Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, Sound one into the drowsy race of night: If this same were a churchyard 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 tickling 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 brooded watchful day, I would into 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.

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake, Though that my death were adjunct to my act, By heaven, I would do it.

King John. Do not I know, thou wouldst? Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my He is a very serpent in my way; [friend, And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me. Dost thou understand me? Thou art his keeper.

Hubert. And I'll keep him so, That he shall not offend your majesty.

King John. Death.

Hubert. My lord?


King John. Enough. 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.

Elinor. My blessing go with thee!

King John. For, England, cousin: go. Hubert shall be your man, attend on you With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lucius, Pandulph, and Attendants.

King Philip. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood, A whole armado of convicted sail Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship. Pandulph. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

King Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill? Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis.

What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispast'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

King Philip.

Well 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 th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee lady, go away with me.

Constance.

Lo now, now see the issue of your peace!

King Philip.

Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.

Constance.

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all cons—true redress,
Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odorous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lastling night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy digestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And tug these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

King Philip.

O, fair affliction, peace! Constance.

Constance.

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 anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pandulp.

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Constance.

Thou art not holy to belle me so.
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were,
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach 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:
I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

King Philip.

Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glue themselves in solvable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful lovers,
Sticking together in calamity.

Constance.

To England, if you will.

King Philip.

Bind up your hairs

Constance.

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 my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now, I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, 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 first male child,
To him that ever suffered such an issue,
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'll look as hollow as a glove,
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,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pandulp.

You hold too helious a respect of grief.

Constance.

He talks to me, that never had a son.

King Philip.

You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Constance.

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,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
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,
When there is such disorder in my wit,
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world.
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.

Exit.

King Philip.

I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lewis.

There's nothing in this world, can make me life
Is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [Joy:
Vexing that all ear of a drowsy man; [Tis:
And bitter shame hath spol'd the sweet world's
That it yields nothing, but shame, and bitterness.

Pandulp.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis.

All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pandulp.

If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
KING JOHN.

Act 4, Sc 1.
ACT IV. Sc. 1.

KING JOHN.

'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost In this which he accounts so clearly won. Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner? Lewis.

As heartily, as he is glad he hath him. Pandulph.

Your mind is all as youthful as your blood. Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit; For even the breath of what I mean to speak Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub, Out of the path which shall directly lead [mark. Thy foot to England’s throne, and therefore John hath seiz’d Arthur; and it cannot be, That while true life plays in that infant’s veins, The mispisc’d John should entertain an hour, One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest. A scewre, snatch’d with an unruly hand, Must be as bolterously maintaine’d as gain’d; And he, that stands upon a slippyry place, Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him un: That John may stand, then Arthur needs must So be it, for it cannot be but so. [fall; Lewis.

But what shall I gain by young Arthur’s fall? Pandulph.

You, in the right of lady Brench your wife, May then make all the claim that Arthur did. Lewis.

And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did. Pandulph.

How green you are, and free in this old world! John lays you plots: the times conspire with you, For he that steeps his safety in true blood Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue. This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal, That none so small advantage shall step forth To check his reign, but they will cherish it: No natural exhalation in the sky, No scope of nature, no distemper’d day, No common wind, no customed event, But they will pluck away his natural cause, And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs, Aborives, presages, and tongues of heaven, Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot: And, O! what better matter breeds for you, Than I have nam’d.—The bastard Faulconbridge Is now in England transacking the church, Offending charity: if but a dozen French Were there in arms, they would be as a call To train ten thousand English to their side; Or as a little snow, tumbled about. Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin! Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful, What may be wrought out of their discontent: Now that their souls are topful of offence, For England go; I will whet on the king. Lewis.

Strong reasons make strange actions. Let us go: If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.
KING JOHN.

ACT IV. Sc. I.

Hubert. And I will.

Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,) And I did never ask it you again:
And 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, [griefs? Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your Or, What good love may I perform for you? May a poor man's son would have lain still, And ne'er 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 will 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?

Hubert. I have sworn to do it, And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arthur. 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 And quench this 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 An if an angel should have come to me, [iron? And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes, I would not have believ'd him; nor tongue but Hubert's.

Come forth. [Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you.

Arthur. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out, Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough? I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still. For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound. Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away, And I will sit 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.

Hubert. Go stand within: let me alone with him. [First-Attendant.

First-Attendant. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exeunt Attendants.

Arthur. Alas! I then have child away my friend; He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.— Let him come back, that his compassion may Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself. [Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Arthur. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair, [yours, Any annoyance in that precious sense! [there. Then, feeling what small things are boisterous
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes: Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert: Or, Hubert, if you will put out my tongue, So I may keep mine eyes. Of spare mine eyes; Though to no use, but still to look on you. Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold, And would not harm me.

Hubert. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. 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; There is no malice in this burning coal; The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out, And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arthur. And if you do, you will but make it blush, And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert: Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes; And like a dog that is compelld to fight, Snatch at his master that doth tarre 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 mercy-lacking uses.

Hubert. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes For all the treasure that thine uncle owes: Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy, With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arthur. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace! no more. Adieu. Your uncle must not know but you are dead: I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports; And, pretty child, sleep double, and secure, That Hubert for the wealth of all the world Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me; Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

King John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd, And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke.
Pembroke.

This once again, but that your highness pleased d,—
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd for change, or better state.

Salsbury.

Therefore, 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 beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pembroke.

But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unreasonable.

Salsbury.

In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to lurch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sounds opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pembroke.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches, set upon a little
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Salsbury.

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 pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

King John.

Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong than lesser is my fear,
I shall indulge 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.

Pembroke.

Then 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 which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' 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 tender kinsman, 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
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you may bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no farther ask,
KING JOHN.

ACT IV. SC. II.

King John.

O! where hath our intelligence been drank? 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?

Message.

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 iron rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

King 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 conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Message.

Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and Peter of Pomfret.

King 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.

Bastard.

But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

King John.

Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Albeit the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bastard.

How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sum I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied:
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treaing on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

King John.

Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter.

Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

King John.

Hubert, away with him: Imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return: For I must use thee: O my gentle cousin!

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hearth thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bastard.

The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as ever kindled fire.
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

King John.

Gentle kinman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bastard.

I will seek them out.

King John.

Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O! I let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners all through my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bastard.

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit.

King John.

Spoke like a spritefull, noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Message.

With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

King John.

My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hubert.

My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about: The other four in wonderous motion.

King John.

Five moons?

Hubert.

Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dange-rously. [mouths,
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And when they talk of him, they shake their
And whisper one an-ther in the ear: [heads,
And he that speaks, doth grippe 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 falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattelled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

King John.

Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
[him.
To wish him dead, but thou hast done to kill

Hubert.

Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

King 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 understand a law; to know the meaning
Ofdangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hubert.

Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

King
Act IV. Sc. III.  
KING JOHN.  

SCENE III. The same. Before the Castle.  

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.  

ARTHUR.  

The wall is high; and yet will I leap down. — Good murder be pitiful, and hurt me not! There's few, or none, do know me; if they did, This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it. [quite. If I get down, and do not break my limbs, I'll find a thousand shifts to get away: As good to die and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down.  

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones. — Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies.  

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.  

SALISBURY.  

Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's It is our safety, and we must embrace [Bury: This gentle offer of the perilous time.  

PEMBROKE.  

Who brought that letter from the cardinal?  

SALISBURY.  

The count MCION, a noble lord of France; Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love, Is much more general than these lines import.  

BIGOT.  

To-morrow morning let us meet him then.  

SALISBURY.  

Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be Two long days' journey, lords, or 'er we meet.  

Enter the BASTARD.  

BASTARD.  

Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords. The king by me requests your presence straight.  

SALISBURY.  

The king hath dispossess'd himself of us: We will not line his thin bestained cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where-o'er it walks. Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.  

BASTARD.  

What'er you think, good words, I think, were best.  

SALISBURY.  

Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.  

BASTARD.  

But there is little reason in your grief; Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.  

PEMBROKE.  

Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.  

BASTARD.  

'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.  

SALISBURY.  

This is the prison. What is he lies here? [Seeing ARTHUR  

PEMBROKE.  

O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty, The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.  

SALISBURY.  

Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.  

BIGOT.  

Or when he doomed this beauty to a grave, Found it too precious-princely for a grave.  

SALISBURY.  

Sir RICHARD, what think you? Have you beheld [think? Or have you read, or heard? Or could you Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object, 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 wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, That
KING JOHN.  

Act IV. Sc. iii.

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pembroke.

All murders past do stand excus'd in this;  
And this, so sole and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity.  
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Examplied by this heinous spectacle.

Bastard.

It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

Salisbury.

If that it be the work of any hand?—  
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:  
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 excellence  
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.

Pembroke and Bigot.  
Our souls religiously confirm thy words.  

Enter Hubert.

Hubert.

Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.  
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

Salisbury.

O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—  
Avant, thou hateful villain I get thee gone.

Hubert.

I am no villain.

Salisbury.

Must I rob the law?  
[Drawing his sword.

Bastard.

Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

Salisbury.

Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hubert.

Stand back, lord Salisbury: stand back, I say:  
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as  
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.

Bigot.

Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?  
Hubert.

Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

Salisbury.

Thou art a murderer.

Hubert.

Do not prove me so;  
Whose tongue soo'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly lies.

Pembroke.

Cut him to pieces.

Bastard.

Keep the peace, I say.

Salisbury.

Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bastard.

Thouwert better gall the devil, Salisbury:  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or reach thy basty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword, belike,  
Or I'll so maul you and your tortois-ering,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot.

What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hubert.

Lord Bigot, I am none.  
Bigot.

Who kill'd this prince?

Hubert.

'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep,  
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Salisbury.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stilled with this smell of sin.

Bigot.

Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!  
Pembroke.

There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.  
[Exeunt Lords.

Bastard.

Here's a good world! — Knew you of this fair work?  
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hubert.

Do but hear me, sir.

Bastard.

Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep 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.  
Hubert.

Upon my soul, —

Bastard.

If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thy-  
Put but a little water in a spoon, [self,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hubert.

If I in act, consent, or sin of thought  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,  
Which was embosomed in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.  
I left him well.

Bastard.

Go, bear him in thine arms. —  
I am amas'd, methinks; and lose my way.  

Among
Among the throns and dangers of this world. 
How easy dost thou take all England up! 
From forth this morsel of dead royalty, 
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm 
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left 
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth 
The unwed interest of proud swelling state. 
Now for the bare-sick'd home of majesty, 
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest, 
And snarlith in the gentle eyes of peace: [home, 
No powers from home, and discontent at 
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waileth, 
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast, 
The imminent decay of wrested pome. 
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can 
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, Pandulph with the Crown, and Attendents.

King John: Thus have I yielded up into your hand 
The circle of my glory.


From this my hand, as holding of the pope, 
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

King 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 stranger blood, to reign'd royalty. 
This inundation of mistemper'd humour 
Rests by you only to be qualified: 
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick, 
That present medicine must be minister'd, 
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pandulph: It was my breath that blew this tempest up, 
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope; 
But since you are a gentle conversite, 
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."

King John: Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet 
Say that before Ascension-day at noon, 
My crown I should give of? Even so I have. 
I did suppose it should be on constraint; 
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bastard: All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds 
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, [out,

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.

King John: Would not my lords return to me again, 
After they heard young Arthur was alive? 

Bastard: They found him dead, and cast into the streets; 
An empty casket, where the jewel of life 
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away. 

King John: That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bastard: So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew. 
But wherefore do you drop? why look you said? 
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, and outface the brow 
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, 
That borrow their behaviours from the great, 
Grow great by you example, and put on 
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away! and glister 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 
0! let it not be said.—Forage, and run [there? 
To meet displeasure further from the doors, 
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

King John: The legate of the pope hath been with me, 
And I have made a happy peace with him; 
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers 
Led by the Dauphin.

Bastard: O, inglorious league! 
Shall we, upon the footing of our land, 
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise, 
Insinuation, parley, and base truce, 
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy, 
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil, 
Mocking great by his colours wildly 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.

King John: Have thou the ordering of this present time. 

Bastard: Away then, with good courage; yet I know, 
Our party may well meet a ponderous foe. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Plain, near S. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis: My lord Melun, let this be copied out, 
And keep it safe for our remembrance. 
Return the present report to the lords again; 
That, having our fair order written down, 
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes, 
May know wherefore we took the sacrament, 
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Salisbury: Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

v. 11 And,
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'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 is 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 is'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, murch
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 gentry of a land remote,
And follow with unquainted colours here? [move! What, here?— O nation, that thou could'st res
That Neptune's arm, which clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And give thee to the best card in the game,
Where these two Christian armies might com-
The blood of malice in a vein of league, [bine
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!}

Lewis.}{

A noble temper dost thou show in this;
A tender affection wresting from my bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between confusion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such many drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to the tender baby eyes,
That never saw the giant-world engag'd;
Nor meet with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goSSIPing.
Could you shew for thou hast that thy hand
As into the purge of rich prosperity,
[deep
As Lewis himself:— so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.}{

And even there, methinks, an angel spake—
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pandulph.}{

Hail, noble prince of France.

The next is this:— king John hath reconcile'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That breath first kindled the high coal
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
it may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no farther harmful than in show.

Lewis.}{

Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:

I am too high-born to be proprested,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the deep coal of wars
Between this chas't'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
I, by the honour of my marriage bed,
To me? After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Trumpet sounds.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard attended.}{

Bastard.}{

According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited into my own tongue.

Pandulph.}{

The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bastard.}{

By all the blood that ever furry breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English
For this his royalty doth speak in me. [king,
He is prepare'd; and reason, too, he should:
This ariish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops.
The king doth smile at; and is well prepare'd
To whip this dbarfish war, these pigny 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 wasps lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
KING JOHN.

ACT V. SC. IV.

Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feeled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No!  Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his alery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-viso'd maids,
Like Amazona come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntletts change,
Their need'l's to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

lew.

There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace:
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabeller.

Pandolph.

Give me leave to speak.

Bastard.

No, I will speak.

lew.

We will attend to neither.—

Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bastard.

Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
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 brace'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear, [hand
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-rabb'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.

Bastard.

And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.  

King John.

How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hubert.

Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?  

King John.

This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

King John.

Tell him, toward Swinestead, to the abbey there.

Messenger.

Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwins sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

King John.

Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinestead; 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.

Salisbury.

I did not think the king so stord with friends.

Pembroke.

Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Salisbury.

That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pembroke.

They say, king John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Melun.

Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Salisbury.

When we were happy we had other names.

Pembroke.

It is the count Melun.

Salisbury.

Wounded to death

Melun.

Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold: Unthread the rude eye of rebellion, And welcome home again discarded faith. Seek out king John, and fall before his feet For if the French be lords of this loud day, He means to recompence 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.

Salisbury.

May this be possible? may this be true?

Melun.

Have I not hidden death within my view, Retaining but a quantity of life, Which bleeds away, even as a 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 deceit? Why should I then be false, since it is true That I must die here, and live hence by 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: [breath But even this night, whose black contagious 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, Command me to one Hubert, with your king; The love of him,—and this respect besides, For that my grand sire was an Englishman,— Awakes my conscience to confess all this. In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour 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.

Salisbury.
Salisbury.

We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will unthread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have over-
And calmly run on in obedience,
[look'd,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death.
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off Mclum.

SCENE V. The same. The French Camp.
Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lewis.
The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis.

Here.—What news?

Messenger.

The count Mclum 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.

Lewis.

Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
I did not think to be so sad to-night, [heart! 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?

Messenger.

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis.

Well; keep good quarter, and good care to—
The day shall not be up so soon as I, [night:
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. An open Place in the Neighbour-
hood of Swanston-Abbey.
Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hubert.

Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bastard.

A friend.—What art thou?

Hubert.

Of the part of England.

Bastard.

Whither dost thou go?

Hubert.

What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bastard.

Hubert, I think.

Hubert.

Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
Who art thou? [well.

Bastard.

Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hubert.

Unkind remembrance I thou, and endless
night,
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bastard.

Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hubert.

Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bastard.

Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hubert.

O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bastard.

Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

Hubert.

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.

Bastard.

How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hubert.

A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure, may recover.

Bastard.

Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hubert.

Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bastard.

Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them:
Myself well-mounted hardly have escap'd. Away,
Before; conduct me to the king; I doubt,
he will be dead or ere I come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. The Orchard of Swanston-Abbey.
Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Prince Henry.

It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.
Enter Pembroke.

Pembroke.

His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief, That being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assails him.

Prince Henry.

Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.

Pembroke.

He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

Prince Henry.

O, vanity of sickness! I fierce extremes In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd on the outward parts, Leaves them, invisible; and his siege is now Against the mind, which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies, Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of fality sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Salisbury.

Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born To set a form upon that indiget,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bring in King John in a Chair.

King John.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is no heat a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Prince Henry.

How fares your majesty?

King John.

Poison'd—ill-fare—dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust my icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you
much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Prince Henry.

O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

King John.

The salt in them is hot—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison, Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bastard.

O! I am scalced with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

King John.

O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shruders, 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 this thread is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty.

Bastard.

The Dauphin is preparing hitherward, [him;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwary
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Salisbury.

You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.

Prince Henry.

Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What certainty of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bastard.

Art thou gone so? 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 break the dews? Show now your mended And instantly return with me again,
[faiths, To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. [sought:

Salisbury.

It seems you know not, then, so much as we,
The cardinal Pandalaph is within at rest,
Who half 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.

Bastard.

He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Salisbury.

Nay, It is in a mill but done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, 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.

Bastard.

Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Prince Henry.

At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bastard.

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.

Salisbury.

And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Prince Henry.

I have a kind soul, that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.
Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Bushy,
Bagot,
Green,
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, his Son.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloster.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending the Queen.
Loros, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners,
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other 
Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King Richard attended; John of Gaunt, and other Nobles, with him.

King Richard.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good the bolterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt.

I have, my liege.

King Richard.

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt.

As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

King Richard.

Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants with Bolingbroke and
Norfolk.

Bolingbroke.

Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Norfolk.

Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

King Richard.

We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;

Namely,
Act 1. Sc. 1. KING RICHARD II.

Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasurers for these his years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Farther, I say, and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Glosterol's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

King Richard.

How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Norfolk.

O! 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 God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

King Richard.

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partizalize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

Norfolk.

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen,
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
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 gage
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.

King Richard.

Wrath-kindled gentleman, be rul'd by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.

KING RICHARD.

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say. [me
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs
From giving reins 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 kinsman to my liege,
I do my lord, 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 tlied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen rides of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie,

Bolingbroke.

Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And detaining in my high blood's what
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Wilt I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Norfolk.

I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoul'der,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree, [der,
Or chivalrous design of knighthly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight.

KING RICHARD.

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
It must be great, that can inherit us [charge?
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bolingbroke.

Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Norfolk.

Can art thou so absentee my wrong,
Since I have made thee my surety besides,
To dissemble me, and, in the face of God,
Have I not power to make thee both despair,
To make thee fear to say that I am wrong?

KING RICHARD.

A summons to the heavens, I do say,
Our distant brother, and our nearest lord,
Whose low degree doth shame his high estate,
And my revolt in him, that cannot bear
To hear the cause of his own dishonour;
While I do challenge him, and dare his arm
To a desulent path, and a forlorn war.
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 age.—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
King Richard.

And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt.

When, Harry? when?
To which obdience bids, I should not bid again.
King Richard.

Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shall not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierce'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
King Richard.

Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loan, 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.

Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.
Bolingbroke.

O! God defend my soul from such deep sin
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdard dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong.
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace; [face.
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's

We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since 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
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot alone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarmas. [Exeunt.

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 exclaims,
To stry against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in those hands,

Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven:
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duchess.

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 dried 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 flourishings 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 metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee.
Made he was man; and though thou livest, 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 thy brother to be slaughtered,
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.

Duchess.

God's is the quarrel; his God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight.
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duchess.

Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duchess.

Why, then, I will.—Farwell, 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 califl'f recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farwell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt.

Sister, farewell! I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duchess.

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 this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what?—
With all good speed at Plasty visit me.

Alack!
King.

And as I true fight, defend me heaven!

Bolingbroke.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
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!


On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Bolingbroke.

Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
And bow my knee before his majesty:
[hand, 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.


The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

King Richard.

We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bolingbroke.

O! let no nobler profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, 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 cheerily drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O! thou [To Gaunt,] the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
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 waxy coat,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'havoir of his son.

Gaunt.

God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redivulded,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Bolingbroke.

Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!

Norfolk.

However God, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More than my dashing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversity.
Most mighty ilere, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jecond, as to jest,
Go I to fight. Truth both a quiet breast.
King Richard.

Farewell, my lord: securely I esp'y
Virtue with valour couch'd in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.


Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Bolingbroke.

Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.


Go bear this lance [To an Officer] to Thomas,
duke of Norfolk.

First Herald.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
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 dares him to set forward to the right.

Second Herald.

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,
Attending but the signal to begin.


Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[Charge sounded]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

King Richard.

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

A long flourish.

Draw near, [To the Combatants] and list, what
with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords:

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you]
To wak our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untim'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
I'll twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bolingbroke.

Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

King Richard.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly hours shall not deterinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Norfolk.

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all look'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstrung viol, or a harp's;
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 enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailer 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?

King Richard.

It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence painless comes too late.

Norfolk.

Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring]

King Richard.

Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and God)
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 compass any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Bolingbroke.

I swear.

Norfolk.

And I, to keep all this.

Bolingbroke.

Norfolk, so fare, 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.

Norfolk.

No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as an accursed.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rule.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stay:
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit]

King Richard.

Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect
Bath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd as a four-away. [To Bolingbroke] Six
frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bolingbroke.

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 moons, and bring their times about.  
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

King Richard.  
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 sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not a moment's morrow.  
Thou canst 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.

King Richard.  
Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Wherefore thy tongue a party-verdict gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?  

Gaunt.  
Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour,  
You urg'd me as a judge: but I had rather,  
You would 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  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
[Mild: 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 my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

King Richard.  
Cousin, farewell; — and, uncle, bid him so:  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.  
[FLOURISH. EXEUNT King Richard and Trau.  

Aumerle.  
Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,  
From where do you remain, let paper show.  

Marschal.  
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 thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?  

Bolingbroke.  
I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prefoidal  
To breathe th' abundant doleur of the heart.  

Gaunt.  
Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.  

Bolingbroke.  
Joy absent, grief is present for that time.  

Gaunt.  
What is six winters? they are quickly gone.  

Bolingbroke.  
To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.  

Gaunt.  
Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.  

Bolingbroke.  
My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt.  
The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foll, wherein thou art set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[Bolingbroke.  
Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember 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 nothing 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 perceiv'st 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 your 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  
Suppose the singing birds musicians, [COM'T:  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence  
Strew'd,  
The flowered fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

Bolingbroke.  
O! who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?  
Or cloys the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or downhill naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O! no: the apprehension of the good,  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow is but never rankle more,  
Than when it bites, but lancheth not the sere.

Gaunt.  
Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.  

Bolingbroke.  
Then, England's ground farewell: *sweet soil,*  
Adieu;  
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.  

[EXEUNT.  

SCENE IV.  The same.  A Room in the  
King's Castle.  
Enter KING Richard, Bagot, and Green, at one door;  
Aumerle at another.  

King Richard.  
We did observe,—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Herford on his way?  

Aumerle.  
I brought high Herford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.  

King Richard.  
And say, what store of parting tears were shed?  

Aumerle.  
'Faith, none for me: except the north-east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd
KING RICHARD II.

Act I. Sc. iv.

A'wak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

King Richard.

What said our cousin, when you parted with
him 9

Aumerle.

Farewell: 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 sorrow'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.

King Richard.

He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis 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 he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench:
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With "'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green.

Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

King Richard.

We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And life large, 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 character;
Rich, Whereeto, when they shall know what men are
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?

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

King Richard.

Where lies he?

Bushy.

At Ely-house.

King Richard.

Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make costs
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[Exeunt.]
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now less'd, out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pestling farm.

King Gaunt.

Enter King Richard, and Queen; Aumerle,
Busby, Green, Basset, Ross, and Willoughby.

York.

The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

Queen.

How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

King Richard.

What, comfort, man! How is't with aged
Gaunt?

Gaunt.

O, how that name beats my composition!
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 sleeping 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 hath thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

King Richard.

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.

King Richard.

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt.

No, no; men living flatter those that die.

King Richard.

Thou, now a-dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt.

0, no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King Richard.

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt.

Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy 'pointed body to the cure.
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 so white lesser than thy land.
O I had thy grandair, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to be land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but 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 thou—

King Richard.

A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeks, 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 thou unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt.

O I 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 bled out, and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befal 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 withered 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.

King Richard.

And let them die, that age and sullens have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York.

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were be here.

King Richard.

Right, you say true; as Hereford's love, so
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

[his; Enter Northumberland.

Northumberland.

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
majesty.

King Richard.

What says he?

Northumberland.

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.

King Richard.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—So now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns.
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 our assistance we do seize to us
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 Herford's banishment,  
[wrongs,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private  
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 what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

King Richard.  

Why, uncle, what's the matter?  

York.  

O, my liege!  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Herford?  
Is not God's dead, and doth not Herford live?  
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take Herford's rights away, and take from  
His charters and his customary rights; [time  
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)  
If you do wrongfully seize Herford's rights,  
Call in the letters patent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
And lose a thousand well-deserved hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

King Richard.  

Think what you will: we seize into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.  

York.  

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good.

[Exit.

King Richard.  

Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:  
Bid him repair to us to Elly-house,  
To see this business. To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —  
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.

[Flourish.

Northumberland.

Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.  
Ross.  

And living too, for now his son is duke.  
Willoughby.  

Barely in title, not in revenues.  
Northumberland.  

Richly in both, if justice had her right.  
Ross.  

My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.  
Northumberland.  

Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,  
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!  
Willoughby.  

Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of  
If it be so, out with it boldly, man: [Herford?  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.  
Ross.  

No good at all that I can do for him,  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gilded of his patrimony.

Northumberland.  

Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are  
In him, a royal prince, and many more [borne  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute, [thems.  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our  
Ross.  

The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes, [of'd  
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.  
Willoughby.  

And daily new exactions at devi'd;  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wit not what:  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?  
Northumberland.  

Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise [blows.  
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.  
Ross.  

The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.  
Willoughby.  

The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.  
Northumberland.  

Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.  
Ross.  

He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

Northumberland.  

His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!  
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 we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross.  

We see the very wreck that we must suffer;  
And unavowed is the danger now,  
For suffering is to the causes of our wreck.

Northumberland.  

Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,  
I spy
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willoughby.
Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ros.
Be confident to speak, Northumberland: We three are but thyself; and, speaking so, Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore, be bold.

Northumberland.
Then thus. — I have from Porti la Bianca, a bay In Brittany, receiv'd Intelligence, That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham, That late broke from the duke of Exeter, His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston, Sir John Norbury, sir Robert Water ton, and Francis Quoin, All these well furnish'd by the duke of B restane, With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war, Are making hither with all due expedi encie, And shipp'd to 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, Redem from breaking pawn the Blemish'd crown, Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptor's girt, And make high majesty look like itself, Away with me in post to Ravenspurg; But if you faint, as fearing to do so, Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ros.
To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willoughby.
Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. An Apartment in the Palace. Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy.
Madam, your majesty is too much sad: You promis'd, when you parted with the king, To lay 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, Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks, Some unbom sorrow, ripe in fortunate womb, Is coming towards me; and my inward soul With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves, More than with parting from my lord, the king.

Bushy.
Each substance of a grief hath twenty shades, Which show like grief itself, but are not so: For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears, Divides one thing entire to many objects; Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, Show nothing but confusion: ey'd awry, Distinguish forms: so your sweet majesty, Looking awry upon your lord's departure, Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail; Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen, More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye, Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen.
It may be so; but yet my inward soul Persuades me, it is otherwise: howe'er it be, I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad, As,—though in thinking on no thought I think,— Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy.
'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen.
'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd From some forefather grief; mine is not so. For nothing hath beget my something grief; Or something hath the nothing that I grieve: 'Tis in reversion that I do possess, But what it is, that is not yet known: what I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green.
God save your majesty! — and well met, gen tlemen. — I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen.
Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is, For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope: Then, wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green.
That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power, And driven into despair an enemy's hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land, The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd At Ravenspurg.

Queen.
Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green.
Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse, The lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry Percy. The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy.
Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland, And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green.
We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship, And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke.

Queen.
So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe, And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir: Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy, And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother, Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy.
Despair not, madam.

Queen.
Who shall hinder me? I will despair, and be at enmity With cozening hope: he is a flatterer, A parasite, a keeper-back of death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life, Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of York.

Green.
Here comes the duke of York.

Queen.
Queen.

With signs of war about his aged neck.
O! full of careful business are his looks.—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York.

[Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:] Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York.

He was?— Why, so:— go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold.
And will I, fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
SIRRah, get thee to PLaShy, to my sister GloSTer;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.

Servant.

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't, knave?

Servant.

An hour before I came the duchess died.
York.

God for his mercy! what a tide 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 had cut off my head with my brother's;
What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ire-
land?—
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.—

[Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how, or which way, to order these
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, affairs,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. — Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you. — Gentlemen, go muster up
And meet me presently at BerkLY. [your men,
I should to PLaShy too,]
But time will not permit. — All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.

Bushy.

The wind sits fair for news to go for IrelaND,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportional to the enemy,
is all impossible.

Green.

Besides, our nearness to the king in love
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 who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BusHy.

Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot.

If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green.

Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The earl of Willskirk is already there.

BusHy.

Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces. —
Will you go along with us?

Bagot.

No; I will 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 Boling-
broke.

Green.

Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

BusHy.

Well, we may meet again.

Bagot.

I fear me, never.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Wilds in GLoSTershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Bolingbroke.

How far is it, my lord, to Berkly now?
Northumberland.

Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in GLOSTershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurk to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguili'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeter'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.

Bolingbroke.

Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

Northumberland.

It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whenceso-
Harry, how fares your uncle? [ever. —

Percy.

I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

Northumberland.
Northumberland. Why, is he not yet with the queen?  
Per. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

Northumberland. What was his reason?  
Per. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor,  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg.  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there;  
Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

Northumberland. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?  
Per. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,  
Which me'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

Northumberland. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.  
Per. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

Bolingbroke. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,  
I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
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.

Northumberland. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?  
Per. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of trees,  
Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and  
Symour;  
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.  
Northumberland. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Bolingbroke. Welcome, my lords: I wit, your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be thy love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes me rich, most noble lord.  
Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Bolingbroke. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.  
Northumberland. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.  
Berkley. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forebode the death or fall of kings.
 Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead.

Salisbury.
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, woeful and vast:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.
Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross; Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Bolingbroke.
Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,
Since presently your souls must part your bodies,
With too much urging your pensive 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 deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean;
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his 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
Haward's good neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispar'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.

Bolingbroke.
My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd. [Exeunt Northumberland and others, with
Bushing and Green.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God'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 dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Bolingbroke.
SCENE II. The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.


King Richard.

Barlaughly castle call they this at hand?

Aumerle.

Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air, after your late toasting on the breaking seas?

King Richard.

Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy, To stand upon my kingdom once again. —

Dane thieves and robbers range with a broad hand, Though rebels wound thee with their horses' As a long parted mother with her child [hoofs]: 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 confirm his ravenous sense; But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom, And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way, Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet, 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 pray thee, with a lurking adder, Whose deadly tongue may with a mortal touch Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords: This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop.

Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all. [The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd, And not neglected; else, if heaven would, And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse, The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

Aumerle.

He means, my lord, that we are too remiss; Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security, Grows strong and great in substance, and in power.

King Richard.

Discomfartable cousin I know'st thou not, That when the searching eye of heaven is hid Behind the globe, and lights the lower world, Then thievish and robbers range with a broad hand, In murders and In outrage, boldly here; But when from under this terrestrial ball He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, And darts his light through every guilty hole, Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs, Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves? So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke, Who all this while hath revel'd in the night, [Whilst we were wandering with the multitudes,] Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, His treasons will sit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the sight of day. But, if he escape, trample on 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. For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd, To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown, God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay A glorious angel; then, if angels fight [right, Weak men must fail, for heaven still guards the

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Salisbury.

Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord, Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speak of nothing but despair. One day too late, I fear, my noble lord, Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth. O! call back yesterday, bid time return, And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late, [meu: O'erthrew thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state; For all the Welshmen, hearing thouwert dead, Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aumerle.

Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

King Richard.

But now, the blood of twenty thousand men Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; And till so much blood thisher 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.

Aumerle.

Comfort, my liege! I remember who you are.

King Richard.

I had forgot myself. Am I not king? Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest. Is not the king's name twenty thousand names? Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes At thy great glory. — 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-tun'd tongue deliver him.

King Richard.

Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd: The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas 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. Revolt our subjects? 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.

Glad 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 dissolv'd to tears; So high above his limits swells the rage Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel. [scalls White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices, Strive
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beardsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, dishonour-worn men carve rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel.
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

King Richard.

Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bouay?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we 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.

King Richard.

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! [talon
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd; that sting my heart.
Three Judases, 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 sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse 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 ground, gray'd in the hollow ground.

Aumerle.

Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop.

Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aumerle.

Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

King Richard.

No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
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 doped 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 barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
Killed.

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,
Scolding his state, and grinning at his pump;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchical, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walks about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin [king! Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood.
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonial duties,
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?

Bishop.

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wall.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, 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 fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aumerle.

My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

King Richard.

Thou child'st me well.— Proud Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
Thisague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is, to win our goal.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle 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 torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yield'd up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

King Richard.

Thou hast said enough—
Beshrew thee, cousin, [to Aumerle] which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair! [now
What say you now? What comfort have we
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aumerle.

My liege, one word.

King Richard.

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. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and others.

Bolingbroke.

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.

Northumberland.

The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York.

It would beseech the lord Northumberland.
ACT III. SC. III.

KING RICHARD II.

To say, king Richard:—Alack the heavy day, When such a sacred king should hide his head! 
Northumberland.

Your grace mistakes; 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 so the head, your whole head's length. 

Bolingbroke.

Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should. 
York.

Take not, good cousin, farther than you should, Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.

Bolingbroke.

I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself Against their will. But who comes here? 
Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield? 
Percy.

The castle royally is mann'd, my lord, Against thy entrance.

Bolingbroke.

Royally? Why, it contains no king. 
Percy.

Yes, my good lord, It doth contain a king: king Richard lies Within the limits of yond' lime and stone; And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman [bury, Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

Northumberland.

O I belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Bolingbroke. 
[To Northumberland. 

Noble lord, Go to the rude ribs of this ancient castle; Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver. 
Henry Bolingbroke.

On both his knees both kiss king Richard's hand, And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart, To his most royal 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 th' advantage of my power, And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood, Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen; 

Broke

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke. It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land, My stooping duty tenderly shall show. Go; signify as much while here we march Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. [drum. Let's march without the noise of threatening That from the castle's tatter'd battlements Our fair appointments may be well perus'd. Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet With no less terror than the elements Of fire and water, when their thundering 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 parley sounded, and answer'd by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls a king Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

Bolingbroke.

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.

York.

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 fair a show! 

King Richard.

We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood 
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, 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 dismisl'd us from our stewardship; For well we know, no hand of blood and bone Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre, Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. And though you think that all, as you have done, Have torn their souls by turning them from us, And we are barren and heretof 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 threaten the glory of my precious crown. Tell Bolingbroke, for yond' methinks, he stands, That every stride 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 ill become the flower of England's face, Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace To scarlet indignation, and bedew Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

Northumberland.

The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king Should so with civil and uncivil arms Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand; And by the honourable tomb he swear's, That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones, And by the royalties of both your bloods, Currents that spring from one most gracious head, And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt, And by the worth and honour of himself, Comprising all that may be sworn or said, His coming hither hath no farther scope, Than for a lineal royalties, and to beg Enfranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy royal party granted once, His glittering arms he will command 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. 

King Richard.

Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns. His noble cousin is right welcome hither; And all the number of his fair demands Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT III. SC. III.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

[Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke.

We do debase ourself, cousin, [To Aumerle.] do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aumerle.
No, no, my lord: let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

King Richard.
O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth. O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
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 beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aumerle.
Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

King Richard.
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 lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
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 sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved 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 hourly 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 cousin:—
We'll make foul weather with despaired 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 a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, we see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

Northumberland.
My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

King Richard.
Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly Jades.
[Northumberland retires' again to Bolingbroke.

In the base court? Base court, where kings
grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court
down, king! [should sing.

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
[Exeunt, from above.

Bolingbroke.
What says his majesty?
Northumberland.
Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.

Bolingbroke.
Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,—

Kneeling.

Bolingbroke.
Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.

Bolingbroke.
So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

Kneeling.

Bolingbroke.
Well you desire:—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st 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 we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Bolingbroke.
Yes, my good lord.

Kneeling.

Then, I must not say no.

Flourish. Exeunt.


Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen.
What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

First Lady.
Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen.
'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

First Lady.
Madam, we'll 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.

First Lady.
Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen.
Of sorrow, or of joy?

First Lady.
Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl; For if of joy, being altogether wanting, 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.

First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause; But thou shouldst please me better, would'st thou weep.

First Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, 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. — 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.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gardener. Go, bind thou up yond' 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. — You thus employ'd, I will go root away The noisome weeds, that without profit suck The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

First Servant. 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 sea-walled garden, the whole land, Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up, Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd, Her knot disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs Swarming with caterpillars?

Gardener. Hold thy peace. He that hath suffer'd this disorder 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.

First Servant. What are they dead?

Gardener. They are; and Bolingbroke Hath seized the wasteful king. — O! 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, Lost, being over-proud in 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. 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.

First Servant. What! think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gardener. Depress'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 tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death, through want of speaking. [Coming forward. Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden, How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news? What Ease, 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? Say, where, when, and how,

Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gardener. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I, To breathe these 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 weigh'st king Richard down. Post you to London, and you'll find it so; I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischiefe, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And am I last 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 these news of woe, Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies retire.]

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, Fitzurse, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Bolingbroke. Call forth Bagot. — Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind, What
what thou dost know of noble Aumerle'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.

Bolingbroke.
Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot.
My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue 
Scorns to unstate what once it hath deliver'd;
In that dead time when Gloster'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 mine 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 best 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 the attainder of his slanderous lips. —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death, 
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thouatest, 
And will maintain what thou hast said is false 
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base 
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Bolingbroke.
Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.

Aumerle.
Excepting one, I would he were the best 
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitwater.
If that thy valour stand on sympathy, 
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine. 
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it, 
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster'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.

Aumerle.
Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitwater.
Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aumerle.
Fitwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy.
Aumerle, thou liest: his honour is as true 
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust; 
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage, 
To prove it on thee to th'e extremest point 
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Aumerle.
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 task the earth to the like, forsown Aumerle; 
And spur thee on with full as many lies 
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear 
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn: 
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aumerle.
Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast, 
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey.
My lord Fitwater, I do remember well 
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitwater.
'Tis very true: you were in presence then; 
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey.
As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitwater.
Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey.
Dishonourable boy! 
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, 
That it shall render revengeance and revenge, 
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie 
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull. 
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn: 
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitwater.
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 lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith, 
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.

Aumerle.
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.

Bolingbroke.
These differences shall all rest under gage, 
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal he shall be, 
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again 
To all his lands and signories. When he's return'd, 
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Bishop.
That honourable day shall ne'er be seen. 
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought 
For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field, 
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross 
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens; 
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd 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.

Bolingbroke.
Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Bishop.
As surely as I live, my lord.

Bolingbroke.
Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom 
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 [soul 
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing 
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields 
To the possession of thy royal hand.


**ACT IV. SC. I.**

**KING RICHARD II.**

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

_Bolingbroke._

In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.

_Bishop._

Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best be seeming 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 nobless 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 judge'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judge'd by subject and inferior breath,
And be himself not present? O! forefend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refo'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscure a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Henry's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in the heat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Gogdath, and dead men's sculls.
O! if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
[woe!]

Lest child, child's children, cry against you—

_Northumberland._

Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
to keep him safely till his day of trial. [suit.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons'

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

_York._

I will be his conduct. [Exit.

_Bolingbroke._

Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Proceed your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholding to your lore.

[To the Bishop.

And little look for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers
bearing the Crown, &c.

**King Richard.**

Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
With which I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatten, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not set aside the crown? Should not I?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thou-

sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

Am I both 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 Harry Bolingbroke.

**King Richard.**

Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the

_..crown;_ [side, yours. Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air.
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high.

_Bolingbroke._

I thought you had been willing to resign.

**King Richard.**

My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my stories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

_Bolingbroke._

Part of your cares you give me with your

_crown._

**King Richard.**

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.

_Bolingbroke._

Are you contented to resign the crown?

**King Richard.**

Aye, no;—no, aye;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand.
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites:
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'd that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may't thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unkind'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

_Northumberland._

No more, but that you read

[Offering a paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the subject of men
May deem that you are worthy depos'd.

**King Richard.**

Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My wea'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposit of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth baffle myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your
sin.

Northumberland.

My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

King Richard.

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

Northumberland.

My lord,—

King Richard.

No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd. — Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops: —
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly
good,
An if my name be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bolingbroke.

Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

Northumberland.

Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
come.

King Richard.

Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to
hell.

Bolingbroke.

Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

Northumberland.

The commons will not then be satisfied.

King Richard.

They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a Glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? — O, flattering
Like to my followers in prosperity! [glass!
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was it this the
face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[Dashes the glass against the ground.
For they, it is, crack'd in a hundred shifts.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Bolingbroke.

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

King Richard.

Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? I ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st [king,
Me cause to wall, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Bolingbroke.

Name it, fair cousin.

King Richard.

Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
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.

Bolingbroke.

Yet ask.

King Richard.

And shall I have it?

Bolingbroke.

You shall.

King Richard.

Why then give me leave to go.

Bolingbroke.

Whither?

King Richard.

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bolingbroke.

Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.

King Richard.

O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimblily by a true king's fall.
[Exeunt King Richard, and Guard.

Bolingbroke.

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.

Abbot.

A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop.

The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp as thorn.

Aumerle.

You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot.

My lord, before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also 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.

[Exeunt.
ACT V.

SCENE I. London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Attendants.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower, To whose high-born my condemned lord Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke. Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth Have any resting for its true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see, My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold, That you in pity may dissolve to dew, And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.— Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand; Thou man of honour; thou king Richard's tomb, And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn, Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee. When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

King Richard. 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 awak'd, 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. Hie 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 weakened? Hath Bolingbroke Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart? The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw, And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage To be o'erpow'red; 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?

King Richard. A king of beasts, indeed; ifught but beasts, I had been still a happy king of men. [France. Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for 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 quell their grief, Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, And send the hearers weeping to their beds. For why, the senseless brands will sympathize The heavy accent of thy moving tongue, And in compassion weep the fire out; And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black, For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

Northumberland. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd: You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you: With all swift speed you must away to France.

King Richard. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, The time shall not be many hours of age More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think, Though he divide the realm, and give thee half, It is too little, helping him to all: [way He shall think, that thou, which knowest the To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way To pluck 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.

Northumberland. My guilt be on my head, and there an end. Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

King Richard. Doubly divore'd!—bad men, ye violate A twofold 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; My wife to France: whence set forth, in pomp, She came adorning hither like sweet May, Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

King Richard. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

Northumberland. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

King Richard. So two, together weeping, make one woe. Were 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.

King Richard. 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, wedding it, there is such length in grief. One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part; Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss. Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part, To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [They kiss again. So, now I have mine own again, begone, That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

King Richard. We make woe wanton with this fond delay: Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

Enter York, and the Duchess.

Duchess. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duchess. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'

York. You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesus preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!"—
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeak them thus: — 'I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.'

Duchess. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious; [eyes
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
Did scowl on gentle Richard: no man cried,
God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience, [steel'd
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
The hearts of men; they must perforce have
And barbarism itself have pitted him. [melked,
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for eye allow.

Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duchess. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aumerle. Madam, I know not; nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those jests and triumphs?

Aumerle. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aumerle. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Amerile. Yea, look at thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aumerle. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aumerle. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
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,—

Duchess. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day. [into

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aumerle. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.

[Snatch's it, and reads.]

Treason! foul treason! — villain! traitor! slave!

Duchess. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duchess. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appease the villain.

Duchess. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duchess. I will not peace. — What is the matter, Aumerle?

Aumerle. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duchess. Thy life answer?

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duchess. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art away'd.

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. —

Act V. Sc. III.

KING RICHARD II.

York.
Give me my boots, I say.

Duchess.
Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is 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 taken the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duchess.
He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

York.
Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Duchess.
Hast thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou would'st 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, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York.
Make way, unwary woman. [Exit.

Duchess.
After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse:
Spar, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll 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! begone.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke as King; Percy, and other Lords.

Bolingbroke.
Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I do to God, my lords, he might be found.
I enquire at London, 'mongst 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, young wanton, 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 prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Bolingbroke.
And what said the gallant?

Percy.
His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bolingbroke.
As dissolve, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, in great haste.

Aumerle.
Where is the king?

Bolingbroke.
What means our cousin, that he stares and
So wildly? [Looks

Aumerle.
God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Bolingbroke.
Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

[Exeunt Percy and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aumerle.
For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Bolingbroke.
Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous 'er it be,
To win thy after love I pardon thee.

Aumerle.
Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Bolingbroke.
Have thy desire. [Aumerle locks the door.

York. [Within.

My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Bolingbroke.
Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aumerle.
Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause
to fear.

York. [Within.

Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Exeunt.]

Enter York.

Bolingbroke.
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.

Aumerle.
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.
It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
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.

Bolingbroke.
O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou show, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy pas-
sages

Hath
KING RICHARD II.

Act V. Sc. III.

<table>
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<td>Bolingbroke</td>
<td>&quot;Good aunt, stand up.&quot;</td>
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<td>Duchess</td>
<td>&quot;Nay, do not say—stand up!&quot;</td>
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<td>York</td>
<td>&quot;But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Good aunt</td>
<td>&quot;As if I were thy 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' mouths so meet.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>York</td>
<td>&quot;Speak it in French, king: say, pardonnes moi.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Duchess</td>
<td>&quot;Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? Ah! my sour husband, my hard-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 eye begins to set, set thy tongue there, Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear, That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce, Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Duchess</td>
<td>&quot;I do not sue to stand: Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bolingbroke</td>
<td>&quot;I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Duchess</td>
<td>&quot;O! happy vantage of a kneeling knee! Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again; Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain, But makes one pardon strong.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bolingbroke</td>
<td>&quot;I pardon him with all my heart.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duchess</td>
<td>&quot;A god on earth thou art.&quot;</td>
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| Bolingbroke | "But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot, With all the rest of that consorted crew, Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.— Good uncle, help to order several powers To Oxford, or where'er 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: [true. Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you yours."

Enter Duchess.

"Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new." [Exeunt."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene IV.</th>
<th>SCENE IV.</th>
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| Exton | "Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?"
| Servant | "Have I no friend will rid me of this living Was it not so?"
| Exton | "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it. And urg'd it twice together, did he not? [twice, Servant."
| He did | "Exton."
| And, speaking it, he whistly look'd on me;"
RICHARD II.
Act 5, Sc 5.
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 him up.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

King Richard.

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, into the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer't 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 word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—'Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And that they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter 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 endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then, treason 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 I am nothing'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 ear'd
Ha! ha! ha! keep time. — How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music 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 his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereeto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is hung, and flowing with my ram's 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
Runs judging on in Bolingbroke's proud joy
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'clock.
This music made me: let it sound no more,
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men 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.

Hallo, royal prince!

King Richard.

Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom.

I was a poor groom 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 royal master's face.
O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbarv!/ That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

King Richard.

Rode he on Barbarv/ Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom.

So proudly, as if he did disdain'd the ground.

King Richard.

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.

[down.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall (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,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keeper.

Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.

King Richard.

If thou love me, 'tis time thou went away.

Groom.

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[Exit.

Keeper.

My lord, will you please me to fall to?

King Richard.

Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper.

My lord, I dare not: sir Pierce of Exton,
who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

King Richard.

The devil take Sir Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Strikes the Keeper.

Keeper.

Help, help, help!

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, and Servants, armed.

King Richard.

How now! what means death in this rude assault?

[Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instru-

Snatching a weapon, and killing one.

Go]
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. 

(He kills another: Exton strikes him down. 

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire, 
That staggerst thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand 

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own 
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high, 
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. )

Exton.

As full of valor, as of royal blood: 
Both have I spilt: O, 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. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, and York, with Lords and Attendants.

Bolingbroke.

Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire Our town of Ciceter in Gloustershire; 
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

Northumberland.

First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness: 
The next news is.—I have to London sent 
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and 
The manner of their taking may appear. [Kent: At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper

Bolingbroke.

We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains, 
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitzwater.

My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London 
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely, 
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors, 
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
FIRST PART
OF
KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
Henry, Prince of Wales.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.
Sir Michael, a Friend of the Bishop of York.
Polins.
Gadshill.
Petco.
Bardolph.
Lady Percy, Wife to Hotspur.
Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower.
Mrs. Quickly, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King Henry.
S0 shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-windèd accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her bowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, as far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Friends, whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,

WESTMORELAND.

Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
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 twelve-month 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 yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedition.

WESTMORELAND.

My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, 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,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

KING HENRY.
It seems, then, that the tidings of this brut
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WESTMORELAND.
Westmoreland.

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-rood 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 pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King Henry.

Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, 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
The earl of Douglas is discomfited; [news.
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

Westmoreland.

In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King Henry.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin.
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
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
Of 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, coz,
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 none but Mordake earl of Fife.

Westmoreland.

This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects; [up
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King Henry.

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.

Westmoreland.

I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Another Apartment
In the Palace.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Falstaff.

Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

Prince Henry.

Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten 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 wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falstaff.

Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus.—he, "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou hast kindled me— as, God save thy grace, majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince Henry.

What! none?

Falstaff.

No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince Henry.

Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Falstaff.

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou 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 men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince Henry.

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 purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most disolutely 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 ridge of the gallows.

Falstaff.

By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince Henry.

As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falstaff.

How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince Henry.

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Falstaff.

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

Prince
Prince Henry. 

I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Falstaff. 

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. 

Polins. — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. — O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand up! to a true man.

Prince Henry. 

Good morrow, Ned.

Polins. 

Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says monsieur Renmore? What says Sir 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 capon's leg?

Prince Henry. 

Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Polins. 

Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince Henry. 

Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Polins. 

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 may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Falstaff. 

Hear ye, Yedwards: If I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Polins. 

You will, chaps?

Falstaff. 

Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince Henry. 


Falstaff. 

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince Henry. 

Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Falstaff. 

Why, that's well said.

Prince Henry. 

Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Falstaff. 

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince Henry. 

I care not.

Polins. 

Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.
Falstaff.

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince Henry.

Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer! [Exit Falstaff.

Polonius.

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Goodskill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince Henry.

How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Polonius.

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fall; and then will they advance upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince Henry.

Yea, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Polonius.

Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to imnask our noted outward garments.

Prince Henry.

Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Polonius.

Well, for two of them, I know them to be true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtu of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lie none the less.

Prince Henry.

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Polonius.

Farewell, my lord. [Exit Polonius.

Prince Henry.

I know you all, and will a while uphold The unyok'd humour of your idleness: Yet herein will I imitate the sun, Who doth 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 wonder'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 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents, [come, 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 shall I falsify 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 so perfect skill Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III. The same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King Henry.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me; for, 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, [proud. Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the Worcester.

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourg of greatness to be used on it; And that same greatness, too, which our own Have hoip to make so poity. [hands

Northumberland.

My lord,—

King Henry.

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye, O, sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servent brow. You have good leave to leave us; when we need Your use and counsel, we shall send for you— [Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak. [To Northumberland.

Northumberland.

Yea, my good lord. [manned, Those princes in your highness' name de- Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took, Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is deliver'd to your majesty: Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hotspur.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners; But, I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd, Fresh as a bridegroom: and his chin, new rapped, 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 pouncet-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 smil'd, and talk'd; And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse 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, Out of my grief and my impatience, Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
Heshould, 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'th thing on earth
Was fashioned for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This 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 baid, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, 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,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest conjoin'd,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King Henry.
Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damnd'Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and intent 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.

Hotspur.
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 Seern's soldey, in
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 did
they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Seern's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Hunt fearfully among the trebling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base 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.

King Henry.
Thou dost belibe him, Percy, thou dost belie
He never did encounter with Glendower. [him: 1 tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
And thou not anathem'd allah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send you your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displeasure you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exit King Henry, Blunt, and Train.

Hotspur.
And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them — I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will case my heart.
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Northumberland.
What I drink with a cholér? stay, and pause
Here comes your uncle. [awhile:

Re-enter Worcester.

Hotspur.
Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrane and canker'd Bolingbroke.

Northumberland.
Brother, [To Worcester.] the king hath made
your nephew mad.

Worcester.
Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hotspur.
He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his check look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Worcester.
I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

Northumberland.
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 depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Worcester.
And for whose death, we in the world's wide
Live scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of. [mourn

Hotspur.
But, soft! I pray you, did king Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

Northumberland.
He did: myself did hear it.

Hotspur.
Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderer's subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
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,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men 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 shames ye underwent? No I yet time serves, wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves Into the good thought of the world again. Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt, Of this proud king; who studies day and night To answer all the debt he owes to you, Even with the bloody payment of your deaths. Therefore, I say,—

Worc. Peace, cousin I say no more. And now I will unclasp a secret book, And to your quick-conceiving discontents I'll read you matter deep and dangerous; As full of peril and adventurous spirit, As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud, On the unsteady-footing of a spear.

Hotspur. 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:—O! the blood more stirs, To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

Northumberland. Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hotspur. By heaven, methinks. It were an easy leap, To pluck 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 the locks, So he that doth redeem her thence might wear Without corrival all her dignities: But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Worc. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend.— Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hotspur. I cry you mercy.

Worc. Those same noble Scots, That are your prisoners,—

Hotspur. I'll keep them all. By God, he shall not have a Scot of them: No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not. I'll keep them, by this hand.

Worc. You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes. Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hotspur. Nay, I will; that's flat. He said, he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But, I will find him when he lies asea! And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer! Nay, I'll have a starving shall be taught to speak Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, To keep his anger still in motion.

Worc. Hear you, cousin, and attend,

Hotspur. All studies here I solemnly defy, Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke: And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales, But that I think his father loves him not, And would be glad he met with some mischance, I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Worc. Farewell, kinman. I will talk to you, When you are better temper'd to attend.

Northumberland. Why, what a warp-stung and impatient fool Art thou to break into this woman's mood, Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own! Hotspur. 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 ye call the place? A plague upon't.—It is in Gloucestershire: —'Twas 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, 'Sblood! I was so you and he came back from Ravenspur.

Northumberland. At Berkeley castle.

Hotspur. You say true.— Why, what a cane'd deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look,—"when his infant fortune came to age," And,—"gentle Harry Percy," and,—"kind cousin," [me!]:— O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done.

Worc. Nay, if you have not, to't again, We'll stay your leisure.

Hotspur. I have done, i'th' faith.

Worc. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Deliver them up without their ransom straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons 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 that same noble prelate, well belov'd, The archbishop.

Hotspur. Of York, is it not?

Worc. True; who bears hard His brother's death 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; And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hotspur. I smell it: Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

Northumberland. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hotspur. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.— And then the power of Scotland, and of York, To join with Mortimer, ha?—

Worc. And so they shall.

Hotspur. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Worc.
KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SC. I.

Worcester.

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 be doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hotspur.

He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Worcester.

Cousin, farewell.—No farther 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.

Northumberland.

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hotspur.

Uncle, adieu. - Of let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

First Carrier.

H EIGH 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!

Ostler.

Anon, anon.

First Carrier. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Second Carrier.

Pens 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.

First Carrier.

Poor fellow! I never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am sting like a tench.

First Carrier.

Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first cock.

Second Carrier.

Why, they will allow us ne'er a Jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Carrier.

What, ostler! I come away and be hanged; come away.

Second Carrier.

I have a gammon of bacon, and two rases of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Carrier.

'Od'sbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler! - A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill.

Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Carrier.

I think it be two o'clock.

Gadshill.

I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Carrier.

Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, I' faith.

Gadshill.

I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

Second Carrier.

Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marr, I'll see thee hanged first.

Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Second Carrier.

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 charges.

[Exeunt Carriers.

Gadshill.

What, ho! chamberlain!

Chamberlain.

At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gadshill.

That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamberlain.

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 auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gadshill.

Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamberlain.

No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadshill.

What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starving. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the pro-

fession 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, sixpenny strikers: none of these mud, mustachio purple-hued mail-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneys; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamberlain.

What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way? Gadsbhill.

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.

Chamberlain.

Nay, by my faith; I think you are more holding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gadsbhill.

Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamberlain.

Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gadsbhill.

Go to; homo is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Road by Gadsbhill.

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.

Prince Henry.

Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff.

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins! Prince Henry.

Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a braving dost thou keep?

Falstaff.

Where’s Poins, Hal?

Prince Henry.

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I’ll go seek him. [Pretends to seek Poins.

Falstaff.

I am accursed to rob in that thief’s company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I escape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forswept his company 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 hang’d; 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 varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight years of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon’t, 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.

Prince Henry.

Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Falstaff.

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? ’Sblood! I’ll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father’s exchequer. What a plague mean ye to cot in me thus?

Prince Henry.

Thou liest: thou art not coltled, thou art uncolted.

Falstaff.

I pr’ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king’s son.

Prince Henry.

Out, you rogue! I shall be your ostler?

Falstaff.

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta’en, I’ll peach for this. An 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 Gadsbhill.

Gadsbhill.

Stand.

Falstaff.

So I do, against my will.

Poins.

O! ’tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bardolph.

What news?

Gadsbhill.

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.

Falstaff.

You lie, you rogue: ’tis going to the king’s tavern.

Gadsbhill.

There’s enough to make us all.

Falstaff.

To be hanged.

Prince Henry.

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.

But how many be there of them?

Gadsbhill.

Some eight, or ten.

Falstaff.

Zounds! will they not rob us?

Prince Henry.

What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Falstaff.

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act 2, Sc. 2.
Prince Henry.
Well, we leave that to the proof.
Poins.

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge:
when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him.
Farewell, and stand fast.
Falstaff.

Now cannot I strike him, if I should be

Prince Henry.
Ned, [Aside to Poins] where are our disguises?
Poins.

Here, hard by: stand close.
[Exeunt Prince Henry and Poins.
Falstaff.

Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say 1:
every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.
First Traveller.

Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our
horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile,
and ease our legs.

Thieves.

Jesu bless us!
Falstaff.

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats.
Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves!
their hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.

First Traveller.
O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.
Falstaff.

Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone?
No, ye fat chufffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young
men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye?
We'll jure ye, I' faith,
[Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving the Travellers out.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince Henry.
The thieves have bound the true men. Now
could they and I rob the thieves, and go merrily
to London, it would be argument for a week,
laught for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins.

Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Falstaff.

Come, my masters: let us share, and then to
horse before day. An the prince and Poins be
not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring:
there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a
wild duck.

Prince Henry.

Your money.
[Pushing out upon them.

Poins.

Villains. [As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and
Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

Prince Henry.

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strangely, 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:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins.

How the rogue roard'd!

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 con-
tented,—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 foul, out of
this nestle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
"The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the
friends you have named, uncertain; the time
itself unsorted, 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 coward, and you lie.
What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our
plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends
ture and constant: a good plot, good friends,
and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very
good friends.
"What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why,
your lord of York commends the plot, and
the general course of the action. 'Zounds!
and I were now by this rascal, I could train him
with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my
uncle, and my my 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, and are they not, some of them, set
forward already? What a pagan rascal is this!
an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very
sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the
king, and lay open all our proceedings. O I
could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving
such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable
an action. Hang him! let him tell the king:
we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within
these two hours.

Lady Percy.

Q, 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? [Thee
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from
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 me treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curst'ly melancholy?
In thy thin slumber. I by thee we wake'd, And
heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, "Courage!—to the field!" And thou hast
hast talk'd
Of salles, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin:
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heavy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so hot war;
And thus hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That
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 hest. O! what portents
are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hotspur.

What, ho! is Gliddams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Servant.

He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hotspur.

Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Servant.

One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hotspur.

What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Servant.

It is, my lord.

Hotspur.

That foan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O, esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady Percy.

But hear you, my lord.

Hotspur.

What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady Percy.

What is it carries you away?

Hotspur.

Why, my horse,
My love, my horse.

Lady Percy.

Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath 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 his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize: but if you go—

Hotspur.

So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady Percy.

Come, come, you paragon, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hotspur.

Away!
Away, you trifler! — Love? — I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
To play with mambets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou
have with me?

Lady Percy.

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hotspur.

Come; wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout;
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman; and I can see,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady Percy.

How I so far?

Hotspur.

Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady Percy.

It must, of force. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince Henry and Poin's.

Prince Henry.

Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poin's.

Where hast been, Hal?

Prince Henry.

With three or four loggerheads, amongst three
or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded the
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn
brother to a leath 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 Water,
yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly
I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Co-
rinthan, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the
Lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of
England, I shall command all the good lads in
Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying
scare; and when you breathe in your watering,
they cry hem! and bid you play it off. — To
conclude, I am so good a proficent 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 pennypworth of sugar, clapped even
now into my hand by an under-skinner; one
that never spake other English in his life, than
— Eight shillings and sixpence,— and —
"You are welcome!" with this shrill addition,—"Anon,
anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-
Moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time
fist 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.

Poin's.

Francis!

Prince Henry.

Thou art perfect.

Poin's.

Francis!

[Exit Poin's.

Francis.

Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pome-
granate, Ralph.

Prince
Enter Vintner.
Vintner.
What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit
Francis.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the doors: shall I let them in?

Prince Henry.
Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Points!

Re-enter Points.
Points.
Anon, anon, sir.
Prince Henry.
Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Points.
As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? what's the issue?

Prince Henry.
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 twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis, with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Francis.
Anon, anon, sir.
Prince Henry.
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 pastil of a reek out of his mouth, 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, — "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give me your roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after: "a trifle, a trifle." — I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.
Points.
Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff.
A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-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.

Prince Henry.
Didst thou never see Titian kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titian, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff.
You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguey to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if mankind, good mankind, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shoten herring. There lie not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.
Act

Prince Henry.

How now, wool-sack! what matter you?

Falstaff.

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'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

Prince Henry.

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff.

Are you not a coward? answer me to that? and Pons there?

Pons.

'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Falstaff.

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing I give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince Henry.

O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk't last.

Falstaff.

All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince Henry.

What's the matter?

Falstaff.

What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince Henry.

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff.

Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince Henry.

What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff.

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince Henry.

Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bardolph.

We four set upon some dozen,—

Falstaff.

Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bardolph.

And bound them.

Peto.

No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff.

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bardolph.

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Falstaff.

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince Henry.

What fought ye with them all?

Falstaff.

All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince Henry.

Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff.

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince Henry.

What four? thou saldest but two even now.

Falstaff.

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Pons.

Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff.

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.

Prince Henry.

Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff.

In buckram.

Pons.

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff.

Seven, by these hilt's, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry.

Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Falstaff.

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Henry.

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff.

Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

Prince Henry.

So, two more already.

Falstaff.

Their points being broken,—

Pons.

Down fell their hose.

Falstaff.

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.

Prince Henry.

O monstrous I eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Falstaff.

But, as the devil would have it, three mishapen knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

Prince Henry.

These lies are like the father that begats them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable.

Why;
KING HENRY IV.

Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Falstaff.

What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince Henry.

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Pols.

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff.

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, I.

Prince Henry.

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this best-presser, this horse-buck-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; —

Falstaff.

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; —

Prince Henry.

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Pols.

Mark, Jack.

Prince Henry.

We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. —Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can show it you here in the house. — And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimblly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-caf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Pols.

Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff.

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, lads, I am glad you have the money. —Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellow-ship come to you! What shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince Henry.

Content; — and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff.

Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Hostess.

O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

Prince Henry.

How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Hostess.

Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

Prince Henry.

Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Falstaff.

What manner of man is he?

Hostess.

An old man.

Falstaff.

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? —Shall I give him his answer?

Prince Henry.

Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Falstaff.

"Faith, and I'll send him packing." [Exit.

Prince Henry.

Now, sirs; by your lady, you fought fair; - so did you, Peto; - so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no; — die!

Bardolph.

"Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince Henry.

"Faith, 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.

Bardolph.

Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince Henry.

O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and went taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast'd fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bardolph.

My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince Henry.

I do.

Bardolph.

What think you they portend?

Prince Henry.

Hot livers and cold purses.

Bardolph.

Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince Henry.

No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How
How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Falstaff.

My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal! I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thum- ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from thy father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wates, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh book,—what, a plaguy, call you him?—

Poins.

O! Glendower.

Falstaff.

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.

Prince Henry.

He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Falstaff.

You have hit it.

Prince Henry.

So did he never the sparrow.

Falstaff.

Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince Henry.

Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Falstaff.

O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

Prince Henry.

Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Falstaff.

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 beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking seckarel.

Prince Henry.

Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Falstaff.

By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way,—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly absurd? thou being heir apparent, couldst the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince Henry.

Not a whit, I'faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Falstaff.

Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince Henry.

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff.

Shall I content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince Henry.

Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a lenden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Falstaff.

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.

Prince Henry.

Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff.

And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess.

O, Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Falstaff.

Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess.

O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

Falstaff.

For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess.

O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Falstaff.

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 partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fish-hanging of thy nether lip, that dost warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micer, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, 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 thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not 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.

Prince Henry.

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff.

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent: of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lightly given, he decideth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with the
the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince Henry.

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Falstaff.

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.

Prince Henry.

Well, here I am set.

Falstaff.

And here I stand.—Judges, my masters.

Prince Henry.

Now, Harry! whence come you?

Falstaff.

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince Henry.

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff.

'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, I' faith.

Prince Henry.

Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a ban of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-butch of beadliness, that swolln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasting Manningtree-ox, with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein in villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff.

I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince Henry.

That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Salan.

Falstaff.

My lord, the man I know.

Prince Henry.

I know thou dost.

Falstaff.

But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to 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 marry be a sin, then many an old host 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.

Prince Henry.

I do, I will.

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]
Sheriff.
Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier]

Prince Henry.
This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto.
Fait-ja!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince Henry.
Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [Peto searches.]—What hast thou found?

Peto.
Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince Henry.
Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto.
Item, A capon, 2s 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s 6d.
Item, Bread, ob.

Prince Henry.
O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day, 'till to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy 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, Peto.

Peto.
Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor, A Room In the Archbishop's House.
Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotspur.
Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester. — A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glendower.
No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy! sit, good cousin Hotspur; For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh He wisheth you in heaven.

Hotspur.
And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glendower.
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
Shak'd like a coward.

Hotspur.
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.

Glendower.
I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hotspur.
And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glendower.
The heavens were all on fire; the earth did tremble.

Hotspur.
O! then the earth shook to see the heavens
And not in fear of your nativity. [on fire, Disseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oif the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd: and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature, In passion shook.

Glendower.
Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. 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 to 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 chides 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 in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hotspur.
I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

Mortimer.
Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.

Glendower.
I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur.
Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glendower.
Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hotspur.
And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
[devils.]—By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the
If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither, [hence.
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the
devil.

Mortimer.
Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glendower.
Three times hath Henry Bellingbroke made
head [Wye.]
Against my power: thrice from the banks of
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him, Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hotspur.

Home without boots, and in foul weather too! How 'scape he agues, in the devil's name?

Glendower.

Come, here's the map; shall we divide our right, According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mortimer.

The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits, very equally. England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, 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 coz, to you The remnant northward, lying off from Trent. And our indentures tripartite are drawn, Which being sealed interchangeably, (A business that this night may execute) 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 is appointed us, at Shrewsbury. My father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. [Gather Within that space you may have drawn to Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-men.

Glendower.

A shorter time shall afford me to you, lords; And in my conduct shall your ladies come: From whom you now must steal, and take no For there will be a world of water shed, [leave; Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hotspur.

Methinks, my moyley, north from Burton In quantity equals not one of yours. [Here, See, how this river comes me cranking in, And cuts me 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 snug and sliver Trent shall run, In a new channel, fair and evenly: It shall not wind with such a deep indent, To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glendower.

Not wind? It shall; it must: you see, it doth.

Mortimer.

Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up With like advantage on the other side; Gelding the opposed continent, as much As on the other side it takes from you.

Worcester.

Yea, 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.

Hotspur.

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glendower.

I will not have it alter'd.

Hotspur.

Will not you?

Glendower.

No, nor you shall not.

Hotspur.

Who shall say me nay?

Glendower.

Why, that will I.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loreseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Reguling them over commendation.

Hotspur.  
Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.  
Mortimer.  
This is the deadly spite that anger's me,  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glendower.  
My daughter weeps: she will not part with  
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.  
[you,  
Mortimer.  
Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.  
[Percy,  
[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and  
she answers him in the same.  
Glendower.  
She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry, one  
That no persuasion can do good upon.  
[She speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Mortimer.  
I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,  
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley would I answer thee.  
[She speaks again.  
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as dainties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glendower.  
Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.  
[She speaks again.  
Mortimer.  
O! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glendower.  
She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,  
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-harness'd team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mortimer.  
With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glendower.  
Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady Percy.  
Go, ye giddy goose.  
[The Music Plays.

Hotspur.  
Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.  
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady Percy.  
Then, should you be nothing but musical,  
For you are altogether governed by humours.  
Lie still, ye thiefs, and hear the lady sing  
In Welsh.

Hotspur.  
I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.  
Lady Percy.  
Would'st thou have thy head broken?  
Hotspur.  
No.  
Lady Percy.  
Then be still.  
Hotspur.  
Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.  
Lady Percy.  
Now, God help thee!

Hotspur.  
To the Welsh lady's bed.  
Lady Percy.  
What's that?

Hotspur.  
Peace! she sings.  
[A Welsh Song by Lady Mortimer.  
Hotspur.  
Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.  
Lady Percy.  
Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotspur.  
Not yours, in good sooth!  'Heart! you swear  
like a comfit-maker's wife.  Not you, in good sooth;  
and, as true as I live; and, as God shall  
mend me; and, as sure as day:  
And giv'at such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.  
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 Percy.  
I will not sing.

Hotspur.  
'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or he red-  
breast teacher.  An the indentures be drawn,  
I'll away within these two hours; and so come  
in when ye will.  
[Exit.

Glendower.

Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,  
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is draw'n; we'll but seal,  
And to horse immediately.  
[then  
Mortimer.  
With all my heart.  [Exeunt.

SCENE II.  London.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

King Henry.  
Lords, give us leave.  The Prince of Wales  
and I, [at hand,  
Must have some private conference: but be near  
For we shall presently have need of you.  
[Exeunt Lords.  
I know
Act III. Sc. ii.
KING HENRY IV.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
Thou in his service, and 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 art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the cold revenge,
To punish me, that mistakingly,
Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires, [temp
Such poor, such base, such low, such mean at
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art mark'd: without, every friend to,
According to the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince Henry.

So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quitt all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal;
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I have my share to some things true, and laid my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular
Find pardon on my true submission.

King Henry.

Godd pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy matters.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely 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 man
Prophetically do fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stately and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in repeuteless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a wonder it was to admire; [De:
That men would tell their children, "This is
Others would say,—" Where? which is Boiling
And thou, that 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 rebe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but summptuous, showed like a feast;
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skimming king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jester, and rash knave wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: car'ded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capring fools;
Had his great name profan'd with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To such as gave in receipts, and stood the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
That worn and weigh'd with vanity; 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 cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afferd no extraordinary gaze,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; [down,
But rather drov'd, and hung their eye-lids
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence gladd'd, gorg'd, and, full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand at thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine which hath desir'd so much thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince Henry.

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King Henry.

For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Raneupurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For of right, not colour like to inherit,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Hol'ds from all soldiers chief major,
And military title capital.
[Christ.
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
This infant warrior, in his enterprises [clothes,
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarg'd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northum-
ber-land,
The arch-enemy's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
capitulate against us, and are up. [timer
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Though that art like enough, through touchful fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince Henry.

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have way'd
Your majesty'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 stain my honour, such as in a bloody mask,
[Wash'd, shall my shame with
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of andHarry, 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
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yes, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleased, I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may save
The sirr-soured wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King Henry.
A hundred thousand rebels die in this
Thou shalt have charge, 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 on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King Henry.
The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old,—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set for:
On Thursday we ourselves will march: [ward;
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall match through Glosstershire; by which account,
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.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Eastcheap. A Room in the Boat's
Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff.
Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?
Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's
loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John.
Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking; I shall be out of
heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength
to repent. An 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.

Bardolph.
Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live
long.

Falstaff.
Why, there is it,—Come, sing me a bawdy
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously
given as a gentleman need 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 company; and now I live out of all
order, out of all compass.

Bardolph.
Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must
needs be out of all compass; out of all reason-
able compass, sir John.

Falstaff.
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 the knight of the burning lamp.

Bardolph.
Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Falstaff.
No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as
many a man doth of a death's head, or a momento
mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon
hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for
there is in his robes, burning, burning. If
thou wert any way given to virtue, I would
swear by thy face: my oath should be, By this
fire, that's God's angel: but thou art altogether
given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in
thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou
ran'st up Gisli-hill in the night to catch my
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis
fatuus, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase
in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an
everlasting bomfire-light. Thou hast saved me
a thousand marks in links and torches, walking
with thee in the night betwixt tavern and
tavern: but the sack that thou hast drank me
would have bought me lights as good cheap, at
the dearest Chandler's in Europe. I have main-
tained that salamander of yours with fire any
time this two and thirty years: God reward me
for it!

Bardolph.
'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Falstaff.
God-a-mercy! I should I be sure to be heart-
burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you in-
quired yet who picked my pocket?

Hostess.
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 hus-
band, man by man, boy by boy, servant by ser-
vant: the title of a hair was never lost in my
house before.

Falstaff.
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.

Hostess.
was never called so in mine own house before.

Falstaff.
Go to; I know you well enough.

Hostess.
No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John:
I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir
John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me
of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your
back.

Falstaff.
Dowla's, filthy dowla's: I have given them
away to bakers' wives, and they have made
bolters of them.

Hostess.
Now, as I am a true woman, hollard 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.

Falstaff.
Falstaff. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Hostess. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Falstaff. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make me a younger of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hostess. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Falstaff. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, faith? must we all march?

Bardolph. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Hostess. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince Henry. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Hostess. Good my lord, hear me.

Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince Henry. What sayest thou, Jack?

Falstaff. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Falstaff. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

Prince Henry. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Hostess. 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.

Prince Henry. What! he did not?

Hostess. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Falstaff. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falstaff. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hostess. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should' s't know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falstaff. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hostess. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?


Prince Henry. An otter, sir John: why an otter?

Falstaff. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hostess. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

Prince Henry. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hostess. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince Henry. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falstaff. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hostess. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Falstaff. Did I, Bardolph?

Bardolph. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Falstaff. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

Prince Henry. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Falstaff. 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.

Prince Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Falstaff. The king himself 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!

Prince Henry. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, 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 were 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?
Falstaff.
Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff 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?

Prince Henry.
It appears so by the story.

Falstaff.
Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified. — Still? — Nay, pr'ythee, begone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

Prince Henry.
O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. — The money is paid back again.

Falstaff.
O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince Henry.
I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Falstaff.
Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bardolph.
Do, my lord.

Prince Henry.
I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Falstaff.
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.

Prince Henry.
Bardolph!

My lord.

Prince Henry.
Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Pints, 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 Money, and order for their furniture. [receive The land is burning, Percy stands on high, And either they, or we, must lower lie. [Exeunt Prince, Pints, and Bardolph.

Falstaff.
Rare words! brave words! — Hostess, my breakfast; come. — O! I could wish, this tavern were my drum.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.
Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hotspur.
WELL said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth, In this fine age were not thought flattering,

Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By God, I cannot flatter: I defy The tongues of soother; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself. Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Douglas.
Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will bear him.

Hotspur.
Do so, and 'tis well.—
Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

Messenger.
These letters come from your father.

Hotspur.
Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Messenger.
He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

Hotspur.
'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Messenger.
His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Worcester.
I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Messenger.
He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Worcester.
I would the state of time had first been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited: His health was never better worth than now.

Hotspur.
Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth in-
The very life-blood of our enterprize: 

Tis catching bither, 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 dear a trust On any soul remov'd, but on his own. Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, That with our small conjunction we should on, To see how fortune is dispose'd to us; For, as he writes, there is no quelling now, Because the king is certainly possess'd Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Worcester.
Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hotspur.
A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off! — And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it To set the exact wealth of all our states [good, All at one cast? to set so rich a main On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? It were not good, for therein should we read The very bottom and the soul of hope, The very list, the very utmost bound Of all our fortunes.

Douglas.
'Faith, and so we should, Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We
KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV. Sc. II.

We may boldly spend upon the hope Of what is to come in: A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hotspur.

A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, If that the devil and mishance look big Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Worcester.

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 know not why he is away, That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence. And think, how such an apprehension May turn the tide of fearful faction, And breed a kind of question in our cause: For, well you know, we of the offering side Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

This absence of your father's draws a curtain, That shows the ignorant a kind of fear Before not dreamt of.

Hotspur.

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, Than if the earl were here: for men must think, If we, without his help, can make a head To push against the kingdom, with his help, We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.— Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

Douglas.

As heart can think: there is not such a word Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotspur.

My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul. Vernon.

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord. The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong, is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hotspur.

No harm: what more?

Vernon.

And farther, I have learn'd, The king himself in person is set forth, Or hitherwards intended speedily, With strong and mighty preparation.

Hotspur.

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?

Vernon.

All furnish'd, all in arms, All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind Bated, like eagles having lately bated 'd; Glittering in golden cloaks, like images; As full of spirit as the mouth of May, And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer; Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls. I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, His cuisses on his shins, 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 witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur.

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 to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war, All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them: The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit, Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire, To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh, And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse, Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt, Against the bosom of the prince of Wales: Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse, Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a O, that Glendower were come! [corse.— Vernon.

There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Douglas.

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Worcester.

Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hotspur.

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Vernon.

To thirty thousand.

Hotspur.

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away, The powers of us may serve so great a day. Come, let us take a muster speedily: Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Douglas.

Talk not of dying: I am out of fear Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

SCENE II. A public Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff.

Bardolph, get thee to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bardolph.

Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff.

Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph.

This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff.

An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the colnagne. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bardolph.

I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.

Falstaff.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurret. I have misused the king's press damnably. 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 been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck foul or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought
FIRST PART OF

Westmoreland.

He is, sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff.

Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of
fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Rebel Camp near Shrews-


Hotspur.

We'll fight with him to-night.

Worcester.

Douglas.

It may not be.

You give him, then, advantage.

Vernon.

Not a whit.

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Vernon.

So do we.

Hotspur.

His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Worcester.

Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Vernon.

Do not, my lord.

Douglas.

You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Vernon.

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, and
I dare well maintain it with my life, if well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Douglas.

Yea, or to-night.

Vernon.

Content.

Hotspur.

To-night, say I.

Vernon.

Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hotspur.

So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worcester.

The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Blunt, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt.

I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hotspur.
KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV. SC. IV.

Hotspur.

Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God You were of our determination! Some of us love you well; and even those some Envy your great deservings, and good name, Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

And God defend but still I should stand so, So long as out of limit and true rule, You stand against anointed majesty. But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs; and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty? If that the king Have 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.

Hotspur.

The king is kind; and, well we know, the king Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father, and my uncle, and myself, 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 poor unmind'd outlaw sneaking home, My father gave him welcome to the shore: 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 zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, Sware him assistance, and perform'd 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 him on bridges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him, Even at the heels, in golden multitudes. He presently, as great man knows itself, Steps me a little higher than his vow, Made to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravensburg; And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees, That lie too heavy on the common wealth; Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did lie win The hearts of all that he did angle for: Proceeded farther: cut me off the heads Of all the favourites, that the absent king In deputation left behind him here, When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt.

Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hotspur.

Then, to the point. In short time after he depos'd the king; Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life; And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state; To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March (Who, if every coward in England, indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales, There without ransom to lie forfeited; 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, withal, to pray Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt.

Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hotspur.

Not so, sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile. Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd Some surety for a safe return again, 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.

Hotspur.

And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt.

'Pray God you do!' [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

Archbishop.

Hee, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief, With winged haste to the lord marshal; This to my cousin Scrope; and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you knew How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Michael.

My good lord, I guess their tenor.

Archbishop.

Like enough, you do. To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day, Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must blide the touch [for, sir, at Shrewsbury, As I am truly given to understand, The king, with mighty and quick-raised power, Meets with 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 sinew too, And comes not in, o'er-ru'd by prophecies, I fear, the power of Percy is too weak To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir Michael.

Why, my good lord, you need not fear; There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer.

Archbishop.

No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Michael.

But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy, And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Archbishop.

And so there is; but yet the king hath draw'n 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 arrivals, and dear men Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Michael.

Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well pos'd.

Archbishop.

I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear, And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael speed.
ACT V.

SCENE I. The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.


King Henry.

How bloodily that day begins to peer
Above yond' busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince Henry.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

King Henry.

Then, with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter Worcester and Farnham.

How now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well, That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This curishul 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 broached mischief to the unborn times?

Worcester.

Hear me, my liege.

For mine own 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.

King Henry.

You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince Henry.

Peace, chewet, peace!

Worcester.

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 the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
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,
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,
It rain'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, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To grip the general way into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle guil, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest.
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
[flct, That even our love durst not come your
For fear of swallowing: but with nimble wing
We were enforce'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 forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King Henry.

These things, indeed, you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontent,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours to imprint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pillmell havoc and confusion.

Prince Henry.

In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise 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 grace this latter age with noble deeds.
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 this before 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.

King Henry.

And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee.
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people 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.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What will he 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 advisably.

[Exeunt Worcester and Farnham.]

Prince Henry.
Prince Henry.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas; Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hotspur.

My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.——Uncle, what news?

Worcester.

The King will bid you battle presently.

Douglas.

Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hotspur.

Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Douglas.

Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

Worcester.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hotspur.

Did you beg any? God forbid!

Worcester.

I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Douglas.

Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth.
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Worcester.

The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hotspur.

O! I would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Vernon.

No, by my soul! I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
to gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Triumph'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicler,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cait if of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause:—but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day.

England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconsrusted in his wantonness.

Hotspur.

Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Vernon.

Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

SCENE II. The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Worcester.

O, no I my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Vernon.

'Twere best, he did.

Worcester.

Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults;
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox.
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and 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,
A bare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.

Vernon.

Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Act v. Sc. II.  KINa HENRY IV. 459
Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

My lord, here are letters for you.

Hotspur.

I cannot read them now.—O gentlemen! the time of life is short; To spend that shortness basely, were too long, If life did rise upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour. An if we live, we live to tread on kings; If die, brave death, when princes die with us. Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair, When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger.

My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hotspur.

I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale, For I profess not talking. Only this— Let each man do his best: and here draw I A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perils day. Now, — Esperance! — Percy! — and set on! — Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace; For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do such a courtesy. [The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exequy.

SCENE III. Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties' fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter Douglas and Blunt, meeting.

Blunt.

What is thy name, that in battle thus Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek Upon my head?

Douglas.

Know, then, my name is Douglas; And I do haunt thee in the battle thus, Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt.

They tell thee true.

Douglas.

The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry, This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt.

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot; And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

[Douglas, and Blunt fall in battle.]

Enter Hotspur.

Hotspur.

O Douglas! hast thou fought at Holmeden I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [thus, Douglas.

All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

Where?

Douglas.

Here.

Hotspur.

This Douglas? no; I know this face full well: A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Douglas.

A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! A Borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear: Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hotspur.

The king hath many marching in his coats.

Douglas.

Now, by my sword, I will kill all his costs; I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

Hotspur.

Up, and away! Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff.

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I bear the shot here; 'here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: —there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moleen lead, and as heavy too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince Henry.

What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff [sword: Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd.] I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Falstaff.

O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds In arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince Henry.

He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Falstaff.

Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince Henry.

Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Falstaff.

Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.

Prince Henry.

What; is't a time to jest and daily now? [Throws it at him, and exit.]

Falstaff.

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath; give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince Henry, Prince John, and Westmorland.

King Henry.

I pr'ythee, [much.— Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.]

Prince
Prince John.
Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince Henry.
I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King Henry.
I will do so.—My lord of Westmoreland,
Lead him to his tent.

Westmoreland.
Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince Henry.
Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Prince John.
We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.

Prince Henry.
By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King Henry.
I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince Henry.
O 1 this boy,
Lends mettle to us all.

Alarums. Enter Douglas.

Douglas.
Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
[thou,
That wear those colours on them:—what art
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King Henry.
The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king; I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.

Douglas.
I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.

Prince Henry.
Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
[arms: Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blount, are in my
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[They fight: Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gower's hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

King Henry.
Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince Henry.
O God! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

King Henry.
Make up to Clifton: I'll to sir Nicholas Gaw-
sy.

[Exit King Henry.

Enter Hotspur.

Hotspur.
If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince Henry.
Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hotspur.
My name is Harry Percy.

Prince Henry.
Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hotspur.
Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince Henry.
I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the building honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hotspur.
I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff.
Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who
falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas.
Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hotspur.
O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth,
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh:—[foot;
But thought'st the slave of life, and life time's
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. 0! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[Dies.

Prince Henry.
For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well,
great heart!—
Ill- weave'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
[dead, Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should now make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:

Thy
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What old acquaintance I could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:—
I could have better spard a better man.
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Falstaff. [Rising.
Embowell'd if thou embowell me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me, too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeiter: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit it liveth, if a man, thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he 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 confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[He takes Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

Prince Henry.

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword.

Prince John.

But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince Henry.

I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy [Speak;
That plays upon our eyesight! I pr'ythee,
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falstaff.

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: 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.

Prince Henry.

Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Falstaff.

Diddst thou? — Lord, lord, how this world is 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. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Prince John.

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince Henry.

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. [A Retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field.
To save what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.

Falstaff.

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 nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmorland, and others, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

King Henry.

Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace, Pardoned, and terms of love to all of you? —
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinman'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.

Worcester.

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.

King Henry.

Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too: Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.

How goes the field?

Prince Henry.

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 bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

King Henry.

With all my heart.

Prince Henry.

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 crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Prince John.

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King Henry.

Then this remains, — that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmorland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,

To
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: [Scroop,
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards
Wales.
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
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.

Dramatis Personae.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

Henry, Prince of Wales,
Thomas, Duke of Clarence,
Prince John of Lancaster,
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Westmoreland, Of the King's Party.
Gower, Harcourt,
Lord 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 Coleville,

his Sons.

Travers and Morton, Retainers of Northumberland.
Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and a Page.
Poins and Peto.
Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bulcalf, Recruits.
Fang and Snare, Sheriff's Officers.
Rumour, the Presenter.
A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.
Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.
Hostess Quickly. Doll Tear-sheet.
Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Mes-
tenger, Straunor, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

Scene, England.

Induction.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.
Enter Rumour, painted full of Tongues. 

Rumour.

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 slander 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, swoln with some other
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury [troops,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his
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 peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury

And
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone, Where Hotspur’s father, old Northumberland, Lies crafty-sick: 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.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The same.

The Porter before the Gate; Enter Lord
Bardolph.

Who keeps the gate here? ho! — Where is the earl?

Porter.

What shall I say you are?

Bardolph.

Tell thou the earl, That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Enter Northumberland.

Northumberland.

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.

Bardolph.

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Northumberland.

Good, an God will!

Bardolph.

As good as heart can wish.

The king is almost wounded to the death, And in the fortune of my lord your son. [Hunts Prince Hotspur slain outright; and both the Kill’d by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmorland and Stafford, fled the field; And Harry Montmouth’s brawn, the hulks Sir John, Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day, So fought, so follow’d, and so fairly won, Came not till now to dignify the times, Since Caesar’s fortunes.

Northumberland.

How is this deriv’d?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bardolph.

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.

Northumberland.

Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bardolph.

My lord, I over-rod him on the way,

And he is furnish’d with no uncertainties, More than he haply may recall from me.

Enter Travers.

Northumberland.

Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Travers.

My lord, sir John Umfraville turn’d me back With joyful tidings; and, being better hords, Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard A gentleman, almost forspart with speed, That stopp’d by me to breathe his blooded horse. He ask’d the way to Chester; and of him I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury: He told me that rebellion had bad luck, And that young Harry Percy’s spur was cold. With that young his horse the head, And, bending forward, struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of his poor jade Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so, He seem’d in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

Northumberland.

Ha! — Again. Said he, young Harry Percy’s spur was cold? Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion Had met ill luck!

Bardolph.

My lord, I’ll tell you what: If my young lord your son have not the day, Upon mine honour, for a silken point I’ll give my barony: never talk of it.

Northumberland.

Why should that gentleman, that rode by Give, then, such instances of loss? [Travers, Bardolph.

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.

Northumberland.

Yea, this man’s brow, like to a title-leaf, Foretells the nature of a tragic volume: So looks the sword, whereon th’imperious flood Hath left a witness’d usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Morton.

I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord; Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask, To fright our party.

Northumberland.

How doth my son and brother? Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek Is ater than thy tongue to tell 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 would have told him, half his Troy was burn’d:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue, And I my Percy’s death, ere thou report’st it This thou wouldst say.— Your son did thus, and thus:
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Doug-
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds, But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed, Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

Morton.
Morton.

Douglas is living, and your brother, yet; But for my lord your son,—

Northumberland. Why, he is dead. See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath! 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 thou thy ear his divination lies, And I will take it as a sweet disgrace, And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Morton. You are too great to be by me gainsaid: Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

Northumberland. 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 to speak a truth. If he be slain, say so: [sin, The 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 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bardolph. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Morton. I am sorry I should force you to believe That which I would to heaven I had not seen; But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, Rendering faint quittance, wearyd and out-breath'd, /down To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat The never-daunted Percy to the earth, From whence with life he never more sprung In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire [up. Even to the dullest peasant in his camp, Being bruited once, took fire and heat away From the best temper'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, /fear, Lend to this weight such lightness with their That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim, Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcestercaster Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot, The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword Had the three times slain th'appearance of the king, 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight, 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, Under the conduct of young Lancaster, And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

Northumberland. 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; [well: Being sick, have in some measure made me And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd 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, Weaken'd with grief, being now charg'd with grief, [nice crutch! Are thriche themselves. Hence, therefore, thou A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel, Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quail! 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 ragged'et hour that time and spite dare bid To crow upon th' enrag'd Northumberland. Let heaven kiss earth; now, let not nature's hand Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die; And let this world no longer be a stage, To feed contention in a lingering act, But let one spirit of the first-born Cain Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set On bloody courses, the rude scene may end, And darkness be the barrier of the dead! [Travels: This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]

Bardolph. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Morton. The lives of all your loving complices Lean 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 summ'd the account of chance, before you said Let us make head. It was your presurmisat, That, in the hole of blows your son might drop: You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, More likely to fall in, than to get o'er: You were advis'd, his flesh was capable Of wounds and scars; and that his high-born spirit Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd; Yet did you say,—Go forth: and none of this, Though strongly apprehended, could restrain The stubborn action; what hath then befallen, Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth More than that being which was like to be? Bardolph. We all, that are engaged to this loss, Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas; That, if we wrougt out light, 'twas ten to one; And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd Chock'd the respect of likely peril fear'd, And, since we are o'erset, venture again. Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Morton. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord, I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth, The gentle archbishop of York is up, With well-appointed powers: he is a man, Who with a double surety binds his followers. My lord your son had only but the corps, But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight; For that same word, rebellion, did divide The action of their bodies from their souls, And they did fight with quæsiveness, constrain'd As men drink potions, that their weapons only Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls, This word, rebellion, it had froze them up, As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop Turns insurrection to religion: Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts, He's
SECOND PART OF

He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gassing for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

Northumberland.

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief hath wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel ever more
This aptest way for safety, and revenge. [speak]
Get posts and letters, and make friends with
Never so few, nor never yet more need.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

Falstaff.

Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page.

He said, sir, the water itself was a good
healthy water; but for the party that owed it,
he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Falstaff.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:
the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man,
is not able to invent any thing that tends to
laughter, more than 1 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 whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn
in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was
never manned with an agate till now: but I will
in-set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile
apparel, and send you back again to your master,
for a jewel; the jewel, the prince your master,
whose chin is not yet fleged. I will sooner
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 it, his face is a face-royal. God
may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss
yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a
barber shall never gain sixpence out of it; and
yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man
ever since his father was a bachelor. He may
keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine,
I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton
about the satin for my short cloak, and my
slots?

Page.

He said, sir, you should procure him better
assurance than Bardolph; he would not take
his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Falstaff.

Let him be damned like the glutton: may his
tongue be better!—A whoreson Achitophel! a
rascally yeas-forsooth knife, to bear a gentleman
in hand, and then stand upon security!—The
whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing
but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their
girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in
honest taking up, then must they stand upon
security. I had as lief they would put rattle
in my mouth, as to offer to stop it with security.
I looked he should have sent me two and twenty
yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he
sends me security. Well, he may sleep in
security: for he hath the horn of abundance, and
the lightness of his wife shines through it: and
yet cannot he see, though he have his own
lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page.

He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse.

Falstaff.

I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a
horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a
wife in the streets, I were manned, horset, and
wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page.

Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed
the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Falstaff.

Wait close; I will not see him.

Chief Justice.

What's he that goes there?

Attendant.

Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Chief Justice.

He that was in question for the robbery?

Attendant.

He, my lord; but he hath since done good
service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now
going with some charge to the lord John of
Lancaster.

Chief Justice.

What, to York? Call him back again.

Attendant.

Sir John Falstaff?

Falstaff.

Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page.

You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Chief Justice.

I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing
good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must
speak with him.

Attendant.

Sir John,—

Falstaff.

What! a young knave, and begging? Is there
not wars? is there not employment? Dost not
the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need
soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any
side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be
on the worst side, were it worse than the name
of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Attendant.

You mistake me, sir.

Falstaff.

Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man?
setting my knighthood and my soldier'ship aside,
I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Attendant.

I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood
and your soldier'ship aside, and give me leave to
tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any
other than an honest man.

Falstaff.

I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside
that which grows to me? If thou get'st any
leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou
wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avaint!

Attendant.

Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Chief.
Chief Justice.

Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Falstaff.

My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Chief Justice.

Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Falstaff.

A'nt please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Chief Justice.

I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Falstaff.

And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Chief Justice.

Well, heaven mend him.—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Falstaff.

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 tinging.

Chief Justice.

What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Falstaff.

It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Chief Justice.

I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Falstaff.

Very well, my lord; very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Chief Justice.

To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Falstaff.

I am as poor as Job, 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 prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Chief Justice.

I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Falstaff.

As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Chief Justice.

Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Falstaff.

He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Chief Justice.

Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falstaff.

I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Chief Justice.

You have misled the youthful prince.

Falstaff.

The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Chief Justice.

Well, I am loath to call a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Falstaff.

My lord.—

Chief Justice.

But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Falstaff.

To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Chief Justice.

What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Falstaff.

A wassal candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Chief Justice.

There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Falstaff.

His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Chief Justice.

You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Falstaff.

Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true value is turned bearherd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vanward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Chief Justice.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Falstaff.

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaiing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him
him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

Chief Justice.
Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Falstaff.
God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Chief Justice.
Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry. I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Falstaff.
Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, another last ever. [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.]

Chief Justice.
Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Falstaff.
Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me for it?

Chief Justice.
Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to your cousin Westmoreland. [Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.

Falstaff.
If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page.
Sir?

Falstaff.
What money is in my purse?

Page.
Seven groats and two-pence.

Falstaff.
I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of my chin. About it; you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit.

SCENE III. York. A Room In the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray Earl Marshal, and Bardolph.

Archbishop.
Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means:
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?

Mowbray.
I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hastings.
Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bardolph.
The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hastings.
With him, we may.

Bardolph.
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-face'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.

Archbishop.
'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bardolph.
It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
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 death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hastings.
But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bardolph.
Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring [fruit,
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove
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 our strength and ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices. or, at least, desist
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;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; Fang, and his Boy, with her; and Snare following.

Hostess.

MASTER Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang.

To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bar-
dolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the uniform king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Archbishop.

That he should draw his several strengths
together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hastings.

If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bardolph.

Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hastings.

The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Archbishop.

Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation 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 Bolingbrooke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be;
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beauteous feeder, art so full of him.
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, dist thou disgorge
Thy gluton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And how'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 at dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbrooke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men
accurate!

Fang.

I am undone 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 con-
tinuantly to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods)
to buy a saddle; and he's invited to dinner
to the lubber's head in Lumbert-street, to master
Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion
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 one for a poor lone
woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and
borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off,
and fubbed 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.—

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-
nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your of-
fices, do your offices, master Fang and master
Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.
Falstaff.

How now! whose mare’s dead? what’s the matter?

Fang.

‘Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.’

Falstaff.

Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain’s head; throw the queen in the channel.

Hostess.


Falstaff.

Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang.

A rescue! a rescue!

Hostess.

Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Falstaff.

Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I’ll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Chief Justice.

What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho! Hostess.

Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Chief Justice.

How now, sir John! what, are you brawling here? Business? Doth this become your place, your time, and You should have been well on your way to York — [him]? Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hangst on Hostess.

O! my most worshipful lord, an’t please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Chief Justice.

For what sum?

Hostess.

It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, 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 will ride thee o’ nights, like the mare.

Falstaff.

I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Chief Justice.

How comes this, sir John? Fei! 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 own?

Falstaff.

What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess.

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, 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 likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me thy lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Kecch, the butcher’s wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, 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 familiarity with such poor people; saying, that are long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bld me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Falstaff.

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 foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Chief Justice.

Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent 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 make her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hostess.

Yes, in troth, my lord.

Chief Justice.

Pr’ythee, peace, pray her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Falstaff.

My lord, I will not undergo this snip without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court’y, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember’d, I will not be your sitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king’s affairs.

Chief Justice.

You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Falstaff.

Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside. Enter Gower.

Chief Justice.


The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Falstaff.

As I am a gentleman.

Hostess.

Faith, you said so before.

Falstaff.

As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Hostess.

By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Falstaff.
Falstaff.

Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy wall...—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these by bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, as 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.

Hostess.

Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; 'tis faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Falstaff.

Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hostess.

Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Falstaff.

Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hostess.

Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Falstaff.

No more words: let's have her. [Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Page.

Chief Justice.

I have heard better news.

Falstaff.

What's the news, my good lord?

Chief Justice.

Where lay the king last night?

Gower.

At Basington keeper, my lord.

Falstaff.

I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Chief Justice.

Come all his forces back?

Gower.

No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Falstaff.

Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Chief Justice.

You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Falstaff.

My lord!

Chief Justice.

What's the matter?

Falstaff.

Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower.

I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Chief Justice.

Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Falstaff.

Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Chief Justice.

What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Falstaff.

Master Gower, if they come 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.

Chief Justice.

Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Pains.

Prince Henry.

Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Pains.

Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness 
durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince Henry.

'Faith, it does me, though it discours the 
complacency of my greatness to acknowledge it. 
Doth it not show vileny in me to desire small 
beer?

Pains.

Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, 
as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince Henry.

Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my truth, 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 it to me, to 
remember thy name? or to know thy face tomorow? or to take note how many pair of silk 
stockings thou hast; e.g. these, and those that 
were thy peach colour'd ones? or to bear 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 thy low countries have made 
a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, 
whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy 
linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the mid-
wives say, the children are not in the fault, 
whereupon the world increases, and kindreds 
are mightily strengthened.

Pains.

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?

Prince Henry.

Shall I tell thee one thing, Pains?

Pains.

Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good 
th ing.

Prince Henry.

It shall serve among wits of no higher breed-
ing than thine.

Pains.

Go to; I stand the push of your one thing 
that you will tell.

Prince Henry.

Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should 
be sad, now my father is sick: 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.

Pains.

Very hardly upon such a subject.
Poins.
What's this you think of me, if I should weep?
Poins.
I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.
Poins.
And to thee.
Poins.
By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine 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.
Poins.
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.
Bardolph.
God save your grace.
Prince Henry.
And yours, most noble Bardolph.
Bardolph.
Come, you virtuous ass, [To the Page.] you bashful fool, must you be blushinf? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?
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.
Prince Henry.
Hath not the boy profited?
Bardolph.
Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!
Page.
Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!
Prince Henry.
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.
Prince Henry.
A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.

Poins.
O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.
Bardolph.
An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.
Prince Henry.
And how dost thy master, Bardolph? Bardolph.
Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.
Poins.
Delivered with good respect.—And how dost the martelmas, your master?
Bardolph.
In bodily health, sir.
Poins.
Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.
Prince Henry.
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.

Poins. [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 split:" "How comes that?" "He 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."
Prince Henry.
Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins.
"Sir John Falstaff, kight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.
Prince Henry.
Peace!
Poins.
"I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:"—he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. —"I command me to thee, I command thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.
"Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou useth him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and John with all Europe."
My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.
Prince Henry.
That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?
Poins.
God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.
Prince Henry.
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?
Bardolph.
Yes, my lord.
Act II. Sc. iii.

Prince Henry.
Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bardolph. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

Prince Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

Prince Henry. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and akinswoman of my master's.

Prince Henry. Even such kin as the parish helpers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Points. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bardolph. I have no tongue, sir.

Prince Henry. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Points. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some rood.

Prince Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Points. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! 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.


Northumberland. 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 Northumberland. I have given over, I will speak no more. Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

Northumberland. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn, And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady Percy. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars! The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart-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 chivalry of England move To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. He had no legs, that practised not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blushing,

Became the accents of the valiant; For those that could speak loud, and tardily, Would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem them that, in speech, in gait, In dilet, in affections of delight, In military rules, honours of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book, That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous O miracle of men!—him did you love, [him]! (Second to none, unsecooned by you) To look upon the hideous god of war In disadvantage; to abide a field, Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem defensible:—so you left him. Never, O! never, do his ghost'ed to it now; To hold your honour more precise and nice With others, than with him: let them alone. The marshal,—and the archbishop, are strong: Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers, To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

Northumberland. Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw my spirit's from me, With new lamenting ancient oversights. But I must go, and meet with danger there, Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

Lady Northumberland. O! fly to Scotland. Till that the nobles, and the armed commons, Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the king, Then join you with them, like a rib of steel, To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves, First let them try themselves. So did your son; He was so suffer'd;—so came I a widow, And never shall have length of life enough, To rain upon me no more than mine eyes, That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven; For recordation to my noble husband.

Northumberland. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind, As with the tide swell'd up unto its height, That makes all resistless: and, running neither way: Fain would I go to meet the archbishop, But many thousand reasons hold me back.— I will resolve for Scotland: there am I, Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Drawer.


Second Drawer.

Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir John's; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

First Drawer.

Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneh's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. [Dispatch:—the room where they supped is too hot; they'd come in straight.]

Second Drawer.

Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Drawer.

By the mass, here will be old uts: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Second Drawer.

I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Dull Tear-sheet.

Hostess.

I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperal: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, I'faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,— What this? How do you now?

Doll.

Better than I was, Hem.

Hostess.

Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Falstaff.

"When Arthur first in court."—Empty the jordan.—"And was a worthy king." [Exit Drawer.

How now, mistress Doll?

Hostess.

Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Falstaff.

You mudy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Falstaff.

You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll.

I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Falstaff.

If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll.

Yea, joy; our chains, and our jewels.

Falstaff.

"Your brooches, pearls, and ooches:"—for to serve bravely, is to come hatting 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!]

Hostess.

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 rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year I one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll.

Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed 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.

Drawer.

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.

Hostess.

If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith! I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers hence: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Falstaff.

Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Hostess.

Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Falstaff.

Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hostess.

Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Trick, the deputy, tother day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—master Dumb, our master, was by them:—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said 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.

Falstaff.

He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbarian, heh,
hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hostess.

Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggery: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swaggery. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll.

So you do, hostess.

Hostess.

Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggery.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pistol.

God save you, sir John!

Falstaff.

Welcome, ancresse! Here, Pistol; I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pistol.

I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Falstaff.

She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hostess.

Come, I'll drink no poofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, 1.

Pistol.

Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Doll.

Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pistol.

I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll.

Away, you cut-purse rascal! 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-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, do you, sir?—God's light! with two points on your shoulder! much!

Pistol.

I will murder your ruff for this.

[Falstaff.

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol."

Hostess.

No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll.

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would trunchoon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, 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 occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted.] therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bardolph.

Pray thee, go down, good ancent.
Hostess.
Here's goodly stuff toward!

Falstaff.
Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll.
I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, doe not draw.

Falstaff.
Get you down stairs. [Drawing.

Hostess.
Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tensils and frigts. So; murder, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! I put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons. [Exeunt Bardolph and Pistol.

Doll.
I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little villain, you.

Hostess.
Are you not hurt i’ the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Falstaff.
Have you turned him out of doors?

Bardolph.
Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Falstaff.
A rascal, to brave me!

Doll.
Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you whoreson chops. — Ah, rogue! I've faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Falstaff.
A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll.
Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.
Page.
The music is come, sir.

Falstaff.
Let them play. — Play, sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. — A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll.
I've faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Barholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.

Falstaff.
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?

Falstaff.
A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll.
They say, Poins, has a good wit.

Falstaff.
He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Teviotbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll.
Why does the prince love him so then?

Falstaff.
Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quotts well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flappadragons; 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 has, 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 avoordups.

Prince Henry.
Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins.
Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince Henry.
Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poil clawed like a parrot.

Poins.
Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Falstaff.
Kiss me, Doll.

Prince Henry.
Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins.
And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Falstaff.
Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll.
Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Falstaff.
I am old, I am old.

Doll.
I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Falstaff.
What stuff will have a kittle of? I shall receive money on Tuesday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song I come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll.
By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

Falstaff.
Some sack, Francis!

Prince Henry, and Poins.
Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.

Falstaff.
Ha! a bastard son of the king's. — And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince Henry.
Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Falstaff.
A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless thee, sweet face of thine! O Jesus! are you come from Wales? Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [Placing his hand upon Doll:]

How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Diddst thou hear me?

Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse: and then I know how to handle you.

No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

Not to dispraise, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

No abuse, Hal.

No abuse!

No abuse, Ned, I the world; honest Ned, none. I displeased him before the wicked, 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: to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith boys, none.

See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth 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 thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms.

For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

For the women?

For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Do not I warrant you.

No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for which, I think, thou wilt howl.

All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

What says your grace?

His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Peto, how now? what news?

By heaven, Peto, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads. [night. Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good [Vexed! Prince Henry, Peto, Falstaff, and Bardolph] 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?

You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.—] Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Falstaff. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver 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.

I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst.—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Falstaff.
Falstaff.

Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.]

Hostess.

Well, fare thee well! I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honourer, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bardolph. [Within.]

What's the matter?

Hostess.

Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Bardolph. [Within.]

O! run, Doll; run; run, good Doll. Come. —Yea—will you come, Doll?

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his Nightgown, with a Page.

King Henry.

Go, call the earls 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 hour asleep,—O sleep! O gentle sleep! Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee; That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, And steep my sense in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, [slumber, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopys of costly state, And lull'd with sound 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? Wilt 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 bills by the top, [them Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds, That with the hurly death itself awakes? Can't thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude; And in the calmest and most stilllest 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.

Warwick.

Many good morrows to your majesty!

King Henry.

Is it good morrow, lords?

Warwick.

'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King Henry.

Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords, Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

Warwick.

We have, my liege.

King Henry.

Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom How foul it is; what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it.

Warwick.

It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good advice, and little medicine. My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King Henry.

O God! that one might read the book of fate, And see the revolution of the times Made by the tyrannous, and levellent, Weary of solid firmness, melt itself Into the sea: and, other times, to see The beachy girdle of the ocean Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock, And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen, Thehappiest youth, viewing his progress through, What perils past, what crosses to ensue, Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]

'Tis not ten years gone, [friends, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great Did feast together, and in two years after Were they at war! it is but eight years, since This Percy was the man nearest my soul; Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs, And laid his love and life under my foot; Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes 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 brimfull of tears, Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy: "Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne:"— Though then, God knows, I had no such intent, But that necessity so bow'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 foul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption:"—so went on, Foretelling this same time's condition, And the division of our amity. Warwick.

There is a history in all men's lives, Figuring the nature of the times decreas'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, lie untreasured, 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 falseness, Which should not find a ground to root upon, Unless on you.

King Henry.

Are these things, then, necessities? Then let us meet them like necessities; And that same word even now cries out on us. They say, the bishop and Northumberland Are fifty thousand strong.

Warwick.

It cannot be, my lord: Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo, The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord, [grace, The
HENRY IV. PART 2.
Act 3, Sc. 2.
ACT III. Sc. II. KING HENRY IV.

The powers that you already have sent forth, shall bring this prize in very easily. To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd a certain instance that Glendower is dead. Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill, and these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add unto your sickness.

King Henry. I will take your counsel; and were these inward wars once out of hand, we would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

SCENE II. Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Monthly, Shadow, Wart, Fleebe, Bull-calf, and Servants, behind.

Shallow. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence? Silence.

Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shallow. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, good-daughter Ellen? Silence.

Alas! I a black ouzel, cousin Shallow. Silence.

Shallow. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not? Silence.

Indeed, sir; to my cost. Silence.

He must then to the lins of court shortly. I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet. Silence.

You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shallow. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barret, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the lins of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. Silence.

This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers? Shallow. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead! Silence.

We shall all follow, cousin.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good vole of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Silence. Dead, sir.

Shallow. Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Shallow. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen. Bardolph. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow? Shallow. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bardolph. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shallow. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bardolph. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife. Shallow. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated?—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated:—it comes of accommodo: very good; a good phrase.

Bardolph. Pardon me, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being, whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shallow. It is very just. —Look, here comes good sir John. — Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well; and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.
Falstaff.
I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shallow.
No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Falstaff.
Good master Silence, it will befit you should be of the peace.

Silence.
Your good worship is welcome.

Falstaff.
Fie! this is hot weather. Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shallow.
Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Falstaff.
Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shallow.
Where’s the roll? where’s the roll? where’s the roll?—Let me see, let me see: so, 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?

Mouldy.
Here, an it please you.

Shallow.
What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Falstaff.
Is thy name Mouldy?

Mouldy.
Yea, an it please you.

Falstaff.
’Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shallow.
Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, ’tis faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Falstaff.
Prick him. [To Shallow.]

Mouldy.
I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Falstaff.
Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mouldy.
Spent I

Shallow.
Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Falstaff.
Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he’s like to be a cold soldier.

Shallow.
Where’s Shadow?

Here, sir.

Shallow.
Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shadow.
My mother’s son, sir.

Falstaff.
’Tis my 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 of the father’s substance.

Shallow.
Do you like him, sir John?

Falstaff.
Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shallow.
Thomas Wart?

Falstaff.
Where’s he?

Wart.
Here, sir.

Falstaff.
Is thy name Wart?

Wart.
Yea, sir.

Falstaff.
Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shallow.
Shall I prick him, sir John?

Falstaff.
It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shallow.
Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble.
Here, sir.

Falstaff.
What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble.
A woman’s tailor, sir.

Shallow.
Shall I prick him, sir?

Falstaff.
You may; but if he had been a man’s tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy’s battle, as thou hast done in a woman’s petticoat?

Feeble.
I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Falstaff.
Well said, good woman’s tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.
—Prick the woman’s tailor well, master Shallow, deep master Shallow.

Feeble.
I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Falstaff.
I would thou wert a man’s tailor, that thou might’st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble.
It shall suffice, sir.

Falstaff.
I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shallow.
Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Falstaff.
Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull-calf.
Here, sir.

Falstaff.
KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SC. II.

Falstaff. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

O lord! good my lord captain,— Falstaff.

What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

O lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

What disease hast thou?

A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for tizzazione.

—Is here all?

Here is more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir!—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Falstaff.

Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

She lives, master Shallow.

She never could away with me.

Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. DOTH she hold her own well.

Old, old, master Shallow.

Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

That's fifty-five year ago.

Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, 'Hem, boys!'—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.

Bull-calf. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bardolph.

Good to; stand aside, Mouldy.

And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bardolph.

Go to; stand aside.

Feeble.

By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once:—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so: an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bardolph.

Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Feeble.

'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Four, of which you please.

Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Go to; well.

Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Do you choose for me?

Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Mouldy, and Bull-calf. For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shallow.

Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Shallow.

Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Warte:—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy: the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare
me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into
Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bardolph.

Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Falstaff.

Come, manage me your caliver. So.—very
good:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—
O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped,
bald shot.—Well said, Falstaff, Wart; thou't a
good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shallow.

He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it
right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I
lay at Clement's-inn,) I was then sir Dagonet in
Arthur's show, there was a little guiver fellow,
and he would manage you his piece thus: and
he would about, and about, and come you in,
and come you in: "rach, tah, tah," would he
say; "bounce," would he say; and away again
would he go, and again would he come.—I shall
never see such a fellow.

Falstaff.

These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—
God keep you, master Silence! I will not use
many words with you.—Fare you well, gentle-
men both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile
to-night.—Bardolph, give me the soldiers coats.

Shallow.

Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper
your affairs, and send us peace! At your return,
visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be
renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the
court.

Falstaff.

"Fore God, I would you would.

Shallow.

Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exeunt Shallow and Silence.

Falstaff.

Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bar-
dolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph,
Recreation, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off
these justices: I do see the bottom of justice
Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men
are to this vice of lying! This same starved
justice hath done nothing but privy to me of the
wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath
done about Tarnhill-street; and every third word a lie,
duer paid to the hearer than the Tudor's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-
inns, like a man made after supper of a chee-
paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the
world, like a forked radish, with a head fan-
tastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so
forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight
were invincible: he was the very genius of
famine; [yet lecherous as a monkey, and the
whores called him—mandrake.] He came ever
in the rear-ward of the fashion; [and sung those
tunes to the over-softened huswives that he
heard the Carmen whistle, and sware—there
were his fancies, or his good-nights.] And now is
this Flee's daggar become a squire; and talks
as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been
sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he
never saw him but once in the Till-yard, and
then he burst his head, for crowding among the
marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt,
he beat his own name; for you might have
thrust him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin;
the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for
him, a court; and now has he land and beeses.
Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return;
and it shall go hard, but I will make him a phi-

rosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace
be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the
law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time
shape, and there an end.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hasting,
and others.

Archbishop.

WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hastings.

'Tis Gauletree forest, an't shall please your
grace.

Archbishop.

Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers
To know the numbers of our enemies. [forth,

Hastings.

We have sent forth already.

Archbishop.

'Tis 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 powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not ley; whereupon
He is retir'd, to rippe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowbray.

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
And dash themselves to pieces. [ground,

Enter a Messenger.

Hastings.

Now, what news?

Messenger.

West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray.

The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us away on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Archbishop.

What well-appointed leader front us here here?

Westmoreland.

I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland.

Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Archbishop.

Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?

Westmoreland.

Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guaridled with rage,
And countenanced by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, And in the most bloody and most horrid shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords, Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection 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; [tutor'd; Whose learning and good letters peace hath Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself, Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace, Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war? Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet, and a point of war? Archbishop

Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands: Briefly to this end,—We are all diseas'd; And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours, 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 Westmorland, I take not on me here as a physician, Nor do I, as an enemy to peace, Troop in the throngs of military men; But, rather, show a while like fearful war, To diet rank minds, sick of happiness, And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly: I have in equal balance justly weigh'd [suffer, What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we And find our griefs heavier than our offences. We see which way the stream of time doth run, And are enforce'd from our most quiet there By the rough torrent of occasion; And have the summary of all our griefs, When time shall serve, to show in articles, Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit gain our audience. When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our We are denied access unto his person, [griefs, Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone, When memory is written on the earth With yet appearing blood, and the examples Of every minute's instance, present now, Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms; Not to break peace, or any branch of it, But to establish here a peace indeed, Concurring both in name and quality.

Westmorland.

When ever yet was your appeal denied? Wherein have you been galled by the king? What peer hath been suborn'd to grante on you, That you should seal this lawless bloody book Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine, [And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?] Archbishop.

My brother general, the commonwealth, [To brother born an household cruelty,] I make my quarrel in particular.

Westmorland.

There is no need of any such redress; Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowbray.

Why not to him, in part, and to us all, That feel the bruises of the days before, And suffer the condition of these times To lay a heavy and unequal hand Upon our honours?

Westmorland.

O! my good lord Mowbray, Construe the times to their necessitates, And you shall say indeed, it is the time, And not the king, that doth you injuries. Yet, for your part, it not appears to me, 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 duke of Norfolk's signories, Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowbray.

What thing, in honour, had my father lost, That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me? The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then, Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him: And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he, Being mounted, and both roosed in their seats, Their neighing coursers daring of the spur, Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of And the loud trumpet blowing them together; Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, O! when the king did throw his wander down, His own life hung upon the staff he threw: Then throw the down himself, and all their lives, That, by indictment, and by dint of sword, Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

Westmorland.

You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what. The soul of Hereford was reputed, then, In England the most valiant gentleman: Who knows, on whom fortune would then have small'd? But if your father had been victor there, He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; For all the country, in a general voice, Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love, Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on, And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king. But this is mere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our princedly general, To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace, That he will give you audience; and wherein It shall be our care that your demands are just You shall enjoy them; every thing set off, That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowbray.

But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer, And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Westmorland.

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 will our hearts should be as good; Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd?

Mowbray.

Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

Westmorland.

That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten case abides no handling.

Hastings.

Hath the prince John a full commission, In
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear, and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?  

Westmoreland.  
That is intended in the general's name.  
I muse you make so slight a question.  

Archbishop.  
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 insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
And present execution of our wills  
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;  
We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.  

Westmoreland.  
This will I show the general. Please you,  
lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet:  
And either end in peace, which God so frame,  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.  

Archbishop.  
My lord, we will do so.  

Mowbray.  
There is a thing within my bosom tells me,  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.  

Hastings.  
Fear you not that: if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.  

Mowbray.  
Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the king taste of this action:  
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall with winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.  

Archbishop.  
No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary  
of dainty and such pickling grievances;  
For he hath found, to end our doubt by death  
Revives two greater In the heirs of life.  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to 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 misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to undo an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.  

Hastings.  
Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement;  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.  

Archbishop.  
'Tis very true:  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.  

Mowbray.  
Be it so.  
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.  

Re-enter Westmoreland.  

Westmoreland.  
The prince is here at hand. Pleadeth your  
lordship,  
[armies?  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our  
Mowbray.  
Your grace of York, in God's name then, set  
forward.  

Archbishop.  
Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we  
come.  

[Exeunt.

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.  

Prince 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 be better shew'd with you.  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Then now to see you here an iron 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 ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would be abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord  
bishop,  
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken.  
How deep you were within the books of God?  
To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
To us, th' imag'nd voice of God himself;  
The very opener and intelligencer,  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe,  
But you miseuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's 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 here up-swarm'd them.  

Archbishop.  
Good my lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace;  
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief;  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from  
the court,  
Whereon this Hydra:son of war is born;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd  
anpp.  
With grant of our most just and right desires,  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.  

Mowbray.
Mowbray. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes To the last man.

Hastings. And though we here fall down, We have supplies to second our attempt; If they miscarry, theirs shall second them; And so success of mischief shall be born, And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up, Whiles England shall have generation.

Prince John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow, To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Westmoreland. Pleaseth your grace, to answer then directly, How far-forth you do like their articles.

Prince John. I like them all, and do allow them well; And swear, here, by the honour of my blood, My father's purposes have been mistook; And some about him have too lavishly Wreasted his meaning, and authority.— My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redres'd: Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please 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.

Archbishop. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Prince John. I give it you, and will maintain my word: And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hastings. Go, captain, [to an Officer] and deliver to the army: This news of peace: let them have pay, and I know, it will well please them: Hie thee, captain. [Exit Officer:]

Archbishop. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland. I pledge your grace: and, if you knew 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.

Archbishop. I do not doubt you.

Westmoreland. I am glad of it.— Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray. Mowbray. You wish me health in very happy season; For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Archbishop. Against ill chances men are ever merry, But heaviness foreruns the good event.

Westmoreland. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow Serves to say thus,— some good thing comes to-morrow.

Archbishop. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowbray. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Shouts within.

Prince John. The word of peace is render'd. Hark, how they shout!

Mowbray. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Archbishop. A peace is of the nature of a conquest, For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser.

Prince 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 peruse the men We should have cop'd withal.

Archbishop. Go, good lord Hastings; And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Exit Hastings.]

Prince John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.— Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

Westmoreland. The leaders having charge from you to stand, Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Prince John. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hastings. My lord, our army is dispers'd already. Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses [up, East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

Westmoreland. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for which I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:— And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow- Of capital treason I attach you both. [bray; Mowbray.]

Is this proceeding just and honourable?

Westmoreland. Is your assembly so?

Archbishop. Will you thus break your faith?

Prince John. I pawn'd thee none.

I promise'd you redress of these same grievances, Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour, 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 here, and foolishly sent hence.— Strike up our drums I pursue the scatter'd stray; Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.— Some guard these traitors to the block of death; Treason's true bed, and yielded up of breath. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 111. Another part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Cleeve, meeting.

Falstaff. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cleeve.
Colevile.
I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Falstaff.
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 be still Colevile of the dale.

Colevile.
Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Falstaff.
As good a man as he, sir, who'ere I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Falstaff.
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 belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others.

Prince John.
The heat is past, follow no farther now.—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[Exit Westmoreland.]

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 break some gallows' back.

Falstaff.
I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate value, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded: that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

Prince John.
It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Falstaff.
I know not; here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gill twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Prince John.
Thine too heavy to mount.

Let it shine then.

Prince John.
Thine's too thick to shine.

Falstaff.
Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Prince John.
Is thy name Colevile?

Falstaff.
It is, my lord.

Prince John.
A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Falstaff.
And a famous true subject took him.

Colevile.
I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Falstaff.
I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Prince John.
Now, have you left pursuit?

Westmoreland.
Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Prince John.
Send Colevile, with his confederates, To York, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[Exit Westmoreland guarded.]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords. I hear, the king my father is sore sick: Our news shall go before us to his majesty; Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him; And we with sober speed will follow you.

Falstaff.
My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Prince John.
Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit.

Falstaff.
I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenchers. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, delivered 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, leit 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
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KING HENRY IV.  

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to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face,  
which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest  
of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then  
the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits,  
muster me all to their captain, the heart, who,  
great, and puffed up with this retnue, doth any  
deed of courage; and this valour comes of  
serris. 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 comes it, that prince Henry is valiant  
for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his  
hather, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land,  
amured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent  
effort of drinking good, and good store of  
fortile serris, 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 thin potatoes, and to addit them-  
selves to sack.  

Enter Bardolph.  

How now, Bardolph?  

Bardolph.  
The army is discharged all, and gone.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.  Westminster. A Room in the  
Palace.  

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey,  
Warwick, and others.  

King Henry.  
Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
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 navy is address'd, 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 pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.  

Warwick.  
Both which, we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.  

King Henry.  
Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?  

Prince Humphrey.  
I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind-  

sor.  

King Henry.  
And how accompanied?  

Prince Humphrey.  
I do not know, my lord.  

King Henry.  
Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with  
him?  

Prince Humphrey.  
No, my good lord; he is in presence here.  

Clarence.  
What would my lord and father?  

King Henry.  
Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the prince thy  
brother? [Thomas.  

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
SECOND PART OF

IN THE DEAD CARRIAGE. [Enter Westmoreland.] Who's here? Westmoreland?

Westmoreland.

Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver! [hand:
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unheath'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.

King Henry.

O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sing.
The lifting up of day. [Enter Harcourt.]
Look! here's more news.

Harcourt.

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 Northumberia, 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.

King Henry.

And wherefore should these good news make
me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food.—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes 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 falls, and my brain is dizzy.—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [Swoons.

Prince Humphrey.

Comfort, your majesty!

Clarence.

O my royal father!

Westmoreland.

My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself; look up! Warwick.

Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary. [well.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be

Clarence.

No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind [in,
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Prince Humphrey.

The people fear me! for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Clarence.

The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before [died.
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and

Warwick.

Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Prince Humphrey.

This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

King Henry.

I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[They place the King on a bed in an inner part of the room.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Warwick.

Call for the music in the other room.

King Henry.

Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clarence.

His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

Warwick.

Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince Henry.

Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Clarence.

I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince Henry.

How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

Prince Humphrey.

Exceeding ill.

Prince Henry.

Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Prince Humphrey.

He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince Henry.

If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physic.

Warwick.

Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince,
speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clarence.

Let us withdraw into the other room.

Warwick.

Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince Henry.

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[Exeunt all but Prince Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open 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,
Shrouds out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, 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 espire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigid 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 plentifully:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits,
[Putting it on his head.

Which
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.

King Henry.
Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Clarence.

Doth the king call?

Warwick.

What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King Henry.

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clarence.

We left the prince, my brother, here, my liege, Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King Henry.

The prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

Warwick.

This door is open; he is gone this way.

Prince Humphrey.

He came not through the chamber where we stayed.

King Henry.

Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

Warwick.

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King Henry.

The prince hath taken it hence:—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

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,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pli'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtfull to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd 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?

Warwick.

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 quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King Henry.

But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.

Prince Henry.

I never thought to hear you speak again.

King Henry.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought: I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair, That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth! Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity [thee. Is held from falling with so weak a wind, That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death Thou hast seiz'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst 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 an hour of my life.
What canst thou not forbear me 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 thy tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the 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! Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now.
From every region, aspers of idleness! [scum:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your Have you a ruffian 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 treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog Shall flish his tooth in every innocent,
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

Prince Henry.

O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

Kneeling

The most impediments unto my speech, I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke, Ere you 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 obduracy rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending. Heaven witness 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 wildness die,
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And never live to show th' incredulous world
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 spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided: "The care on thee
depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable: [now'n'd,
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
Hale, thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head; [liege,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my 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
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give it entertainment to the might of it,
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!
King Henry.

O my son!
God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. [love,
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God 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 all the soil of the achievement goes
With me 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;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these hold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign but been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-
chased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,
[green,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
friends.
Have but their stings 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 displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many 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 piddly minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
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!
Prince Henry.
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.

King Henry.
Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Prince John.
Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal
father!

King Henry.
Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son
John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my lord of Warwick?

Prince Henry.

My lord of Warwick!

King Henry.
Dost any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

Warwick.
'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King Henry.
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 vainly I suppose the Holy Land.—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shallow.
By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-
night.—What, Davy, I say!

Falstaff.
You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shallow.
I will not excuse you; you shall not be ex-
cused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is
no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.
—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy.

Here, sir.

Shallow.
Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy;
let me see:—yes, marry, William cook, bid
him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be
excused.

Davy.
Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be
served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the head-
land with wheat?

Shallow.
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.

Shallow.
KING HENRY IV.

 seguintic.

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 Hinckley fair?

Shallow.

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?

Shallow.

Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend I the court is 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.

Shallow.

Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy.

I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincest against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shallow.

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.

Shallow.

Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. — Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bardolph.

I am glad to see your worship.

Shallow.

I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph. — And welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shallow.

Falstaff.

I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] If I 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 imputation 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 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 interval. 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 ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak till laid up.

Sir John! [Within.

I come, master Shallow: I come master Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.

SCENE II. Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

Warwick.

How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Chief Justice.

How doth the king?

Warwick.

Exceding well: his cares are now all ended.

Chief Justice.

I hope, not dead.

Warwick.

He's walk'd the way of nature, and to our purposes he lives no more.

Chief Justice.

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.

Warwick.

Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Chief Justice.

I know he doth not, and do arm myself, To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphry, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others.

Warwick.

Here come the heavy issue of deal 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.

Chief Justice.

O God! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Prince John.

Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Prince Humphry, and Clarence.

Good morrow, cousin.

Prince John.

We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

Warwick.

We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Prince John.

Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Chief Justice.

Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
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Prince Humphrey.
Of 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.

Prince John.
Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Clarence.
Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swins against your stream of quality.

Chief Justice.
Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Warwick.
Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V,
Chief Justice.
Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!

King.
This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think,—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court:
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

Prince John, &c.
We hope no other from your majesty.

King.
You all look strangely on me;—and you must.

To the Chief Justice.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Chief Justice.
I am assur'd, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King.
No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What I rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Chief Justice.
I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
Have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerrance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that might discomfit me,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King.
You are right, justice; and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Ollend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
Happily am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
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
To unsainted sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze 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 downehereforth in formal majesty.
Now, call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble 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 and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

To the Lord Chief Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accept
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents,
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Glosbshire. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shallow.
Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an
an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Falstaff.
'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shallow.
Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John!—merry, good sir.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.
Falstaff.
This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.
Shallow.
A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much suck at supper:—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.
Silence.
Ah, sirrah! quoith—, we shall [Singing.
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.
And plenty of wine, for the merry season;—
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.
Falstaff.
There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.
Shallow.
Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.
Davy.
Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit,—Master page, good master page, sit; profuse! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart's all.
[Exit.
Shallow.
Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.
Silence. [Singing
Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.
Falstaff.
I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.
Silence.
Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.
Re-enter Davy.
Davy.
There is a dish of leather-coats for you.
[Setting them before Bardolph.
Shallow.
Davy,—
Davy.
Your worship.—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?
Silence. [Singing
A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the lemon wine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.
Falstaff.
Well said, master Silence.
Silence.
An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.
Falstaff.
Health and long life to you, master Silence.
Silence.
Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.
Shallow.
Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.
—Welcome, my little thin thief; 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.
Bardolph.
An I might see you there, Davy,—
Shallow.
By the mass, you'll crack a quart together.
Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?
Bardolph.
Yea, sir, in a potle pot.
Shallow.
By God's legs, I thank thee.—The knife will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.
Bardolph.
And I'll stick by him, sir.
Shallow.
Falstaff.
Why, now you have done me right.
[To Silence, who drinks a bumper.
Silence. [Singing
Do me right, And dub me knight:
Sainingo.
Is't not so?
'Tis so.
Silence.
Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.
Re-enter Davy.
Davy.
An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.
Falstaff.
From the court? let him come in.—
Enter Pistol.
How now, Pistol?
Pistol.
Sir John, God save you, sir.
Falstaff.
What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pistol.
Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, th'art now one of the greatest men in the realm.
Silence.
By'r lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.
Pistol.
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.
Falstaff.
I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.
Pistol.
SCENE IV. London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.

Hostess.

No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Beadle.

The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll.

Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hast better thou hast struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Hostess.

O the Lord, that sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Beadle.

If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll.

I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Beadle.

Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Hostess.

O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of suffrance comes ease.

Doll.

Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

Hostess.

Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll.

Goodman death! Goodman bones!

Hostess.

Thou atomy thou!

Doll.

Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

Very well. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

First Groom.

More rushes, more rushes!

Second Groom.

The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom.

It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page.

Falstaff.

Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will
will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pistol.

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Falstaff.

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — ['Tis
Shallow.] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thou-
sand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the real I had to see him.

Shallow.

It doth so.

Falstaff.

It shows my earnestness of affection.

Pistol.

It doth so.

Falstaff.

My devotion.

Pistol.

It doth, it doth, it doth.

Falstaff.

As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shallow.

It is most certain.

Falstaff.

But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to do but see to him.

Pistol.

'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est.
'Tis all in every part.

Shallow.

'Tis so, indeed.

Pistol.

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Haul'd it thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand: —
House up revenge from ebon Jen with fell
Alcoto's snake.
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Falstaff.

I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and trumpets sound
Pistol.

There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clanger sounds.

Enter King and his Train, including the
Chief Justice.

Falstaff.

God save thy grace, king Hall! my royal Hall!
Pistol.

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal lmp of fame!

Falstaff.

God save thee, my sweet boy!

King.

My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Chief Justice.

Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Falstaff.

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King.

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and 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 competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qual-
ties,
[lord,
Give you advancement. — Be it your charge, my
To see perform'd the tenor of our word,—
Set on.

[Exeunt King and his Train.

Falstaff.

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shallow.

Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to
let me have home with me.

Falstaff.

That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private
to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the
world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shallow.

I cannot perceive how, unless you should give
me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw.
I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Falstaff.

Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that
you heard was but a colour.

Shallow.

A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John,

Falstaff.

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.

Chief Justice.

Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.
Take all his company along with him.

Falstaff.

My lord, my lord! —

Chief Justice.

I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pistol.

Se fortuna me tormenta, ut sperare me con-
tenta.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph
Page, and Officers.

Prince John.

I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;

But
KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Duke of Gloucester.} | Brothers to the King.
Duke of Bedford.} | 
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King.
Duke of York, Cousin to the King.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Earl of Cambridge, Lord Sceon, Conspirators.
Sir Thomas Grey, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, Officers in King Henry's Army.
Bates, Court, Williams, Soldiers.
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph.
Boy, Servant to them. A Herald.

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 famishing, sword
And fire, Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentle
Your humble servant. The flat unraised spirit that hath da'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth

CHORUS.

But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Chief Justice.

And so they are.

Prince John.

The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Chief Justice.

He hath.

Prince John.

I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear 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.

EPILOGUE.

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech.
My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. 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 marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it 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: bate 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; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.
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, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprear'd and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
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 kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.


Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Canterbury.

My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of 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 farther question.

Ely.

But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Canterbury.

It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the tenor 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 earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely.

This would drink deep.

Canterbury.

'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely.

But what prevention?

Canterbury.

The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely.

And a true lover of the holy church.

Canterbury.

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 whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
'T envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currence 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.

Canterbury.

Hear him but reason in divinity.
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prolate;
Hear him debate 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 polity
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,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
It comes unletter'd, 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 popularity.

Ely.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the prince obscure'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Canterbury.

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? Doth his majesty incline to it, or no?

Canterbury.

He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
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
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely.

How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Canterbury.

With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have
The severals, and unhidden passages [done])
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms, 
And, generally, to the crown and seat of 
France, 
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather. 
Ely. 
What was th' impediment that broke this off? 
Canterbury. 
The French ambassador upon that instant 
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is, 
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock? 
Ely. 
It is. 
Canterbury. 
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, Bedford, Exeter, 
Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants. 
King Henry. 
Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury? 
Exeter. 
Not here in presence. 
King Henry. 
Send for him, good uncle. 
Westmoreland. 
Shall we call In th' ambassador, my liege? 
King Henry. 
Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd, 
Before we hear him, of some things of weight, 
That task our thoughts, concerning us and 
France. 
Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and 
Bishop of Ely. 
Canterbury. 
God, and his angels, guard your sacred 
And make you long become it! [ throne, 
King Henry. 
Sure, we thank you. 
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed, 
And justly and religiously unfold, 
Why the law Salique, that they have in France, 
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim. 
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, 
That you should fashion, wret, or bow your 
reading, 
Or nicely charge your understanding soul, 
With opening titles miscrate, whose right 
Suits not in native colours with the truth; 
For God doth know, how many, now in health, 
Shall drop their blood in approbation 
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our 
person, 
How you awake our 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 
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint, 
[ drops 
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the 
swords, 
That make such waste in brief mortality. 
Under this conjunction, speak, my lord, 
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart, 
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd 
As pure as sin with baptism. 
Canterbury. 
Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers. 
That owe yourselves, your lives, 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 terram Septimaniae n<

"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly glove, 
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond, 
The founder of this law, and female bar: 
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm, 
That the land Salique is in Germany, 
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 
Where Charles the great, having subdued the 

There left behind and settled certain French; 
Who, holding in disdain the German women 
For some dishonest manners of their life, 
Establish'd th' juncture in Salique land: 
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala, 
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. 
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law 
Was not devised for the realm of France; 
Not did the French possess the Salique land 
Until four hundred one and twenty years 
After descension 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 rivers Sala and in the year 
Flight hundred five. Besides, their writers say, 
King Pepis, which deposited Childerick, 
Did, as his general, being descended 
Of Bitikild, which was daughter to king Clothar, 
Make claim and title to the crown of France. 
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown 
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male 
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great, 
To find his title with some shows of truth, 
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught, 
Convey'd himself as th' heir to the lady Lingare, 
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son 
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 which marriage the line of Charles the 
Was re-united to the crown of France; 
[great So that, as clear as is the summer's sun, 
King Pepis'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, 
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law, 
To bar your highness claiming from the female; 
And rather choose to hide them in a net, 
Than employ to impale their crooked titles 
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. 
King Henry. 
May I with right and conscience make this claim? 
Canterbury. 
The sin upon my head, dread sovereign; 
For in the book of Numbers is it writ, 
When the man dies, let the inheritance 
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, 
Stand.
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors: [tomb,  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's  
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,  
Making defeat on the full power of France,  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
O noble English! that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France,  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action.

Ely.

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exeter.

Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

Westmoreland.

They know, your grace hath cause, and means,  
And might;  
So hath your highness:—never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Canterbury.

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.

King Henry.

We must not only arm t' invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

Canterbury.

They of those marches, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King Henry.

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 that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came poaching, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fullness of his force;  
Calling the gleaned land with hot essays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighbour-hood.

Canterbury.

She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;  
For hear her but exemplified by 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's ships; whom she did send to France,  
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings,  
And make their chronicle as rich with praise,  
As is the oaze and bottom of the sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.

Westmoreland.

But there's a 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 weasel, Scot,  
Comes creeping, and to sucks her little eggs;  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exeter.

It follows then, the cat must stay at home;  
Yet that is but a curst' necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
Th' advised head defends itself at home:  
For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreening in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

Canterbury.

Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
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 sorts;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet 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 merchants, porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
Dellivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one concet, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
To come one mark; as many ways meet in one  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt 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 Galla shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried, and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.

King Henry.

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.  

[Exit an Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our aye,  
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,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Spea
KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SC. II.

Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epithet.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Ambassador.

May 't 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?

King Henry.

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 plain
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Ambassador.

Thru' 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, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King Henry.

What treasure, uncle?

Exeuter.

Tennis-balls, my liege.

King Henry.

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 rackets 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 chases. 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 val'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourselves
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France;
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France:
Yes, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
And some are yet ungot, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
But this lies all within the will of God,
[scorn. 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 rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit.
[It—When thousands weep, more than did laugh at
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.
[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exeuter.

This was a merry message.

King Henry.

We hope to make the sender blush at it.
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 may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his stubborn door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and 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 shodded heels, and English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, and coronets,
From'sd to Harry, and his followers.
The French ambition at his door,
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
[In, What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills [out
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men.
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.
Have, for the quit of France, (O guilt, indeed!) Confir'd their conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take slip for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance: force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentle, 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
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

**SCENE I. London. Eastcheap.**

Enter **Nym** and **Bardolph**.

**Bardolph.**
Well met, corporal **Nym**.

**Nym.**
Good morrow, lieutenant **Bardolph**.

**Bardolph.**
What, are ancient **Pistol** and you friends yet?

**Nym.**
For my part, I care not: I say little; but when
time shall serve, then shall be smiles,—but
that shall be as it may. I dare not speak; 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 an end.

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's my rest, that is the
rendezvous of it.

**Bardolph.**
It is certain, corporal, that he is married to
**Neil** 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 throats
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**.

**Bardolph.**
Here comes ancient **Pistol**, and his wife.—
Good corporal, be patient here. How now,
mine host **Pistol**?

**Pistol.**
Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Neil keep lodgers.

Quickly.

No, by my troth, not long: 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 straight. [Sheathing his sword.] O
well-a-day, lady! If he be not drawn now! we
shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

**Pistol.**
Good lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing
here.

**Nym.**
**Pistol.**
Pish! Pish for thee, **Iceland** dog! thou prick-eared
cur of Iceland! Quickly.

Good corporal **Nym**, show thy valour, and put
up your sword.

**Nym.**
Will you shoo off? I would have you solus.

**Pistol.**
Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The solus in thy most marvellous face;
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yes, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the solus in thy bowels:
For I can take, and **Pistol**'scock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

**Nym.**
I am not Barbazon; you cannot conjure me.
I have an humour to knock you indifferently
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 prink your guts
a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's
the humour of it.

**Pistol.**
O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [Pistol and **Nym** draw.

**Bardolph.**
Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
the hilt, as I am a soldier.

**Pistol.**
An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abide.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

**Nym.**
I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair
terms; that is the humour of it.

**Pistol.**
Coupe le gorgé, that's the word?—I defy thee
again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse
To: the spital go, [get?]
And from the powdering tub of infancy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of **Cressid**'s kind,
**Doll Tear-sheet** the by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough.

Enter the **Boy**.

**Boy.**
Mine host **Pistol**, you must come to my master,
and your hostess. — He is very sick, and would
to bed. — Good **Bardolph**, put thy face between
his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan:
'faith, he's very ill.

**Bardolph.**
Away, you rogue.

Quickly.

By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding
one of these days: the king has killed his heart.
— Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt **Mrs. Quickly and Boy.**

**Bardolph.**
Come, shall I make you two friends? We must
to **France** together. Why, the devil, should we
keep knives to cut one another's throats?

**Pistol.**
Let fools o'erswell, and fiends for food howl
on!

**Nym.**
You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at betting?

**Pistol.**
Base is the slave that pays.

**Nym.**
That now I will have; that's the humour of it.
Pistol.
As manhood shall compound. Push home. [Draws.
Bardolph.
By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
'Il kill him; by this sword, I will.
Pistol.
Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their
course.
Bardolph.
Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies
with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.
[Nym.
I shall have my eight shilling, I won of you
at betting?] Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood;
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. —
Is not this just? for I shall suffer be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.
Nym.
I shall have my noble?
Pist. In cash most justly paid.
Nym.
Well, then, that's the humour of it.
Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

SCENE II. Southwark. A Council-Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bardolph.
'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these
traitors.
Exeter.
They shall be apprehended by and by.
Westmoreland.
How smooth and even they do bear them-
selves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
Bedford.
The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exeter.
Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath droll'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop,
Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

King Henry.

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of
Marham,—
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
Doing the execution and the act, [France,
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop.
No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

King Henry.

I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
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 with
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge.

Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a
That sits in heart-grief and uneness [subject,
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey.

True: those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
With hearts create of duty and of zeal. [you

King Henry.

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop.

So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

King Henry.

We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That raill'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop.

That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

King Henry.

O ! let us yet be merciful.

Cambridge.

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.

King Henry.

Alas I your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diserter, [eye,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch out
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallowed, and
digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge 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?

Cambridge.

I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop.

So did you me, my liege.

Grey.

And I, my royal sovereign.

King Henry.

Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—

Then, your lord Scroop of Marshall:— and,
sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness—

My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

We will shew to-night.—Why, how now, gentleman!

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 cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cambridge.

I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey and Scroop.

To which we all appeal.

King Henry.

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you—

See you, my princes, 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 apperitions
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 Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But if
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have seised me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do bothch and bungie up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being
From glittering semblances of pley: [fetch'd But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor,
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions— I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, sodist thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so dost thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boited, dist thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued.
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exeuter.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cambridge.

For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in suffrance heartily will rejoince,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey.

Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

King Henry.

God quit 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 coffers
Receive'd the golden earnest of our death:
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 into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor 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.

[Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.

Now, lords, for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be known, as is like good fortune,
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought 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 countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Quickly.

Pry'thee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pistol.

No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is And we must yearn therefore. [dead, 

Bardolph.

'Would I were with him, where'some'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quickly.

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 any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the burning o' the tide: for after I saw him tumble with the sheets and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, 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! I be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 's he should not think of God; I hoped, 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.

Quickly.

Ay, that 'a did.

Bardolph.

And of women.

Quickly.

Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy.

Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quickly.

'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy.

'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quickly.

'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 flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bardolph.

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym.

Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol.

Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables; Let sense rule; the word is, "Pitch and pax!" Trust none; [cakes. For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer- And bold-fast is the only dog, my duck: Therefore, cane to be thy counsellor. Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys, To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! 

Boy.

And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pistol.

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bardolph.

Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her. 

Nym.

I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pistol.

Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command. 

Quickly.

Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others; 

French King.

Thus come the English with full power upon And more than carefully it us concerns, [us, To answer royally in our defences. Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth. And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift 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 gulph. It fits us, then, to be as provident As fear may teach us, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dauphin.

My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; For peace itself should not so droll a kingdom, (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question) But that defences, musters, preparations, 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 bas'd with a Whitson morris dance: For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her sceptre so fantastically borne By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.

Constable.

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 forespent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with orude hide those roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dauphin.

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 proportions of defence are ill'd; Which, of a weak and niggardly projection, Doth like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting A little cloth.

French 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 That haunted us in our familiar paths: 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 that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing, Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,— Saw his herocil seed, and smil'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.

Messenger.

Ambassadors from Harry King of England Do crave admittance to your majesty.

French King.

We'll give them present audience. Go and bring them. [Exeunt Messengers and certain Lords.] You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dauphin.

Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, Take up the English shade, and let them know Of what 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.

French King.

From our brother of England.

Exeter.

Say, if my father render fair return, 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 the Paris balls.

Exeter.

He'll make your Paris Louise 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 greener days, And these he masters now. Now he weighs time, Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read In your own losses, if he stay in France.

French King.

To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exeter.

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king Come here himself to question our delay, For he is footed in this land already.

French King.

You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions. A night is but small breath, and little pause, To answer matters of this consequence.

[Exeunt.]

Act II. Sc. IV.
**ACT III.**

Enter Chorus.

**Chorus.**

**THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene**

In motion of no less celerity [flies, Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seem

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet [ning:
With silken streamers the young Phæbus fan-
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;

Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaded sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,

Draw the huge bottoms through the surrow'd sea.

Breasting the lofty surge. O I do but think,
You stand upon the rilage, and behold

A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical, [low!

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, fol-
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and pious:

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow

These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

Hark! Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a

Behold the ordinance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur;

Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum; and Chambers go off.]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

**SCENE I. France. Before Harfleur.**

**Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.**

**King Henry.**

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once 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-favour'd rage;
Then lead the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head, Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm As fearfully, as doth a galloped rock [it, O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swirlill with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now 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 fret 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 you call'd fathers did beg't Be copy now to men of grosser blood, [you. And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us The merite of your pasture: let us swear [here That you 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 spirits; and upon this charge,

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. Bardolph.

On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym.

Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pistol.

The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die; And sword and shield, In bloody field, Doth win immortal fame.

Boy.

Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pistol.

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.

Fluellen.

Up to the preach, you dogs! avault, you cullions! [Driving them forward.

Pistol.

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould! Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage: Abate thy rage, great duke! [sweet chuck! Good bawcock, both thy rage; use lenity, 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 they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, these three antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means
means whereof, '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 his name 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; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. *Bardolph* stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halpence. *Nym* and *Bardolph* are sworn brothers in filching, and in *Calais* they stole a fire-shovel: I knew 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 *Bog.*]

**Re-enter *Fluellen*, **

**Gower.**

Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of *Gloster* would speak with you.

**Fluellen.**

To the mines; tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines I 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' atherversy (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines. By *Cheesu*, I think, 'a will puff up all, if there is not better directions.

**Gower.**

The duke of *Glaster*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman: a very valiant gentleman, I'm faith.

**Fluellen.**

It is captain *Macmorris*, is it not?

**Gower.**

I think it be.

**Fluellen.**

By *Cheesu*, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

**Enter *Macmorris* and *Jamy*, at a distance.**

**Gower.**

Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain *Jamy*, with him.

**Fluellen.**

Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheesu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

**Jamy.**

I say, gude day, captain *Fluellen*.

**Fluellen.**

God-den to your worship, goot captain *Jamy*.

**Gower.**

How now, captain *Macmorris*! have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

**Macmorris.**

By *Chris* la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blew up the town, so *Chris* save me, la, in an hour. O' tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

**Fluellen.**

Captain *Macmorris*, I perceive you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, in partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as to that part of the brief and the long.

**Jamy.**

It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

**Macmorris.**

It is no time to discourse, so *Chris* save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the duke; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by *Chris*, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so *God sa* me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and-works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so *Chris* sa'me, la.

**Jamy.**

By the means, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, alle do gude service, or alle lig 't the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and alle pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely dare to think, that I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as gout a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

**Macmorris.**

I do not know you so good a man as myself: so *Chris* save me, I will cut off your head.

**Gower.**

Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

**Jamy.**

Au l' that's a foul fault. [A parly sound.]**

**Gower.**

The town sounds a parly.

**Fluellen.**

Captain *Macmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [Exeunt.]
KING HENRY V.

ACT III. Sc. 11.

SCENE III. The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter King Henry and his Train.

King Henry

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,
Dye us as 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 leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The town shall be burnt up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering maidens
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Infants, Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rehin can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan,
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
While yet my soldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady 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 daugh-
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
[ters; And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
[fus'd
While the mad mothers with their howls con-
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaugthermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avold?
Or, guilty in defence, thus destroy'd?

Governor.

Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King Henry.

Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.

SCENE IV. Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Katharine.

Alice, tu es resté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice.

Un peu, madame.

Katharine.

Je te prèe, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglais?

Alice.

La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Katharine.

De hand. Et les doits?

Alice.

Les doits? moy soy, je oublie les doits; mais je me souviendraig. Les doits? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de finges; ouy, de finges.

Katharine.

La main, de hand; les doits, de finges. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'oy gagé deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice.

Les ongles? les appelons, de nails.

Katharine.

De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de finges, de nails.

Alice.

C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Katharine.

Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice.

De arm, madame.

Katharine.

Et le coude.

Alice.

De elbow.

Katharine.

De elbow. Je m'en fais la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.

Alice.

Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Katharine.

Excuses moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de finge, de nails, de arm, de bilbrow.

Alice.

De elbow, madame.

Katharine.

O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublié; de elbow. Comment appellez vous le col?

Alice.

De nick, madame.

Katharine.

De nick: Et le menton?

Alice.

De chin.

Katharine.

De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin.

Alice.

Ouy. Souf votre honneur; en verité, nous prononces les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Katharine.

Je ne doue point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice.

N'avez vous pas dejà oublie ce que je vous ay enseigne?

Katharine.

Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de finge, de nails,—

Alice.

De nails, madame.

Katharine.
Katherine.

De nails, de arme, de elbow.

Alice.

Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Katherine.

Ainsi dit Je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin:

Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe?

Alice.

De foot, madame; et de con.

Katherine.

De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d’honneur d’user. Je ne veudrais prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma lecon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice.

Excellent, madame!

Katherine.

C’est assez pour une fois: allons nous a disner.

[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.

French King.

‘Tis certain, he hath pass’d the river Somme.

Constable.

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.

Dauphin.

O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers’ luxury,

Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,

Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds,

And overlook their gradders?

Bourbon.

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bas

Mort de ma vie! if they march along [tards,

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slaebbery and a dirty farm,

In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Constable.

Dieu de batailles! where have they this met-

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, [tle?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden

water,

A drench for sur-rein’d jades, their barley broth,

Decoct 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 icicles [people

Upon our houses’ thatch, whiles a more frosty

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,

Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

Dauphin.

By faith and honour,

Our madams knock at us, and plainly say,

Our mettle is bred out; and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth,

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bourbon.

They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoults high, and swift corantos;

Saying, our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

French King.

Where is Mountjoy, the herald? speed him hence,

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—

Up princes! and, with spirit of honour, ed’d

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field,

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;

You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,

Algenon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Ramburc, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpre, Rousset, and Fouconberg,

Fotz, Lestrade, Bouciqualt, and Charlotts.

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and

knight,” [shames.

For your great seats, now quit you of great

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our

land.

With penmons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

Go down upon him, you have power enough,—

And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

Constable.

This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick, and fumish’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.

French King.

Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mountjoy,

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.

Dauphin.

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

French 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 VI. The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gower.

How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Fluellen.

I assure you, there is very excellent services

committed at the pridge.

Gower.

Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Fluellen.

The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as

Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour

with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and

my life, and my living, and my uttermost power:

he is not (God be praised, and pleased!) any

hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most

valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is

a lieutenant there at the pridge,—I think, in

my very conclusion, he is as valiant a man as

Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation

in the world; but I did see him do as gallant

service.

Gower.

What do you call him?

Fluellen.

He is called ancient Pistol.

Gower.
And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders’ names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done:—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on, and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general’s cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Fluellen

I tell you what, captain Gower: I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the bridge.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Soldiers.

Fluellen

Got pleas your majesty?

King Henry

How now, Fluellen? can’t thou from the bridge?

Fluellen

The perdition of th’athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church: one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubuckles, and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire’s out.

King Henry

We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compeld from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamer is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Montjoy

You know me by my habit.

King Henry

Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Montjoy

My master’s mind.

King Henry

Unfold it.

Montjoy

Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
ness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; 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 repine his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have wrought; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the murer of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my kig and master: so much my office. 

King Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Montjoy. 

King Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, and tell thy king. I do not seek him now, but could be willing to march on to Calais. Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much unto an enemy of craft and vantage, my people are with sickness much enfeebled; my numbers lessen'd, and those few I have, almost no better than so many French: who, when they were in health, I tell thee, the herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs [God, did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, that I do brag thus!—this your air of France hath blown that 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 will come on, though France himself, and such another neighbour. Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, go, bid thy master well advise himself: if we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, we shall your tawny ground with your red blood, discoulour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is 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. Montjoy. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit Montjoy. 

Gloster. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs. March to the bridge; it now doth 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 Ramsures, the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and others.

Constable. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day! Orleans. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Constable. It is the best horse of Europe. Orleans. Will it never be morning? Dauphin. My lord of Orleans, and my lord constable, you talk of horse and armou— Orleans. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. Dauphin. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that trods but on four patterns. Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hair; le cheval volatile, the Pegasus, qui a les marines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orleans. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. Dauphin. 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 him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Constable. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse. Dauphin. It is the prince of palmyras: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orleans. No more, cousin. Dauphin. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palmyra: 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!"— Orleans. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress. Dauphin. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress. Orleans. Your mistress bears well. Dauphin. Me well; which is the prescript praise, and perfection of a good and particular mistress. Constable. Nay, for methought yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back. Dauphin. So, perhaps, did yours. Constable. Mine was not bridled.
Dauphin.

O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trowsers.

Constable.

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dauphin.

Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Constable.

I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dauphin.

I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Constable.

I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dauphin.

Le chien est retourné à son propre nomissement, et la trucie lavée au bourbier: thou makest use of any thing.

Constable.

Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, as little kin to the purpose.

Rambures.

My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Constable.

Stars, my lord.

Dauphin.

Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Constable.

And yet my sky shall not want.

Dauphin.

That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Constable.

Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dauphin.

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.

Constable.

I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Rambures.

Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Constable.

You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dauphin.

'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orleans.

The Dauphin longs for morning.

Rambures.

He longs to eat the English.

Constable.

I think he will eat all he kills.

Orleans.

By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Constable.

Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orleans.

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Constable.

Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orleans.

He never did harm, that I heard of.

Constable.

Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orleans.

I know him to be valiant.

Constable.

I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans.

What's he?

Constable.

Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orleans.

He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Constable.

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 bite.

Orleans.

I'll never said well.

Constable.

I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.

Orleans.

And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.

Constable.

Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orleans.

You are the better at proverbs, by how much— a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Constable.

You have shot over.

Orleans.

'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Message.

My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Constable.

Who hath measured the ground?

Messenger.

The lord Grandpré.

Constable.

A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orleans.

What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

Constable.

If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orleans.

That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Rambures.

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures:
creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleans.

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.

Constable.

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.

Orleans.

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Constable.

Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orleans.

It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time, [dark, When creeping murmur, and the poring Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp, through the foul womb of The hum of either army sily sounds, [night, 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 umber'd face: Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents, The armours, accomplishing the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name. Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul, The confidant and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night, Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp So tediously away. The poor condemned Eng Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires [glish, Sit patiently, and inly ruminate. The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats. Presenteth them unto the gazing moon [hold So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will be The royal captain of this ruin'd band, Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head! For forth he goes, and visits all his host, Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile, And call them brothers, friends, and country— Upon his royal face there is no note, [men, How dread an army hath enrounded him, Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour Unto the weary and all-watchted night; But freshly looks, and over-bears attain, With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty; That every wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks. A largess universal, like the sun, His liberal eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all, Behold, as may unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night. And so our scene must to the battle fly; Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace With four or five most vile and ragged foils, Right ill dispost'd, in brawl ridiculous,— The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see; Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

SCENE I. The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.

King Henry.

Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger; The greater, therefore, should our courage be,— Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty! There is some soul of goodness in things evil, Would men observingly distil it out. For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers, Which is both healthful, and good husbandry: Besides, they are our outward consciences, And preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should 'dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather home from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham: A good soft pillow for that good white head Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erpingham.

Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better, Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

King Henry.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains, Upon example; so the spirit is eased: And when the mind is quick'en'd, out of doubt, The organs, though defunct and dead before, Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move With casted slough and fresh legerity. Lend me my cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both, Commend me to the princes in our camp; Do my good morrow to them; and, anon, Desire them all to my pavilion.

Gloster.

We shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloster and Bedford.

Erpingham.

Shall I attend your grace?

King Henry.

No, my good knight; Go with my brothers to my lords of England: I and my boom must debate awhile, And, then, I would no other company.

Erpingham.

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [Exit Erpingham.

King Henry.

God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pistol.

Quil va lâ? [Exit]

King Henry.

A friend.

Pistol.

Discuss unto me; art thou officer? Or art thou base, common, and popular?
King Henry.
I am a gentleman of a company.
Pistol.
Trall'st thou the pious ant pike?
King Henry.
Even so. What are you?
Pistol.
As good a gentleman as the emperor.
King Henry.
Then you are a better than the king.
Pistol.
The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
King Henry.

Harry le Roy.
Pistol.
*Le Roy*! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
King Henry.
No, I am a Welshman.
Pistol.
Know'st thou Fluellen?
King Henry.
Yes.
Pistol.
Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint David's day.
King Henry.
Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,
lest he knock that about yours.
Pistol.
Art thou his friend?
King Henry.
And his kinsman too.
Pistol.
The *fisco* for thee then!
King Henry.
I thank you. God be with you!
Pistol.
My name is *Pistol* called.
King Henry.
It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gower.
Captain Fluellen.
Fluellen. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.
It is the greatest admiration in the universal world,
when the true and ancienct prerogatifs
and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would
take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey
the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that
there is no tiddel taddle, or pibble pabble, in
Pompey'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 sobriety of it, and
the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gower.
Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Fluellen.
If the enemy is 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?

Gower.
I will speak lower.

Fluellen.
I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.
*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

King Henry.
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?
Bates.
I think it be; but we have no great cause to
desire the approach of day.
Williams.
We see yonder the beginning of the day, but
I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who
goes there?

King Henry.
A friend.

Williams.
Under what captain serve you?

King Henry.
Under Sir Thomas Kpingham.
Williams.
A good old commander, and a most kind
gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King Henry.
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?

King Henry.
No; nor it is not meet he should; for, though I
speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as
I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me:
The element shows to him, as it doth to me: all
his senses have but human conditions: his cere-
monies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but
a man, and though his affections are higher
mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, 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 relish as ours are; yet in
reason no man should possess 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 Thames up to the neck: and so
I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures,
so we were quit here.

King Henry.
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 I would he were here alone; so should
he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor
men's lives saved.

King Henry.
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
any where so contented as in the king's company,
his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Williams.
That's more than we know.
Bates.
Ay, or more than we should seek after; for
we know enough, if we know we are the king's
subjects.
subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king, wipes the crime of it out of us.

Williams.

But, if the cause be not good, 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 — did die at such a place, some crying, 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 a battle; for how can they charitably dispose 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 disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

King Henry.

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 irreconcilable 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, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure, have they given them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder, some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pilage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here are men are punished, for 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 safe, they perish: then, if they die more: who more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impetities for 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 his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in all success, it were not safe to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Williams.

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates.

I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King Henry.

I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Williams.

Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

King Henry.

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Williams.

You pay him then! That's a perils hot shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after I come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King Henry.

Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Williams.

Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

King Henry.

I embrace it.

Williams.

How shall I know thee again?

King Henry.

Give me any gage of thing, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Williams.

Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

King Henry.

There.

Williams.

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.

King Henry.

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Williams.

Thou darest as well be hanged.

King Henry.

Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Williams.

Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates.

Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels snow, if you could tell how to reekon.

King Henry.

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, lay on the king! — we must bear all. O hard condition! twin-born with greatness! Subject to the breath of every fool, [wringing! Whose sense no more can feel but his own 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 worshipers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou ought else but place, degree, and form? Creating awe and fear in other men, Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd.

That
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

**SCENE II. The French Camp.**
Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orleans.
The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

Dauphin.
Montez à cheval: — My horse! salet! lacayou! ha!

Orleans.
O brave spirit!

Dauphin.
Vie! — les eaux et la terre!

Orleans.
Rien puis? l'air et le feu!

Dauphin.
Ciel! cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Constable.
Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dauphin.
Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Rambures.
What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Messengers.
The English are embattled, you French peers.

Constable.
To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give the quaking curtles a start.
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 o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hiding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
T ook stand for idle speculation: [say?]
But that our honours must not. What's to
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall cough down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grandpré.
Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Enter Gloster.

"Gloster." My liege!

King Henry.
My brother Gloster's voice? — Ay;
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlessticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
[hips,
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
The gum down-rooping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimbal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
And their executors, the knavish crows, [less;
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.

Constable.
They have said their prayers, and they stay
for death.

Dauphin.
Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Constable.
I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[Exit.

SCENE III. The English Camp.
Enter the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Gloster.
Where is the king?

Bedford.
The king himself is rode to view their battle.

Westmoreland.
Of those men they have full threescore thousand.

Exeter.
There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury.
God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bedford.
Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go
with thee!

Exeter.
Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Bedford.
He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Prince in both.

Westmoreland.
O! that we now had here

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.

King Henry.
What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not cautious for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon 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 am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England;
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best 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 his bed his country is Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages [names,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our Family
In his mouth as household words,—Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Tubbot, Salisbury and Glaster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall never 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 gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accr'd they were not here
I Leahs, and hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisbury.
My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed;
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King Henry.
All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmoreland.
Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

King Henry.
Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

Westmoreland.
God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this royal battle.

King Henry.
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.

Montjoy.
Once more I come to know of thee, king Henry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
Must lie and foster.

King Henry.

Who hath sent thee now?

Montjoy.

The Constable of France.

King Henry.

I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
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 liv'd, was kill'd with hunting
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt, them.
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 thy clime,
The smell thereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our ganness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my 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 them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Montjoy.

I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[Exit.

King Henry.

I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York.

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

King Henry.

Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleastest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Field of Battle.


Pistol.

Yield, cur.

French Soldier.

Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pistol.

Quality? Callino, castore me! art thou a gent-

leman? What is thy name? discuss.

French Soldier.

O signeur Dieu!

Pistol.

O signeur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signeur Dew, and

mark:—

O signeur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

French Soldier.

O, prenez miséricorde! ayex pitié de moy!

Pistol.

Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat, in
drops of crimson blood.

French Soldier.

Est il impossible d'esclapper la force de ton bras?

Pistol.

Brass, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offer'st me brass?

French Soldier.

O pardonnez moy!

Pistol.

Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French, What is his name.

Boy.

Esquez: comment estes vous appelé?

French Soldier.

Monseur le Fer.

Boy.

He says his name is master Fer.

Pistol.

Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him.—Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy.

I do not know the French fer for, and ferret, and firke.

Pistol.

Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French Soldier.

Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy.

Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prsect; car ce soldat icy est disposed tout à

cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pistol.

Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy, peasant,

Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

French Soldier.

O! je vous supplic pour l'amour de Dieu, me

pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne

maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux
cents escus.

Pistol.

What are his words?

Boy.
Act IV. Sc. VII.  KING HENRY V.

Boy.
He prays you to save his life; he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pistol.
Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and the crowns will take.

French Soldier.
Petit monsieur, que dit il?

Boy.
Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de par- donner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le Franci- chement.

French Soldier.
Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remer- ciements; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pistol.
Expound unto me, boy.

Boy.
He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thir- e-worthy seigneur of England.

Pistol.
As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me! [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 vessel makes the greatest sound. Bar- dolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil! the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, 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 t, but boys.

SCENE V.  Another part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Rambures, and others.

Constable.
O diable! Orleans.

O seigneur! Le jour est perdu! tout est perdu! Dauphin.

Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame [tune!—Sit mocking in our plumes.—O meschante for- Do not run away. [A short Alarum.

Constable.
Why, all our ranks are broke. Dauphin.

O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves. Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for? Orleans.

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom? Bourbon.

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame Let us die in honour.—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.

Constable.
Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now! Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orleans.
We are enough, yet living in the field, To smother up the English in our throns, If any order might be thought upon.

Bourbon.
The devil take order now. I'll to the throng: Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.  Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exeuter, and others.

King Henry.
Well have we done, thirse-valiant country- men: But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exeuter.
The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King Henry.
Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exeuter.
In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie, Larding the plain; and by his bloody side, (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds) The noble earl of Suffolk also lies. Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes, That bloodily did yawn upon his face; He cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven: Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breathe, 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 grope, 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, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A testament of noble-ending love. The pretty and sweet manner of it fore'd Those waters from me, which I would have But I had not so much of man in me, [stopp'd; But all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears.

King Henry.
I blame you not; For, hearing this, I must perforce compound With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[Alarum.

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?— The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd men: Then, every soldier kill his prisoners! Give the word through.

SCENE VII.  Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Fluellen.
Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,
knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gower.

'Tis certain, there's 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 prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

Fluellen.

Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gower.

Alexander the great.

Fluellen.

Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower.

I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Fluellen.

I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look 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 prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon 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 furious, and his wrath, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gower.

Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Fluellen.

It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gower.

Sir John Falstaff.

Fluellen.

That is he. I'll tell you, there is goat men born at Monmouth.

Gower.

Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, with a part of the English Forces; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, and others.

King Henry.

I was not angry since I came to France. Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:

If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void 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 Enfaced from the old Assyrian slings. Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exeter.

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Gloster.

His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

King Henry.

How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not, That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Montjoy.

No, great king: I come to thee for charitable licence, That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To book our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men; For many of our princes, woe the while I Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood; So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds Prest 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.

King Henry.

I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours, or no: For yet a many of your horsemen peer, And gallop o'er the field.

Montjoy.

The day is yours.

King Henry.

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!— What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Montjoy.

They call it Agincourt.

King Henry.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Fluellen.

Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King Henry.

They did, Fluellen.

Fluellen.

Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty 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 Taeny's day.

King Henry.

I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Fluellen.

All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's
Act IV. Sc. VIII.

KING HENRY V.

King Henry

An Englishman?

Fluellen.

An honest man.

Soldier.

Fluellen.

Fluellen.

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Fluellen.

Fluellen.
Enter Warwick and Gloster.

Warwick.

How now, how now! what's the matter?

Fluellen.

My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! 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.

King Henry.

How now! what's the matter?

Fluellen.

My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Williams.

My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and that he gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have them as good as my word.

Fluellen.

Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pears me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

King Henry.

Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Fluellen.

An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

King Henry.

How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Williams.

All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

King Henry.

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Williams.

Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape. I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

King Henry.

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns. And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Fluellen.

By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. — Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God and keep you out of praws, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Williams.

I will none of your money.

Fluellen.

It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

King Henry.

Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald.

Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a Paper.

King Henry.

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exeter.

Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouicquart: Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King Henry.

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand, they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries: The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead,— Charles De-la-brède, high constable of France; Jaques de Chatillon, admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures; 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, Grandpré, and Rousil, Fauconberg, and Pois; Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale. Here was a royal fellowship of death!— Where is the number of our English dead?

Herald presents another Paper.

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketty, 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, Acrifie 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 th' other?—Take it, God, For it is only thine!

Exeter.

'Tis wonderful!—

King Henry.

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.

Fluellen.

Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

King Henry.

Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment, That God fought for us.

Fluellen.

Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

King Henry.

Do we all holy rites:
ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

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 th' 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 away upon your winged thoughts, Athrough the sea. Behold, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea, 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 vainness and self-glorious pride, Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, Quite from himself, to God. But now behold, In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought, How London doth pour out her citizens. The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort, Like to the senates of th' antique Rome, With the plebeians swarming at their heels, Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in: As, by a lower but by loving likelihood, When now the general of our gracious empress (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming, Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, How many would the peaceful city quit, To welcome him! much more, and much more cause, Did they this Harry. Now, in London place As yet the lamentation of the French [him. 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 must we bring him; and myself have play'd The interval, 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.

Gower.

Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Dany's day is past.

Fluellen.

There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowly, praging knife, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merit, 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 breach no contention with him; but I will be so pold 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.

Gower.

Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter Pistol.

Fluellen.

'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol? you scurry, lowy knave, Got pless you! Pistol.

Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me hold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fluellen.

I peacche you heartily, scurry lowy 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, and your appetites, and your digestions, do not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pistol.

Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Fluellen.

There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pistol.

Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Fluellen.

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-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gower.

Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Fluellen.

I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you: it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pistol.

Must I bite?

Fluellen.

Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pistol.

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear—

Fluellen.

Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Fluellen.

Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pistol.
KING HENRY V.

ACT V. Sc. 1

Pistol.

Good.

Fluellen.

Ay, leeks is goat.—Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pistol.

Me a groat! Fluellen.

Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pistol.

I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge. Fluellen.

If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

All hell shall stir for this.

Gower.

Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of precessed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleaning and gallling at this gentleman's cattle or three times. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel; you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.

Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II. Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of Burgundy, and his Train.

King Henry.

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—[wine;—] To our most fair and princely cousin Kathar-And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—[all. And, princes French, and peers, health to you French King.

Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England; fairly met:— So are you, princes English, every one. Queen Isabel.

So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day, and of this gracious 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 bent, The bold balls of murdering basilliska: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

King Henry.

To cry amen to that thus we appear. Queen Isabel.

You English princes all, I do salute you. Burgundy.

My duty to you both, on equal love. Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong enden- To bring your most imperial majesties [yours, Unto this bar and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can witness. Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd, That face to face, and royal eye to eye, You have congregated, let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this royal view, What nature and performance you have, That I, the naked, poor, and mangled peace, Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, Should not in this best garden of the world, Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in its own fertility. Her vine, the merrier cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached, Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leses The danel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, Doth root upon, while that the counter ruts, That should deracinate such savagery: The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, Conting with litter, and nothing teens, But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckseys, burs, Losing both beauty and utility. And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildness; Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children, Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time, The sciences that should become our country, But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will, That nothing do but meditate on blood,— To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire, And every thing that seems unnatural. Which to reduce into our former favour, You are assembled; and my speech entreats, That I may know the let, why gentle peace Should not expel these inconveniences, And bless us with her former qualities.

King Henry.

If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace, Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections Which you have cited, you must buy that peace With full accord to all our just demands; Whose tenours and particular effects You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burgundy.

The king hath heard them; to the which, as There is no answer. [Yet, King Henry.]

Well then, the peace, Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer. French King.

I have but with a cursory eye O'er-glance'd the articles: pleaseth your grace To
HENRY V.

Act 5. Sc. 2.
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

King Henry.

Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother
Glosster.

Warwick, and Huntingdon, — go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Queen Isabel.

Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

King Henry.

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us:—
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Queen Isabel.

She hath good leave.
[Exeunt all but King Henry, Katherine, and her Gentlewoman.

King Henry.

Fair Katherine, 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?

Katherine.

Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
Speak your England.

King Henry.

O fair Katherine! if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your English tongue.
Do you like me, Kate?

Katherine.

Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

King Henry.

An augel is like you, Kate; and you are like
an angel.

Katherine.

Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice.

Ouy, reurement, sauf voestre grace, ainsi dit il.

King Henry.

I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush
to affirm it.

Katherine.

O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

King Henry.

What says she, fair one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?

Alice.

Ouy; dat de tongues de mans is be full of
deeceifs: dat is de princes.

King Henry.

The princess is the better English-woman.
I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy under-
standing: I am glad, thou canst speak no better
English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldest find
me such a plain king, that thou wouldest think,
I had sold my farm to buy my crown.
I know no ways to minece it in love, but directly to say
— I love you: then, if you urge me farther than
to say — Do you 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?

Katherine.

Sauf voestre honneur, me understand well.

King Henry.

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 me-
ure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If
I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting
into my saddle with my armour on my back,
under the correction of bragging be it spoken,
I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might
buffet for my love, or buy my horse for his
favour, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit
like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God,
Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my
elocution, nor I have no cunning in protestation;
only downright oaths, which I never use till
urged, 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 seeth there,
let thine eye be thy cook. I 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; yet I love thee too.
And while thou livest, dear Kate, take
a fellow of peace, and the coined constancy,
for he performe must do thee right, because
he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for
these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme them-
sestoselves in ladies' favours, they do always reason
themselves again: What if a speaker is but
a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg
will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard
will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald,
a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow;
but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon;
or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines
bright, and never changes, but keeps his course
truly. If thou would have such a one, take me:
and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take
a king, and what sayest thou then to my love?
speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katherine.

Is it possible dat I could love de enemy of
France?

King Henry.

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 and I am yours, then yours is
France, and you are mine.

Katherine.

I cannot tell vat is dat.

King Henry.

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which
I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new
married wife about her husband's neck, hardly
to be shook off.—Quand J'oy la possession de
France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,
(let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my
speed!)—düm nostre est France, et vous votre
mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer
the kingdom, as to speak so much more French.
I shall never move thee in France, unless it be
to laugh at me.

Katherine.

Sauf voestre honneur, le Francois que vous
parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois que je parle.

King.
King Henry.

No, 'faith, it's not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Can't thou love me?

Katharine.

I cannot tell.

King Henry.

Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, disparage those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me) tell me thou shalt I get thee with trembling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breezer. Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantiopolis, and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Katharine.

I do not know that.

King Henry.

No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for 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 très chère et devine decease?

Katharine.

Your majesté have fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoisselle dat is en France.

King Henry.

Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare swear, thou lovest me: yet my blood bears to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrw my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with 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, that lil layer-up of beauty, can do no more spill 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: which word thou shalt so never bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud; England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, 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; wilt thou have me?

Katharine.

Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

King Henry.

Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Katharine.

Den it shall also content me.

King Henry.

Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katharine.

Laissez, mon signeur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une votre indigne servidrice: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant signeur.

King Henry.

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katharine.

Les dames, et damoisselles, pour entre baiser devant leur leurques, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

King Henry.

Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice.

Dat It is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, baiser, in English.

King Henry.

To kiss.

Alice.

Your majesty entend bettre que moy.

King Henry.

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice.

Ouy, vrayment.

King Henry.

O, Kate! nice customs curtesy 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 faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion 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 monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloster, Exeter, Westmorland, and other French and English Lords.

Burgundy.

God save your majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

King Henry.

I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burgundy.

Is she not apt?

King Henry.

Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition 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. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, If I answer you for 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.
blind Can you blame her, then, being a maid, yet rosed 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.

King Henry.
Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Burgundy.
They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

King Henry.
Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Burgundy.
I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maidens, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King Henry.
This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burgundy.
As love is, my lord, before it loves.

King Henry.
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.

French King.
Yes, my lord, you see them perspective: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

King Henry.
Shall Kate be my wife?

French King.
So please you.

King Henry.
I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

French King.
We have consented to all terms of reason.

King Henry.
Is't so, my lords of England?

Westmoreland.
The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first, and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exeter.
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 Henry roy d'Angleterre, herciter de France; and thus in Latin,—Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et heres Franciae.

French King.
Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

King Henry.
I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance Let that one article rank with the rest; And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

French King.
Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms (up Of France and England, whose very shores look With envy of each other's happiness, [pale May cease their hatred; and this dear con-] Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All.
Amen!

King Henry.
Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all, That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.]

Queen Isabel.
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 fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other!—God speak this Amen! : [Flourish.

Amen!

King Henry.
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 pursu'd the story; In little room confining mighty men, [glory. Mangling by starts the full course of their Small time, but in that small most greatli 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

OF

KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
Duke of Gloster, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
Duke of Exeter.
Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.
John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset.
Earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk.
Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury: John Talbot, his Son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.
Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and King of Naples.
Dukes of Burgundy and Alençon. Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris. Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
Margaret, Daughter to Reignier.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The Corpse of King Henry the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bedford.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importune change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourgè the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth. |

Gloster.

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
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exeter.

We mourn in black: why mourn we not in Henry is dead, and never shall revive. [blood? Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car,
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Winchester.
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. Sc. I.

Winchester.

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.

Gloster.

The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd His state of life had not so soon decay'd: None do you like but an effeminate prince, Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Winchester.

Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector, And lookest to command the prince, and realm. Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe, More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Gloster.

Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh; And ne'er throughout the year to church thou Except it be to pray against thy foes. [go'st, Bed ford.

Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds In peace! Let's to the altar: — Heralds, wait on us. — Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms, Since arms avail not, than Henry's dead. Posterity, await for wretched years, When at their mother's moist eyes babies shall Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, [suck, And none but women left to wall the dead. — Henry the fifth! thy ghost I reverence! Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils! Combat with adverse planets in the heavens! A far more glorious star thy soul will make, Than Julius Caesar, or bright —

Enter a Messenger.

Message.

My honourable lords, health to you all. Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, Guyors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed ford.

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 st e r.

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.

Ex e t e r.

How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Message.

No treachery; but want of men and money. Among the soldiers this is muttered. That here you maintain several factions; And whilst a field should be despatch'd and You are disputing of your generals. [fought, One would have lingering wars with little cost; Another would by swift, but wanteth wings; A third man thinks, without expense at all, By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd. Awake, awake, English nobility! Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot: Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; Of England's coat these thorns is cut away.

Ex e t e r.

Were our tears wanting to this funeral, These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.
FIRST PART OF
Act I. Sc. 1.

Bedford.

Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living fidel here in pomp and case,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

Third Messenger.

O, no! he lives; but is taken prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bedford.

His ransom there is none but I shall pay,
I'll hate the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Third Messenger.

So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exeter.

Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bedford.

I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Gloucester.

I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

Exeter.

To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best device. [Exit.

Windsor.

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 send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit.

SCENE II. France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter Charles, with his Forces; Alençon, Reignier, and others.

Charles.

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 we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans; (ghosts, Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale Faintly beseech us one hour in a month.

Alençon.

They want their pun-pidge, and their fat bull-heere:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reignier.

Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken whom we want to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Charles.

Sound, sound alarum! I will rush on them now, for the honour of the forlorn French! Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier, and others.

Charles.

Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! I found all dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reignier.

Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alençon.

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Galaxies,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er sup-
They had such courage and audacity? [pose

Charles.

Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd 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.

Reignier.

I think, by some odd gimmals, or device,
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else never could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll o'en let them alone.

Alençon.

Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bastard.

Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Charles.

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bastard.

Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid farther with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordain'd 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, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Charles.

Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.]

But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern,
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[Retires.

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reignier.

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Pucelle.
Act I. Sc. III.

KING HENRY VI.

Reynier.

Doubtless he shivres this woman to her smock. Else ne'er could be so long protract his speech.

Reynier.

Shall we disturb him, since he keeps so mean?

Reynier.

He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reynier.

My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Pucelle.

Why, no, I say: distrustful rearents!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Charles.

What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Pucelle.

Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Charles.

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet S. Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverence worship thee enough?

Reynier.

Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reynier.

Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortal'd.

Charles.

Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away about
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [It:

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. London. Tower Hill.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of Gloster, with his Seruants-men.

Gloster.

I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls.

[Servants knock.

First Warder. [Within.

Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

First Warder.

It is the noble duke of Glostor.

Second Warder. [Within.

Who'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Warder.

Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

Villains. [Within.

The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Gloster.

Who will'd you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's
There's none protector of the realm but I. —
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloster's Men rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the gates, Woodville, the Lieutenant.

Woodville. [Within.
What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Gloster.

Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodville. [Within.

Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment, That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Gloster.

Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king;
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

First Servant.
Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter Winchester, attended by Servants in tawny Coats.

Winchester.

How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Gloster.

Pill'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Winchester.

I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Gloster.

Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrib'dest to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winchester.

Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother, Abel, if thou wilt.

Gloster.

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.

Winchester.

Do what thou dar'st; I'll bear thee to thy face.

Gloster.

What I am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[Gloster and his Men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church;

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Winchester.

Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Gloster.

Winchester goose! I cry — a rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay? —

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —
Out, tawny coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!
Here Gloster's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

Mayor.

Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Gloster.

Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Winchester.

Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercouraging thy free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion.
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Gloster.

I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.

Mayor.

Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation. —
Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

Officer.

All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Gloster.

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Winchester.

Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor:

I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Gloster.

Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Winchester.

Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exeunt.

Mayor.

See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —

[Bear! Good God! these nobles should such stomachs I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner, and his Son.

Master-Gunner.

Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son.

Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
H owe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

Master-Gunner.

But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

[Chief
Chief master-gunner am I of this town; Something I must do to procure me grace. The prince's espials have informed me, How the English, in the suburbs close in-trench'd, Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars In yonder tower, to overpeer the city; And thence discover, how, with most advantage, They may vex us with shot, or with assault. To intercept this inconvenience, A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd; And even these three days have I watch'd, if I Could see them. Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer. If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word, And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care: I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot; Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others. Salisbury. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd? How wert thou handled, being prisoner, Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd, Discourse, I pray thee, on this turret's top.

Talbot. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner, Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailes; For him I was exchang'd and ransomed. But with a baser man of arms by far, [me: Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death, Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd: In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.] [Heart: But, O I the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my Whom with my bare fists I would execute, If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisbury. Yet tell'st thou not, now thou wert enter-tain'd.

Talbot. With scoffs, and scorn's, and contumelious taunts. In open market-place prod'c they me, To be a public spectacle to all: Here, said they, is the terror of the French. The scare-crow that affrights our children so. Then broke I from the officers that led me, And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground, To hurl at the beholders of my shame. My grievous countenance made others fly; None durst come near for fear of sudden death. In iron walls they deem'd me not secure; So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread. That they supposed I could rend bars of steel, And spurn in pieces posts of adamant. Wherefore a guard 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.

Salisbury. I grieve to hear; and to torment you endur'd, But we will be reveng'd sufficiently. Now, it is supper-time in Orkans: [Here, through this grate, I count each one, And view the Frenchmen how they fortify: Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale. Let me have your express opinions, [dale, Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gargrave. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge. Talbot. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd, Or with light skirmishes enfeebled. [Shot from the Town. Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave fall.

Salisbury. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gargrave. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.

Talbot. 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 martial men? One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand, That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy! In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame; 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 hands! — Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.— Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life? Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him. Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; Thou shalt 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." — That Plantagenet, I will; and like him also, Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn: Wretched shall France be only in my name. [An Alarum: It thunders and lightens. What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens? Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. 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 lits himself up and groans.

Talbot. 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 puzzel, dolphin or dogfish. Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels, And make a magnet of your mingled brains.— Convey me Salisbury into his tent. And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.
SCENE V. The same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot pursues the Dauphin, and drives him: then enter Joan la Pucelle—driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talbot.
Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them; A woman clad in armour chasteth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes.—"I'll have a bout with Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee: [thee; Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch, And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'est."

Pucelle.
Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[Talbot fight.

Pucelle.
"Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come: I must go visit Orleans forthwith. O'ertake me if thou can'st; 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."

[Joan la Pucelle enters the Town, with Soldiers.

Talbot.
My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel; I know not: where I am, nor what I do. A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal, [lists: Drives back our troops, and conquers as she So bees with smoke, and doves with nososome stench,

Are from their houses and houses driven away. They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs; Now, like to whoels, we crying run away.

A short Alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight, Or tear the lions out of England's coat; Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead: Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf, Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard, As you fly from your oit-subdured slaves.

[Joan 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.

SCENE VI. The same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Pucelle.
Advance our waving colours on the walls! Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves. Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Charles.
Divinest creature, bright Astraea's daughter, How shall I honour thee for this success? Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens, That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! — Recover'd is the town of Orleans: More blessed hap did ne'er befal our state.

Reignier.
Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town? Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires, And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alençon.
All France will be replete with mirth and joy, When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Charles.
'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 pyramis to her I'll rear, Than Rhodopes', or Memphis', ever was: In memory of her, when she is dead, Her ashes, in an urn more precious Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius, Transported shall be at high festivities 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. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Sergeant.
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.

[Exit Sergeant.

First Sentinel.
Sergeant, you shall. 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 dead march.

Talbot.
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 carous'd and banqueted. Embrace we, then, this opportunity, As fitting best to quittance their deceit, Constrav'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bedford.
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.

Burgundy.
Traitors have never other company. [pure? But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so Talbot.
ACT II. Sc II.

KING HENRY VI.

535

Talbot.

A maid, they say.

Bedford.

A maid, and be so martial?

Burgundy.

Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Talbot.

Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bedford.

Ascend, brave Talbot! we will follow thee.

Talbot.

Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fall,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bedford.

Agreed. I’ll to your corner.

Burgundy.

And to this.

Talbot.

And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the Walls, crying S. George! a Talbot; and all enter the Town.

Sentinel. [Within.

Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

Enter, several ways, Bastaed, Alencon, Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alencon.

How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bastaed.

Unready? ay, and glad we ‘scap’d so well.

Reignier. ’Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors. [Cedes,

Alencon.

Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bastaed.

I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reignier.

If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alencon.

Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Bastaed.

’Tis! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Charles.

Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucelle.

Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Charles.

Duke of Alencon, this is your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alencon.

Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz’d.

Bastaed.

Mine was secure.

Reignier.

And so was mine, my lord.

Charles.

And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ’d in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinel: [In?
Then how, or which way, should they first break

Pucelle.

Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: ’tis sure, they found some
place But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter’d and dispers’d;
And lay new platforms to endanger them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a
Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their
clothes behind.

Soldier.

I’ll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bedford.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil’d the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Talbot.

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury; And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul; For every drop of blood was drawn from him, There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night, And that hereafter ages may behold What ruin happen’d in revenge of him, Within their chiepest temple I’ll erect A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be inter’d: Upon the which, that every one may read, Shall be engrav’d the sack of Orleans, The treacherous manner of his mournful death, And what a terror he had been to France. But, lords, in all our bloody massacre, I muse, we met not with the Dauphin’s grace, His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, Nor any of his false confederates.

Bedford.

’Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began, Rous’d on the sudden from their drowsy beds, They did, amongst the troops of armed men, Leap o’er the walls for refuge in the field.

Burgundy.

Myself, as far as I could well discern, For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

All hell, my lords! Which of this prince,
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts are strain
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Talbot.

Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Messenger.

The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modestly admiring thy renown,
For me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouch,
To visit her poor castle where she lies; [safe
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Burgundy.

Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceable comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. [—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Talbot.

Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd. [—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bedford.

No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talbot.

Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd. [—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bedford.

No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talbot.

Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy;
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] — You perceive my mind.

Captain.

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Countess.

Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter.

Madam, I will. [Exit.

Countess.

The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thymopis by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Messenger.

Madam, according as your ladyship desire'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Countess.

And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Messenger.

Madam, it is. [Countess.

Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Ails! this is a child, a silly dwarf; [—
It cannot be, this week and wretched shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Talbot.

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Countess.

What means he now? — Go ask him, whither he goes.

Messenger.

Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Talbot.

Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Countess.

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Talbot.

Prisoner I to whom?

Countess.

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 substance shall endure the like,
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.

Talbot.

Ha, ha, ha! [Countess.

Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Talbot.

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond.
To think that you have aught but Talbot's
Whereon to practise your severity. [shadow

Countess.

Why, art not thou the man?

Talbot.

Countess.

Then have I subreach too.

Talbot.

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.

Countess.

This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talbot.

That will I show you presently.

He winds his Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal
Of Ordinance. The Gates being forced, enter
Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,

That
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.

Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
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.

Talbot.

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.

Countess.

With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and a Lawyer.

Plantagenet.

Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suffolk.

Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet.

Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suffolk.

'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Somerset.

Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

Warwick.

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 quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plantagenet.

Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Somerset.

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plantagenet.

Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significant proclaim your thoughts.
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 off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset.

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.

Warwick.

I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suffolk.

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon.

Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you can conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Somerset.

Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plantagenet.

And I.

Vernon.

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.

Somerset.

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.

Vernon.

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Somerset.

Well, well, come on: who else?

Lawyer.

Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plantagenet.

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Somerset.

Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plantagenet.

Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Somerset.

No, Plantagenet.
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plantagenet.

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Somerset.

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plantagenet.

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Somerset.

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
FIRST PART OF

ACT II. Sc. IV.

Plantagenet.
Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suffolk.
Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plantagenet.
Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suffolk.
I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Somerset.
Away, away, good William De-la-Poole; We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

Warwick.
Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset; His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward, king of England. Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root? Plantagenet.

He bears him on a plac'd privilege, Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Somerset.
By him that made me, I'll maintain my words On any plot 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 standst thou 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.

Plantagenet.
My father was attach'd, not attain'd Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor; And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset, Were growing time once ripen'd to my will. For your partaker Poole, and you yourself, I'll note you in my book of memory, To scourge you for this apprehension: Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Somerset.
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.

Plantagenet.
And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose, As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for ever, and my faction, wear, Until it wither with me to my grave, Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suffolk.
Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition: And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Somerset.
Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plantagenet.
How I am brav'd, and must perform endure it! Warwick.

This blot, that they object against your house, 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 accounted Warwick. Mean time, in signal of my love to thee, Against proud Somerset, and William Poole, Will I upon thy party wear this rose. And here I prophesy,—this blatt-too-day, 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.

Plantagenet.
Good master Vernon, I am bound to you, That you on my behalf will pluck a flower.

Vernon.
In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lawyer.
And so will I.

Plantagenet.
Thanks, gentle sir. Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say, This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.

Mortimer.
Kind keepers of my weak decaying age, Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.— Even like a man new haled from the rack, So fare my limbs with long imprisonment; And these grey Locks, the pursuivants of death, Nestor-like aged, in an age of care, Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, Wax dim, as drawing to their exigit: Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief, And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine That droops his sapless branches to the ground: Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is Unable to support this lump of clay, [numb, Swift-winged with desire to get a grave, As with't I no other comfort have.— But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Keeper.
Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come. We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber, And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mortimer.
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 lostsome sequestraion have I had; And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd, Depriv'd of honour and inheritance: But now, the arbitrator of despaers, 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. First Keeper.
My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mortimer.
Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plantagenet.
Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd, Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mortimer.
Direct mine arms 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 deasp'd? Plantagenet.

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,
ACT III. Sc. I. KING HENRY VI. 539

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me; Among which terms he used a most extravagant tongue, And did persuade me with my father's death: Which obloquy set bars before my tongue, Else with the like I had requited 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.

Mortimer
That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me, And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine, Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plantagenet.
Discover more at large what cause that was:
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mortimer.
I will, if that my fading breath permit, And death approach not ere my tale be done, Heir of the fourth, grandfather to this king. Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son, The first-begotten, and the lawful heir Of Edward king, the third of that descent: During whose reign the Percies of the north, Finding all usurpation most unjust, Endeavour'd my advancement 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 From 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 in the descent of kin: But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt They laboured to plant the rightfull heir, I lost my liberty, and they their lives. Long after this, when Henry the fifth. (Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign, Thy father, 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, weening to redeem And have install'd me in the diadem; But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plantagenet.
Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mortimer.
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; But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plantagenet.
Thy grave admonishments prevail with me. But yet, methinks, my father's execution Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mortimer.
With silence, nephew, be thou politic: Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster, And, like a mountain, not to be remove'd. But now thy uncle is removing hence, As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a settled place.

Plantagenet.
O, uncle! would some part of my young years Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mortimer.
Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaught- terer doth,

Which giveth 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 thy life, in peace, and war! [Dies.

Plantagenet.
And peace, no war, be thy parting soul! In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage, And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.— Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast; And what I do imagine, let that alone, Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself Will see his burial better than his life.— [Exeunt Keepers, hearing out Mortimer. Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer, Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort; And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, I doubt not but with honour to redress; And therefore haste I to the parliament, Either to be restored to my blood, Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.  

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk, the Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Plantagenet, and others. Gloster offers to put up a Bill; Winchester matches it, and tears it.

Winchester.
COMST thou with deep premeditated lines. With written pamphlets studiously devis'd? Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse, Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge, Do it without invention, suddenly; As I with sudden and extemporal speech Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Gloster.
Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience. Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd 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 Verbalim to rehearse the method of my pen; No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness, Thy lewed, pestiferous, and dissentient pranks, As very infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most pernicious warrer, Froward by nature, enemy to peace; Lascivious, wanton, more than well becomes A man of thy profession, and degree: And for thy treachery, what's more manifest, In that thou laidst 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.

Winchester.
Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse, As he will have me, how am I so poor? Or how haps it, I seek not to advance Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling? And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd? No, my good lords, it is not that offends; It is not that that hath incens'd the duke: It is, because no one should sway but he; No one but he should be about the king; And that engenders thunder in his breast, And makes him roar these accusations forth. But he shall know, I am as good——

Gloster.

Thou bastard of my grandfather! —

Winchester.

Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in another's throne? Gloster.

Am I not protector, saucy priest? 

Winchester.

And am not I a prelate of the church? 

Gloster.

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps, And useth it to patronage his theft. 

Winchester.

Unreverent Gloster! 

Gloster.

Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. 

Winchester.

Rome shall remedy this. 

Warwick.

Roam thither then.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Somerset

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne. Mathinks, my lord should be religious, And know the office that belongs to such.

Warwick.

Mathinks, his lordship should be humber; It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Somerset.

Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

Warwick.

State holy, or unshallow'd, what of that? Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plantagenet.

Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue; Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should; Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a filing at Winchester. [Aside.

King Henry

Uncles 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 amity. O! what a scandal is it to our crown, That two such noble peers as ye should jar. Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell, Civil dissension is a viperous worm, That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men, Forbidden late to carry any weapon, Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones; And banding themselves in contrary parts, Do pelt so fast at one another's pate, That many have their giddy brains knock'd out. Our windows are broke down in every street, And we for fear compel'd to shut our shops. Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of Gloster and Winchester, with bloody pates.

King Henry,

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself, To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife. [peace.

First Servant.

Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

Second Servant.

Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.

Gloster.

You of my household, leave this peevish And set this unaccustom'd fight aside. [broil,

First Servant.

My lord, we know your grace to be a man Just and upright; and, for your royal birth, Inferior to none but to his majesty: And ere that we will suffer such a prince, So kind a father of the commonweal, To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate, We, and our wives, and children, all will fight, And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

Third Servant.

Ay, and the very parings of our nails Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.

Gloster.

Stay, stay, I say! And, if you love me, as you say you do, Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

King Henry

O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! — Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold My sight and tears, and will not once relent? Who should be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace, If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

Warwick.

Yield, my lord protector; — yield, Wis
chester:

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse, To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm. You see what mischief, and what murder too, Hath been enacted through your enmity; Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winchester.

He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Gloster.

Compassion on the king commands me stoop; Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest Should ever get that privilege of me.

Warwick.

Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke Hath banish'd moody discontented fury, As by his smooth'd brows it doth appear: Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Gloster.

Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.

King Henry

Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach, That malice was a great and grievous sin;
KING HENRY VI.

ACT III. Sc. II.

And will you not maintain the thing you teach, But prove a chief offender in the same?

Warwick.

SWEET KING!—the bishop hath a kindly girl.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What shall a child instruct you what to do?

Winchester.

Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee:
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Gloster.

AY; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.

[Aside.

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen; This token serveth for a flag of truce, Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers. So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Winchester.

So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside.

King Henry.

O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster, How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters; trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, and your lords have done.

First Servant.

Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

Second Servant.

And so will I.

Third Servant.

And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Mayor, Servants, &c.

Warwick.

Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet We do exhibit to your majesty.

Gloster.

Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:— for, sweet prince, An if your grace mark every circumstance, You have great reason to do Richard right; Especially for those occasions

At Etham-place I told your majesty.

King Henry.

And those occasions, uncle, were of force: Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is, That Richard be restored to his blood.

Warwick.

Let Richard be restored to his blood; So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Winchester.

As will the rest, so will eth Winchester.

King Henry.

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.

Plantagenet.

Thy humble servant vows obedience, And humble service, till the point of death.

King Henry.

Stoop then, and set your knee against me
And in reguerrdon of that duty done. [foot; I girt thee with the valiant sword of York. Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet, And rise created princely duke of York.

Plantagenet.

And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall! And as my duty springs, so perish they That grudge one thought against your majesty.

All.

Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Somerset.


Gloster.

Now will it best avail your majesty, To cross the seas, and to be crowned in France. The presence of a king engenders love Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends, As it disanimates his enemies.

King Henry.

When Gloster says the word, king Henry For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. [goes.

Gloster.

Your ships already are in readiness. [Pliourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.

Exeter.

AY, we may march in England, or in France, Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers, Burns under feigned ashes of forgard love, And will at last break out into a flame: As fester'd members rot but by degree, Till bones, and dead, 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.

Pucelle.

These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen.
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words; Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall) And that we find the straitful watch but weak, I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Soldier

Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, And we be lords and rulers over Rouen; Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.

Guard.

QUI EST LA?

[Within.

Pucelle.

Paisans, les 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.

Pucelle.

Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Pucelle, &c. enter the City.

Enter Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Forces.

Charles.

Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem, And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bastard.

Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants; Now she is there, how will she specify Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alençon.
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.

Pucelle.

Behold! this is the happy wedding torch, That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen, But burning fatal to the Talbouilles.

Bastard.

See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend; The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Charles.

Now shine it like a comet of revenge, A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alençon.

Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends: Enter, and cry The Dauphins! presently, And then do execution on the walls. [They enter.

Alarums. Enter Talbot and English Soldiers.

Talbot.

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy blood, If Talbot but survive thy treachery. [Tears, 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, Alençon, Reigner, and others.

Pucelle.

Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast, [Bread? Before he'll buy again at such a rate. 'Twas full of damsel; do you like the taste?

Burgundy.

Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtzcan! I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own, And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Charles.

Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bedford.

O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

Pucelle.

What will you do, good grey-beard? break a And run a tilt at death within a chair? [Dance, Talbot.

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite, Encumber'd with thy lustful paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age, And twit with cowardice a man half dead? Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucelle.

Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow,— [Talbot, and the rest, consult together. God speed the Parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Talbot.

Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucelle.

Beliko, your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Talbot.

I speak not to that railing Ilyce, But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest. Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Signior, no.

Talbot.

Signior, hang!—base mutileers of France! Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls, And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucelle.

Away, captains! let's get us from the walls, For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks—

God be with you, my lord: we came, but to tell That we are here. [you

[Exeunt La Pucelle, etc., from the Walls.

Talbot.

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 public wrongs sustained 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 Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried, So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Burgundy.

My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Talbot.

But ere we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant duke of Bedford. —Come, my lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bedford.

Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me: Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen, And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Burgundy.

Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bedford.

Not to be gone from hence: for once I read, That stout Pendragon, 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.

Talbot.

Undaunted spirit in a dying breath!— Then, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!— And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, But gather we our forces out of hand, And set upon our boasting enemy. [Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford and others.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.

Captain.

Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fastolfe.

Whither away? to save myself by flight: We are like to have the overthrow again.

Captain.

What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fastolfe.

Ay

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit. Captain.
Captain.

Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! 

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, 
La Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, &c, and exsunt, 

Flying.

Bedford.

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 dreading with their souls, Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves, 

Dies, and is carried off in his Chair. 

Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and others.

Talbot.

Lost, and recover'd in a day again! 

This is a double honour, Burgundy; 
Yet heavens have glory for this victory 

Burgundy.

Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy 

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects 

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument. 

Talbot.

Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle 

I think her old familiar is asleep: 

now? 

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles 

his gleeks? 

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for 

That such a valiant company are fled. 

[grief, 

Now will we take some order in the town, 

Placing therein some expert officers, 

And then depart to Paris to the king. 

For there young Henry with his nobles lies. 

Burgundy.

What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 

Talbot.

But yet, before we go, let's not forget 

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd, 

But see his exeques fulfill'd in Rouen; 

A braver soldier never couched lance, 

A gentle heart did never sway in court; 

But kings, and mightiest potentates must die, 

For that's the end of human misery. 

Excunt.

SCENE III. The same. The Plains near the City.

Enter Charles, the Bastard, Alençon, La Pucelle, and Forces.

Pucelle.

Dismay not, princes, at this accident, 

Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered: 

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive, 

For things that are not to be remedied. 

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while, 

And like a peacock sweep along his tail, 

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train, 

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd. 

Charles.

We have been guided by thee hitherto, 

And of thy counsel had no difference: 

One sudden fall shall never breed distrust. 

Bastard.

Search out thy wit for secret policies, 

And we will make thee famous through the world. 

Alençon.

We'll set thy statue in some holy place, 

And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint: 

Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good. 

Pucelle.

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. 

Charles.

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that, 

France were no place for Henry's warriors; 

Nor should that nation boast it so with us, 

But be extirped from our provinces. 

Alençon.

For ever should they be expuls'd from France, 

And not have title of an earldom here. 

Pucelle.

Your honours shall perceive how I will work, 

To bring this matter to the wished end. 

[Drums heard afar off. 

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive 

Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward. 

An English March. Enter, and pass over, 

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. 

Trumpets sound a Parley. 

Charles.

A parley with the duke of Burgundy. 

Burgundy. 

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy? 

Pucelle.

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman. 

Burgundy.

What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence. 

Charles.

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. 

Pucelle.

Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France, 

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee. 

Burgundy. 

Speak on; but be not over- tedious. 

Pucelle. 

Look on thy country, look on fertile France, 

And see the cities and the towns desa'd 

By wasting run of the cruel foe, 

At 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 her woful breast. 

O ! turn thy edged sword another way; 

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help. 

[boom, 

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's 

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. 

Burgundy. 

Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words, 

Or nature makes me suddenly relent. 

Pucelle. 

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny, 

Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation 

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake? 

When
When Talbot hath set footing once 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 ransom paid,  
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.  
See, then, thou fight’st against thy countrymen,  
And join’st with them will be thy slayer-men.  
Come, come, return; return, thou wand’ring lord:  
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.  

Burgundy.  
I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers  
Have batter’d me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace  
My forces and my power of men are yours. —  
So, farewell, Talbot; I’ll no longer trust thee.  
Pucelle.  
Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!  
Charles.  
Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.  

Bastard.  
And doth beget new courage in our breasts.  
Alençon.  
Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.  
Charles.  
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,  
Vernon, Basset, &c.  To them Talbot, and  
some of his Officers.  

Talbot.  
My gracious prince, and honourable peers,  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have a while given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim’d  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, —  
Let’s fall his sword before your highness’ feet;  
And with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.  

King Henry.  
Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,  
That hath so long been resident in France?  

Gloster.  
Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.  

King Henry.  
Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.  
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)  
I do remember how my father said  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;  
Ye may have you tasted our reward,  
Or been requir’d 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 earl of Shrewsbury,  
And in our coronation take your place.  

[Violette.  Exeunt King Henry, Gloster,  
Talbot, and Nobles.  

Vernon.  
Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear  
In honour of my noble lord of York,  
Darst thou maintain the former words thou spakst?  

Basset.  
Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your sycyng tongue  
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.  

Vernon.  
Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.  

Basset.  
Why, what is he? as good a man as York.  

Vernon.  
Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.  

[Striking him.  

Basset.  
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  
But I’ll unto his majesty, and crave  
Blood may have liberty tovenge this wrong.  
When thou shalt see, I’ll meet thee to thy cost.  

Vernon.  
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, Essex, York, Suffolk,  
Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot,  
the Governor of Paris, and others.  

Gloster.  
LORD bishop, set the crown upon his head.  
Winchester.  
God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!  

Gloster.  
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 Governor and his Train.  

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.  

Fastolfe.  
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.  

Talbot.  
Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!  
I vow’d, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven’s leg;  

[Plucking it off.  
Which I have done, because unworthy  
Thou wast install’d in that high degree. —  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
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 cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Gloster.

To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill be seeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Talbot.

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 allways resolute in most extremes.
In this order, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knighth,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King Henry.

Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit Pastofose.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Gloster.

What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the
Hath he forgot, is he his sovereign? [king!]
Or doth this churlish superscription
Prentend some alteration in good will? [cause,
What's here? [Reads.] "I have upon especial
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrek,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
"Forsaken your pervers' faction, [France;]
"And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of
O, monstrous treach'ry! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
[guile? There should be found such false dissembling
York.

What I doth my uncle Burgundy revolts?

Gloster.

He doth, my lord; and become your foe.

King Henry.

Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Gloster.

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King Henry.

Why then, lord Talbot, there shall talk with
And give him hastishment for this abuse.—[him,
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Talbot.

Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been em-

King Henry.

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.

Talbot.

I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.
FIRST PART OF

ACT IV. SC. i.

Gloster.

Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife! And perish ye, with your audacious praise! Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed? With this modest clamorous outrage To trouble and disturb the king and us? 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 mutiny betwixt yourselves: Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exeter.

It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.

King Henry.

Come hither, you that would be combatants. 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 sickle waverning nation. If they perceive dissension in our looks, 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, King Henry's peers, and chief nobility, Destroy'd themselves, and lose the realm of France? O! think upon the conquest of my father, My tender years; and let us not forego That life and soul, that was bought with blood. Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. I see no reason, if we wear this rose.

[Putting on a red Rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious More incline to Somerset, than York: Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both. As well they may upbraid me with my crown, Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd. But your discretions better can persuade, That you are able to instruct or teach: And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let us still continue peace and love.— Cousin of York, we institute your grace To bear the charge in these parts of France: — And good my lord of Somerset and I, Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot; And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors, Go cheerfully together, and digest Your angry choler on your enemies. Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest, After some respite, will return to Calais; From thence to England; where I hope ere long To be presented by your victories With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[F🔅urish. Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Somerset, Winchester, Suffolk, and Basset.

Warwick.

My lord of York, I promise you, the king Prettily, in thought, did play the orator. York.

And so he did; but yet I like it not, In that he wears the badge of Somerset. Warwick.

Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not; 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.

[Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon.]

Exeter.

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 suppos'd. But bow'st o'er, no simple man that sees This jarring discord of nobility, This shouldering of each other in the court, This factious bandying of their favourites, But that it doth presage some ill event. 'Tis much, when such suctions are in children's hands, But more, when envy breeds undivision: There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE II. France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces.

Talbot.

Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter: Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, call you forth, Servant to kings, to Henry 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 I will withdraw me and my bloody power; But, if you frown upon this proffer'd 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 air-braving towers, If you forsake the offer of their love.

General.

Thou ommies and fearful owl of death, Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge, The period of thy tyranny approacheth. On us thou canst not enter but by death; For, I protest, we are well fortified, And strong enough to issue out and fight: If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee. On either hand then, there are squadrons pitch'd To wall thee from the liberty of flight. And no way canst thou turn thee for redress, But death doth front thee with apparent spoil, And pale destruction meets thee in the face. Ten thousand Frenchmen have taken the sacrament, To rive their dangerous artillery. Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. Lo! there thou stand'zt, a breathing valiant Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit: [man, 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 eyes, that see thee now well coloured, Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead. [Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; [bell, And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.

Talbot.

He fables not; I hear the enemy.— Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their O, negligent and heedless discipline! [wings. How are ye park'd, and bounded out! A little herd of England's timorous deer, Max'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 aloof at bay: 
Sell every man his life as dear as mine, 
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right, 
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! 
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, with Forces; to him, a Messenger.

York.
Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, 
That dogd'th the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Messenger.
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 join'd 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 bow'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 girded with a waist of iron, 
And hemm'd about with grim destruction. 
To Bourdeaux, warlike dukes! to Bourdeaux, York! 
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York.
O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart 
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place! 
So should we save a valiant gentleman, 
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward. 
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep, 
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep. 
Lucy.
O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! 
York.
He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word: 
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily 
All long of this vile traitor Somerset. [Get; 
Lucy.
Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul! 
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since 
I met in travel toward his warlike father. 
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! vexation almost stops my breath, 
That such dear friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can, 
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—

Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won 
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Away, 
[Exit York with his Forces. 
Lucy.
Thus, while the vulture of sedition 
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, 
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss 
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror, 
That ever-living man of memory, 
Henry the fifth. 
Whereas they each other cross, 
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. 
[Exit.

SCENE IV. Other Plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Army; an Officer of 
Talbot's with him.

Somerset.
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 sally of the very town 
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot 
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour, 
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure. 
York set him on to fight, and die in shame; 
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Officer.
Here is sir William Lucy, who with me 
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Somerset.
How now, sir William! whither were you sent? 
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 whiles the honourable captain there 
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs, 
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue, 
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour. 
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation. 
Let not your private discord keep away 
The levied succours that should lend him aid, 
While he, renowned noble gentleman, 
Yields up his life unto a world of odds. 
Orleans the Bastard, Charlev, and Burgundy, 
Akençon, Reignier, compass him about, 
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Somerset.
York set him on, York should have sent him aid. 
Lucy.
And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; 
Swearing that you withhold his levied host, 
Collected for this expedition.

Somerset.
York lies: he might have sent and had 
The owe him little duty, and less love, 
[horse. 
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy.
The fraud of England, not the force of France, 
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot! 
Never to England shall he bear his life, 
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Somerset.
Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight: 
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy.
Lucy.
Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
Somerset.
If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy.
His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. The English Camp near Bordeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his Son.

Talbot.
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 sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoidable danger:
[Horace: Therefore, my dear boy, mount on my swiftest
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally 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,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
Tuc world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Talbot.
Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John.
He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Talbot.
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, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear,
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserve'd with infamy.

Talbot.
Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John.
Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Talbot.
Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John.
To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Talbot.
Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John.
No part of him but will be shame in me.

Talbot.
Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John.
Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Talbot.
Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John.
You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Talbot.
And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John.
And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Talbot.
Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life 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 hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Talbot.
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 rescued thee from death.

John.
O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st a new date.

Talbot.
When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed 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 Alençon, Orleans, Burgandy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maldenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: —Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood! I spilt of thine,
Meat and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:
—
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, 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,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, 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 sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John.
KING HENRY VI.

ACT IV. SC. VII.

KING.

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 pauper life, and slay bright fame)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasantries of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An i' the sky I am not Talbot's son:
Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Talbot.

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Another part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Servant.

Talbot.

Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:
O, where's your young Talbot? where is valiant John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd o'er me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern imperativeness;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assailing none,
Dizzy-sy'd fury, and great rage of heart;
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clout-ringing battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of John Talbot.

Servant.

O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Talbot.

Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, [sorrn,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
[death.
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd
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.—[say.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should
Had 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.

[Dies.

Alarums: Exeunt Soldiers and Servant leaving the two Bodies. Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and Forces.

Charles.

How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,
Did fesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Pucelle.

Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
"Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid!"
But with a proud and high-born scorn, [born
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not
To be the pillage of a gigot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burgundy.

Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies interceded in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bastard.

Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Charles.

O, no I 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 obtain'd the glory of the day.

Charles.

For prisoners ask' st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy.

But where's the great Atalides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Hasflord, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Orchingefield, [Alton,
Lord Strange of Blackmore, lord Ferain of
Lord Cromewell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falmbridge;
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?

Pucelle.

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 with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy.

Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! I were mine eye-balls into bullet 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 seemes their worth.

Pucelle.

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 stink, and outfly the air.

Charles.
Charles.

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.

Charles.

So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Tabbot's stain.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III. The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Pucelle.

The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells, and periaps; And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents.

[Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes Under the lordly monarch of the north, Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Friends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof Of your accustom’d 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.

[They walk, and speak not.

O! hold me not with silence o’er long. Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, I’ll hop a member off, and give it you, In earnest of a farther benefit, So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress? — My body shall Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit,

[They shake their heads.

Cannot 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 soil.

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 brows, As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Pucelle.

Chang’d to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York.

O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man: No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucelle.

A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and And may ye both be suddenly surpris’d [thee! By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds! York.

Fell, banishing hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucelle.

I pr’ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York.

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret.

Suffolk.

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.

O, fairest beauty I do not fear, nor fly, For I will touch thee but with reverent hands: I kiss these fingers [kissing her hand] for eternal peace, And lay them gently on thy tender side. Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Margaret.

Margaret my name, and daughter to a king, The king of Naples, whose’er thou art.

Suffolk.

An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call’d. Be not offended, nature’s miracle, Thou art allotted to be ta’en by me: So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, Keeping them prisoners underneath 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 let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says—no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited 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. Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself; Hast 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 rough.

Margaret.

Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so, What ransom must I pay before I pass? For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suffolk.

How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit. Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside. Margaret.

Why speak’st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suffolk.

She’s beautiful, and therefore to be woo’d; She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Margaret.

Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suffolk.

Fond man I remember, that thou hast a wife; Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside. Margaret.

I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suffolk.

There all is marr’d; there lies a cooling card.

Margaret.

He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.

Suffolk.

And yet a dispensation may be had.

Margaret.

And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suffolk.

I’ll win this lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my king: trash! that’s a wooden thing.

Margaret.

He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suffolk.

Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scruple in that, too; For though her father be the king of Naples, Duke
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor, And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.  
Margaret.  
Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?  
Suffolk.  
It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much: Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—Madam, I have a secret to reveal.  
Margaret.  
What though I be enthralld? he seems a knight, And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.  
Suffolk.  
Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—  
Margaret.  
Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [Aside.  
Suffolk.  
Lady, wherefore talk you so?  
Margaret.  
I cry you mercy, 'tis but quiet for quo.  
Suffolk.  
Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?  
Margaret.  
To be a queen in bondage is more vile Than is a slave in base servility, For princes should be free.  
Suffolk.  
And so shall you, If happy England's royal king be free.  
Margaret.  
Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?  
Suffolk.  
I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen; To put a golden sceptre in thy hand, And set a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condescend to be my—  
Margaret.  
What?  
Suffolk.  
His love.  
Margaret.  
I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.  
Suffolk.  
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.  
Margaret.  
An if my father please, I am content.  
Suffolk.  
Then, call our captains, and our colours And, madam, at your father's castle walls [forth! We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.  
[Swords come forward.  
A Parley sounded. Enter Reignier, on the Walls.  
Suffolk.  
See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.  
Reignier.  
To whom?  
Suffolk.  
To me.  
Reignier.  
Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.  
Suffolk.  
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 woo'd and won thereto, And this her easy-held imprisonment Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.  
Reignier.  
Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?  
Suffolk.  
Fair Margaret knows, That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.  
Reignier.  
Upon thy princely warrant, I descend To give thee answer of thy just demand.  
[Exit, from the Walls.  
Suffolk.  
And here I will expect thy coming.  
Trumpets sounded. Enter Reignier, below.  
Reignier.  
Welcome, brave earl, into our territories: Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.  
Suffolk.  
Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a Fit to be made companion with a king: [child, What answer makes your grace unto my suit?  
Reignier.  
Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, To be the princely 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.  
Suffolk.  
That is her ransom, I deliver her; And those two counties, I will undertake, Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.  
Reignier.  
And I again, in Henry's royal name, As deputy unto that gracious king, Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.  
Suffolk.  
Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks, Because this is in traffic of a king: And yet, methinks, I could be well content To be mine own attorney in this case. I'll over, then, to England with this news, And make this marriage to be solemniz'd. So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe In golden palaces, as it becomes.  
Reignier.  
I do embrace thee, as I would embrace The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.  
Margaret.  
Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers, Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.  
Suffolk.  
Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret; No princely commendations to my king?  
Margaret.  
Such commendations as become a maid, A virgin, and his servant, say to him.  
Suffolk.  
Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed. But
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Margaret.
Yes, my good lord; a pure unsullied heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suffolk.
And this withal. [Kisses her.

Margaret.
That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.

Suffolk.
O, wilt thou for myself?—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons lurk.
Sollicit Henry with her wondrous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Camp of the Duke of York, in

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York.
Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shepherd.
Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I 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.

Pucelle.
Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shepherd.
Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

Warwick.
Gracelass! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York.
This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shepherd.
Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstinate!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh.
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

Pucelle.
Peasant, avaint!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shepherd.
'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.—

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lamb's a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O! burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

York.
Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucelle.
First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'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 succeeding 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,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York.
Ay, ay,—Away with her to execution!

Warwick.
And hark ye, sire; because she is a maid,
Spare for no vagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucelle.
Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infamy,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hate me to a violent death.

York.
Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

Warwick.
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.

Warwick.
Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Pucelle.
You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York.
Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.

Pucelle.
O! give me leave; I have deluded you.
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

Warwick.
A married man: that's most intolerable.

York.
Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well.
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

Warwick.
FIRST PART OF

Oil's sign she hath both liberal and free.

York.

And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucelle.

Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave
My curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Envirou you, till mischance, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, and hang your- selves!

York.

Break thou IN pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.

Cardinal.

Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
May 'be with remorse of these outrageous broils,
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.

Is all our trall turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effaminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered? —
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

Warwick.

Be patient, York! If we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, attended; Alençon, Bastard, Reig nier, and others.

Charles.

Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be the claim'd in
We come to be inform'd by yourselves FRANCE,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York.

Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Winchester.

Charles, and the rest, it is exacted 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 liegenmen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear,
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alençon.

Must he be then as low as slave of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This profer is absurd and reasonless.

Charles.

'Tis known, already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverence'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lure of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

York.

For no, my Lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York.

Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reignier.

My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alençon.

To say the truth, it is your policy
[Aside to Charles.

To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

Warwick.

How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

Charles.

It shall; only reserve, 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 his Nobles, gave tokens of fealty.

So; now dismiss your army when 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 Stafford; Gloucester and Exeter following.

King Henry.

Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provoke the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arise,
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Stafford.

Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had sufficient skill to utter them,) would
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents.
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King.
King Henry.
And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Gloster.
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?

Suffolk.
As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
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.

Gloster.
Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
Her father is no better than an earl, [that?]
Although in glorious titles he excels.

Suffolk.
Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Gloster.
And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exeter.
Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal
dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suffolk.
A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than he deal'd in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
[King,
Whom should we match with Henry, being a
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 more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love. [me,
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King Henry.
Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd,
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 alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to
Agree to any covenants, and procure [France:
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expences 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 offence:
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 revolve and ruminare my grief. [Exit.

Gloster.
Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.

Suffolk.
Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
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.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.
Edward and Richard, his Sons.
Duke of Somerset,
Duke of Suffolk,
Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Salisbury,
Lord Clifford, and his Son,
Earl of Salisbury,
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master’s Mate.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk. Vaux.
Hume and Southwell, Priests.

Bolingbroke, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.
Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of S. Alban’s.
Simpoox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.
Jack Cade.
George, John, Dick, Smith, the Weaver, Michael, 
&c., Cade’s Followers.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Margaret, Queen to King Henry.
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster.
Margery Jourdain, a Witch. Wife to Simpoox.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Pet-
titioners, Alderman, a Beadle, Sheriff, and 
Officers; Citizens, Premières, Falconers, 
Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London, A Room of State in the 
Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hauthoys. Enter, 
on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloster; 
Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; 
on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by 
Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and 
others, following.

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart 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, Calaber, Bretaigne, and 
Alençon,
Seven cars, twelve barons, and twenty reverend 
bishops,
I have perform’d my task, and was espous’d:
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 hands, that are the sub-
stance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv’d.

Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love. [life,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen Margaret.

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 beads,
With you mine alderlievest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.
King Henry.

Her sight did rayish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall 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!

Queen Margaret.

We thank you all. [Flourish.

Suffolk.

My lord protector, 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.

Gloster.

"Imprimis: It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, protector for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — That the duchy of Anjou and Maine, and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

King Henry.

Uncle, how now?

Gloster.

Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

King Henry.

Pardon, my lord; I pray, read on.

Winchester.

Item,—"It is farther agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her mother; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

King Henry.

They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge thy grace from being regent
'1 the parts of France, till term of eighteen months expired. —
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us sit; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Gloster.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you, our Duke Humphrey, last unfold his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toll his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Huntingdon, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Recover'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaumont, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro [awe? How France and Frenchmen might be kept in
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Cardinal.

Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Gloster.

Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Salsbury.

Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

Warwick.

For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York.

For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocated,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France shall demand her rent, and render my 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 Henry gives away himself,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Gloster.

A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd before—
[In France,

Cardinal.

My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Gloster.

My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thine face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickering—
Lording, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

Cardinal.

So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And
SECOND PART OF

Act I. Sc. 1.

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. Consider, lords, he is the next of blood, And his 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: I 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— "Jesu! 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.

Buckingham.

Why should he, then, protect our sovereign, He being of age to govern of himself?— Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, And all together, with the duke of Suffolk, We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat. This weighty business will not brook delay: I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

Somerset.

Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride, And greatness of his place be great 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.

Buckingham.

Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector, Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal. [Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

Salisbury.

Pride went before, ambition follows him. While these do labour for their own preferment, Behoves it 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 o' the church, As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, Sware like a ruffian, and demean himself Unlike the ruler of a common-wealth.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping, Have won the greatest favour of the commons, Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, In bringing them to civil discipline; Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France, When thou wast regent for our sovereign, Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people.—

Join we together, for the public good, In what we can to bridle and suppress The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition; And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds, While they do tend the profit of the land.

Warwick.

So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, And common profit of his country.

York.

And so says York, for he hath greatest cause,

Salisbury.

Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

Warwick.

Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost; That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win. And would have kept, so long as breath did last: Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine. Which I will win from France, or else be slain. [Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.

York.

Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost: the state of Normandy Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone. Suffolk concluded on the articles, The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd, To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter. I cannot blame them all: what is't to them? 'Tis in their give away, and not their own. Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage, And purchase friends, and give to courtezans, Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone; While as the silly owner of the goods Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands, And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof, While all is shad'ed, and all is borne away, Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own: So York must sit, 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 that proportion to my flesh and blood, As did the fatal brand Albion burn'd, Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French! Cold news for me: for I had hope of France, Even as I have of fertile England's soil. A day with gloom, and York shall claim his own; And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts, And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey, And, in the spy advantage, claim the crown, For that's the golden mark I seek to hit. Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right, Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, Nor wear the diadem upon his head, Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown. Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve: Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep, To pry into the secrets of the state, Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, [Queen, With his new bride, and England's dear-bought 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 perfum'd, And in my standard bear the arms of York, To grapple with the house of Lancaster; And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown, Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter Gloster and the Duchess.

Duchess.

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?—
ACT 1. Sc. III.

KING HENRY VI.

What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem, Enchain'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 bear'd it up, We'll both together lift our heads to heaven, And never more abase our sight so low, As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Gloster.

O Nell! sweet Nell, 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, virtuous Henry, Be my last breathing in this mortal world. My troubous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duchess.

What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll require it With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Gloster.

Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court, Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot, But, as I think, it was by the cardinal; And on the pieces of the broken wand [set, Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somer- And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk. This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duchess.

Tut! this was nothing but an argument, That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove, Shall lose his head for his presumption. But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke; Methought, I sat in seat of majesty, In the cathedral church of Westminster, And in that chair, where kings and queens were crown'd; [me, Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to And on my head set the diadem.

Gloster.

Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright. Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor! Art thou not second woman in the realm, And the protector's wife, below'd of him? Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command, Above the reach or compass of thy thought? And wilt thou still be hammering treachery, To bring down thy husband, and thyself, From top of honour to disgrace's feet? Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duchess.

What, what, my lord! are you so choleric With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself, And not be check'd.

Gloster.

Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure, You do prepare to ride unto S. Alban's; Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Gloster.

I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duchess.

Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

Enter Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.

Follow I must: I cannot go before. While Gloster bears this base and humble mind. Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks, And smooth my way upon their headless necks: And, being a woman, I will not be slack To play my part in fortune's pageant. [man, Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume.

Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duchess.

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.

Duchess.

What say'st thou man? hast thou as yet con- ferrer'd With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch, And Roger Bolingroke, the conjurer? And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume.

This they have promised,—to show you high- ness. A spirit ruld from depth of under ground, That shall make answer to such questions, As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duchess.

It is enough, I'll think upon the questions. When from Saint Alban's we do make return, We'll see these things effect'd to the full. Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man, With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

Hume.

Hume must make merry with the duchess' 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 flies from another coast: I dare not say, from the rich cardinal, And from the great and new-made duke of Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain, [Suffolk; They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour, Have hired me to undermine the duchess, And buzz these conjurations in her brain. They say, a crafty knave does need no broker; Yet am I Suffolk, and the cardinal's broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near To call them both a pair of crafty knaves. Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last, Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck, And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall. Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit Hume.

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

Enter Peter, and others, with Petitions.

First Petitioner.

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.

Second Petitioner.

Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

[Exit.
Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.

First Petitioner. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Second Petitioner. Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suffolk. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

First Petitioner. I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen Margaret. "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

First Petitioner. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suffolk. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. — What's your's? — What's here? [Reads.] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford." — How now, sir knave? [Second Petitioner. 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.

Queen Margaret. What say'st 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.

Suffolk. 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.

Queen Margaret. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [Tears the Petition. Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.]

All. Come let's be gone. [Exeunt Petitioners.]

Queen Margaret. 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 late, And this the royalty of Albion's king? What! shall king Henry be a pupil still, Under the surly Gloster's governance? 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'st a tilt in honour of my love, And stol't away the ladies' hearts of France, I thought king Henry had reason'd thee, In courage, courtship, and proportion; But all his mind is bent to holiness, To number Ave-Maries on his beads: His champions are the prophets and apostles; His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ; His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints. I would, the college of the cardinals Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome, And set the triple crown upon his head: That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suffolk. Madam, be patient: as I was cause Your highness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content.

Queen Margaret. Beside the haughty protector, have we Baus—fort, [Ingham. The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buck—And grumbling York: and not the least of these, But can do more in England than the king.

Suffolk. And he of these that can do most of all, Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Queen Margaret. 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 ladies, More like an empress than duke Humphrey's 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 minlons t'other day, The very train of her worst wearing gown Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suffolk. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her; And plac'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 weed them all at last, And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset; Duke and Duchess of Gloster, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick.

King Henry. 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 deny'd the regentship.

Somerset. If Somerset be unworthy of the place, Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

Warwick. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no, Dispute not that York is the worthier.

Cardinal. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

Warwick. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buckingham. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

Warwick. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Salisbury.
Sallisbury.
Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham.
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen Margaret.
Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Gloster.
Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's
matters.
Queen Margaret.
If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Gloster.
Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suffolk.
Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily 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 sovereignty.
Cardinal.
The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
Are lank and lean with thy extortions. [bags
Suffolk.
Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
Have cost a mass of public treasury. [attire,
Buckingham.
Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Queen Margaret.
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 I can you not?
[Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.
I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?
Duchess.
Wasn't I? yes, it was a proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
King Henry.
Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.
Duchess.
Against her will! Good king, look to't in
Suffolk.
She'll hammer thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no
breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[Exit Duchess.
Buckingham.
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 far enough to her destruction.
[Exit Buckingham.
Re-enter Gloster.
Gloster.
Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy do deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand,—
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Somerset.
I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Horner.
And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter.
Alas! my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity me! the spite of man prevaleth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Gloster.
Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

King Henry.
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 Glover's Garden.

Enter Margery 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 exorcisms?

Hume.
Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Bolingbroke.
I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it 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. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: — John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above.

Duchess.
Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Bolingbroke.
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, [Graves, and spirits walk, and ghosts break up their That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd verge. [Here they perform the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit.
Ask what thou wilt: — That I had said and done!

Bolingbroke.
First, of the king: what shall of him become?

Spirit.
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose; But him outlive, and die a violent death. [As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Bolingbroke.
What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spirit.
By water shall he die, and take his end.

Bolingbroke.
What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spirit.
Let him shrift castles
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure. Bolingbroke.

Enter York and Buckingham, hastily, with their Guards.

York.
Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash. Hold, dame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch. — What? madam, dare you there? the king and commonwealth Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains: My lord protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guard'd for these good deserts.

Duchess.
Not half so bad as thine to England's king, Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buckingham.
True, madam, none at all. What call you this. [Showing 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! [Exeunt Guards, with Southwell, Bolingbroke, &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 outlive, and die a violent death." Why, this is just Aio te, Hincia, Romano vincere posse. Well, to the rest: [Folks?] "Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk: By water shall he die, and take his end." "What shall betide the duke of Somerset? — Let him shrift 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. [Albans: The king is now in progress towards Saint With him the husband of this lovely lady: Thither
ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hollering.

Queen Margaret.

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.

King Henry.

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suffolk.

No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Gloster.

My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Cardinal.

I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.

Gloster.

Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

King Henry.

The treasury of everlasting joy!

Cardinal.

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 commonweal!

Gloster.

What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
Tanlane animis colicibus ira? [peremptory?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such man
With such holiness can you do it? [lice;

Suffolk.

No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Gloster.

As who, my lord?

Suffolk.

Why, as you, my lord; an't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Gloster.

Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Queen Margaret.

And thy ambition, Gloster.

King Henry.

I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen; and what not on these furious peers.
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Cardinal.

Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.

Gloster.

'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

[Aside to the Cardinal.

Cardinal.

Marry, when thou dar'st.

[Aside.

Gloster.

Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

[Aside.

Cardinal.

Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou
dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.

[Aside.

King Henry.

How now, my lords?

Cardinal.

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.

[Aside to Gloster.

Gloster.

True, uncle.

Cardinal.

Are you advis'd? — the east side of the grove.

Gloster.

Cardinal, I am with you.

[Aside.

King Henry.

Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Gloster.

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.

Cardinal.

Medice teipsum:

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

[Aside.

King Henry.

The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"

Gloster.

What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One.

A miracle! a miracle!

Suffolk.

Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One.

Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King Henry.

Now, God be praise'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

Enter
Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren; and Simcox, borne between two persons in a Chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.

Cardinal. Here come the townsmen on processation, To present your highness with the man.

King Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthy vale, Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Gloster. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king; His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King Henry. 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?

Simpcox. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suffolk. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Gloster. Hast thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

King Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simpcox. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

King Henry. 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.

Queen Margaret. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [chance,

Simpcox. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep, By good Saint Alban; who said,—"Simpcox, come; Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Cardinal. What art thou name?

Simpcox. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suffolk. How cam'st thou so?

Gloster. A fall off of a tree. 

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Gloster. How long hast thou been blind?

Simpcox. O! born so, master.

Gloster. What! and would'st climb a tree?

Simpcox. But that in all my life, when I was a youth,
Gloster
Then send for one presently.

Mayor.
Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Gloister. 

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A Stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simcox.
Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Gloster.
Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle.
I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simcox.
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 runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A Miracle!"

King Henry.
O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen Margaret.
It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Gloster.
Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife.
Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloster.
Let them be whipp'd through every market town,
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

Cardinal.
Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suffolk.
True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Gloster.
But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King Henry.
What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buckingham.
Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lowly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head 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.

Cardinal.
And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. [edge; This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Gloster.
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.

King Henry.
O God! what mischief work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Queen Margaret.
Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Gloster.
Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonwealth;
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 deadlie 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.

King Henry.
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 pose the cause in justice's 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.

Salisbury.
My lord, I long to hear it at full.

Warwick.
Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils 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 Hatfield; and the third, Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
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 Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster;
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seized 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.

Warwick.
Father, the duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York.
York.
Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Salisbury.
But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York.
The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose daughter, I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March; Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March; Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleonora.

Salisbury.
This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke, As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; And but for Queen 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 To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son, son. By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir To Roger, earl of March; who was the son Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe, Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence; So, if the issue of the elder son Succeed before the younger, I am king.

Warwick.
What plain proceeding is more plain than this? [Gaunt, Henry doth claim the crown from John of The fourth son; York claims it from the third. Till Lionel's issue fails, he should not reign: It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee, And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.— Then, father Salisbury, kneel we 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, Whin 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.

Salisbury.
My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

Warwick.
My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York.
And, niece, this I do assure myself, Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick The greatest man in England, but the king.

SCENE III. The same. A Hall of Justice.
Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloryst, Margaret Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King Henry.
Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife. In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great: Give the sentence of the law, for sins Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. — You four, from hence to prison back again.

[To Jourdain, &c. From thence, unto the place of execution: The witch in SMITFIELD shall be burn'd to ashes.

And you three shall be strangled on the gall. You, madam, for you are more nobly born, Despoiled of your honour in your life, Shall, after three days' open penance done, Live in your country here, in banishment, With sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duchess.
Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Gloster.
Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee! I cannot justify whom the law condemns— [Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.

Mind's eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief. Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine 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 case.

King Henry.
Stay, Humphrey! Duke of Gloster. Ere thou Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself [go, Protector be; and God shall be my hope, My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet. And go in peace, Humphrey! no less belov'd, Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen Margaret.
I see no reason why a king of years Should be to be protected like a child. — God and king Henry govern England's realm. Give up you staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Gloster.
My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff; As willingly do I the same resign, As e'er 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.

Queen Margaret.
Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen; And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself, That bears so shrew'd a maim: two pulls 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.

Suffolk.
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.

Queen Margaret.

Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore, Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

King Henry.

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 bestead, Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant, The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, Horner, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters 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 Prentices drinking to him.

First Neighbour.

Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

Second Neighbour.

And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

Third Neighbour.

And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbours: drink, and fear not your man.

Horner.

Let it come, I' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

First Prentice.

Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

Second Prentice.

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, as if I die, I 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 able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Salsbury.

Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter.

Peter, forsooth.

Salsbury

Peter! what more?

Peter.

Thump.

Salsbury.

Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Horner.

Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York.

Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarm to the combatants. [Alarm. They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.

Horner.

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.

O God I have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

King Henry.

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: And God in justice hath reveal'd to us The truth; all innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. A Street.

Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

Gloster.

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud; And after summer evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.— Sirs, what's o'clock? Servant.

Ten, my lord.

Gloster.

Ten is the hour that was appointed me To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess: Unearth may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people, gaz'ing on thy face With envious looks, 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 tear-slain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Servant.

So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Gloster.

No, sir not, for your lives: let her pass by. Duchess.

Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they See, how the giddy multitude do point, [gaze: And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks; And in thy closet put rue up my shame, And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine. Gloster.

Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief. Duchess.

Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget 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,  
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
And when I start the ev'ning people laugh,  
And bid me be advised how I tread.  
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shamefull yoke?  
Trow'st thou, that ever I'll look upon the world,  
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?  
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:  
All think upon my pomps, shall be my hell,  
Sometimes I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,  
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;  
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,  
To every idle rascal follower.  
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:  
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death  
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;  
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all  
With her, that hatest thee, and hates us all,—  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Suffolk,—have all limb'd bushes to betray thy wings;  
And, fly thou how canst, they'll tangle thee.  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.  
Gloster.  

Ah, Nell! forbear; thou almost all awry:  
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 protect me an inch the more,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Would'st 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.  
Herald.  

I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,  
Holden at Burg a the first of this next month.  
Gloster.  

And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?  
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.  

[Exit Herald.  

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.  
Sheriff.  

An't please your grace, here my commission  
And sir John Stanley's, is pointed now:  
To take her with him to the isle of Man.  
Gloster.  

Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?  
Stanley.  

So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.  
Gloster.  

Entreat her 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 to sir John, farewell.  
Duchess.  

What I gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?  
Gloster.  

Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.  
[Exeunt Gloster and Servants.  
Duchess.  

Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,  
For none abide with me: my joy is—death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—  
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.  
Stanley.  

Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;  
There to be us'd according to your state.  
Duchess.  

That's bad enough, for I am but reproach'd:  
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?  
Stanley.  

Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:  
According to that state you shall be used.  
Duchess.  

Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare.  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!  
It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.  
Duchess.  

Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.—  
Come, Stanley, shall we go?  
Stanley.  

Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
And go we to attend you for our journey.  
Duchess.  

My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:  
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attend me how I can.  
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.  
[Exeunt.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I. The Abbey at Burg.  

A Sonnet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and others.  

King Henry.  

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.  
Queen Margaret.  

Can you not see? or will you not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself;  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how 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 advis'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 pases through with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that is to us belongs.  
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,
First, note, that he is near you in descent, 
And should you fail, he is the next 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 in your royal person, 
Or be admitted to your highness' council. 
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts, 
And, when he pleases to make commotion, 
'Tis to be feared 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 reverent care I bear unto my lord 
Made me collect these dangers in the duke. 
If it 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,— 
Reprove my allegation, if you can, 
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suffolk.

Well hath your highness seen into this duke; 
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 devilish practices: 
Or if he were not privy to those faults, 
Yet, by repute of his high descent, 
As next the king he was successive heir, 
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess, 
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall. 
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep, 
And in his simple show he harbours treason. 
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb: 
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man 
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Cardinal.

Did he not, contrary to form of law, 
Devote strange deaths for small offences done? 
York.

And did he not, in his protectorship, 
Levy great sums of money through the realm 
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it? 
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buckingham.

Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown, 
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

King Henry.

My lords, at once: the care you have of us, 
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot, 
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my con- 
Or our kinsman Gloster is as innocent 
[sceins? From meaning treason to our royal person, 
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove. 
The duke is virtuous, mild, and well given, 
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Queen Margaret.

Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond affiance? 
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd, 
For he's disposed as the hateful raven. 
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him, 
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf. 
What! to steal a shape, that means deceit? 
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Suffolk.

King Henry.

Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France? 
Somerset.

That all your interest in those territories 
Is utterly bereft, that all is lost.

King Henry.

Cold news, lord Somerset; but God's will be done. 
York.

Cold news for me; [Aside] 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 this gear ere long, 
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloster.

Gloster.

All happiness unto my lord the king! 
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suffolk.

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.

Gloster.

Well, Suffolk; yet thou shalt not see me blush, 
Nor change my countenance for this arrest: 
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 
The purest spring is not so free from mud, 
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign. 
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York.

'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France, 
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay; 
By means whereof his highness hath lost France. 

Gloster.

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 help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England! 
That doth that e'er I wrested from the king; 
Or any great I hoard'd to my use, 
Be brought against me at my trial day! 
No: many a pound of mine own proper store, 
Because I would not tax the needy commons, 
Have I dispers'd to the garrisons, 
And never ask'd for restitution.

Cardinal.

It serves you well, my lord, to say so much. 

Gloster.

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.

Gloster.

Why, 'tis well known that, whilst I was protector, 
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: 
Unless it were a bloody murderer, 
[sengers, Or foul felonious thief that flee'd poor par- 
I never gave them condign punishment. 
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd 
Above the felon, or what trespass else.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[Exit _Aberdene_ with _Gloster._]

**King Henry.**
My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

**Queen Margaret.**
What! will your highness leave the parliam-

**King Henry.**
Ay, _Margaret_, my heart is droun'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 e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envy's thy estate,
That these great lords, and _Margaret_ our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And kind the wretched, and bestow it stray's,
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 wait her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good _Gloster's_ case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes,
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I would clear away,
And I would, at time, forsook each groan,
Say—'Who's a traitor? _Gloster_ he is none.'
[Exit.

**Queen Margaret.**
Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot
_Henry_ my lord is cold in great affairs, [beams.
Too full of foolish pity; and _Gloster_'s show
Beguilus him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or at the nake, rol'd in a flower-ting bank,
With shining check'er'd slough, deth stings 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.

**Cardinal.**
That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

**Suffolk.**
But, in my mind, that were no policy;
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons happily rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument, [death,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
_York._

So that, by this, you would not have him die.

**Suffolk.**
Ah! _York_, no man alive so sain as I.

**York.**
'Tis _York_ that hath more reason for his death. —
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of _Suffolk_,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
We're not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke _Humphrey_ for the king's pro-
tector?

**Queen Margaret.**
So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

---

**Suffolk.**

**King Henry.**
My lord, these faults are easy, quickly an-
swer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof 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 farther time of trial.

**King Henry.**
My lord of _Gloster_, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspense:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

**Gloster.**
Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
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 doth level at my 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 lines liege to be mine enemy.—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventions,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

**Cardinal.**
My liege, his railing is intolerable,
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus unbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

**Suffolk.**
Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, hore,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had subscriber some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

**Queen Margaret.**
But I can give the lesser leave to chide.

**Gloster.**
Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

**Buckingham.**
He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner. [day. —

**Cardinal.**
Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

**Suffolk.**
Ah, thus king _Henry_ throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee
first.
Suffolk.

Madam, 'tis true: and were't 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 quillets how to slay 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 mames him first, that first intends deceit.

Queen Margaret.

Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suffolk.

Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Cardinal.

But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suffolk.

Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.
Queen Margaret.

And so say I.

York.

And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that 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.

Cardinal.

A breach that craves a quick expedition stop!—
What counsel give you in this weighty cause? York.

That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Suffolk.

If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York.

No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than 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.
Queen Margaret.

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,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York.

What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame
take all.

Somerset.

And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.
Cardinal.

My lord 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 choicefully, from each county some,
And try your hep against the Irishmen?

York.

I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suffolk.

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,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suffolk.

A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Cardinal.

No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:
And so break 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 there I'll slip them all for Ireland.

Suffolk.

I'll see it truly done, my lord of 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 fear keep with the mean-born
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Cardinal.

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.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, charg'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'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 hand,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduce'd a headstrong 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 fought so long, 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 upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his 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 notice of their villainies.  
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, be he 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, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II.  Bury.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Murderer.
Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,  
We have despatch’d the duke, as he commanded.

Second Murderer.
O, that it were to do so! — What have we done.  
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

First Murderer.
Here comes my lord.

Enter Suffolk.

Suffolk.
Now, sirs, have you despatch’d this thing?

First Murderer.
Ay, my good lord, he’s dead.

Suffolk.
Why, that’s well said.  Go, get you to my house;  
I will reward you for this venturous deed.  
The king and all the peers are here at hand.  
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,  
According as I gave directions?

First Murderer.
’Tis, my good lord.

Suffolk.
Away! I be gone.  [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets.  Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

King Henry.
Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:  
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as ‘tis published.

Suffolk.
I’ll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

King Henry.
Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no strainer ’gainst our uncle Gloster,  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv’d in practice culpable.

Queen Margaret.
God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a noble man!  
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

King Henry.
I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—  

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suffolk.
Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Queen Margaret.
Marry, God forfend!

Cardinal.
God’s secret judgment! — I did dream to-night,  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.  
[The King swoons.

Queen Margaret.
How fares my lord? — Help, lords! the king is dead.

Somerset.
Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Queen Margaret.
Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suffolk.
He doth revive again. — Madam, be patient.

King Henry.
O heavenly God!

Queen Margaret.
How fares my gracious lord?

Suffolk.
Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King Henry.
What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?  
Came he right now to sing a raven’s note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,  
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar’d words!  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent’s sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wonting.  
Yet do not go away: — come, basillisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,  
In life, but double death, now Gloster’s dead.

Queen Margaret.
Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?  
Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:  
And for myself, soos as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;  
It may be judged, I made the duke away:  
So shall my name with slander’s tongue be worsted;  
And princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach.  
This get I by his death.  Ah me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown’d with infamy!

King Henry.
Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Queen Margaret.
Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
What I dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.  
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster’s tomb?  
Why, then dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy:  
Erect his statue, and worship it,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.  

Was
Was I for this high wreck'd up on the sea,
And twice by a wild wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded 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 curst the gentle gusts,
And hethat loost'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock. [shore,
Yet Eolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto these;
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou woul'st have me drown'd
On shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thynunkindness
The splitting rocks coward' 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 see, thy chalky cliffs,
Washed from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's 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 receiv'd it,
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be pack'd with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sink from the shore the tempest beat us back,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in 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 Commons press to the door.

Warwick.
It is reported, mighty sovereign, [der'd.
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is mur'd.
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaumont's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they meeting have their revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King Henry.
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.

Warwick.
That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.
[Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retired.

King Henry.
O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts in that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God, [life.
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Pain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With thousand kisses, and to drain
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 all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
The Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and Glosier is discovered dead in his Bed; Warwick and others standing by it.

Warwick.
Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King Henry.
That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

Warwick.
As surely as my soul intends to live [him
With that dread King, that took our state upon
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suffolk.
A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

Warwick.
See, how the blood is settled in his face.
O'ke have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of angry semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for alacrity 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er re-
To blush and beautify the cheek again. [turneth
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair upreared, 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 subdued.
Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking:
His well-proportion'd 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 probable.

Suffolk.
Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

Warwick.
Myself, and Beaumont, had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes, and you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend, and his well seen he found an enemy.

Queen Margaret.
Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

Warwick.
Who finds the heller dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe, [ter? But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter—Who finds the marriage in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead.
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen Margaret.
Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaumont termed a kite? where are his talons?
SECOND PART OF

ACT III. SC. II.

Suffolk.
I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men; But here’s a vengeful sword, rusted with ease, That shall be scorned 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 Humphrey’s death. [Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.]
Warwick.
What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queen Margaret.
He dares not calm his contumelious spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
Warwick.
Madam, be still, with reverence may I say; For every word you speak in his behalf Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suffolk.
Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour, If every lady wrong’d her lord so much, Thy mother took into her blamatious bed Some stern untutor’d churl, and noble stock Was grafted with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou And never of the Nevits’ noble race. [Art.
Warwick.
But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee, And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shame, And that my sovereign’s presence makes me mild, I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech, And say, it was thy mother that thou meant’st; That thou thyself wast born in bastardy; And, after all this fearful homage done, Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell, Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.
Suffolk.
Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood, If from this presence thou dar’st go with me. Warwick.
Away even now, or I will drag thee hence. Unworthy though thou art, I’l l cop’e with thee, And do some service to duke Humphrey’s ghost. [Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.
King Henry.
What stronger breast-plate than a heart un- taint? Thrice is he arm’d, that hath his quarrel just; And he but naked, though lock’d up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A Noise within Queen Margaret.
What noise is this?
Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn. King Henry.
Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?— Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suffolk.
The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [Bury, Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.
Salisbury.
Sirs, stand apart; [Speaking to those within] the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to 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 mere instinct of love, and loyalty, Free from a stubborn opposite intent, 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 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death. [Rest, Yet notwithstanding such a craft edict, Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue, That sily guided towards your majesty, It were but necessary, you were walk’d; Lost, 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, whe’re you will or no, From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is; With whose envenomed 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!
Suffolk.
’Tis like the commons, rude unpolish’d hinds, 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 all the honour Salisbury hath won, Is, that he was the lord ambassador, Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.
Commons. [Within.
An answer from the king, or we will all break in!
King Henry.
Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender loving care, And had I not been ‘cited so by them, Yet did I purpose as they do entreat; For some, my thoughts do hourly pensive Mischance unto my state by Suffolk’s means: And therefore, by his majesty I swear, Whose far unworthy deputy I am, He shall not breathe infection in this air But three days longer, on the pain of death. [Exit Salisbury.
Queen Margaret.
O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.
King Henry.
Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk. No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him, Thou wilt but add increase unto my 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’st found On any ground that I am ruler of, The world shall not be ransom for thy life.— Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with I have great matters to impart to thee. [Me; [Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.
Queen Margaret.
Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you! Heart’s discontent, and sour affliction, Be playfellows to keep you company! There’s two of you; the devil make a third, And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps! Suffolk.
Cease, gentle queen, these excursions, And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Queen Margaret.

Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch! Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suffolk.

A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, I would invent as bitter-searching terms, As curses as harsh, and horrible to hear, Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many signs of deadly hate, As lean-fac'd Eury in her loathsome cave. My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten frit; 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! Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiepest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings!

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen Margaret.

Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass, Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,

And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suffolk.

You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave? Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top,

Where biting cold would never let grass grow, And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen Margaret.

O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy 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 thy hand,

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banish'd myself;

And banish'd 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,

Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

Suffolk.

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, worth thou henceto,

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 where thou art not, desolation,

I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queen Margaret.

Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

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.
Sometimes he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whimpers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen Margaret.

Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit 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.

[Is coming:

Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st,

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suffolk.

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 cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

So shouldst thou either turn my dying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd 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, befall what may befal.

Queen Margaret.

Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound. [thee;

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suffolk.

I go.

Queen Margaret.

And take my heart with thee.

Suffolk.

A jewel, lock'd in the woeful'st cask

That ever did contain a thing of worth,

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:

This way fall I to death.

Queen Margaret.

This way for me. [Exeunt, sorrowfully.


Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

King Henry.

How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal.
SECOND PART OF
Act iii. Sc. iii.

Cardinal.
If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure.

King Henry.
Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick.
Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Cardinal.
Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wher'e they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright.
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I sought of him.

King Henry.
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.

Warwick.
See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Salisbury.
Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

King Henry.
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, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
him!

Warwick.
So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King Henry.
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 Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk,
disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Captain.
The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud howling wolves arouse the Jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our pride;
For whilst our pinace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolor'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.

First Gentleman.
What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Master.
A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate.
And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Captain.
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 lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

First Gentleman.
I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Second Gentleman.
And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitmore.
I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And, therefore, to revenge it shal I shew:
[To Suffolk.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Captain.
Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suffolk.
Look on my George! I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whitmore.
And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suffolk.
Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is
A cunning man did calculate my birth, [death.
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sound'd.

Whitmore.
Gaultier, or Walter, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms from forth, and deafe'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[Exeunt on Suffolk.

Suffolk.
Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whitmore.
The duke of Suffolk muflied up in rags!

Suffolk.
Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Captain.
But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suffolk.
Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kisst thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head:
How often hast thou waited at my cup, [board,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee creft-fall'n;

Ay,
Ay, and allay this thy abhorrite pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth,
This hand of mine hath wrat in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whitmore.

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Captain.

First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suffolk.

Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suffolk.

Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Yes, Poole.

Suffolk.

Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the sliver 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'st at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall kiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the bags 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, overgo'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
As hating thee, are rising up in arms: [vain,
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,
—Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—Invicta nubibus.
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.

Whitmore.

Poole.

Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suffolk.

Pecunia rediviva timor occupat artus:—it is thee I fear.

Whitmore.

Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

Suffolk.

What I are ye daunted now! now will ye stoope?

First Gentleman.

My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suffolk.

Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
For be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees 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 can I bear, than you dare execute.

Poole.

Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suffolk.

Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman swordsman and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tullty; Brussis bastard hand
Stabb'd Julia Caesar; savage Hiders
Dummore the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Suffolk, with Whitmore, and others.

Captain.

And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's Body.

Whitmore.

There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it.

[Exit.

First Gentleman.

O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the Body.

SCENE II. Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

George.

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.

George.

I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a
new nap upon it.

John.

So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I
say, it was never merry world in England, since
gentlemen came up.

George.

O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
handicrafts-men.

John.

The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons.

Whitmore.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>George.</th>
<th>Dick.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nay more; the king's counsel are no good workmen.</td>
<td>No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [Aside.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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 we be magistrates.</td>
<td>Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.</td>
<td>Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [Aside.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the Tanner of Wingham.</td>
<td>Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt 'tis the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.</td>
<td>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 paifrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Dick, the butcher.</td>
<td>All. God save your majesty!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.</td>
<td>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 agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Smith, the weaver.</td>
<td>Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argo, their thread of life is spun.</td>
<td>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 I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, come; let's fall in with them.</td>
<td>Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and others in great number.</td>
<td>Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—</td>
<td>O monstrous!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.</td>
<td>Cade. We took him setting of boys' copies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.</td>
<td>Smith. Here's a villain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silence!</td>
<td>H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My father was a Mortimer,—</td>
<td>Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.</td>
<td>Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court hand.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My mother a Plantagenet,—</td>
<td>Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife. [Aside.]</td>
<td>Clerk. Emmanucl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My wife descended of the Lacies,—</td>
<td>Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.</td>
<td>Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.</td>
<td>Clerk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cade. Valiant I am.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith. 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant. [Aside.]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cade. I am able to endure much.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
KING HENRY VI.

ACT IV. SC. III.

Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

Away with him, I say I hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Where's our general?

Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.

He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

No.

To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently.

Rise up, sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:
Home to your cottages, forsake this grooms.

But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearmen, art thou not?

And Adam was a gardener.

William Stafford.

And what of that?

Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Ay, sir.

By her he had two children at one birth.

That's false.

Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer: when he came to age.

Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer: when he came to age.

Son am I: deny it, if you can.

Cade.

Nay, 'tis too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
And the bricks are alive at this day to testify it:
Therefore, deny it not.

And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye gone.

Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

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 boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Nay, answer if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

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 doors.—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords and Forces.

And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

They are all in order, and march toward us.

But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march I forward!

SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
SECOND PART OF

Here, sir.

Dick. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore, thus will I reward thee. — The Lord shall be as long again as 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' 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 jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a Supplication: the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say with him: at a distance, Queen Margaret, mourning over Suffolk's Head.

Queen Margaret. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, And makes it fearful and degenerate; Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep, and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast; But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buckingham. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King Henry. 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 parley with Jack Cade their general. — But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen Margaret. Ah, barbarous villain! — hath this lovely face Ru'ld like a wandering planet over me, And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same?

Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head. —

King Henry. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

Cade. How now, madam? Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death? I fear me, love, if that I had been dead, [me. Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for

Queen Margaret. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger. —

King Henry. What news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Messenger. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence' house, And calls your grace usurper openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is aragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death HATH given them heart and courage to proceed. All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

King Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buckingham. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth, Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen Margaret. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

King Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

Say. So might 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.

Second Messenger. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge: the Fly and forsake their houses. [citizens The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor: and they jointly swear, To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buckingham. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

King Henry. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen Margaret. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

King Henry. Farewell, my lord: [To Lord Say] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buckingham. Trust no body for fear you be betray'd.

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, walking on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Citizen. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor 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'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Cough, Fight for your king, your country, and your And so farewell, for I must hence again. [lives;

[Exeunt;

SCENE
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 pissing-conduit run nothing but claret 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.

Soldier.

Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. [They kill him.]

If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very 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, the 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 mans 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.]

Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [Aside.]

Dick.

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 blighting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [Aside.]

Cade.

And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

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.
Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck Those that I never saw, and struck them dead. George.

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 'em red again. Say.

Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes, Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. Cade.

Ye shall have a hemen cauldre, then, and the help of 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 have I offended most? Have I affronted wealth, or honour; speak? Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? Is my apparel sumpuous to behold? Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding, This breast from harbouring soul deceitful O, let me live! [thoughts. Cade.

I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleasing so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under 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 Cramer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither. All.

It shall be done. Say.

Ah, countrymen! If when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life. Cade.

Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some, with lord Say.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell. Dick.

My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills? Cade.

Marry, presently. All.

O brave! All.

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord Say and his Son-in-law. Cade.

But is not this brave?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these homes behind us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. —Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade, and all his Rabblemment. Cade.

Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.] What noise is this I hear? Dare any so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and Old Clifford, with Forces.

Buckingham.

Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb them.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clifford.

What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Filing up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All.

God save the king! God save the king! Cade.

What! Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your par- dons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in South- wark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so— God's curse 'light upon you all! All.

We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade. Clifford.

Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth, That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you? Methinks, already, in this civil broil, I see.
I see them lording it in London streets, Crying—Villaggio! unto all that meet. Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry, Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. To France, to France! and get what you have Spare England, for it is your native coast. [lost. Henry hath money, you are strong and manly: God on our side, doubt not of victory. All. 

A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford. 

Cade. 

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hailes them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. — In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit. 

Buckingham. 

What is he fled? go some, and follow him; And he, that brings his head unto the king, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.— [Exeunt some of them. Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt. 

SCENE IX. Kenilworth Castle. 

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the Terrace of the Castle. 

King Henry. 

Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne, And could command no more content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my cradle, But I was made a king, at nine months old: Was never subject long'd to be a king, As I do long and wish to be a subject. 

Enter Buckingham and Clifford. 

Buckingham. 

Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty! 

King Henry. 

Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong? Enter, below, a number of Cade's Followers, with Halterers about their Necks. 

Clifford. 

He's fle'd, my lord, and all his powers do yield, And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death. 

King Henry. 

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates, To entertain my vows of thanks and praise:— Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives, And show'd how well you love your prince and country: Continue still in this so good a mind, And Henry, though he be infortunate, Assure yourselves, will never be unkind: And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all, I do dismiss you to your several countries. All. God save the king! God save the king! 

Enter a Messenger. 

Messenger. 

Please it your grace to be advertised, 

The duke of York is newly come from Ireland, 
And with a puissant, and a mighty power Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes, Is marching hitherward in proud array; And still proclaimeth, as he comes along, His aims are only to remove from thee The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 

King Henry. 

Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distracted. 

Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest, Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate. But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd, And now is York in arms to second him. — I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him, And ask him, what's the reason of these arms? Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower:— And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither, Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 

Somerset. 

My lord, I'll yield myself to prison willingly, Or unto death to do my country good. 

King Henry. 

In any case, be not too rough in terms, For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language. 

Buckingham. 

I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal, As all things shall redound unto your good. 

King Henry. 

Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better: For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt. 

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden. 

Enter Cade. 

Cade. 

Fle on ambition! flè on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good; for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on. 

Enter Iden, with Servants. 

Iden. 

Lord! who would live tumulted in the court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance, my father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy. I seek not to wax great by others' waning; Or gather wealth I care not with what envy: Sufficeth that I have maintains my state, And sends the poor well pleased from my gate. 

Cade. 

Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part. 

Iden
Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. 
Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever
was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eaten no meat these five days; yes,
come thou and thy five men, and if I do not
leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God
I may never eat grass more.

Iden. 
Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface with me thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my flat;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. 
By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard.— Steel, if thou turn the edge,
or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines
of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech
Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to
hobnails. [They fight. Cade falls.] O! I am slain.
Famine, and no other, hath slain me:
let ten thousand devils come against me,
and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy
them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth
a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,
because the unconquered soul of Cade is red.

Iden. 
Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
judge?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. 
Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man,
and exhort all the world to be cowards: for I,
that never feared any, am vanquished by famine,
not by valour. [Dies.

Iden. 
How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge.
Die, dammed wretch the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I. I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[Exit, dragging out the body.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter York attended, with Drum and Colours; his Forces at some distance.

York. 
From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his
right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee
dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold;
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buckingham.

York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. 
Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greet-
ing,
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buckingham.

A messenger from Henry, our dreadliege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his
leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. 
Scarcely can I speak, my choler is so great.
O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king:
More like a king, more kindly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

Aside.

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,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buckingham.

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 is in the Tower.

York. 
Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buckingham.

Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. 
Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
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 sons, all my sons, As pledges of my salut 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.

Buckingham.
York, I commend this kind submission: We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, attended.

Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us, That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? York. In all submission and humility, York doth present himself unto your highness.

King Henry.
Then what intend these forces thou dost bring? York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence; And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade, Who since I heard to 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.

King Henry.
The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art O! let me view his visage being dead, [thou! That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him? Iden. I was, an’t like your majesty.

King Henry.
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.

Buckingham.
So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss, He were created knight for his good service.

King Henry.
Iden, kneel down: [He kneels] rise up a knight. We give thee for reward a thousand marks; And will, that thou henceforth attend us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, And never live but true unto his liege.

King Henry.
See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen: Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

Queen Margaret.
For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head, But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York.
How now! Is Somerset at liberty? [thoughts, Then, York, unloose long-imprison’d And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart. Shall I endure 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 govern and rule multitudes, Which dar’st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor. That head of thine doth not become a crown; Thy hand is made to grasp a Palmer’s staff, And not to grace an awful princely sceptre. That gold must round engrit 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 sceptre 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 rule.

Somerset. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York, Of capital treason ’gainst the king and crown. Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York.
Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of If they can brook I bow a knee to man? [these, Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [Exit an Attendant. I know, ere they will have me go to ward, They’ll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-

Queen Margaret.
Call hither Clifford; bid him come aman, To say, if that the bastard boys of York Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O! I blood-bespotted Neapolitan, Outcast of Naples, England’s bloody scourge, The sons of York, thy better’s 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 good.

Queen Margaret.
And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clifford.
Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [Kneels. York.
I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee? We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again; For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clifford. 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?

King Henry.
Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clifford.
He is a traitor: let him to the Tower, And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen Margaret.
He is arrested, but will not obey: His sons, he says, shall give their words for him. York.
Will you not, sons?

Edward.
Ay, noble father, if our words will serve. Richard.
And if words will not, then our weapons shall, Clifford.

York.
Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York.

Look 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 shakings of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Clifford.

Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Richard.

Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tall between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clifford.

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York.

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clifford.

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your- selves.

King Henry.

Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

Clifford.

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectators?
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where 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 wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Salisbury.

My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience, do repulse his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King Henry.

Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Salisbury.

I have.

King Henry.

Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Salisbury.

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,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
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?

Queen Margaret.

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King Henry.

Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York.

Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clifford.

The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

Warwick.

You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clifford.

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.

Warwick.

Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'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.

Clifford.

And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And treat it underfoot with all contempt.
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Young Clifford.

And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.'

Richard.

Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Young Clifford.

Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Richard.

If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. Saint Alban's."

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

Warwick.

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 the empty 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 lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

Warwick.

Of one or both of us the time is come.

York.

Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

Warwick.

Then, noble, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit Warwick.

Clifford.

What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York.

With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clifford.
Act V. Sc. III.

KING HENRY VI. 587

Clifford.

Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York.

So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clifford.

My soul and body on the action both I—
York.

A dreadful lay I—address thee instantly.

Clifford.

La fin couronne les œuvres.

[They fight, and Clifford falls and dies. York.]

Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter young Clifford.

Young Clifford.

Shame and confusion! All is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds [hell, Where it should guard. O war I thou son of
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O! let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together! Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particulars and petty sounds To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age.
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
'To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire; And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaim's,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[Taking up the Body.]
As did Eneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders; But then, Eneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, fighting; Somerset is killed.

Richard.

So, lie thou there;
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still;
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others, retreating.

Queen Margaret.

Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

King Henry.

Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Queen Margaret.

What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, [fly:
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[Alarum afar off.]
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 lovd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes
May readily be stopp'd. [made,

Enter young Clifford.

Young Clifford.

But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly we must; uncurable discomfit 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.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York.

Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
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.

Richard.

My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him not any further act:
[him;]
But still, where danger was, still there I met
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.

Salisbury.

Now, by my sword, 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 pleas'd 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 f'd,
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 says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

Warwick.

After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternal in all age to come:—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London
And more such days as these to us befall! [al:

[Exeunt.]
THIRD PART
OF
KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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,
Marquess of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Stafford,
Sir John Mortimer, \\ Uncle to the Duke of
Sir Hugh Mortimer, } York.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
Lord Rivers, Brother to Lady Grey. Sir Will-
liam Stanley. Sir John Montgomery. Sir
John Somerville. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor
of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Noble-
man. 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.

SCENE, during part of the Third Act, in
France; during the rest of the Play,
in England.

ACT I.


Warwick.

I WONDER how the king escap'd our hands.
York.

While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He silly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears 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.
King Henry.

Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

Warwick.

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 either we have broken in by force.

Norfolk.

We'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall die.

York.

Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

Warwick.

And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

WARWICK.

The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Richard.

Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

Warwick.

The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be 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.

Warwick.

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his balls.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.

Resolve thee Richard; claim the English crown.

WARWICK'S EXIT.

[They retire.]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.

King Henry.

My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state I 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 thine, lord Clifford, and you both have

Vow'd revenge, on him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Northumberland.

If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clifford.

The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

Westmoreland.

What shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

King Henry.

Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clifford.

Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, herein the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

Northumberland.

Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

King Henry.

Ah! I know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exeter.

But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

King Henry.

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 advance to the Duke.] Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:

I am thy sovereign.

York.

I am thine.

Exeter.

For shame I come down: he made thee duke

of York.

York.

'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exeter.

Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

Warwick.

Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown.

In following this usurping Henry.

Clifford.

Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

Warwick.

True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.

King Henry.

And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York.

It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

Warwick.

Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

Westmoreland.

He is both king and duke of Lancaster;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall main-

tain.

Warwick.

And Warwick shall dispute 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.

Northumberland.

Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

Westmoreland.

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.

Clifford.

Urge it no more; lest that instead of words

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death before I stir.

Warwick.

Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York.

Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

King
King Henry.
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.

Warwick.
Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

King Henry.
The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Richard.
You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edward.
Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

Montague.
Good brother, [To York.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Richard.
Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York.
Sons, peace!

Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.

Warwick.
Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

King Henry.
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 borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you,
My title's good, and better far than his. [Lords?

Warwick.
Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

King Henry.
Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York.
'Twas by rebellion against his king.

King Henry.
I know not what to say: my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York.
What then?

King Henry.
An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For 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 made him to resign his crown perforce.

Warwick.
Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exeter.
No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

King Henry.
Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exeter.
His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York.
Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exeter.
My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

King Henry.
All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

Northumberland.
Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warwick.
Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

Northumberland.
Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, [power,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and
Can set the duke up in despite of me. [proud,

Clifford.
King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

King Henry.
O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York.
Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

Warwick.
Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.

King Henry.
My lord of Warwick, hear but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York.
Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King Henry.
I am content; Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clifford.
What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

York.
What good is this to England, and himself?

Westmoreland.
Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clifford.
How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

Westmoreland.
I cannot stay to hear these articles.

Nor I.

Clifford.
Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

Westmoreland.
Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

Northumberland.
Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clifford.
In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and desp'ld!
[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.

Warwick.
KING HENRY VI.  
[SCENE II.  A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.]

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

Edward.  Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Richard.  No; I can better play the orator.

Montague.  I'll see the queen, whose looks bewray I'll steal away.

King Henry.  Exeter, so will I.  [Going.]

Queen Margaret.  Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

King Henry.  Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen Margaret.  Who can be patient in such extremities?  Ah, wretched man! I would I had died a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son.  
Seeming thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!  Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?  Hadst 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 have made that savage duke thine And disinherited thine only son.

Prince.  Father, you cannot disinherht me.  If you be king, why should not I succeed?

King Henry.  Pardon me, Margaret! — pardon me, sweet son:

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce'd

Queen Margaret.  Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?  [wretch!  I shame to hear thee speak.  Ah, timorous Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me, And given unto the house of York such head, As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it, but to make thy sepulchre, And creep into it far before thy time?  
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;  
Stern Fauconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;  
And yet shalt thou be safe?  such safety finds  
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.  
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that act;  
But thou prov'st 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 disinherited.  [colours,  
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,  
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. — Come, son, let's away:  
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

King Henry.  Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret.  Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

King Henry.  Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen Margaret.  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.

Queen Margaret.  Come, son; away! we may not linger thus.  
[Exeunt Queen Margaret, and the Prince.

King Henry.  Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.  
Revenge'd may she be 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 loss of those three lords torment's my  
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair. —  
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

Exeter.  And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.  
[Exeunt.}
Montague.

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?

Edward.

No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York.

About what?

Richard.

About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York.

Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Richard.

Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward.

Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
It will outrun you, father, in the end. [breathe,

York.

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edward.

But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Richard.

No; God forbid, your grace should be

York.

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Richard.

I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York.

Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Richard.

An oath 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.

Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
But that I seek occasion how to rise, [more,
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?

Messenger.

The queen, with all the northern ears and
Intend here to besiege you in your castle. [lords,
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 we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Montague.

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 army of the queen must to besiege us.

Sir John.

She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York.

What, with five thousand men?

Richard.

Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[At March afar off.

Edward.

I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York.

Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

[Great,

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?

[Alarums, Exeunt.

SCENE III. Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland.

Ah! whither shall I fly to scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clifford.

Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life,
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor.

And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clifford.

Soldiers, away with him.

Tutor.

Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.

Clifford.

How now is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rutland.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That
ACT IV. SCENE IV.

KING HENRY VI.

That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting 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 mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clifford.

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
Rutland.

Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clifford.

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,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of 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—

Rutland.

O! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clifford.

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rutland.

I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford.

Thy father hath.

Rutland.

But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith 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.

Clifford.

No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[Clifford stabs him.

Rutland.

Disjacent, laudis summa sit ista tua! [Dies.

Clifford.

Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

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 eager sea
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanc'd them,
[selvess
But this I know,—they have demean'd them-
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
And full as oft came Edward to my side, [out:
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt:
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of
ground!
And cried, "Ah, crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless 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 shun 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.

Northumberland.

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford.

Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York.

My ashes, 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 whate'er you can afflic't me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clifford.

So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York.

O, Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clifford.

I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Queen Margaret.

Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wraith makes me deaf: speak thou, Northumber

land.

Northumberland.

Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What value were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Clifford.

Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

Northumberland.

So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[York is taken prisoner.

York.

q q
York.
So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty; 
Sortrue men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

Northumberland.
What would your grace have done unto him now?

Queen Margaret.
Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland, 
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here, 
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms. 
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Northumberland.
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, 
And made a speechment of your high descent? 
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George? 
And where's that valiant crook-back prodyg, 
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice, 
Was wont to cheer his dad in miseries? 
[End?] 
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rut- 
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point 
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal. 
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly, 
I should lament thy miserable state. 
What, they dare to make me marry, York: 
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails, 
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death? 
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad! 
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance. 
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport: 
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
A crown for York! — and, lords, bow low to him. —
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on. —

[Putting a paper Crown on his Head]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king. 
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair; 
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet 
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? 
As I think me, you should not be king. 
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death, 
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory, 
And rob his temples of the diadem, 
Now in his life, against your holy oath? 
O! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable. —
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head! [dead. 
And whilst we breathe take time to do him 

Clifford.
That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen Margaret.
Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York.
She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France; 
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's 
How ill-beasemng is it in thy sex, [tooth, 
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull. 
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates? 
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging, 
Made impudent with use of evil deeds, 
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush; 
To tell thee whence thou canst, of whom der

York.
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless. 
Thy father bears the type of king: Naples, 
Of both the Siciis, and Jerusalem, 
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman. 
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult? 
It needs not, nor it boosts thee not, proud queen; 
Unless the adage must be verified. 
That beggars must be made run to their death. 
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud; 
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 government that makes them seem divine; 
The want thereof makes thee abominable. 
Thou art as opposite to every good, 
As the Antipodes are unto us, 
Or as the south to the septentrion. 
O, tiger's heart, wrap't in a woman's hide! 
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the 
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, [child, 
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexibele: 
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless. 
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish; 
[thys will: 
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast! 
For raging wind blows up incessant showers. 
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies, 
And every drop cries vengeance for his death, 
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

Northumberland.
Beshrew me, but his passions move me so, 
That hardly can 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 are more Inhuman, more inexorable, 
O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania. 
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears: 
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy; 
And I with tears do wash the blood away. 
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this; 
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears; 
Yes, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears, 
And say, — "Alas! it was a piteous 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 I — 
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your head!

Northumberland.
Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin, 
I should not, for my life, but weep with him, 
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen Margaret.
What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumber-
land? 
Think but upon the wrong he did us all, 
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clifford.
Here's for my oath; here's for my father's 
Think but upon the wrong he did us all, 
Clifford. 
And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. 

[Stabbing him.

York.
Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
ACT II. SC. I.

KING HENRY VI.

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My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

Queen Margaret.

Off with his head, and set it on York gates:

So York may overlook the town of York.

[Dies.]

Queen Margaret.

Now, Henry.

But, see,

And see,

And see,

So should,

See,

Notwithstanding join our power.

The bloody tidings of his good escape—

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Richard.

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 bear, 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 my warlike father:

Methinks, 'tis prize 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 the prime of youth,

Trimm'd like a younger, prancing to his love!

Edward.

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Richard.

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.

Edward.

'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field.

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our beams,

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

What'er it bores, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Richard.

Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell

Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edward.

O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

Warwick.

Ten days ago I dower'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post 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 flockes of friends,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the
Bearing the king in my behalf along: [queen,
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament, [sion.
Teaching King Edward oath, and your success-
Short t'ae to make,—we at Saint Alban's met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their plated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
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 night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I check'd them up with justice to 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, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edward.

Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-

Land?

Warwick.

Some six miles off the duke is with the sol-
diers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Richard.

'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit, [led:
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

Warwick.

Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand
Of mine
Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Richard.

I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troubled time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodiles in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.

Warwick.

Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting 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
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
Will all the friends that thou, brave earl of
March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, 'tis no task to London will we march,
And once again besride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry — Charge! upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Richard.

Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edward.

Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

Warwick.

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 borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for 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.

Richard.

Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to piece it, or to give thee mine.

Edward.

Then strike up, drums! — God, and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

Warwick.

How now! what news?

Messenger.

The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me;
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

Warwick.

Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away.

Exeunt.
King Henry.

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 infringing'd my vow.

Clifford.
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 bear 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 doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did dwell at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knelt 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 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 us'd 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 I make them your 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 grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away,
Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promises
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King Henry.

Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring 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 let 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!

Queen Margaret.

My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—Edward, kneel down.

King Henry.

Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight; [right.
And learn this lesson. — Draw thy sword in

Prince.

My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clifford.
Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

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.

Clifford.
I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen Margaret.

Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King Henry.

Why, that's my fortune, too; therefore I'll stay.

Northumberland.

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.

Edward.

Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen Margaret.

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Richard.

I am 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.

Clifford.

And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Richard.

Are you there, butcher?— O I cannot speak.

Clifford.

Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Richard.

'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clifford.

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Richard.

For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

Warwick.

What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen Margaret.

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.

Warwick.

Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clifford.

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

Warwick.
Warwick.
'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

Northumberland.
No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Richard.
Northumberland, I hold thee reverently. Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain The execution of my big-swoln heart. Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer. Clifford.
I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Richard.
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.

King Henry.
Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret.
Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King Henry.
I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privilèged to speak. Clifford.
My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here, Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Richard.
Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword. By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd, That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edward.
Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no? A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day, That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

Warwick.
If thou deny, their blood upon thy head; For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince.
If that be right, which Warwick says is right, There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Richard.
Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands; For, well I wit, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen Margaret.
But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam; But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided, As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Richard.
Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt, Whose father bears the title of a king, (As if a channel should be call'd the sea) Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraued, To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edward.
A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, To make this shameless callait know herself.— Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou, Although thy husband may be Menelaus; And ne'er was Agamemmon's brother wrong'd By that false woman, as this king by thee. His father liv'd in the heart of France, And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stooD; And, had he match'd according to his state, He might have kept that glory to this day; But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day, Even as that sunshine brew'd a shower for him, That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France, And heir'd sedition on his crown at home. For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride? Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept, And we, in pity of the gentle king, Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

George.
But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring, And that thy summer breas us no increase, We set the axe to thy usurping root: [selves, And though the edge hath something hit our- Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike, We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down, Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edward.
And in this resolution I defy thee; Not willing any longer conference, Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak. —Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave, And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen Margaret.
Stay, Edward.

Edward.
No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay: These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Field of Battle near Towton.
Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

Warwick.
Forsooth with toil, as runners with a race, I lay me down a little while to breathe; For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid, Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength, And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile. Enter Edward, running.

Edward.
Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death! For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

Warwick.
How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

George.
Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair: Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edward.
Bootsless is flight; they follow us with wings, And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Richard.
Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself? Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance; And, in the very pangs of death, he cried, Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, "Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!" So, underneath the belly of their steeds, That stal'n their fetlocks in his smoking blood, The noble gentleman gave up the ghost. Warwick.
Warwick.
Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wasting our losses, whiles our foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edward.
O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine,
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou settest up and pluckst down of kings;
Beseecching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul,—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Richard.
Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now weep with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

Warwick.
Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Yet let us all together to our troops
And give them leave to fly that will not stay
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympic games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope in this your瀏day,
Foreslow no longer; make we hence again.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The same. Another part of the Field.
Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.
Richard.
Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clifford.
Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland:
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death.
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire
And to execute the like upon thyself; [brother,
And, so, have at thee.
[They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.
Richard.
Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Another part of the Field.
Alarum. Enter King Henry.

King Henry.
This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
For'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
For'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometimes by death, sometimes preserved;
And then the now, one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquer'd;
So is the equal poised of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have child me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! If God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it was a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out diads quaintly, point by point.
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to pass the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my eyes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
Passed over to the end they were created.
Would boyle white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wanted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead Body.

Son.
Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that happily take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, how many such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pres'd by his master;
And, I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereav'd him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King Henry.
O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

Willes.
THIRD PART OF

Act II. Sc. v.

While lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, fear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in his arms.

Father.
Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see,—is this our soeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no! It is mine only son—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart—
Oh, pity, God, this miserable age!

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deathly quarrel daily doth beget—
Oh boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King Henry.
Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
Oh, that my death would stay these ruthless
Oh, pity! pity! gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son.
How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Father.
How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied?

King Henry.
How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Mistrink the king, and not be satisfied?

Son.
Was ever son so rude a father's death?

Father.
Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

King Henry.
Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son.
I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit, with the Body.

Father.
These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsessional wilt thy father be,
Man, for the loss of thee, having no more,
Thy burning car ne'er for all his valiant sons
I'll, I bear thee hence; and let them fight that
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[Exit, with the Body.

King Henry.
Sad-hearted men, much overcome with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince.
Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen Margaret.
Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exeter.
Away I for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I'll away before.

King Henry.
Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clifford.
Here burns my candle out: ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough confinements melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud 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 Phaeton! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
The air hath given me no power to curb thee;
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should,
Or as thy father, and his father, did.
[Do, Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten 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 doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

Bootless are plains, and curseless are my 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 deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[He falts.


Edward.
Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause.
[Looks.-
And smooths the frowns of war with peaceful
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gale.
Command an argosy to stem the waves. But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

Warwick. 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 wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans and dies.

Richard. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave? A deadly groan, like life and death's departing: See who it is.

Edward. And, now the battle's ended, If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Richard. Revok'd 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 sprout did sweetly spring; I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

Warwick. 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: Measure for measure must be used.

Edward. 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.

Warwick. 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 he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Richard. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth: 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit, Because he would avoid such bitter taunts Which in the time of death he gave our father.

George. If so thou think' st, vex him with eager words.

Richard. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edward. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

Warwick. Clifford! derive excuses for thy faults.

George. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Richard. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edward. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

George. Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?

Warwick. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.

Richard. 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 ral him, This hand should chop it off; and with the bleeding soil Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

Warwick. Ay, 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 be crowned England's royal king. From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to And ask the lady Bona for thy queen. [France, So shalt thou sinew both these lands together; And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not drear The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again; For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt, Yet look to have them bax, to offend thine ears. First, will I see the coronation, And then to Britain I'll cross the sea, To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edward. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be; For In thy shoulder do I build my seat, And never will I undertake the thing, Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. — Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster; — And George, of Clarence: — Warwick, as ourself, Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Richard. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster, For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

Warwick. Tutt! that's a foolish observation: Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London, To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Enter Two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

First Keeper. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves; For through this lawn anon the deer will come, And in this covert will we make our stand, Culling the principal of all the deer.

Second Keeper. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keeper. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow Will scare the herd, and so my shot 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 befel me on a day, In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Second Keeper. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

King Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love, To greet mine own land with my wishful sight. No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine; Thy
Third part of

Act III. Sc. i.

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar 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?

First Keeper.
Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the quondam king: let's seize upon him.

King Henry.
Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Second Keeper.
Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
First Keeper.
Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

King Henry.
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 oracle of words.
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be plied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
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 craveth aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is instal'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his client, smooths the wrong.
Inferreth 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.

Second Keeper.
Say, what art thou talkest of kings and queens?

King Henry.
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?

Second Keeper.
Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King Henry.
Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

Second Keeper.
But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

King Henry.
My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with a diamond, nor with Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

Second Keeper.
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.

King Henry.
But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Second Keeper.
No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

King Henry.
Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

Second Keeper.
Here in this country, where we now remain.

King Henry.
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?

First Keeper.
No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king.

King Henry.
Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men I 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 mind 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 be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

First Keeper.
We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

King Henry.
So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

First Keeper.
We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

King Henry.
In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield myself.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarnc, and Lady Grey.

King Edward.
Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His land 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 worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Gloster.
Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.

King Edward.
It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Gloster.
Yea; is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clarence.
He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Gloster.
[Aside.

Silence!

[Aside.

King
KING EDWARD.

Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

LADY GREY.

Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

GLOSTER.

He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

CLARENCE.

As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt.

LADY GREY.

Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

KING EDWARD.

An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

LADY GREY.

That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

KING EDWARD.

Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

LADY GREY.

I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

GLOSTER.

The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sey.

KING EDWARD.

But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

LADY GREY.

The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

KING EDWARD.

Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

LADY GREY.

My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:

THAT love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD.

No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

LADY GREY.

Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

KING EDWARD.

But now you partly may perceive my mind.

LADY GREY.

My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

KING EDWARD.

To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

LADY GREY.

To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

KING EDWARD.

Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

LADY GREY.

Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

KING EDWARD.

Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

LADY GREY.

Herein your highness wrongs both them and I,

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

KING EDWARD.

Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;

No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.

LADY GREY.

Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLOSTER.

The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[Aside.]

CLARENCE.
Clarence.

He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.

King Edward.

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. — [Aside.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen? Lady Grey.

'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: I am a subject fit to Jest withal, But far uisit to be a sovereign.

King Edward.

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.

Lady Grey.

And that is more than I will yield unto, I know, I am too mean to be your queen, And yet too good to be your concubine.

King Edward.

You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

Lady Grey.

'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

King Edward.

No more, than when my daughters call thee 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 sons. Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Gloster.

The ghostly father now hath done his shift. — [Aside.

Clarence.

When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. — [Aside.

King Edward.

Brothers, you muse what that we two have had.

Gloster.

The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

King Edward.

You'd think it strange if I should marry her. Clarence.

To whom, my lord?

King Edward.

Why, Clarence, to myself? Gloster.

That would be ten days' wonder, at the least. Clarence.

That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Gloster.

By so much is the wonder in extremes.

King Edward.

Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both, Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nobleman.

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken, And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

King Edward.

See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower: — And go we, brothers, to the man that took him, To question of his apprehension. — Widow, go you along.— Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Lord.

Gloster.

By, Edward will use women honourably. 'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring, To crown me from the golden time I look for! And yet, between my soul's desire, and me, The lustful Edward's title buried, Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, And all the unlock'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 promontory, And shapeth his legs of an unequal size; Wishing his foot were equal with his eye; And chides the sea that sunders him from thence, Saying— he'll lade it dry to have his way: So 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, Flattering me with impossibilities. — [much, My eye's too quick, my heart overweens too 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 world and looks. O miserable thought! and more unlikely, Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns. Why, love foreswore I in my mother's womb: And, for I should not deal in her soft laws. She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe To shrink mine arm up like a w Hither 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 to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp, That carries no impression like the dam. And am I, then, a man to be belov'd? O, what a huge fault, to harbour such a thought! Then, since this earth affords no joy to me, But to command, to check, to o'ertake such As are of better person than myself, I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown; And, whiles I live, I'll account this world 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 many lives stand between me and home: And I, like one lost in a thorny wood, [thorns, That rends the thorns, and is rent with the Seeking a way, and straying from the way, Not knowing how to find the open air, But toiling desperately to find it out, Torment myself to catch the English crown: And from that torment I will free myself, Or how my way out with a bloody axe? Why, I 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 mermaid shall, I'll slay more gazers than the battle! I'll play the orator as well as Nestor, Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could, And like a Sman take another Troy. I can add colours to the cameleon.
ACT III. SC. III.

KING HENRY VI.

Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

SCENE III. 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

King Lewis.
Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill bfits thy state,
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while
Lewis doth sit.

Queen Margaret.
No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve
Worthy kings command. 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.

King Lewis.
Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
despair?

Queen Margaret.
From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart's drown'd in
cares.

King Lewis.
Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.

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 call yield relief.

Queen Margaret.
Those gracious words revive my drooping
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 seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fall us all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers were both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

King Lewis.
Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen Margaret.
The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

King Lewis.
The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen Margaret.
O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, attended.

King Lewis.
What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen Margaret.
Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend

King Lewis.
Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee

to France?

[He departs. Queen Margaret rises.

Queen Margaret.
Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

Warwick.
From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness, and unseign'd love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen Margaret.
If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

Warwick.
And, gracious madam, [To Bona.] In our king's 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 fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen Margaret.
King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
[love, 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 marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

Warwick.
Injurious Margaret!

Prince.
And why not queen?

Warwick.
Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxford.
Then 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 wisest;
And after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

Warwick.
Oxford, how haps 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
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree [that.
Of three-score and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxford.

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
Warwick.

Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! I leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxford.

Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubry 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; whilst life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
Warwick.

And I the house of York.

King Lewis.

Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.
Queen Margaret.

Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[They stand aloof.

King Lewis.

Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
Warwick.

Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.
King Lewis.

But is he gracious in the people's eye?
Warwick.

The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
King Lewis.

Then farther! all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
Warwick.

Such it seems,
As may besee 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 and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain, [sun
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
King Lewis.

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona.

Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, [To Warwick.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
King Lewis.

Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be Edward's:
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
[pois'd, —
Which with her dowry shall be counter-
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.
Queen Margaret.

Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
King Lewis.

And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if thy title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
Warwick.

Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than
France.

Queen Margaret.

Peace! Impudent and shameless Warwick.
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings;
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Born full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love:
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[A horn sounded within.

King Lewis.

Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.
Enter the Post.

Post.

My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I
know not. [They all read their letters.

Oxford.

I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at
his.

Prince.

Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were
I hope all's for the best. [nettled:
King Lewis.

Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
Fair queen? —

Queen Margaret.

Mine, such as fill my heart with unhapp'd joys.

Warwick.

Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

King Lewis.

What! has your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen Margaret.

I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

Warwick.

King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear 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 th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guardian at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here
I here renounce him, and return to Henry. My noble queen, let former grudges pass, And henceforth I am thy true servitor. I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona, And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen Margaret.

Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love; And I forgive and quite forget old faults, And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

Warwick.

So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend, That if King Lewis vouchsafe 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 matching more for wanton lust than honour, Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona.

Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd, But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Queen Margaret.

Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live, Unless thou rescue him from fuel despair?

Bona.

My quarral, and this English queen's, are one.

Warwick.

And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

King Lewis.

And mine, with hers, and thine, and Mar-Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd, [garet's. You shall have aid.

Queen Margaret.

Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

King Lewis.

Then, England's messenger, return in post; And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over maskers, To revel it with him and his new bride; Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona.

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen Margaret.

Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside, And I am ready to put armour on.

Warwick.

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore I'll uncrown him ere' t be long, There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Post.

King Lewis.

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, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt; What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

Warwick.

This shall assure my constant loyalty: That our queen and this young prince agree, I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy, To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen Margaret.

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.

King Lewis.

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. [Exeunt all but Warwick.

Warwick.

I came from Edward as ambassador, But I return his sworn and mortal foe; Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me, But dreadful war shall answer his demand. Had he none else to make a stale but me? Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow. I was the chief that rais'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.


Gloster.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you Of this new marriage with the lady Grey? Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clarence.

Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France; How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Somerset.

My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended: Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings.

Gloster.

And his well-chosen bride.

Clarence.

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King Edward.

Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice, That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clarence.

As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick; Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment, That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

King Edward.

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.

Gloster.

And you shall have your will, because our king; Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
King Edward.

Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glover.

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.

King Edward.

Setting your scrums, and your dislike, 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.

Clarence.

Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis Becomes your enemy, for mocking him About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glover.

And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge, Is now dishonour'd by this new marriage.

King Edward.

What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd By such invention as I can devise?

Montague.

Yet to have John'd with France in such alliance, Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth 'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hastings.

Why, knows not Montague, that of itself England is safe, if true within itself?

Montague.

But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hastings.

'Tis 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 help's only defend ourselves: In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clarence.

For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves To have the heir of the lord Hunsford.

King Edward.

Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant; And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glover.

And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well, To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride: She better would have fitted me, or Clarence; But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clarence.

Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir Of the lord Bona, on your new wife's son, And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

King Edward.

Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife, That thou art discontent? I will provide thee.

Clarence.

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.

King Edward.

Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king, And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Queen Elizabeth.

My lords, before it pleas'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 cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

King Edward.

My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns. What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend, And that true Edward, whom they might 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.

Glover.

I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [Aside.

Enter a Messenger.

King Edward.

Now, messenger, what letters, or what news, From France?

Messagger.

My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

King Edward.

Go to, 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? Messenger.

At my depart these were his very words:— "Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over maskers, To reveal it with him and his new bride." King Edward.

Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry, But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Messagger.

These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:— "Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the widow garland for his sake." King Edward.

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.

Messagger.

"Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done, And I am ready to put armour on."

King Edward.

Belike she minds to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Messagger.

He, more incensed against your majesty Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:— "Tell him from me, that he hath done me And therefore I'll uncrown him er't be long."

King Edward.

Ha! durst the traitor breathe so proud words? Well, I will arm me, being thus forwarn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Messagger.
Messer. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship, daughter. That young prince Edward marries Warwick's Clarence. Belike, 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, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself. — You, that love me and Warwick, follow me. [Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

Gloster. Not I. My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside.]

King Edward Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick! Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen, And haste is needless 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 straight follow you. But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague, Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest, Are near 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; But, if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow, That I may never have you in suspect. Montague. So God help Montague as he proves true! Hastings. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause! King Edward. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us? Gloster. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you. King Edward. 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. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Plain in Warwickshire. Enter Warwick and Oxford with French and other Forces. Warwick. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto 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? Clarence. Fear not that, my lord. Warwick. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto War- rick. And welcome, Somerset—I hold it cowardice, To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath p'rdn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother, Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine. And now what rests, but in night's coverture, Thy brother being carelessly 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 Diomedes, With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, And brought from hence the Thracian fatal seeds; So we, well covered with the night's black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward's guard, And seize himself; I say not slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him.— You, that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud 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. First Watchman. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand; The king by this is set him down to sleep. Second Watchman. What, will he not to bed? First Watchman. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow Never to lie and take his natural rest, Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd. Second Watchman. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day, If Warwick be so near as men report. Third Watchman. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that, That with the king here resteth in his tent? First Watchman. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend. Third Watchman. O l is it so? But why commands the king, That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, While he himself keeps in the cold field? Second Watchman. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. Third Watchman. Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dangerous honour. If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him. First Watchman. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. Second Watchman. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent, But to defend his person from night-foes? Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces. Warwick. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard. Courage, my masters! honour now, or never! But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. First Watchman. Who goes there?
Second Watchman.

Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.]

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter Warwick, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gown, sitting in a Chair: Gloster and Hastings fly over the stage.

Somerset.

What are they that fly there?

Warwick.

Richard, and Hastings; let them go; here's the duke.

King Edward.

The duke! why, Warwick when we parted, Thou call'dst me king! [last,

Warwick.

Ay, but the case is alter'd: When you disgrac'd me in my embassade, Then I degraded you from being king, And come now to create you duke of York. Alas! how should you govern any kingdom, That know not how to use ambassadors, Nor how to be contented with one wife, Nor how to use your brothers brotherly, Nor how to study for the people's welfare, Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

King Edward.

Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too? Nay then, I see that Edward needs must down.—Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, Of thee thyself, and all thy complices, Edward will always bear himself as king: Though fortune's malice overthrew my state, My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Warwick.

Then, for his mind be Edward England's king: [Takes off his Crown. But Henry now shall wear the English crown, And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—My lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd Unto my brother, archbishop of York. When I have fought with Pembroke and his fel. I'll follow you, and tell what answer [Towa, Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him: — Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.

King Edward.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide: It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [Exit King Edward, let out; Somerset with him.

Oxford.

What now remains, my lords, for us to do, But march to London with our soldiers?

Warwick.

Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do; To free king Henry from imprisonment, And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Rivers.

Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen Elizabeth.

Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn, What late misfortune is befallen the king Edward?

Rivers.

What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen Elizabeth.

No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Rivers.

Then, is my sovereign slain?

Queen Elizabeth.

Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner; Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares: And, as I further have to understand, Is new committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Rivers.

These news, I must confess, are full of grief; Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may: Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen Elizabeth.

Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay; And I the rather wean me from despair, For love of Edward's offspring in my womb: This is it that makes me bride passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs, Last with my sighs or tears I blast or drown King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Rivers.

But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen Elizabeth.

I am informed, that he comes towards Lon-
don.

To set the crown once more on Henry's head. Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down:

But to prevent the tyrant's violence, (For trust not him that hath once broken faith) I'll henceforth with unto the sanctuary, To save at least the heir of Edward's right: There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud. Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly: If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Gloster.

Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley.

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiepest thicket of the park. [brother, Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands He hath good usage and great liberty, And often, but attended with weak guard, Comes hunting this way to dispot himself. I have advis'd him by secret means, That if about this hour he make this way, Under the colour of his usual game, He shall here find his friends, with horse and men, To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Huntsman.

This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

King
KING EDWARD.

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?

Brother, the time and case requireth haste: Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

KING EDWARD.

But whither shall we then?

HASTINGS.

Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD.

Stanley, I will require thy forwardness.

GLOSTER.

But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

KING EDWARD.

Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Huntsman.

Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

GLOSTER.

Come then; away! let's have no more ado.

KING EDWARD.

Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown, And pray that I may repose the 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.

KING HENRY.

Master lieutenants, 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? Lieutenant.

Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove- But if an humble prayer may prevail, [reigns; I then crave pardon of your majesty.

KING HENRY.

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 Conceive, when, after many moody 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 chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee; 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 punished with my threatening stars, Warwick, although my head still wear the crown, I here resign my government to thee, For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WARWICK.

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

CLARENCE.

No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway, To whom the heavens in thy nativity Adjurg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown, As likely to be blest in peace, and war; And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

WARWICK.

And I choose Clarence only for protector.

KING HENRY.

WARWICK, and Clarence, give me both your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your That no dissension hinder government: [hearts, 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.

WARWICK.

What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

CLARENCE.

That he consents, if Warwick yield consent; For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WARWICK.

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 more than needful, Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor, And all his lands and goods confiscate.

CLARENCE.

What else? and that succession be determin'd.

WARWICK.

Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

KING HENRY.

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, Be sent for to return from France with speed; For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclipse'd.

CLARENCE.

It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

KING HENRY.

My lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOMERSET.

My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

KING HENRY.

Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers Lay his hand on his head. Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts. This pretty laid 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 sceptre; 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.

WARWICK.

What news, my friend?

MESSAGER.

That Edward is escaped from your brother. And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
Warwick. 'Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Message. 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.

Warwick. 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, Warwick, Clarence, Lieutenant, and Attendants.

Somerset. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's, For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help, And we shall have more wars, before't be long. As Henry's late presaging prophecy [mourn. 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, Forthwith we'll send him hence to Bridyarn, Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxford. Ay; for if Edward reposest the crown, 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Somerset. It shall be so: he shall to Britannia, Come therefore; let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Forces.

King Edward. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends, [rest, And says that once more I shall interchange My waned state 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 Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York, But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Gloster. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this, For many men, that at the threshold, Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

King Edward. Tush, man! abominations must not now affright By fair or foul means we must enter in, [us: For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hastings. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming, And shut the gates for safety of ourselves; For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

King Edward. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord: I know you for no less.

King Edward. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom, As being well content with that alone.

Gloster. But when the fox hath once got in his nose, He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.

Hastings. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt? Open the gates: we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [Exeunt from above.

Gloster. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hastings. The good old man would fain that all were well, So 'twere 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.

King Edward. So, master mayor: these gates must not be Rut in the night, or in the time of war. [shut, What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys.

[ Takes his Keys. For Edward will defend the town, and thec, And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, and Forces.

Gloster. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

King Edward. Welcome, sir John; but why come you in arms?

Montgomery. To help king Edward in his time of storm, As every loyal subject ought to do.

King Edward. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget Our title to the crown, and only claim Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Montgomery. 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. [A March begun.

King Edward. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate, By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montgomery. 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 shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Gloster. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

King Edward. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim: Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hastings. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Gloster. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns. Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand: The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

King Edward. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montgomery. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself, And now will I be Edward's champion. 

Hastings.
Hastings.

Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[Give him a paper. Flourish.

Soldier. [Reads.

"Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

Montgomery.

And whoso'er gainseas king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his Gauntlet.

All.

Long live Edward the fourth!

King Edward.

Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's hartour 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, froward Clarence! how evil it be seemeth thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we meet, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

K. HENRY.

SCENE VIII. London. A Room in the Palace.


Warwick.

What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
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.

King Henry.

Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clarence.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

Warwick.

In Warwickshire, I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I mustert up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou commandst:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Diana 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.

King Henry.

Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clarence.

In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. HENRY.

Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Montague.

Comfort, my lord:—and so I take my leave.

Oxford.

And thus [Kissing Henry's hand] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

King Henry.

Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

Warwick.

Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.

King Henry.

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 encounter mine.

Exeter.

The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King Henry.

That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath alay'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, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawn upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exeuter.

Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

King Edward.

Seize on the shame-face'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us 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 bitting mars our hop'd-for hay.

Gloster.

Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
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.

Warwick.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Messenger.

By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

Warwick.

How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Messenger.

By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

Warwick.

Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerville.

At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

Drum heard.

Warwick.

Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerville.

It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

Warwick.

Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerville.

They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Forces.

King Edward.

Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Gloster.

See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

Warwick.

O, unblin' splice! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

King Edward.

Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

Warwick.

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 remain the duke of York.

Gloster.

I thought, at least, he would have said the
Or did he make the jest against his will? [king;

Warwick.

Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Gloster.

Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

Warwick.

'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

King Edward.

Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

Warwick.

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakening, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

King Edward.

But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;
What is the body, when the head is off?

Gloster.

Alas, I that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was silly 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.

King Edward.

'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Gloster.

Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

Warwick.

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.

King Edward.

Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy 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.

Warwick.

O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

Oxford.

Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[Oxford and his Forces enter the City.

Gloster.

The gates are open, let us enter too.

King Edward.

So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

Warwick.

If I welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Montague.

Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[He and his Forces enter the City.

Gloster.

Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

King Edward.

The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Somerset.

Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[He and his Forces enter the City.

Gloster.

Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
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.
Warwick.
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.—
[Gloster and Clarence whisper.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clarence.
KING.
Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[Ending the red Rose out of his Hat.
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruminate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lim his stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, 'trow'st thou,
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 oath:
To keep that oath, were more impious
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrifice'd 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, where'soe'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 on my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING.
Now welcome more, and ten times more be lov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Gloster.
Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.
Warwick.
O passing traitor, perjurd, and unjust!
KING.
What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
And fight for me? Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
Warwick.
Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darst.

KING.
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.
KING.
So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[Exit.
Warwick.
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 Jove's spreading tree,
[wind.
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black well,
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 lik'd oft to kingy sepulchers;
For who liv'd, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his bow?
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.
Oxford.
Ah, Warwick, Warwick! went thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a psient power;
[thou fly! Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst
Warwick.
Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague! If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not: for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That guses my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Somerset.
Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick, And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother, and let him, and more he would have said; and more he 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 his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves:
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Dies.

Oxford.
Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[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.
KING.
Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are gaud'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easy Western bed:
For near, and those powers, that the queen Hath rais'd in Galilee, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clarence.
Clarence.
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.

Gloster.
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.

King Edward.
We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-

SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Ed-
ward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen Margaret.
Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wall their
loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half of our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: 'tis 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;
Whereas in his man the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were this.
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goody mast? [Lungs?
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
And, though unskillful, 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 fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
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 threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the
brothers, [rocks.
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and
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.
Lost, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxford.
Women and children, of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual
shame.
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Somerset.
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.

Queen Margaret.
Thanks, gentle Somerset: sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince.
And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.
Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxford.
I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Somerset.
But he's decid'ld: we are in readiness.

Queen Margaret.
This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxford.
Here pitch our battle; hence we will not
budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward,
Clarence, Gloster, and Forces.

King Edward.
Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,
[strength,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your
Must by the roots 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.

Queen Margaret.
Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say,
My tears gainsay: for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your
sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes 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 Re-
trust. Then enter King Edward, Clarence,
Gloster, and Forces; with Queen Margaret,

King Edward.
Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammers' castle straight:
For
HENRY 8 PART 2.

Act 5. Sc. 5.
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| For Somerset, off with his guilty head. Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak. Oxford. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. Somerset. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune. [Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded. Queen Margaret. So part we sadly in this troublous world, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. King Edward. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward Shall have a high reward, and he his life? Gloster. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes. Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward. King Edward. 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 all the trouble 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 propose the selfsame words to thee, Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to. Queen Margaret. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd! Gloster. That you might still have worn the petticoat, And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster. Prince. Let Esop fable in a winter's night; His currish riddles sort not with this place. Gloster. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word. Queen Margaret. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men. Gloster. For God's sake, take away this captive scold. Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather. King Edward. Peace! wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue. Clarence. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert. Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful. Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George, And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all, I am your better, traitors as ye are;— And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine. King Edward. Take that, the likeness of this raller here. [Stabs him. Gloster. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Gloster stabs him. Clarence. And there's for twitting me for perjury. [Clarence stabs him. Queen Margaret. O, kill me too! Gloster. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her. | Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much. Gloster. Why should she live, to fill the world with words? King Edward. What I doth she sworn? use means for her recovery. Gloster. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother. I'll hence to London on a serious matter: Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news. Clarence. What? what? Gloster. The Tower! the Tower! [Exit. Queen Margaret. O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy: [derers!— Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! mur- 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, an if I speak; And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.— Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals! How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd! You have no children, butchers! if you had, The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse: But, if you ever chance to have a child, Look in his youth to have him so cut off, As, deathsmen, you have ridd this sweet young prince. King Edward. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforse. Queen Margaret. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here; Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death. What!— wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou. Clarence. By heaven I will not do thee so much ease. Queen Margaret. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it. Clarence. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it? Queen Margaret. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself: 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity. What wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher, Richard, [thou? Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'tst back. King Edward. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence. Queen Margaret. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince. [Exit. King Edward. Where's Richard gone? Clarence. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
That night, a star fell in abiding, luckless time;
Dog's howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy tongue out-sift more than a mother's hope:
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born.]
[born. Teeth hadst thou in thy head, with thou wast
to signify, thou cam'st to bite the world;
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Gloster.
I'll hear no more; Die, prophet, in thy speech:
[Stabs him.]
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

King Henry.
Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God, forgive my sins, and pardon these.

[Dies.]

Gloster.
What I wish the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
[death!]
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our
If any spark of life be yet remanent, I hope it—
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.]
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
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 us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
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, how keep'st thou the light 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.

[Exit with the body.]

SCENE VII. 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.
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers 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 footstool of security—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy—
Young 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.

Gloster.
I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back—
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

King Edward.
Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clarence.
The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
Edward, Prince of Wales; 3 Sons to the King.
Richard, Duke of York; 3 Brothers to the Richard, Duke of Gloster; 3 King.
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, Earl of Richmond.
John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk; Earl of Surrey, his Son.
Earl Rivers, Brother to King Edward's Queen; Marquess of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her Sons.
Lord Stanley. Lord Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratchiff.
Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower. Christopher Urswick, a Priest. Another Priest.
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.
A young Daughter of Clarence.
Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Street.
Enter Gloster.

Gloster.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
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,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Chest'd of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and un fashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time, Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a 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
That waits upon your grace? [guard, Clarence.]""
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SC. I.

Hastings.

He is.

Gloster.

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. I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments; And, if I fall not to my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live: [mercifully. Which done, God take king Edward to his And leave the world for me to bustle in, For then I'll marry Warwicke's youngest daughter. [father? What though I kill her husband, and her The readiest way to make the wench amends, Is to become her husband, and her father: The which will I: not all so much for love, As for another secret close intent, By marrying her which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns. When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. Another Street.

Enter the Corps 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, Whilst I a while obsequiously lament Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.— Poor key-cold figure of a holy king; Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster! Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood! Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost, To hear the lamentations of poor Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, Stabb'd by the selfsame 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 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 makes us wretched by the death of thee, Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever he have child, abortive be it. Prodigious, and untimely brought to light, Whose ugly and unnatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view; And that he bear to his unhappiness! If ever he have wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of him, Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!— Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load, Taken from Paul's to be interred there; And still, as you are weary of this weight, Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse. [The Bearers take up the Corpse and ad-vance.

Enter Gloster.

Gloster.

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

Anne.

What black magician conjures up this fiend, To stop devoted charitable deeds? [Gloster.

Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint I'll make a corse of him that disobeys. [Paul, First Gentleman. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass. Gloster. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I com-mand: 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 I 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. Gloster. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt. Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not; For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Fill'd it with cursing eres, and deep exclamns. If thou delight to view thy behous deceas, Behold this pattern of thy butchers.— O, gentlemen I see, see! dead Henry's wounds Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh! — Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity, For 'tis thy presence that excites this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural. [dewells: Provokes this deluge most unnatural.— O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death! O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his Either, heaven, with lightning strike the mur-derer dead, Or, earth, gap open wide, and eat him quick, As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood, Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd! Gloster. Lady, you know no rules of charity, [curse. Which renders good for bad, blessings for Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man: No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity. Gloster. But I know none, and therefore am no beast. Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth! Gloster. 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. Gloster. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me Some patient leisure to excuse myself. [have Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst No excuse current, but to hang thyself. [make Gloster.
Gloster.  
By such despair, I should accuse myself.  
Anne.  
And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excuses'ed;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.  
Gloster.  
Say, that I slew them not?  
Anne.  
Then say they were not slain:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.  
Gloster.  
I did not kill your husband.  
Anne.  
Why, then he is alive.  
Gloster.  
Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.  
Anne.  
In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret  
saw  
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.  
Gloster.  
I was provoked by her slander'trous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.  
Anne.  
Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamst on aught but butcheries.  
Dost thou not kill this king?  
Gloster.  
I grant ye.  
Anne.  
Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant  
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!  
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.  
Gloster.  
The fitter for the King of heaven that hath  
him.  
Anne.  
He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.  
Gloster.  
Let him thank me, that help to send him  
thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.  
Anne.  
And thou unist for any place but hell.  
Gloster.  
Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name  
it.  
Anne.  
Some dungeon.  
Gloster.  
Your bed-chamber.  
Anne.  
I'll rest beside the chamber where thou liest.  
Gloster.  
So will it, madam, till I lie with you.  
Anne.  
I hope so.  
Gloster.  
I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall something into a slower method; —  
is not the cause of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?
KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. ii.

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Not when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhal,
Thy beauty bath, and made them blind with
I never sued to friend, nor enemy; [weeping.
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
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 adorsethee,
I will noterd to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his breast open: she offers at it
And 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
Edward;—
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

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

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

Anne.
I have already.

Gloster.
That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne.
I would, I knew thy heart.

Gloster.
'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne.
I fear me, both are false.

Gloster.
Then, never man was true.

Anne.
Well, well, put up your sword.

Gloster.
Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne.
That shalt thou know hereafter.

Gloster.
But shall I live in hope?

Anne.
All men, I hope, live so.

Gloster.
Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne.
To take is not to give.

[She puts on the ring.

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

Anne.
What is it?

Gloster.
That it may please you these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place.
Where (after I have solemnly inter'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears),
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne.
With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see against be so penitent.—
Tressell, and Berkley, go along with me.

Gloster.
Bid me farewell.

Anne.
'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressell, and Berkley.

Gentleman.
Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Gloster.
No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[Exeunt the rest with the Corse.

Was ever woman in this humour wo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars
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 I
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 afford:
And will she yet abuse her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
And make her widow to a woful bed? [prince,
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a 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
SCENE III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Have patience, madam: there's no doubt, his majesty will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Queen Elizabeth.

In that youbrook it ill, it makeshim worse: Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort, and cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen Elizabeth.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Queen Elizabeth.

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Queen Elizabeth.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

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

Rivers.

Is it concluded, he shall be protector? Queen Elizabeth.

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

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham.

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham.

Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stanley.

God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen Elizabeth.

The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley, To your good prayer will scarcely say amen. Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd, I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley.

I do beseech you, either not believe The envious slander of her false accusers: Or, if she be accus'd on true report, [ceeds Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro- From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice. Queen Elizabeth.

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

Stanley.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buckingham.

Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen Elizabeth.

God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buckingham.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

Would all were well!—But that will never be: I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.

Gloster.

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

Grey.

To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Gloster.

Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter. The king, on his own royal disposition, And not provoked by any suitor else, Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, That in your outward action shows itself, Against my children, brothers, and myself, Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it. Gloster.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

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

Gloster.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

By him that rais'd me to this careful height From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, I never did incense his majesty Against the duke of Clarence; but have been An earnest advocate to plead for him. My lord, you do me shameful injury, Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects. Gloster.

You may deny, that you were not the mean Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Rivers.

She may, my lord; for—

Gloster.
Gloster.
She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not she may do more, sir, than denying that: [so?] she may help you to many fair perfumes; and then deny her alding hand therein, and lay those honours on your high desert. What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she—

Rivers.
What, marry, may she?

Gloster.
What, marry, may she? marry with a king. A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too. I wis, your grandam had a worse match.

Queen Elizabeth.
My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne your blunt upibradding, and your bitter scoffs: By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty, of those gross taunts that oft I have endured. I had rather be a country serving-maid, than a great queen, with this condition—To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at: Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Queen Margaret.
And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me. [him! Gloster.

What! threat me you 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.

Queen Margaret.
Out, devil! I do remember them too well; Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower, and Edward, my poor son, at Twosbury.

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

Queen Margaret.
Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

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

Queen Margaret.
A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.

Gloster.
Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick, Ay, and foresaw himself,—which Jessup pardon!—

Queen Margaret.
Which God revenge?

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

Queen Margaret.
He thee to hell for shame, and leave this world, Thou cacodaemon! there thy kingdom is.

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

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

Queen Elizabeth.
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.

Queen Margaret.
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—then, I being queen, you bow like subjects, Yet that, by you depos'd, you quize like rebels?— Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

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

Queen Margaret.
But repetition of what thou hast marr'd; That will I make, before I let thee go.

Gloster.
Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Queen Margaret.
I was; but I do find more pain in banishment, Than death can yield me here by my abode. A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,— And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance: This sorrow that I have, by right is yours, And all the pleasures you or she are mine.

Gloster.
The curse my noble father laid on thee, When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper, And with this scornst'wrest rivers from his eyes; And then, to dry them, gas'st the duke a clout Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;— His curses, then from bitterness of soul Denoue'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee; And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen Elizabeth.
So just is God, to right the innocent.

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

Rivers.
Tyrant's themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorset.
No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buckingham.
Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Queen Margaret.
What! were you snarling all, before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turn you all your hatred now on me? Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven, That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death, Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment, Should 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
Thou, being so rich and powerful, didst shut me up in a dungeon; to what end? I think I am not so poor as to deserve it. Why, we have here our queen, and she is far more noble than thou. How canst thou be so base as to dispute with her? Thou art out of thy right, and thyWilhelm. I'll not know thee as a subject. I'll not hear thee as a subject.

Queen Margaret. I say, come, let hers be the first. I am traitor enough to come to the first. I am traitor enough to come to the first, and I will speak to the first. Some say I am traitor enough to come to the first, and I will speak to the first.

Queen Margaret. I say, come, let hers be the first. I am traitor enough to come to the first. I am traitor enough to come to the first, and I will speak to the first. Some say I am traitor enough to come to the first, and I will speak to the first.

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

Hastings.
My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Rivers.

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

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

Queen Elizabeth.
I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Gloster.
Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to sitting for his pains—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Rivers.
A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Gloster.
So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had 1 curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[Aside.
Enter Catesby.
Catesby.
Madam, his majesty doth call for you.—
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

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

Rivers.
We wait upon your grace.

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

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

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

Gloster.
Well thought upon; I have it here about me. [Gives the Warrant.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead,

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murderer.
Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate;—
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Gloster.
Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
fall tears:
I like you, lads; — about your business straight.
Go, go, despatch.

First Murderer.
We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.
Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brakenbury.
Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence.
O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

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

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

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

Clarence.
Methought I had, and often did strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But another'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to bilch it in the sea.

Brakenbury.
Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clarence.
No, no, my dream was length'nd after life;
O! then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd,
ACT I. SC. IV. KING RICHARD III.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did meet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick;
Who cried aloud,—" What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
" Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,"
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewshbury: —
Selze on him, furies! take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

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

Clarence.
Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me! —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone: —
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor chill-
Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile: [dren! —
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brakenbury.
I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.

[Clarence reposees himself on a Chair.
Sorrow breaks seasons, and repos'd hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon tide-
night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares: —
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murderer.
Ho! who's here?

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

First Murderer.
I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brakenbury.
What! so brief?

Second Murderer.
"Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. —
Let me first see our commission; and talk no more.
[A Paper delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.

Brakenbury.
I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands: —
I will not reason what I mean hereby.
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murderer.
You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.

Second Murderer.
What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murderer.
No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he
wakes.

Second Murderer.
Why, he shall never wake until the great
Judgment day.

First Murderer.
Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

Second Murderer.
The urging of that word, judgment, hath
bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murderer.
What! art thou afraid?

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

First Murderer.
I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

Second Murderer.
So I am, to let him live.

First Murderer.
I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Second Murderer.
Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this
passionate humour of mine will change; it was
wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murderer.
How dost thou feel thyself now?

Second Murderer.
'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are
yet within me.

First Murderer.
Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Second Murderer.
Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murderer.
Where's thy conscience now?

Second Murderer.
O! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murderer.
When he opens his purse to give us our
reward, thy conscience flies out.

Second Murderer.
"Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none,
will entertain it.

First Murderer.
What, if it come to thee again?

Second Murderer.
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 checks him; a man cannot lie with his
neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a
blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a
man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: It
made me once restore a purse of gold, that by
chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps
it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a
dangerous thing; and every man, that mean
to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and
live without it.

First Murderer.
Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persua-
ding me not to kill the duke.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. Sc. IV.

Second Murderer. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

First Murderer. I am strong-fram’d; he cannot prevail with me.

Second Murderer. Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

First Murderer. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Second Murderer. O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

First Murderer. Soft! he wakes.

Second Murderer. Strike.

First Murderer. No; we’ll reason with him.

Clarence. [Waking, Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

First Murderer. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clarence. In God’s name, what art thou?

First Murderer. A man, as you are.

Clarence. But not, as I am, royal.

First Murderer. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clarence. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

First Murderer. My voice is now the king’s, my looks mine own.

Clarence. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak. Your eyes do menace me; why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murderers. To, to, to —

Clarence. To murder me?

Both Murderers. Ay, ay.

Clarence. 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?

First Murderer. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clarence. I shall be reconcil’d to him again.

Second Murderer. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clarence. Are you drawn forth among a world of men To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc’d The bitter sentence of poor Clarence’ death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption By Christ’s dear blood shed for our grievous sins, That you depart, and lay no hands on me; The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murderer. What we will do, we do upon command.

Second Murderer. And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clarence. Erroneous vassals! that the great King of kings Hath in the table of his law commanded, That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then, Spurn at his edict, and fulfill a man’s? Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand, To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Second Murderer. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee, For false forswearing, and for murder too, Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murderer. And, like a traitor to the name of God, Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade, Unrripp’dst the bowls of thy sovereign’s son.

Second Murderer. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murderer. How canst thou urge God’s dreadful law to us, When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clarence. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed? For Edward, for my brother, for his sake: He sends you not to murder me for this; For in that sin he is as deep as I. If God will be avenged for the deed, O! know you yet, he doth it publicly; Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm: He needs no indirect or lawless course, To cut off those that have offended him.

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

Clarence. My brother’s love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murderer. Thy brother’s love, our duty, and thy faults, Provok’d us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clarence. If you do love my brother, hate not me; I am his brother, and I love him well. If you are hir’d for meed, go back again, And I will send you to my brother Gloster; Who shall reward you better for my life Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Second Murderer. You are deceiv’d: your brother Gloster hates you.

Clarence. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear. Go you to him from me.

Both Murderers. Ay, so we will.

Clarence. Tell him, when that our princely father York Bless’d his three sons with his victorious arm, And charg’d us from his soul to love each other, He little thought of this divided friendship: Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace. Enter King Edward, led in sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

King Edward.

WY, so:—now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers.

By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I swear my true heart's love.

Hastings.

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

King Edward.

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 the other's end.

Hastings.

So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Rivers.

And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

King Edward.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

There, Hastings:—I will never more remem-
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine. [ber

King Edward.

Dorset, embrace him.—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dorset.

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

Hastings.

And so swear I.

King Edward.

Now, princebay Buckingham, seal thou this
league
With thy embraces to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buckingham.

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

King Edward.

A pleasing cordial, princebay Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here, To make the blessed period of this peace.  

Enter Buckingham.  
Buckingham.  
And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.  

Enter Gloster.  
Gloster.  
Good-morrow to my sovereign kins, and queen;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!  

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

Gloster.  
A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—  
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  
To any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you.  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;  
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,  
That all without desert have frown'd on me;  
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive,  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds;  
More than the infant that is born to-night:  
I thank my God for my humility.  

Enter Stanley.  
Stanley.  
A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!  
King Edward.  
I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.  
Stanley.  
I will not rise, unless your highness hear me,  
King Edward.  
Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.  
Stanley.  
The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.  

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 sued to me for with whom, 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 Wastwick, and did fight for me?  
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,  
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king!"  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thine, and naked, to the numb-cold night?  
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 carters, or your waiting-vassals,  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon,  
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 beholding to him in his life,  
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.  
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.  
Ah, poor Clarence!  

[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.  

Gloster.  
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's 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?  

Buckingham.  
We wait upon your grace.  

Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and  
Daughter of Clarence.  

Son.  
Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?  
Duchess.  
No, boy.  
Daughter.  
Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;  
And cry — "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head, And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways, If that our noble father were alive?

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

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

Daughter. And so will I.

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

Son. Grandam, we can, for my good uncle Gloster Told me the king, provoked to it by the queen, Devil’s 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 a child.

Duchess. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape, 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? Duchess. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hurk! what noise is this!

Enter Queen Elizabeth distractedly; Rivers and Dorset, following her.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah! who shall hinder me to walk and weep, To chide my fortune, and torment myself? I’ll join with black despair against my soul, And to myself become an enemy.

Duchess. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen Elizabeth. To make an act of tragic violence:— Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead! — Why grow the branches, when the root is gone? Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap? — If you will live, lament; if die, be brief; That our swift-winged souls may catch the Or, like obedient subjects, follow him [king’s; To his new kingdom of ne’er changing night.

Duchess. 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 with looking on his images; But now, two mirrora of his princely semblance Are crack’d in pieces by malignant death, And I for comfort have but one false glass, That grieves me when I see my shame in him. Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother, And hast the comfort of thy children left: But death hath snatch’d my husband from mine 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 moan) To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries? Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father’s death; How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daughter. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan’d; Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.

Queen Elizabeth. Give me no help in lamentation; I am not barren to bring forth complaints. All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I, being govern’d by the watry moon, May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world! Ah! for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward! Children.

Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence! Duchess. Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.

Queen Elizabeth. What stay had I, but Edward? and he’s gone.

Children. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he’s gone.

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

Queen Elizabeth. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

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

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

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, and others.

Gloster. Bithink 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 dear Edward’s grave, And plant your joys in living Edward’s throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, and others.

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

Duchess. God bless thee: and put meekness in thy Love, charity, obedience, and true duty. [breast, Gloster.
SCENE III. The same. A Street.
Enter Two Citizens, meeting.
First Citizen.
Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
Second Citizen.
I promise you, I scarce know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?
First Citizen.
Yes; that the king is dead.

Second Citizen.
Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.
Third Citizen.
Neighbours, God speed!
First Citizen.
Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Citizen.
Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
Second Citizen.
Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
Third Citizen.
Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Citizen.
No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
Third Citizen.
Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
Second Citizen.
In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his name, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
First Citizen.
So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Citizen.
Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
For then this land was famously enrich'd [wot;]
With politic grave counsel: then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Citizen.
Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
Third Citizen.
Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now 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, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Citizen.
Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be well.
Third Citizen.
When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Second Citizen.
Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
Third Citizen.
Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Pursuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
Second Citizen.
Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
Third Citizen.
And so was I: I'll hear you company.

[Exeunt.]
Act III. Sc. 1.  

KING RICHARD III

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Archbishop.

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.

Duchess.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

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.

Duchess.

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, [space:] "Small herbs have grace, great herbs do grow And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast, Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

Duchess.

'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not in him that did object the same to thee: [hold He was the wretchedest thing when he was So long a growing, and so leisurely. [Young, That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Archbishop

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

Duchess.

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

York.

Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd, I could have given my uncle's grace a bout, To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duchess.

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

York.

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

Duchess:

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

Grandam, his nurse.

Duchess.

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

York.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

A parlious boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

Archbishop.

Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Queen Elizabeth.

Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Archbishop.

Here comes a messenger: what news?

Messenger.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

How doth the prince?

Messenger.

Well, madam, and in health.

Duchess.

What is thy news?

Messenger.

Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret, And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duchess.

Who hath committed them?

Messenger.

The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Archbishop.

For what offence?

Messenger.

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.

Queen Elizabeth.

Ah, me! I see the ruin of my house. The tiger now hath set'd the gentle hind; Insulting tyranny begins to jet Upon the innocent and awless throne:— Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre! I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duchess.

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 domestic broils Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors, Make war upon themselves; brother to brother, Blood to blood, self against self:—0! prepos terous And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen; Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen Elizabeth.

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

Duchess.

Stay, I will go with you.

Queen Elizabeth.

You have no cause.

Archbishop.

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. Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Gloster.
KING RICHARD III

ACT III. Sc. 1.

Gloster.
Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sove-
reign:
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.

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

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

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

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

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

Prince.
I thank you, good my lord; and thank you
all. [Exeunt Mayor &c.

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

Enter Hastings.

Buckingham.
And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

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

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

Buckingham.
Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother present'y?
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

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

Buckingham.
You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd
it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Of have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

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

Hastings.
I go, my lord.

Prince.
Good lords, make all the speedly haste you
may.—

[Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.

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

Gloster.
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 Caesar build that place, my lord?

Buckingham.
He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

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

Buckingham.
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.

Gloster.
So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

[Aside.

Prince.
What say you, uncle?

Gloster.
I say without characters fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince.
That Julius Caesar 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 his conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buckingham.
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.

Gloster.
Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

[Aside.

Enter
Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buckingham.

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

Prince.


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.

Gloster.


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

Gloster.

He hath, my lord
York.

And therefore is he idle? Gloster.

O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York.

Then he is more beholding to you, than I.
Gloster.

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

York.

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Gloster.

My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince.

A beggar, brother?

York.

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

Gloster.

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

York.

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

Gloster.

Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York.

O! then, I see, you'll part but with light

Gifts:

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Gloster.

It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York.

I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Gloster.

What would you have my weapon, little

Lord?

York.

I would, that I might thank you as you call

me.

Gloster.

How?

York.

Little.

Prince.

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

York.

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

Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your

Shoulders.

Buckingham.

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

Gloster.

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

York.

What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince.

My lord protector needs will have it so.

York.

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Gloster.

Why, what should you fear?

York.

Marry, my uncle Clarence, my angry ghost:
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince.

I fear no uncle dead.

Gloster.

Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince.

An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

A sonnet. Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, 
Cardinal, and Attendants.

Buckingham.

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

Gloster.

No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a perilous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buckingham.

Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we in-
As closely to conceal what we impart. [Exeunt,
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 instauration of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Catesby.

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

Buckingham.

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

Catesby.

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buckingham.

Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle

Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils, Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Gloster.

Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle.

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news, Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buckingham.

Good Catesby, go; effect this business soundly.

Catesby.

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

Gloster.

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Catesby.

You shall, my lord.

Gloster.

At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [Exit Catesby.

Buckingham.

Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our compo\nts?

Gloster.

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

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.

Buckingham.

I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand, Gloster,

And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our compo\nts in some form. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.


Who knocks?

Messenger.

One from the lord Stanley.

Hastings. [Within.

What is't o'clock?

Messenger.

Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings.

Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Messenger.

So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hastings.

What then?

Messenger.

Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two counds kept;

And that may be determined at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hastings.

Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.

Bid him not fear the separated council:

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Whereof nothing can proceed that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance:

And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumber.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

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.

Messenger.

I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby.

Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hastings.

Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.

[State? What news, what news, in this our tottering

Catesby.

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hastings.

How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Catesby.

Ay, my good lord.

Hastings.

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplace'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Catesby.

Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for—

Upon his party for the gain thereof:—[ward And thereupon he sends you this good news,—

That this same day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hastings.

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.

Catesby.

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

Hastings.

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence.

That they which brought me in my master's I live to look upon their tragedy. [hate, Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Catesby.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprovided, and look not for it.

Hastings.

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do

With
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.

Catesby.
The princes both make high account of you; —
For they account his head upon the bridge.

STANLEY.
I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovid'd?

STANLEY.
My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby.—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several council's, I.

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

HASTINGS.
Come, come, have with you. — Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

STANLEY.
They for their truth might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their heads,
But come, my lord, let's away. [Hats.

Enter a PURSUANT.

HASTINGS.
Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow,
[Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

PURSUANT.
The better, that your lordship please to ask.

HASTINGS.
I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies:
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself!) This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

PURSUANT.
God hold it, to your honour's good content.

HASTINGS.
Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[Throwing him his purse.

PURSUANT.
I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a PRIEST.

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

HASTINGS.
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.

PRIEST.
I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM

BUCKINGHAM.
What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the honour hath no shrieking work in hand.

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

BUCKINGHAM.
I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

HASTINGS.
Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Enter STANLEY.

HASTINGS.
I'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.

RIVERS.
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 bless the prince from all the pack of you! A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

VAUGHAN.
You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RATCLIFF.
Despatch: the limit of your lives is out.

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

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

RIVERS.
Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings: — O, remember, God, To hear her prayer for them, as now for us! And for my sister, and her princely sons, Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood, Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

RATCLIFF.
Make haste: the hour of death is expiate.
Rivers.
Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let us hear embrace;
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.  London.  A Room in the Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, and others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hastings.
Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?

Buckingham.
Are all things ready for the royal time?

Stanley.
They are; and want but nomination.

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

Buckingham.
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.

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

Hastings.
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: [time;
But you, my honourable lords, may name the
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.

Gloster.
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.

Buckingham.
Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounce'd your part,
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

Gloster.
Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

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

Gloster.
Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  [Takes him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, are give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buckingham.
Withdraw yourself awhile: I'll go with you.  [Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.

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

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely.
Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hastings.
His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning.
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanley.
What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hastings.
Marry, that with no man here is he offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.

Gloster.
I pray you all, tell me what they deserve.
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hastings.
The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princeely presence.
To doom th' offenders: whose'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Gloster.
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.

Hastings.
If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Gloster.
If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of life?—Thou at a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

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

[Exeunt Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.

Hastings.
Woe, woe, for England! not a whiff for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raise his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house;
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.  
Rateliff.  
Come, come; despatch, the duke would be at dinner;  
Make a short shift; he longs to see your head.  
Hastings.  
O, momentary grace of mortal men!  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.  
Lovel.  
Come, come, despatch: 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim.  
Hastings.  
O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. The Tower Walls.  
Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in rusty  
armour, marvellous ill-favoured.  
Gloster.  
Come, cousin, cast thou quake, and change  
thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?  
Buckingham.  
Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion; ghostly 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?  
Gloster.  
He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.  
Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.  
Buckingham.  
Lord mayor,—  
Gloster.  
Look to the drawbridge there!  
Buckingham.  
Hark! a drum.  
Gloster.  
Catesby, o'erlook the walls.  
Buckingham.  
Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—  
Gloster.  
Look back, defend thee; here are enemies.  
Buckingham.  
God and our innocency defend and guard us!  
Enter Lovel and Rateliff, with Hastings' Head.  
Gloster.  
Be patient, they are friends; Rateliff, and  
Lovel.  
Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.  
Gloster.  
So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his face with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,  
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.  
Buckingham.  
Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd  
That ever liv'd; and this traitor— [traitor  
Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
Were't not that by great preservation  
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council house,  
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?  
Mayor.  
Had he done so?  
Gloster.  
What! think you we are Turks, or Infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The pesed of England, and our persons' safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution?  
Mayor.  
Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;  
And your goodgraces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
Buckingham.  
I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore;  
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:  
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
Misconstrue us in him, andwall his death.  
Mayor.  
But, your good lord, your grace's words 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 dutuous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.  
Gloster.  
And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
To avoid the censures of the carping world.  
Buckingham.  
But since you come too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.  
[Exit Lord Mayor.  
Gloster.  
Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham. [post:  
The mayor towards Gaisthall hies him in all  
There, at your meekest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying—he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
[wives,  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,  
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
Without constraint heed to make a prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York;  
My princely father, then had wars in France;  
And
And by true computation of the time, 
Found that the issue was not his begot; 
Which well appeared in his lineaments, 
Being nothing like the noble duke my father. 
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off: 
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives. 

Buckingham. 
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. 

Gloster. 
If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle; 
Where you shall find me well accompanied, 
With reverence, fathers, and well-learned bishops. 

Buckingham. 
I go; and, towards three or four o'clock, 
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. 

[Exit Buckingham. 

Gloster. 
Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,— 
Go thou [To Catesby] to frar Penker:—bid them both 
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle. 

[Exit Lovel and Catesby. Now will I go, to take some privy order, 
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight; 
And to give order, that no manner person 
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [Exit. 

GLOSTER. 

SCENE VI. A Street. 
Enter a Servicener. 

Servicener. 
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 o'er in Paul's; 
And mark how well the sequel hangs together. 
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over, 
For yearenight by Catesby was it sent me. 
The precedent was full as long a doing; 
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd, 
Untainted, unexamn'd, free, at liberty. 
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so 
That cannot see this palpable device? [gross, 
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not? 
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought, 
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. 

[Exit. 

GLOSTER. 

SCENE VII. The same. The Court of 
Baynard's Castle. 
Enter Gloster at one door, and Buckingham at another. 

Gloster. 
How now, how now! what say the citizens? 

Buckingham. 
Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, 
The citizens are mum, say not a word. 

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

Buckingham. 
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 trifeis; his own bastardy, 
As being got, your father then in France; 
And his resemblance, being not like the duke. 
Withal I did infer your lineaments, 
Being the right idea of your father, 
Both in their 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 
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse: 
And, when my oratory drew toward end, 
I bade them that did love their country's good, 
Cry,—"God save Richard, England's royal king!" 

Gloster. 
And did they so? 

Buckingham. 
No, so God help me, they spake not a word; 
But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones, 
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale. 
Which when I saw, I reprehended them, 
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence? 
His answer was, the people were not us'd 
To be spoke to, but by the recorder. 
Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again:— 
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke in-ferr'd," 
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself. 
When he had done, some followers of mine own, 
At lower end of 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, gent. citizens, and friends," quoth I; 
This general applause, and cheerful shout, 
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard: 
And even here brake off, and came away. 

Gloster. 
What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak? 
Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren come? 

Buckingham. 
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 put it between two churchmen, good my lord; 
For on that ground I'll make a holy desecant: 
And be not easily won to our requests; [it. 
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take 

Gloster. 
I go; and if you please as well for them, 
As I can say nay to thee for myself, 
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue. 

Buckingham. 
Go, go, up to the lists! 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? 

Catesby. 
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 suits would he be mov'd, 
To draw him from his holy exercise. 

Buckingham. 
Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke: 
Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen, 
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importung than our general good, 
Are come to have some conference with his 
grace.

Catesby.
I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.

Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward: 
He is not lulling on a lowcd love-bed, 
But on his knees at meditation; 
Not dallying with a brace of courtzans, 
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 his grace the sovereignty thereof; 
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

Mayor.
Marry, God defend his grace should say us 

Buckingham.
I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

Re-enter Catesby.
Now Catesby, what says his grace?

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

Buckingham.
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,

When holy, and devout religious men 
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence; 
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloster, in a Gallery above, between two 

Bishops. Catesby returns.

Mayor.
See where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-

men! 

Buckingham.
Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, 
To stay him from the fall of vanity; 
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand; 
True ornaments to know a holy man.— 

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 
Lend favourable ear to our requests, 
And pardon us the interruption 
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

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

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

Gloster.
I do suspect, I have done some offence, 
That seems disgracious in the city's eye; 
And that you come to repress my ignorance.

Buckingham.
You have, my lord: it would it might please 
your grace, 
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Gloster.
Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land? 

Buckingham.
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; 
While, in the midst of your sleeping thoughts, 
Which here we waken to our country's good, 
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs; 
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy, 
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, 
And almost shoulder'd in the swelling gulf 
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion. 
Which to recure, 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 lowly factor for another's gain: 
But as successively from blood to blood, 
Your right of birth, your empery, your own. 
For this, consorted with the citizens, 
Your very worshipful and loving friends, 
And by their vehement instigation, 
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Gloster.
I cannot tell, if to depast in silence, 
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, 
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition: 
If, not to answer,—you might haply think, 
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded 
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty, 
Which fondly you would here impose on me: 
If to reprove you for this suit of yours, 
So season'd with your faithful love to me, 
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. 
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last, 
Definitively thus I answer you. 
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert, 
Unmeritable, shuns your high request. 
First, if all obstacles were cut away, 
And that my path were even to the crown, 
As the ripe revenue and due of birth; 
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit, 
So mighty, and so many, my defects, 
That I would rather hide me from my greatness, 
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, 
Than in my greatness covet to be hild, 
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd. 
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me; 
And much I need, to help you, to avoid the need; 
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit, 
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time, 
Will well become the seat of majesty, 
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 
On him I lay that you would lay on me, 
The right and fortune of his happy stars; 
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buckingham.
My lord, this argues conscience in your grace; 
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial, 
All circumstances well considered. 
You say, that Edward is your brother's son: 
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife; 
For first was he contract to lady Lucy; 
Your mother lives a witness to his vow: 
And afterward by substitute betroth'd 
To Bona, sister to the king of France. 
These both put off, a poor petitioner, 
A caro-craz'd mother to many sons, 
a beauty-waning and distressed widow, 
Even in the afternoon of her best days, 
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye, 
Seduce'd the pitch and height of his degree 
To base declension and loath'd ignomy. 
By her, in her unlawful bed, he got

This
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince, 
More bitterly could I expostulate, 
Save that, for reverence to some alive, 
I give a sparing limit to my tongue. 
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self 
This proffer'd benefit of dignity. 
If not to bless us and the land withal, 
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry 
From the corruption of abusing times, 
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

Mayor.
Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buckingham.
Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Catsby.
O I make them joyful; grant their lawful suit.

Gloster.
Alas! why would you have this care on me? 
I am unfit for state and majesty; 
I do beseech you, take it not amiss; 
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buckingham.
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, whe'r you accept our suit or no, 
Your brother's son shall never reign our king; 
But we will plant some other in your throne, 
To the disgrace and downfall of your house. 
And, in this resolution, here we leave you. — 
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.

Catsby.
Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit: 
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Gloster.
Will you enforce me to a world of cares? 
Call them again: I am not made of stone, 
But penetrable to your kind entreaties.

[Exit Catsby.

Albeit against my conscience, and my soul. —

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men, 
Since you will buckle fortune on my back, 
To bear her burden, whe'r 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 blot's and stains thereof; 
For God doth know, and you may partly see, 
How far I am from the desire of this.

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

Gloster.
In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

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

Amen.

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

Gloster.
Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buckingham.
To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace: 
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Gloster.
Come, let us to our holy work again. 

[To the Bishops.

Farewell, my cousin: — farewell, gentle friends. 

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloster, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duchess.
W H O meets us here? — my niece Plantagenet 
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster: 
Now, for my life, she's wand'r ring to the Tower, 
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince. — 

Anne.
As much to you, good sister: whither away? 

Queen Elizabeth.
No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess, 
Upon the like devotion as yourselves, 
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen Elizabeth.
Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:

Enter Brakenbury.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes. — 

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

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

Queen Elizabeth.
The king! who's that?

Brakenbury.
I mean the lord protector.

Queen Elizabeth.
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?

Duchess.
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.

Brakenbury.
No, madam, no; I may not leave it so: 
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. 

[Exit Brakenbury.

Enter Stanley.

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

Queen Elizabeth.
Ah! cut my face asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne.
Despitful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dorset.
Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

Queen Elizabeth.
O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richard from the reach of hell.
Go, hasten, 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 England's counted queen.

Stanley.
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.

Duchess.
O ill-dispensing wind of misery!—
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stanley.
Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

Anne.
And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O! would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Queen Elizabeth.
Go, go, poor soul, and drive not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne.
No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;
O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quo'th I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy
And be thy wife (if any be so mad) [bed;]
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again, [death!"
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen Elizabeth.
Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne.
No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dorset.
Farewell, thou woeful welcome of glory.

Anne.
Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duchess.
Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—
[To Dorset.
Go thou to Richmond, and good angels tend thee!—
[To Anne.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
[To Queen 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 wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen Elizabeth.
Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow.
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace.

Sound a Sennet. Richard, as King upon his Throne; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

King Richard.
Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!

Buckingham.
My gracious sovereign.

King Richard.
Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buckingham.
Still live they, and for ever let them last!

King Richard.
Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed—
Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.

Buckingham.
Say on, my loving lord.

King Richard.
Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buckingham.
Why, so you are, my thricen-tenoned lord.

King Richard.
Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buckingham.
True, noble prince.

King Richard.
O bitter consequence.
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall
James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

King Richard.

Art thou, indeed?

Tyrrel.

Prove me, my gracious lord.

King Richard.

Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyrrel.

Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

King Richard.

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.

Tyrrel.

Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

King Richard.

Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,

Tyrrel:

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prey thee for it.

Tyrrel.

I will despatch it straight.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buckingham.

My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King Richard.

Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Rich-

mond.

Buckingham.

I hear the news, my lord.

King Richard.

Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well look
unto it.

Buckingham.

What says your highness to my just request?

King Richard.

I do remember me Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Rich mond should be king,
When Richmond was a little poeish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buckingham.

My lord,—

King Richard.

How chance, the prophet could not at that
time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buckingham.

My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

King Richard.

Rich mond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I
started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

My lord,—

Buckingham.

King
RICHARD III.
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KING RICHARD III.  

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King Richard.
Ay; what's o'clock?
Buckingham.
I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
King Richard.
Well, but what's o'clock?
Buckingham.
Upon the stroke of ten.
King Richard.
Well, let it strike.
Buckingham.
Why, let it strike?
King Richard.
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.
Buckingham.
Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.
King Richard.
Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.
[Exeunt King Richard and Train.
Buckingham.
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 Breckenrock, while my fearful head is on.

SCENE III. The same.

Enter Tyrell.

Tyrell.
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 deth'ed villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O! thus," "thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle bairns,
"Thus, thus," "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
[mind;
Which once,"quoth Forrest," almost chang'd my But,
O! the devil!"— there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—" we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, o'er she fram'd.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.
And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

King Richard.

Kind Tyrell, am I happy in thy news?

Tyrell.
If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Best get your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

King Richard.
But did'st thou see them dead?

Tyrell.

I did, my lord.

King Richard.
And buried, gentle Tyrell?

Tyrell.
The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

King Richard.
Come to me, Tyrell. soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyrell.
I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

King Richard.
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby.

My lord!—

King Richard.

Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so blyndly?

Catesby.

Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Rich-
mond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-
men,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaset.

King Richard.

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then, fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Queen Margaret.

So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines atiely 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 prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[Retiring.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Queen Elizabeth.

Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender bairns! My unblown flowers, now 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.

Queen Margaret.

Hover about her: say, that right for right Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duchess.

So many miseries have craz'd my voice, That
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute. —
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Queen Margaret.

Plantagenet doth quit. Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen Elizabeth.

Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Queen Margaret.

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duchess.

Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[Sitting down.]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen Elizabeth.

Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[Sitting down by her.

Queen Margaret.

If ancient sorrow be more reygrent,
[Coming forward.

Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: —
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hast an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hast a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duchess.

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.

Queen Margaret.

Thou hast a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves: —
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with other's man.

Duchess.

O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Queen Margaret.

Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligenz,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his pitious and unpitied end:
Earth gaps, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. —
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, the dog is dead.

Queen Elizabeth.

O! thou didst prophesy, the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad

Queen Margaret.

I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering Index of a direful pageant,
One head'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [brothers?]
Where is thy husband now? where is thy wife
Wher be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee
Where be the throning troops that follow'd thee
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sued;
For queen, a very cul'tiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thou hast the course of justice whirled about,
And left the good but a very prey to mine,
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? [yoke;
Now, thou proud neck bears half my burden
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee. [chance:
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen Elizabeth.

O! thou! well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Queen Margaret.

Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen Elizabeth.

My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine.

Queen Margaret.

Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [Exit Queen Margaret.

Duchess.

Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen Elizabeth.

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intaste joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries! [part
Let them have scope: though what they do im-
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duchess.

If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother.
ACT IV. Sc. IV.

KING RICHARD III

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons
smother'd. [A Trumpet heard.]
The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclamations.

Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching.

King Richard.

Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duchess.

O! she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughter's, wretch, that thou hast
done.

Queen Elizabeth.

Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown, [right, Where should be branded, if that right were
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that
crown, [thou? And the dire death of my poor sons, and bro-
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my chil-
dren?

Duchess.

Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence,
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen Elizabeth.

Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duchess.

Where is kind Hastings?

King Richard.

A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums! Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say!— [Flourish. Alarums. Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the cimorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duchess.

Art thou my son?

King Richard.

Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duchess.

Then patiently hear my impatience.

King Richard.

Madam, I have a touch of your condition, That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duchess.

Or let me speak.

King Richard.

Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duchess.

I will be mild and gentle in my words.

King Richard.

And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duchess.

Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

King Richard.

And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duchess.

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'at on earth to make the earth my
A grievous burden was thy birth to me; [hell. Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy; Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious; Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, [hatred:
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in

What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever gracid me with thy company?

King Richard.

'Faith, none, but Humphrey Haur, that call'd
your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Duchess.

I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

King Richard.

You speak too bitterly.

Duchess.

Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

King Richard.

So.

Duchess.

Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again. [curse; Therefore, take with thee my most grievous
Which in the day of battle 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 to 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. Queen Elizabeth.

Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [Going.

King Richard.

Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Queen Elizabeth.

I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, [queens;
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

King Richard.

You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen Elizabeth.

And must she die for this? O! let her live, And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter, I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

King Richard.

Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

Queen Elizabeth.

To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

King Richard.

Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen Elizabeth.

And only in that safety died her brothers.

King Richard.

Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.

Queen Elizabeth.

No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

King Richard.

All unavowed is the doom of destiny.

Queen
KING RICHARD.

True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babies were destin’d to a fairer death,
If grace had bless’d thee with a fairer life.

King Richard.

You speak, as if that I had stain my cousins.
Queen Elizabeth.

Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen’d
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life,
Whose hands soever lance’d their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction: [blunt,
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and
till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor’d in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sail and tackling raff,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

King Richard.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you than all
Than ever you or yours by me were harm’d!

Queen Elizabeth.

What good is cover’d with the face of heaven,
To be discover’d, that can do me good?

King Richard.

Th’ advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen Elizabeth.

Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

King Richard.

Unto the dignity and height of honour.
The high imperial type of this earth’s glory.

Queen Elizabeth.

Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

King Richard.

Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen Elizabeth.

Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness’ date.

King Richard.

Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Queen Elizabeth.

My daughter’s mother thinks it with her soul.

King Richard.

What do you think?

Queen Elizabeth.

That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.

King Richard.

So, from thy soul’s love, didst thou love her
And from my heart’s love I do thank thee for it.

Queen Elizabeth.

Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

King Richard.

Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

Queen Elizabeth.

What I thou?

King Richard.

Even so: how think you of it?

Queen Elizabeth.

How canst thou woo her?

King Richard.

That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen Elizabeth.

And wilt thou learn of me?

King Richard.

Madam, with all my heart.

Queen Elizabeth

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers.

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep’d in Rutland’s blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother’s body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:
Tell her thou mad’st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad’st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

King Richard.

You mock me, madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen Elizabeth.

There is no other way,

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Richard.

Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Queen Elizabeth.

Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

King Richard.

Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I’ll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill’d the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam’s name is little less in love,
Than is the doing title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur’d of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were more vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother; [wife,
Again
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACT IV. SC. IV.</th>
<th>KING RICHARD III.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Again shall you be mother to a king,</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And all the ruins of distressful times</td>
<td>O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead:—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repair'd with double riches of content.</td>
<td>Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What! we have many goodly joys to see:</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,</td>
<td>Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advantaging their loan with interest</td>
<td>Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:</td>
<td>Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make bold her bashful years with your experience;</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;</td>
<td>Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of golden areignty; acquaint the princess</td>
<td>I swear—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And when this arm of mine hath chastis'd</td>
<td>By nothing; for this is no oath.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,</td>
<td>Thy George, profan'd, bath lost his lordly bo-nour;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,</td>
<td>Thy, garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;</td>
<td>Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To whom I will retain my conquest won,</td>
<td>If something thou wouldst swear to be belier'd,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.</td>
<td>Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What were I best to say? her father's brother</td>
<td>Now by the world,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?</td>
<td>'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under what title shall I woo for thee?</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What God, the law, my honour, and her love,</td>
<td>My father's death,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>Thy life hath it dishonour'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Then, by myself,—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Which she shall purchase with still lasting</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>war.</td>
<td>Thyself is self-mis-us'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell her, the king, that may command, en-treats.</td>
<td>Why then, by God,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That at her hands, which the king's King</td>
<td>God's wrong is most of all.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fords.</td>
<td>If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>The unity, the king my husband made,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.</td>
<td>Thou hast not broken, nor my brothers died.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To wail the title, as her mother doth.</td>
<td>The imperial metal, circling now thy head,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say, I will love her everlastingly.</td>
<td>And both the princes had been breathing here,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But how long shall that title, ever, last?</td>
<td>Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>What canst thou swear by now?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>The time to come.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?</td>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.</td>
<td>For I myself have many tears to wash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.</td>
<td>The children live whose fathers thou hast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>slaughter'd,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.</td>
<td>Ungovern'd youth, to wall it with their age:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>The parents live, whose children thou hast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.</td>
<td>butcher'd,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>Old barren plants, to wall it with their age.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be eloquent in my behalf to her.</td>
<td>Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An honest tale speed's best, being plainly told.</td>
<td>King Richard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>As I intend to prosper, and repent,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.</td>
<td>So thrive I in my dangerous attempt;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.</td>
<td>Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.</td>
<td>Be opposite all planets of good luck;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Richard.</td>
<td>To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth.</td>
<td>Immaculate</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee.
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen Elizabeth.
Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

King Richard.
Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen Elizabeth.
Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

King Richard.
Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen Elizabeth.
Yet thou didst kill my children.

King Richard.
But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomfort.

Queen Elizabeth.
Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

King Richard.
And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen Elizabeth.
I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

King Richard.
Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[Exit Queen Elizabeth.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now! what news?

Enter Ratcliff. Catesby following.

Ratcliff.
Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

King Richard.
Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby; where is he?

Catesby.
Here, my good lord.

King Richard.
Catesby, fly to the duke.

Catesby.
I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

King Richard.
Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, — Dull, unmindful
villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Catesby.
First, mighty liege, tell me thy highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
Act V. Sc. 1.

KING RICHARD III.

King Richard.
Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richard: But I'll not trust thee.

Stanley.
Most mighty sovereign, You have my cause to hold my friendship doubtful. I never was, nor never will be false.

King Richard.
Go, then, and muster men; but leave behind Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm, Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley.
So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.
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.

Second Messenger.
In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms; And every hour more competitors. Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Messenger.
My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

King Richard.
Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [He strikes him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Messenger.
The news I have to tell your majesty Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither.

King Richard.
I cry thee mercy: There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Messenger.
Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Messenger.
Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquess Dorset, 'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms: But this good comfort bring I to your highness,— The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest. Richard, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks, If they were his assistants, yea, or no: Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham Upon his party: he, mistrusting them, Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

King Richard.
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.

Catesby.
My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken; That is the best news: that the earl of Richard Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

King Richard.
Away towards Salisbury! while we reason A royal battle might be won and lost.— [here, Some one take order, Buckingham be brought To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stanley.
Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:— That, in the sty of the most bloody boar, My son George Stanley is frank'd up in bold: If I revolt, off goes young George's head: The fear of that holds off my present aid. So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord. Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented, He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christopher.
At Pembroke, or at Ha'ford-west, in Wales.

Stanley.
What men of name resort to him?

Christopher.
Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier; Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley; Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blount, And Rice up Thomas, with a valiant crew; And many other of great name and worth: And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stanley.
Well, bie thee to thy lord: I kis his hand: My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. [Giving Papers to Sir Christopher. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with Buckingham, led to Execution

Buckingham.

WILL not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sheriff.
No, my good lord; therefore, be patient.

Buckingham.


Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice, If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge of my destruction!— This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sheriff.
It is.

Buckingham.
KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. I.

Buckingham.

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, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined repulse of my wrongs.
That high All-See, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I segg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
"When he," quoth she, "shall spoil thy heart
with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Officers.]

Scene II. A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others with Forces, marching.

Richmond.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Brui'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this Isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxford.

Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herbert

I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt.

He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richmond.

All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meanner creatures kings.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard, and Forces: the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.

King Richard.

Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field._
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Surrey.

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

King Richard.

My lord of Norfolk,—

Norfolk.

Here, most gracious liege.

King Richard.

Norfolk, we must have knobs; hal must we not?

Norfolk.

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

King Richard.

Up with my tent: I here will 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?

Norfolk.

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

King Richard.

Why, our battalia troubles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground._

Call for some men of sound direction.—

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day._

[Exeunt.]

Enter, on the other side of the Field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's Tent.

Richmond.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow._

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me; Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

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.

Richmond.

If without peril it be possible, [with him, Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak 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!

Richmond.

Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business! In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the Tent.]

Enter, to his Tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

King Richard.

What is o'clock?

Catesby.

It's supper time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.

King
King Richard.

I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaved bed than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catesby.

It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

King Richard.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.

Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

Norfolk.

I go, my lord.

King Richard.

Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk.

I warrant you, my lord.

[Exit.

Ratcliff.

My lord?

King Richard.

Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest young George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff—

Ratcliff.

It is, my lord.

King Richard.

Bid my guard watch. Leave me.

Ratcliff, 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 discovers him and

his Officers, &c.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley.

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICHMOND.

All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stanley.

I, 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 arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy 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 surder'd friends should dwell upon.

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!

RICHMOND.

Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;

Lest leaden slumber puelle me down to-morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory.

Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.

[Exeunt Lords, &c. with Stanley.

O! Thou, whose captain I account myself,

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

Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory!

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

And let me fall the windows of my eye:

Sleeping and waking, O! defend me still!

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 stab'dst 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

[To King Richard.

By thee was puncted 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 conqueror!

[To Richmond.

Harry that prophes'y'd thou should'st be king,

Doth comfort thee in 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 foulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.

Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster,

[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.

RIVERS.

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[To King Richard.

RIVERS, that died at Pontefract.

Despair, and die.

GREY.

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

[To King Richard.

VAUGHAN.
KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. III.

Vaughan.

Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance. Desire, 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, guiltily awake;

[To King Richard.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings. Desire, and die.—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[To Richard.]

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England’s sake.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghost.

Dream on thy cousins another’d in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.
Thy nephews’ souls bid thee despise, and die.—
Sleep, Richard; sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar’s amoy!
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
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [wife,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Desire, and die.—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[To Richard.]

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.
O! in the battle thinkest thou on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despairing, yield thy breath.—
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

[To Richard.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay’d:
God, and good angels fight on Richard’s side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.

King Richard.

Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflicte 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! I myself upon myself?
Alack! 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 villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls, Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces. Richard except, those whom we fight against Had rather have us win, than him they follow. For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen, A bloody tyrant, and a homicide; One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd, One that made means to come by what he hath, And slaughter'd those that 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 corpse on the earth's cold face; But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt, The least of you shall share his part thereof. Sound. drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully; God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory! [Exeunt.]

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces.

King Richard.

What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Ratcliff.

That he was never trained up in arms.

King Richard.

He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Ratcliff.

He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King Richard.

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?

Ratcliff.

Not I, my lord.

King Richard.

Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book, He should have brav'd the east an hour ago: A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff.

My lord?

King Richard.

The sun will not be seen to-day: The sky doth frown and lour upon our army. I would, these dewy tears were from the ground. Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me, More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven, That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Norfolk.

Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

King Richard.

Come, bustle, bustle.—Caparison my horse.

Call up lord Stanely, bid him bring his power. I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, And thus my battle shall be ordered. My foreward shall be drawn out all in length, Consisting equally of horse and foot: Our archers shall be placed in the midst. John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey, Shall have the leading of the foot and horse. They thus directed, we will follow [side In the main battle; whose puissance on either Shall be well wing'd with our chiefest horsemen. This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk? Norfolk. A good direction, warlike sovereign.— This found I on my tent this morning. [Giving a Scroll.]

King Richard. [Reads.]

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold, For Dickon thy master is bought and sold." A thing devised by the enemy.— Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge. Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls; For conscience is a word that guides us. Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe: [law. Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our March on, join bravely, let us to' pel-mell; If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. What shall I say more than I have inferred? Remember whom you are to cope withal;— A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways, A sum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants, Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction. You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest; You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives, They would restrain the one, detain 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 as over shoes in snow? Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again; Lash hence these over-weening rags of Franche, These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives; Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them selves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us, And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers [thump'd, Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and And, on record, left them the heirs of shame. Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives? Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum. [Drum afar off.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head; Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Messenger.

My lord, he doth deny to come.

King Richard.

Off with his son George's head.

Norfolk.

My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh; After the battle let George Stanley die.

King Richard.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom. Advance our standards! set upon our foes! u u Our
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, 
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! 
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. 

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE IV.** Another part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces: to him Catesby.

Catesby.

Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue! 
The king enacts more wonders than a man; 
Daring 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.

King Richard.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! 
Catesby.

Withdrew, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

King Richard.

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast, 
And I will stand the hazard of the die. 
I think there be six Richards 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 exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords and Forces.

Richmond.

God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends, 
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stanley.

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit 
Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty, [thee. 
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch 
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal; 
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richmond.

Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!— 
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living? 

Stanley.

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; 
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richmond.

What men of name are slain on either side? 

Stanley.

John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers, 

Richmond.

Inter their bodies as becomes their births. 
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled, 
That in submission will return to us; 
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, 
We will unite the white rose and the red:— 
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction. 
That long frown'd upon their eminence!— 
What traitor hears me, and says not, amen? 
England hath long been mad, and scar'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 I 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 they will be so) 
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace! 
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! 
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 
That would reduce these bloody days again, 
And make poor England weep in streams of blood! 
Let them not live to taste this land's increase, 
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace! 
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again: 
That she may long live here, God say amen! 

[Exeunt.]
KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
Capucius.  Ambassador from Charles V.
Duke of Norfolk.  Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.  Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner.  Bishop of Winchester.
Sir Henry Guildford.  Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.  Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell.  Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith.  Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.  Garter, King at Arms.

Doctor Butts.  Physician to the King.
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.
Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour.
An old Lady.  Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Show:
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.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present.  Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours.  Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, 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 we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
Known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery;
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buckingham.

G O O D morrow, and well met.  How have you
Since last we saw in France? [done,
Norfolk.

I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buckingham.

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 Andren.

Norfolk.

"Twixt Guyne and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;

Beheld
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement, as they grew together; Which had they, what four thron'd ones could Such a compounded one? [have weigh'd]

Buckingham.

All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Norfolk.

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 so-morrow they Made Britain, India; every man that stood Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were As cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too, Not us'd to toll, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting: now this mask Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye, Still him in praise; and, being present both, 'Twas said, they saw but one: and no discerner Durst wag his tongue in censure. In those sums [leng'd] (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds chal- The noble spirits to arms. They did perform Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story, Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Deeds was believ'd.

Buckingham.

O! you go far.

Norfolk.

As I belong to worship, and affect In honour honesty, the tract of every thing Would by a good discoursor lose some life, Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd; Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinctly his full function.

Buckingham.

Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Norfolk.

One, certes, that promises no element In such a business.

Buckingham.

I pray you, who, my lord?

Norfolk.

All this was order'd by the good discretion Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buckingham.

The devil sped him: no man's pie is freed From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in those fierce vanities? I wonder, That such a keech can, with his very bulk, Take up the rays o' the beneficed sun, And keep it from the earth.

Norfolk.

Surely, sir, There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends; For, being not prop'd by ancestry, whose grace Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon For high feats done to the crown; neither allied To eminent assistants, but, spider-like, Out of his self-drawing web, (O give us note,) The force of his own merit makes his way; A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys A place next to the king.

Abergavenny.

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver Pierce into that; but I can see his pride [eye Peep through each part of him: whence has he If not from hell, the devil is a niggard; [that? Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

Buckingham.

Why the devil, Upon this French going out, took he upon him, (Without the privity of the king) t' appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the Of all the gentry; for the most part such [file Too, whom as great a charge as little honour He meant to lay upon: and his own letter, The honourable board of council out, Must fetch him in his papers.

Abergavenny.

I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have By this, so sicken'd their estates, that never They shall abound as formerly.

Buckingham.

O! many [them]
Have broke their backs, with laying manors on For this great journey. What did this vanity, But minister communication of A most poor issue?

Norfolk.

Grievously I think,
The peace between the French and us not values The cost that did conclude it.

Buckingham.

Every man, After the hideous storm that follow'd, was A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, abode The sudden breach on't.

Norfolk.

Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux. [attach'd

Abergavenny.

Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Norfolk.

Marry, is't.

Abergavenny.

A proper title of a peace, and purchase'd At a superfluous rate.

Buckingham.

Why, all this business Our reverend cardinal carried.

Norfolk.

'Like it your grace, The state takes notice of the private difference Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you, (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you Honour and plenteous safety) that you read The cardinal's malice and his potency Together: to consider farther, that What his high hatred would effect wants not A minister in his power. You know his nature, That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said, It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend.
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<th>KING HENRY VIII.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel; You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes That I advise your slumber. [that rock, Enter Cardinal Wolsey, (the Purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.</td>
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<td>Wolsey, The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha! Where's his examination?</td>
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<td>First Secretary. Here, so please you.</td>
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<td>Wolsey. Is he in person ready?</td>
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<td>First Secretary. Ay, please your grace.</td>
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<td>Wolsey. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck- Shall lessen this big look. [Exeunt Wolsey, and Train.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buckingham. This butcher's ear is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzie him; therefore, best Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Out-worths a noble's blood.</td>
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<td>Norfolk. What! are you chaf'd? Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance Which your disease requires. [only, Buckingham. I read in's 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 t' the I'll follow, and out-stare him. [king:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norfolk. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills, Requires slow pace at first: anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself, As you would to your friend.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buckingham. 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.</td>
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<td>Norfolk. 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't run o'er, In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be ad- I say again, there is no English soul [via'sd: More strong to direct you than yourself, If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.</td>
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<td>Buckingham. Sir, I am thankful to you, and I'll go along By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow, Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but From sincere motions, by intelligence, And proofs as clear as fountains in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous.</td>
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<td>Norfolk. Say not, treasonous. Buckingham. To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, To wolf, or both, (for he is equal treasons, As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief, As able to perform't, his mind and place Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally) Only to show his pomp, as well in France As here at home, suggests the king, our master, To this last costly treaty, th' interview. That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a Did break i' the rinsing: [glass</td>
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<td>Norfolk. Faith, and so it did, Buckingham. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning car- The articles o' the combination drew, [dinal As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified, As he cried, &quot;Thus let be,&quot; to as much end, As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count- cardinal Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey, Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor, Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt, (For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation: His fears were, that the interview betwixt England and France, might, through their amity, Breed him some prejudice; for from this league, Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow, Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor Pald ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted, Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made, And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd: That he would please to alter the king's course, And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage.</td>
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<td>Norfolk. I am sorry To hear this of him; and could wish he were Something mistaken in't.</td>
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<td>Buckingham. No, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape, He shall appear in proof.</td>
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<td>Enter Brandon; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.</td>
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<td>Brandon. Your office, sergeant; execute it.</td>
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<td>Sergeant. Sir, My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.</td>
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<td>Buckingham. Lo, you, my lord! The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish Under device and practice.</td>
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<td>Brandon. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on The</td>
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The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure You shall to the Tower. [sure, Buckingham. It will help me nothing, To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me, Which makes my whist part black. The will of heaven Be done in this and all things.—I obey.— O! my lord Abercraig, fare you well.

Brandon. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king To Abercavienny.

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determines farther.

Abercavienny. As the duke said, The will of heaven be done, and the king's By me obey'd. [pleasure

Brandon. Here is a warrant from bodies The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car, One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buckingham. So, so; [hope

These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I Brandon.

A monk o' the Charterhouse.

Buckingham. O! Nicholas Hopkins?

Brandon. He.

Buckingham. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, [already Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Council-Chamber.

Corns. Enter King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, Attendant. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder.

King Henry. My life itself, and the best heart of it, [level Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the Of a full charg'd confessoracy, 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 justifie, And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council occupy 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.

Queen Katharine. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a sutor.

King Henry. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit Never name to us; you have half our power: I se other molety, ere you ask, is given; Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen Katharine. Thank your majesty That you would love yourself, and in that love Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

King Henry. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen Katharine. I am solicited not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects Are in great grievance. There have been com- missions [heart Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the Of all their loyalties: wherein, although, My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches Most bitterly on you, as putter-on Of these exactions, yet the king our master, 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.

Norfolk. Not almost appears, It doth appear; for upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them longing, have put off The spinners, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar, And danger serves among them.

King Henry. Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord car- You that are blam'd for it alike with us, [dinal, Know you of this taxation?

Wolsey. Please you, sir, I know but of a single part, in which Pertainst to the state; and front but in that file Where others tell steps with me.

Queen Katharine. No, my lord, You know no more than others; but you frame Things, that are known alike, which are not whole. You must To those which would not know them, and yet 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 devi'd by you, or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

King Henry. Still exaction! The nature of it? In what kind, let's know, Is this exaction?

Queen Katharine. I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief Comes through commissions, which compel from each The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths: Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts Allegiance in them: their curses now, [freeze Live where their prayers did; and it's come to This tractable obedience is a slave [pass, To each incensed will. I would, your highness Would
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no pruner baseness.

King Henry. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wolsey. And for me,
I have no farther 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 ignorant tongues, which neither
My faculties, nor person, yet will be [know
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
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censures; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By skil interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as o'ft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statutes only.

King Henry.
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 treasuring contribution I. Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wolsey.
A word with you.

[To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nols'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen Katharine.
I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King Henry. 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 [rupt,
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
They turn to vicios forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wolsey.
Stand forth: and with bold spirit relate what
Most like a careful subject, have collected [you,
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King Henry. Speak freely.

Surveyor.
First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so,
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wolsey. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen Katharine.
My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King Henry.
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?

Surveyor.
He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King Henry.
What was that Hopkins?

Surveyor.
Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King Henry.
How know'st thou this?

Surveyor.
Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I 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,
'I 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 Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment;
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's
heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

Queen Katharine.
If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your speech a noble person,
And
SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Chamberlain.

Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unnaturally, yet are follow'd.

Chamberlain.

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 'em, you would swear di-
rectly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepys or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands.

They have all new legs, and lame ones: one
would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Chamberlain.

Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out christendom. How
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lovell.

'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Chamberlain.

What is't for?

Lovell.

The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors.

Chamberlain.

I am glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lovell.

They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those rem-
ants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France;
With all their honourable points of Ignorance
Fertaining 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 blisters'd breeches, and those types of
travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take
They may, cum privilegio, wear away [it,
The leg end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd
at.

Sands.

'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Chamberlain.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.

Lovell.

Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whose
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 lord, as I am, beaten A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song, And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r-lady, Held current music too.

Chamberlain.
Well said, lord Sands: Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands.
No, my lord; Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Chamberlain.
Sir Thomas, Whither were you a going?

Sands.
To the cardinal's. Your lordship is a guest too.

Chamberlain.
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.

Lovell.
That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed. A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us: His dews fall every where.

Chamberlain.
No doubt, he's noble; He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands.
He may, my lord, he has wherewithal: In him, Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine. Men of his way should be most liberal; They are set here for examples.

Chamberlain.
True, they are so; But few now give so great ones. My barge stays; Your lordship shall along: — Come, good sir Thomas.
We shall be late else; which I would not be, For I was spoke to, with sir Harry Guildford, This night to be comptrollers.

Sands.
I am your lordship's |

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company Clapp'd wings to me.

Chamberlain.
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 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lovell.
O! that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these.

Sands.
I would, I were; They should find easy penance.

Lovell.
Faith, how easy?

Sands.
As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Chamberlain.
Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this! His grace is entering.— Nay, you must not freeze; [there:—] Two women plac'd together makes cold wea- My lord Sands, you are one will keep'em waking; Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands.
By my faith, [ladies: And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet [Seats himself between Anne Boleyn 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 none: just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Chamberlain.
Well said, my lord.— So, now you are fairly seated.— Gentlemen, The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning.

Sands.
For my little cure, Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and takes his state.

Wolsey.
Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that noble Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, [lady, 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.

Wolsey.
My lord Sands, I am beholding 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
Talk us to silence.

Anne.

You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands.

Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing.—

Anne.

You cannot show me.

Sands.

I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drum and Trumpets within; Chambers discharged.

Wolsey. What's that?

Chamberlain. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.

Wolsey. What warlike voice, And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not; By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Chamberlain. How now! what is't?

Servant.

A noble troop of strangers, For so they seem: they've left their barge, and And hither make, as great ambassadors [landed; From foreign princes.

Wolsey. 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 ye.—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Chamberlain

Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd To tell your grace—that, having heard by fame Of this so noble and so fair assembly This night to meet here, they could do no less, Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct, Crave leave to view these ladies, and entertain An hour of revels with them.

Wolsey. Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King takes Anne Boleyn.
ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.
Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gentleman.

WHITHER away so fast?

Second Gentleman.

O!—God save you. Even to the hall, to hear what shall become Of the great duke of Buckingham.

First Gentleman.

I'll save you That labour, sir. All's now done, but the cere-Of bringing back the prisoner. {mony

Second Gentleman.

Were you there?

First Gentleman.

Yes, indeed, was I.

Second Gentleman.

Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gentleman.

You may guess quickly what.

Second Gentleman.

Is he found guilty?

First Gentleman.

Yes, truly I he, and condemn'd upon it.

Second Gentleman.

I am sorry for't.

First Gentleman.

So are a number more.

Second Gentleman.

But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gentleman.

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 have brought, 'twas o'er, to his face: At which appeared against him, his surveyor; Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car, Confessor to him; with that devil-monk, Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Second Gentleman.

That was he, That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gentleman.

The same. All these accus'd him strongly; which he fined Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not: And so his peers, upon this evidence, Have found him guilty of high treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

Second Gentleman.

After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gentleman.

When he was brought again to the bar to hear His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd With such an agony, he sweat extremely, And something spoke in choicer, ill, and hasty;

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Second Gentleman.

I do not think, he fears death.

First Gentleman.

Sure, he does not; He was never so womanish: the cause He may a little grieve at.

Second Gentleman.

Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gentleman.

'Tis likely, By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer, Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd, Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too, Lest he should help his father.

Second Gentleman.

Was a deep envious one.

First Gentleman.

That trick of state

Stay there; sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment; Tip- staves before him; the Axe with the Edge towards him; Halberds on each Side; accom- panied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common People.

Second Gentleman.

Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buckingham.

All good people, You that thus far have come to pity me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment, And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness, And if I have a conscience let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful. The law I bear no malice for my death, It has done upon the premises but justice; But those that sought it I could wish more Christians: Re what they will, I heartily forgive them. Yet let them look they glory not in mischief, Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; For then my guiltless blood must cry against them. For farther life in this world I ne'er hope, Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me— And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave Is only bitter to him, only dying, Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name. Lovell.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT II. SC. 1.

Lovell.
I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me now to forgive me frankly.

Buckingham.
Sir Thomas Lovell, I am free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can not take peace with: no
de black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lovell.
To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux.
Prepare there! The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buckingham.
Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet am I richer than my base accusers, [It;
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal
And with that blood will make them one day
groan for'.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him! Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial, [me
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
A most unnatural and faithless service! [most:
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make
friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once per
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away [ceive
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
Of my long weary life is come upon me. [hour
Farewell: and when you would say something
that is sad,
Speak how I fell.— I have done, and God forgive me!

EXEUNT Buckingham, &c.
Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Norfolk.
Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Chamberlain.
Good day to both your graces.

Suffolk.
How is the king employ'd?

Chamberlain.
I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norfolk.
What's the cause?

Chamberlain.
It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suffolk.
No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Norfolk.
'Tis so.
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal;
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day.

Suffolk.
Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself
else.

Norfolk.
How holily 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
nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage
And, out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course
plous?

Chamberlain.
Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true;
These news are every where; every tongue
speaks them, [dare
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that
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.

Suffolk.
And free us from his slavery.

Norfolk.
We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suffolk.
For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him.
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Norfolk.
Let's in.
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him.—
My lords, you'll bear us company?

Chamberlain.
Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Norfolk.
Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is
discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suffolk.
How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

King Henry.
Who is there? ha!

Norfolk.
Pray God, he be not angry.

King Henry.
Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
Into my private meditations? [yourselves
Who am I? ha!

Norfolk.
A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this
Is business of estate; in which we come [way
To know your royal pleasure.

King Henry.
Ye are too bold.
Go to; I will make ye know [our times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wolsey.
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
be not found a talker. [To Wolsey.

Wolsey.
Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King Henry.
We are busy: go.
[To Norfolk and Suffolk.

Norfolk.
This priest has no pride in him.

Suffolk.
Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his
But this cannot continue. [Aside.

Norfolk.
If it do,
I'll venture one have at him.

Suffolk. [Aside.

Wolsey.
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 envoy reach you?

The
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT II. SC. II.

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, hast sent One general tongue unto us, this good man, This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius; Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King Henry.

And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome, And thank the holy conclave for their loves: They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Campeius.

Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves, You are so noble. To your highness' hand I tender my commission; by whose virtue, (The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant, In the upartial judging of this business.

King Henry.

Two equal men. The queen shall be ac- quainted. [diner? Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gar-

Wolsey.

I know, your majesty has always los'd her So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King Henry.

Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour To him that does best: God forbid else. Car-Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secre-

I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wolsey.

Give me your hand; much joy and favour to You are the king's now. [You:

Gardiner.

But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King Henry.

Come hither, Gardiner. [They walk and whisper.

Campeius.

My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace In this man's place before him?

Wolsey.

Yes, he was.

Campeius.

Was he not held a learned man?

Wolsey.

Yes, surely.

Campeius.

Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, Even of yourself, lord cardinal. [Then, Wolsey.

How 1 of me ?

Campeius.

They will not stick to say, you envied him; And fearing be would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd That he ran mad, and died. [him, Wolsey.

Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living mur-

merers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, [low, For he would needs be virtuous: that good fel-

If I command him, follows my appointment: I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be gripp'd by meaner persons.

King Henry.

Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of, For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars: There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-

ness. —

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O my lord! Would it not grieve an able man, to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-

science, —

O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an Old Lady.

Anne.

Not for that neither: — here's the pang that pinches; His highness having liv'd so long with her, and So good a lady, that no tongue could ever [she Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life, She never knew harm-doing. — O! now, after So many courses of the sun enthron'd, Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter, than 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire, — after this process, To give her the avault! it is a pity Would move a monster.

Old Lady.

Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

Anne.

O God's will! much better, She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tem. Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce [poral, It from the bearer, 'tis a suffering panging As soul and body's severing.

Old Lady.

She's a stranger now again.

Anne.

Alas, poor lady! So much the more Must pity drop upon her. Verily, I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content, Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief, And wear a golden borrowed.

Old Lady.

Our content Is our best having.

Anne.

By my troth, and maidenhead, I would not be a queen.

Old Lady.

Beshrew me, I would, And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would For all this spice of your hypocrisy. [you, You that have so fair parts of woman on you, Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty: Which
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which (saving you musing) the capacity [gifts] of your soft, chaste, everlorn conscience would receive, if you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old Lady. Yes, troth, and troth. — You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old Lady. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me, Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you, What think you of a duchess? have you limbs To bear that load of title?

Anne. How do you talk! I swear again, I would not be a queen For all the world.

Old Lady. In faith, for little England You'd venture an embalming: I myself Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longd [comes here?] No more to the crown but that. Lo! who Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to The secret of your conference? [know

Anne. My good lord, Not your demand: it values not your asking. Our mistresses' sorrows we were pitying.

Chamberlain. It was a genteel business, and becoming The action of good women: there is hope All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen! Chamberlain. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty Commends his good opinion of you to you, and Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing Than marchioness of Pembroke to which title A thousand pounds a year, annual support, Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know, What kind of my obedience I should tender: More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes, Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my thankst, and my obedience, As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness: Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Chamberlain. Lady, I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit, The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well: [Aside. Beauty and honor in her are so mingled, That not words could catch the king; and who knows But from this lady may proceed a gem [yet, To lighten all this isle?—[To her.] I'll to the And say, I spoke with you. [king, Anne. My honour'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old Lady. Why, this it is; see, see! I have been begging sixteen years in court, (Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could Come pat betwixt too early and too late, For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate! A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon This coupelìd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd Before you open it. [up,

Anne. This is strange to me. Old Lady. 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 Lady. With your theme I could O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect; No other obligation. By my life, That promises more thousands: honour's train Is longer than his 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 leave me out on't. Would I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot: it fainst me, To think what follows. The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver What here you've heard, to her. Old Lady. What do you think me? [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Hall in Black-friars. 'Trumpets, Senet, and Cornets. Enter Two Fergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, Two Scribes, in thehabit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, 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 Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance.
tance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendents stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wolsey. 
Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

King Henry. 
What's the need? 
It hath already publicly been read, And on all sides th' authority allow'd; 
You may, then, spare that time.

Wolsey. 
Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. 
Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. 
Henry king of England, &c. 
King Henry.

Here.

Scribe. 
Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. 
Katharine, queen of England, &c. 
[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Queen Katharine. 
Sirs, I desire you, do me right and justice, And to bestow your pity on me; for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your command; my friends are glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour I ever contradiicted your desire, [friends Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharge'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 your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foulst contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest princes, that there had reign'd by many A year before: it is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly 

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel I will implore: if not, I' th' name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wolsey. 
You have here, lady, (And of your choice) these reverend fathers; Of singular integrity and learning, [men Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled To plead your cause. It shall be therefore boot That longer you desire the court, as well [less For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king.

Campellus. 
His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed, And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd and heard.

Queen Katharine. 
To you I speak.

Wolsey. 
Your pleasure, madam?

Queen Katharine. 
Sirs, I am about to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wolsey. 
Be patient yet.

Queen Katharine. 
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 blow'n this coal betwixt my lord and me, Which God's own quench.—Therefore, I say I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, [again, Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more, I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wolsey. 
I do profess, You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'ertopping 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 farther shall, is warrant'd By a commission from the consistory, [me, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge That I have blown this coal: I do deny it. The king is present: if it be known to him, That I gainsey my deed, how may he wound, And worthy, my falsehood; yea, as much As you have done my truth. If he know That I am free of it, in your report, he knows, I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to [before Remove these thoughts from you: the which His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, And to say so no more.

Queen Katharine. 
My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, much too weak To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming, with meekness and humility: but your heart is cram'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune and his highness' favours, gone slightly over low steps, and now are mounted. Where powers are your retainers; and your words, domestics to you, serve your will, as't please yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, you tender more your person's honour, than your high profession spiritual; that again I do refuse you for my judge, and here, before you all, appeal unto the pope; to bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, and to be judged by him.

[She curties to the King, and offers to depart.

Campellus. The queen is obstinate, stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well, she's going away.

King Henry. Call her again.

Crier.

Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Gentleman Usher.

Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen Katharine. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way: when you are call'd, return.—Now the lord help it!

They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass I will not tarry; no, nor ever more. [on: Upon this business, my appearance make in any of her courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.

King Henry. Go thy ways, Kate: That man? the world who shall report he has a better wife, let him in nought be trusted. For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone, (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness, thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, Obeying in commanding, and thy parts Sovereign and pluis else, could speak thee out,) The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born; And, like her true nobility, she has Carried herself towards me.

Wolsey. Most gracious sir, In humblest manner I require your highness, That it shall please you to declare, in hearing Of all these ears, (for where I am rob'd and bound, There must I be unloos'd; although not there At once, and fully 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 do, but with thanks to God for such A royal lady, spake one the least word that might be to the prejudice of her present state, or touch of her good person?

King Henry. My lord cardinal, I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour, I free you from't. You are not to be taught That you have many enemies, that know not Why they are so, but, like to village curs, Bark when their fellows do: by some of these The queen is put in danger. 'Y're excus'd;

But will you be more justified? you ever Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never Desir'd to be stir'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft, The passages made toward it.—On my honour, I speak my good lord cardinal to this point, And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,

I will be bold with time, and your attention: Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
sador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating, A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and Our daughter Mary. I, the progress of this Ere a determinate resolution, he [business, (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. Yea, with a tearing power, and made me tremble The region of my breast; which fore'd such way, That many maz'd considerations did throng, And press'd in with this caution. First, me- thought, I stood on, in the smile of Heaven; who had Commanded nature, that my lady's womb, If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to't, than The grave does to the dead; for her male issue Or died, when they were made, or shortly after This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought, This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not Be 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 groaning three. Thus hailing In The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present here together; that's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,— By all the great and reverend fathers of the church, 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.

Lincoln. Very well, my liege.

King Henry. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say How far you satisfied me.

Lincoln. So please your highness, The question did at first so stagger me,— Bearing a state of mighty moment in't, And consequence of dread,—that I committed The daring'nt counsel which I had to doubt, And did entreat your highness to this course, Which you are running here.

King Henry. I then mov'd you, My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave To make this present summons. Unsolicited I left no reverend person in this court: But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike I the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp 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 crea-
That's paragon'd o' the world. [To

Campellus.

So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King Henry.
I may perceive, [Aside.
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, [vanter!
Pri'thee, 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. The Palace at Bridewell.
A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and her Women, at work.

Queen Katharine.

Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles:
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

Song.
Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bore themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.
Queen Katharine.

How now? [Aside.
Gentleman.

An't please your grace, the two great cardi-
Wait in the presence. [nals
Queen Katharine.

Would they speak with me?
Gentleman.

They will'd me say so, madam.
Queen Katharine.

Pray their graces
To come near. [Exit Gentleman.] What can
be their business? [your?
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from fa-
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righte-
But all hoods make not monks. [ous;

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wolsey.

Peace to your highness
Queen Katharine.

Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords?

Wolsey.

May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen Katharine.

Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,
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, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wolsey.

Tanta est erga te mercius integritas, regina
serenissima.—
Queen Katharine.

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 bad much wrong. Lord
A cardinal,
The willing' st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wolsey.

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 taunt that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Campellus.

Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York — out of his noble nature,
Zeil and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Queen Katharine.

To betray me. [Aside.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove
so!) But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wilt,
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
Either for such men, or such business. For her sake that I have been, for I feel The last fit of my greatness, good your graces, Let me have time and counsel for my cause. Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. Wolsey. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these Your hopes and friends are infinite. [fears: Queen Katharine. 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. Campeius. I would, your grace Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel. Queen Katharine. How, sir? Campeius. Put your main cause into the king's protection; He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much Both for your honour better, and your cause; For if the trial of the law o'ertake you, You'll part away disgrac'd. Wolsey. He tells you rightly. Queen Katharine. 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. Campeius. Your rage mistakes us. Queen Katharine. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye, Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye. Mend 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. Wolsey. Madam, this is a mere distinction; You turn the good we offer into envy. Queen Katharine. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye, And all such false professors! Would ye have (If ye have any justice, any pity, (me 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 meabove this wretchedness? all your studies Make me a curse like this. Campeius. Your fears are worse. Queen Katharine. Have I liv'd thus long,—(let me speak myself, Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one? A woman (I dare say without vain-glory) Never yet branded with suspicion? Have I with all my full affections Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him? Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords. Bring me a constant woman to her husband, One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure, And to that woman, when she has done most, Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience. Wolsey. Madam, you wander from the good we aln at. Queen Katharine. 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. Wolsey. Pray, hear me. Queen Katharine. Would I had never trod this English earth, Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched lady? I am the most unhappy woman living.— Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes! [To her Women. Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me, Almost no grace allow'd me.—Like the lily, That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd, I'll hang my head, and perish. Wolsey. 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 carriage. The hearts of princes kiss obedience, So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits, They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. I know, you have a gentle, noble temper, A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us Those who profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants. Campeius. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casts Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you; Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please To trust us, in your business, we are ready To use our utmost studies in your service. Queen Katharine. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive If I have us'd myself unmannerly. [me You know I am a woman, lacking wit To
To make a seemly answer to such persons. 
Pray do my service to his majesty: 
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers, 
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers; 
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs, 
That little thought, when she set footing here, 
She should have bought her dignities so dear. 

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. 

Norfolk. 
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. 

Surrey. 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. 

Suffolk. Which of the peers 
Have uncontro'med gone by him, or at least 
Strangely neglected? when did he regard 
The stamp of nobleness in any person, 
Out of himself? 

Chamberlain. 
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's tongue. 

Norfolk. 
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. 

Surrey. 
Sir, 
I should be glad to hear such news as this 
Once every hour. 

Norfolk. 
Believe it, this is true. 
In the divorce his contrary proceedings 
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears, 
As I could wish mine enemy. 

Surrey. 
How came 
His practices to light? 

Suffolk. 
Most strangely. 

Surrey. 
O! how? how? 

Suffolk. 
The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried, 
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read, 
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness 
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if 
It did take place, "I do" quoth he, "perceive, 
My king is tangled in affections to 
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Burren." 

Has the king this? 

Suffolk. 
Believe it. 

Surrey. 
Will this work? 

Chamberlain. 
The king in this perceiveth him, how he 
coasts, 
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. 

Surrey. 
Would he had! 

Suffolk. 
May you be happy in your wish, my lord; 
For, I profess, you have it. 

Surrey. 
Now all my joy 
Trace the conjunction! 

Suffolk. 
My amen to't. 

Norfolk. 
All men's. 

Suffolk. 
There's order given for her coronation: 
Marry, this is yet but young, and may he left 
To some ears unrecounted.—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. 

Surrey. 
But, will the king 
Digest this letter of the cardinal's? 
The Lord forbid! 

Norfolk. 
Marry, amen! 

Suffolk. 
No, no: 
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose, 
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal 
Campeius 
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave; 
Has left the cause o' the king unhandeled, and 
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal, 
To second all his plot. I do assure you 
The king cried, ha! at this. 

Chamberlain. 
Now, God incense him, 
And let him cry ha! louder. 

Norfolk. 
But, my lord, 
When returns Cranmer? 

Suffolk. 
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. 

Norfolk. 
This same Cranmer's 
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain 
In the king's business. 

Suffolk. 
He has; and we shall see him 
For it an archbishop. 

Norfolk. 
So I hear. 

Suffolk.
Norfolk.

My lord, we have (motion
Stood here observing him. Some strange com-

as in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,

Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,

Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts

His eye against the moon. In most strange

We have seen him set himself. [postures

King Henry.

It may well be:

There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning

Papers of state he sent me to peruse,

As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?

Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,

Rich stuff, and ornaments of household, which

I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks

Possession of a subject.

Norfolk.

It's heaven's will:

Some spirit put this paper in the packet,

To bless your eye withal.

King Henry.

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 thinking are below the moon, not worth

His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who

goes to Wolsey.

Wolsey.

Heaven forgive me!

Ever God bless your highness.

King Henry.

Good my lord, [ventory

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-

Of your sweet 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.

Wolsey.

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time

To think upon the part of business, which

I bear in the state; and nature does require

Her times of preservation, which, perforce,

I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,

Must give my tendance to

King Henry.

You have said well.

Wolsey.

And ever may your highness yoke together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well

With my well saying!

King Henry.

'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 parted my present havings, to bestow

My bounties upon you.

Wolsey.
Wolsey.
What should this mean?

Surrey.
The Lord increase this business! [Aside.

King Henry.
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 wihal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wolsey.
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 come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor underserver, 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.

King Henry.
Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of its
Does pay the act of it; as, 't he contrary,
The fowlness 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.

Wolsey.
I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
(Though all the world should crack their duty
To you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King Henry.
'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this:
[Giving him Papers.

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, smiling
and whispering.

Wolsey.
What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gai'd him;
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of this anger. —'Tis so:
This paper has undone me! —'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
dom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Make me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? — "To
the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my
greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk.
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 farther from his highness.

Wolsey.
Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
carry
Authority so weighty.

Suffolk.
Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wolsey.
Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(1 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, (me;
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave
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?

Surrey.
The king that gave it.

Wolsey.
It must be himself, then.

Surrey.
Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wolsey.
Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Surrey.
Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, rob'd thee this bewilding land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of thy policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That
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.

Wolsey.

This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare make a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Surrey.

By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou
should't feel
My sword 'tis the life-blood of thee else.— My
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? [lords,
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.

Wolsey.

All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Surrey.

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 write to the pope, against the king; your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wolsey.

How much, methinks, I could despise this man
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Norfolk.

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wolsey.

So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Surrey.

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.

Wolsey.

Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Surrey.

I had rather want those, than my head. Have
you
[ledge,
First, that without the king's assent or know-
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Norfolk.

Then, that in all you write to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, Ego et Rex meus
Was still inscribed, in which you brought the
To be your servant.

[king

Suffolk.

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.

Surrey.

Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassaliis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suffolk.

That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Surrey.

Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance,
(By which means got, I leave to your own con-
science)
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.

Chamberlain.

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
So little of his great self.

Suffolk.

I forgive him.

Norfolk.

Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a praemunire,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Dissent all but Wolsey.

Wolsey.

So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More panics and tears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromwell.
I have no power to speak, sir.

Wolsey.
What! amaz'd At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Cromwell.
How does your grace?

Wolsey.
Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities, [cur'd me,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has
Humbly thank his grace, and from these should
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken [dera,
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.

Cromwell.
I am glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wolsey.
I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
[Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
That my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Cromwell.
The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wolsey.
God bless him!

Cromwell.
The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wolsey.
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,
[lings,
When he has run his course and sleeps in bliss:
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em.
What more?

Cromwell.
That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wolsey.
That's news indeed.

Cromwell.
Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wolsey.
There was the weight that pulled me down.
O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

First Gentleman.
You're well met once again.

Second Gentleman.
So are you.

First Gentleman.
You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

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, [there.
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Cromwell.
O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wolsey.
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Crom-
well:
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of.— say, I taught
Thee, Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shallops of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd
Mark but my fall, and that ruin'd me. [it.
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
Corruption wins not more than honesty. [thee:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve thee, and — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well!
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.

Cromwell.
Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey.
So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do
dwell.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gentleman.

You're well met once again.

Second Gentleman.
So are you.

First Gentleman.

You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Second Gentleman.  
'Tis all my business. At our last encounter, The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gentleman.  
'Tis very true; but that time offer’d sorrow, This, general joy.

Second Gentleman.  
'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds; As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward. In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gentleman.  
Never greater; Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Second Gentleman.  
May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?

First Gentleman.  
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.

Second Gentleman.  
I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, who’s become of Katherine, The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gentleman.  
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 was often cited by them, but appear’d not: And, to be short, for not appearance, and The king’s late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorce’d. And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which she was removed to Kimbolton, Where she remains now, sick.

Second Gentleman.  
Alas, good lady!—[Trumpets. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.  
A lively flourish of Trumpets.

1. Then, two Judges.  
2. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.  
3. Choristers singing.  
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms; and on his head, he wore a gilt copper crown.  
5. Marques 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 of SS.  
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.  
7. Two new coronets; one of four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.  
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen’s train.  
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.  

Second Gentleman.  
A royal train, believe me.—These I know: Who’s that, that bears the sceptre?

First Gentleman.  
Marques Dorset: And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Second Gentleman.  
A bold brave gentleman. That should be The duke of Suffolk.

First Gentleman.  
'Tis the same; high steward.

Second Gentleman.  
And that my lord of Norfolk?

First Gentleman.  
Yes.

Second Gentleman.  
Bless, then 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, [lady: And more, and richer, when he strains that I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gentleman.  
They, that bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons Of the cinque-ports.

Second Gentleman.  
Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her. I take it, she that carries up the train Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

First Gentleman.  
It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Second Gentleman.  
Their coronets say so. These are stars, And sometimes falling ones.  
[Indeed;  
First Gentleman.  
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?

Third Gentleman.  
Among the crowd ’tis the abbey; where a finger Could not be wagg’d in more: I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

Second Gentleman.  
You saw the ceremony?

Third Gentleman.  
That I did.  
First Gentleman.  
How was it?

Third Gentleman.  
Well worth the seeing.

Second Gentleman.  
Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gentleman.  
As well as I am able. The rich stream Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen To a prepar’d place in the choir, fell off A distance from her, while her grace sat down To
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 lay by man: when which the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrivells make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
( Doubistes, I think) flew up, and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
I never saw before. Great-bellied women, joy
That had not half a week to go, like rams.
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man
living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were
So strangely in one piece.

Second Gentleman.
But, what follow'd?

Third Gentleman.
At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint
like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward 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.

First Gentleman.
Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
"Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

Third Gentleman.
I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Second Gentleman.
What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gentleman.
Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.

Second Gentleman.
He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gentleman.
All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

Second Gentleman.
Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gentleman.
Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

Second Gentleman.
He will deserve more.

Third Gentleman.
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.

Griffith.
How does your grace?

Katharine.
O, Griffith! sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
( me, Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou said'st
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?)

Griffith.
Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Katharine.
Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Griffith.
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.

Katharine.
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,—"O father
abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity;"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Katharine.
So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity. He was a man [him,
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law; I' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he 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?

Katharine.
Katharine. Yes, good Griffith.

Griffith. This cardinal, though from a humble stock, undoubtedly was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one; exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading. Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not: but, to those men that 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 those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you, Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with unwilling to outlive the good that did it; [him, 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 so little; and, to add greater honours to his age, than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Katharine. 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!—P ridicule, he near me still; and set me lower: I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith, cause the music play me that song, I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating on that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Griffith. 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 bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congease 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 curt'seys: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Katharine. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone, and leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griffith. Madam, we are here.

Katharine. Is it not you I call for, saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Griffith. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop invite me to a banquet; those bright faces cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promis'd me eternal happiness, and brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Katharine. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams possess your fancy.

Griffith. Bid the music cease.

Patience. Do you note, how much her grace is alter'd on the sudden? How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks! And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Griffith. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Patience. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. An't like your grace,—

Katharine. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

Griffith. You are to blame, knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, to use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Messenger. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon; my haste made me unmannerly. There is staying a gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

Katharine. Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this fellow let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

[If my sight fail not, you should be lord ambassador from the emperor, my royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

Madam, the same, your servant.

Katharine. O! my lord! The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely with me, since first you knew me. But, I pray, what is your pleasure with me? [You, Capucius.

Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, the king's request that I would visit you, who grieves much for your weakness, and by me sends you his princely commendations, and heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Katharine. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 'tis like a pardon after execution. That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me; but now I am past all comforts here, but prayers. How does his highness?

Capucius.
Capucius.  
Madam, in good health.

Katharine.  
So may he ever do; and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Patience.  
No, madam.  
[Giving it to Katharine.

Katharine.  
Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

Capucius.  
Most willing, madam.

Katharine.  
In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseaching him to give her virtuous breeding;  
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature; I hope,  
she will deserve well;) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long,  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare 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  
And able means, we had not parted thus. [Life,  
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the  
To do me this last right. [King

Capucius.  
By heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Katharine.  
I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness;  
Say, his long trouble now is passing [him,  
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 unqueen'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.

Gardiner.  
T'is one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy.  
It hath struck.

Gardiner.  
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  
Whither so late? [Thomas:  
Lovell.  
Came you from the king, my lord?

Gardiner.  
I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero  
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lovell.  
I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gardiner.  
Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that  
walk (As they say, spirits do) at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

Lovell.  
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.

Gardiner.  
The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily: that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir  
I wish it grubb'd up now. [Thomas,  
Lovell.  
Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen: and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

Gardiner.  
But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, sir Thomas: y'are a gentleman  
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

Lovell.  
Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for  
Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
Of the rolls, and the king's secretary; farther, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. Th' arch-  
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare  
One syllable against him? [Speak  
Gardiner.
Gardiner.

Yes, yes, sir Thomas, there are those that dare; and I myself have ventured to speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day, Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have incensed the lords of the council, that he is (For so 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, forsaking those fell mischiefs Our reasons laid before him) had commanded, To-morrow morning to the council-board He be convened. 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.

Lovell.

As Lovell is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk.

King Henry.

Charles, I will play no more to-night: My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suffolk.

Sir, I did never win of you before.

King Henry.

But little, Charles; Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play. — Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news? Lovell.

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 Most heartily to pray for her. [highness

King Henry.

What say'st thou? ha! To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lovell.

So said her woman; and that her sufferance made Almost each pang a death.

Suffolk.

Alas, good lady! God safely quit her of her burden, and With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir!

King Henry.

'Tis midnight, Charles; Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone, For I must think of that, which company Would not be friendly to.

Suffolk.

I wish your highness A quiet night; and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

King Henry.

Charles, good night. — [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Denny.

Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, As you commanded me.

King Henry.

Ha! Canterbury?

Denny.

Ay, my good lord.

King Henry.

'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Denny.

He attends your highness' pleasure.

King Henry.

Bring him to us. — [Exit Denny.

Lovell.

This is about that which the bishop spake: I am happily come hither. — [Aside. Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer. [Aside.

King Henry.

Avoid the gallery.

[Exit Lovell seems to stay.

1ha! — I have said. — Be gone. What I— [Exit Lovell and Denny. Cranmer.

I am fearful. — Wherefore frowns he thus? 'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.

King Henry.

How now, my lord! You do desire to know Wherefore I sent for you.

Cranmer.

It is my duty To attend your highness' pleasure.

King Henry.

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, But that, till farther trial in those charges Which will require your answer, you must take Your patience to you, and be well contented To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us, It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

Cranmer.

I humbly thank your highness, And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know, There's none stands under more calamitous Than I myself, poor man. [tongues,

King Henry.

Stand up, good Canterbury: Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up: Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame, What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd You would have given me your petition, that I should have ta'en some pains to bring together Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard Without indulgence, farther. [you, Cranmer.

Most dread liege, The good I stand on, is my truth, and honesty: If
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies, [not, Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

King Henry.

Know you not How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world? [practices Your enemies are many, and not small; their Must bear the same proportion: and not ever The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt To swear against you? such things have been done. You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, I mean in perjuri' witness, than your Master, Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to: You take a preceptile for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

Cranmer.

God, and your majesty, Protect mine innocence, or I fall into The trap is laid for me!

King Henry.

Be of good cheer; They shall no more prevail, than we give way to. Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see You do appear before them. If they shall chance, In charging you with matters, to commit you, The best persuasions to the contrary Fall not to use, and with what vehemency The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties Will render you no remedy, this ring Deliver them, and your appeal to us [weep! There make before them. — Look, the good man He's honest, on mine honour. God's best Mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone, And do as I have bid you. — [Exit Cranmer.] He His language in his tears. [has strangled

Enter an old Lady.

Gentleman. [Within.


I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angel! Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person Under their blessed wings! —

King Henry.

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.

King Henry.

Lovell,—

Re-enter Lovell.

Lovell.

Sir,

King Henry.

Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [Exit King.}

Lady.

An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment: I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter Cranmer; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.

Cranmer.

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? Door-Keeper. 

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cranmer.

Why?

Door-Keeper.

Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cranmer.

So.

Butts.

This is a piece of malice. I am glad, I came this way so happily: the king Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts. Cranmer. [Aside.

'Tis Butts, The king's physician. As he past along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me. Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain, This is of purpose laid by some that hate me, (God turn their hearts I never sought their malice) [make me To quench mine honour: they would shame to Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor! 'Mong boys, groceries, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience. Enter the King and Butts, at a window above. Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

King Henry.

What's that, Butts?

Butts.

I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King Henry.

Body o' me, where is it?

Butts.

There, my lord: The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursu- Pages, and footboys. [yants, King Henry.

Ha! 'Tis he, indeed. Is this the honour they do one another? 'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I bad thought, They had parted so much honesty among 'em, (At least good manners) as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour, To
To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures, And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Mary, But, there's knavery: Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon.— [Exeunt. THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell, at the lower end, as secretary.

Chancellor. Speak to the business. master secretary: Why are we met in council?

Cromwell. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gardiner. Has he bad knowledge of it?

Cromwell. Yes.

Norfolk. Who waits there?

Door-Keeper. Without, my noble lords?

Gardiner. Yes, Door-Keeper. My lord archbishop; And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chancellor. Let him come in.

Door-Keeper. Your grace may enter now. [Cranmer approaches the Council-table. Chancellor.

My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry To sit here at this present, and behold That chair stand empty: but we all are men, In our own natures frail, and capable Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty, Us, And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach Have misdemeanor'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains, (For so we are inform'd) with new opinions, Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gardiner.

What reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle, [spur them, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity: To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commutations, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cromwell.

My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching, And the strong course of my authority, Might go one way, and safely: and the end Was ever, to do well: nor is there living (I speak it with a single heart, my lords,) A man, that more defects, more stirs against, Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of a public peace, than I do. Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men, that make Envy and crooked maintenance of nourishment, [ships, Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord- That in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely urge against me.

Suffolk. Nay, my lord, That cannot be: you are a counsellor, And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gardiner. My lord, because we have business of more moment, [pleasure; We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' And our consent, for better trial of you. From hence you be committed to the Tower: Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are providèd for.

Cranmer. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you; [pass. You are always my good friend! if your will I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, You are so merciful. I see your end; 'Tis my undoing. Love, and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition: Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear my-If, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt, as you do conscience, In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gardiner.

My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis- covers, [ness. To men that understand you, words and weak-

Cromwell.

My lord of Winchester, you are a little, By your good favour, too sharp: me, so noble, However faulty, yet should find respect For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty, To load a falling man.

Gardiner. Good master secretary, I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

Cromwell. Why, my lord?

Gardiner. Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect? ye are not sound.


Gardiner. Not sound, I say.

Cromwell. Would you were half so honest; Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

Gardiner. I shall remember this bold language.
Remember your old life too.

Chancellor. This is too much:

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gardiner. I have done.

Cromwell. And I.

Chancellor. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands I take it, by all voices, that forthwith [agreed, You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All.

Cranmer. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gardiner. What other

Would you expect? You are strangu troublsome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cranmer. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gardiner. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cranmer. Stay, good my lords; I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my by virtue of that ring I take my cause [lords: Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chamberlain. This is the king's ring.

Surrey. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suffolk. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling.

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Norfolk. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?

Chamberlain. 'Tis now too certain,

How much more is his life in value with him. Would I were fairly out on't.

Cromwell. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at, fye,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at

Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.

Gardiner. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince:

Not only good and wise, but most religious:

One that in all obedience makes the church

The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear

The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King Henry.

You were ever good at sudden commendations, Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me

But, whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I'm sure, Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man,[To Cranmer.] sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee: By all that's holy, he had better starve, Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Surrey.

May it please your grace,—

King Henry.

No, sir, it does not please me. [standing I had thought, I had had men of some under- And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, (few of you deserve that title) This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this! Did my com- mission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye power, as he was a councillor, to try him, Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chancellor. This far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace, To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur- pos'd Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

King Henry.

Well, well, my lords, respect him: Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him: if a prince May be beholding to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him: Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap- tism, You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cranmer.

The greatest monarch now alive may glory In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King Henry.

Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.

You shall have two noble partners with you; The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Will these please you? [Dorset: Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace, and love this man.

Gardiner. With a true heart,

And brother-love, I do it.
Cranmer.

And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King Henry.

Good man! those joyful tears show thy true
The common voice, I see, is verified [heart.
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Cun-
terbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle thee 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.

Porter.

You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Porter.

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 see christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man.

Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible, Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Porter.

How got they in, and be hanged'd?

Man.

Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Porter.

You did nothing, sir.

Man.

I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[Within.] Do you hear, master Porter?

Porter.

I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man.

What would you have me do?

Porter.

What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorsfield to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget 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, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in his nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the bormataff to me: I defied 'em still; when sud-
denly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, de-
livered such a shower of pebbles, that I was
fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Porter.

These are the youths that thunder at a play-
house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audi-
cence, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the
limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo
Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two
beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain.

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 knives?—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.

Porter.

An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Chamberlain.

As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round lines for neglect. Y'ar lazy knives;
And here ye lie baiting of bombardoms, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're 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 Marchaltesa shall hold ye play these two months.

Porter.

Make way there for the princess.

Man.

You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Porter.

You 't the cambie, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[Exeunt.
KING HENRY VIII.

Act V. Sc. IV.

SCENE IV. The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's staff. Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Garter.

Heaven,
From thy endless goodess, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Furnish. Enter King, and Train.

Cranmer. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
[Standing.]
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King Henry.

Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cranmer. Elizabeth.

King Henry.

[Standing, as before.]

[The King kisses the Child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect
Into whose hand I give thy life. [Thee!

Cranmer.

Amen.

King Henry. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cranmer. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let nothine 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: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still connue lher:
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 philent,
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,

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
Shall see this, and bless heaven. [Children

King Henry. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die:
She must; the saints must have her: yet a virgin
A most unspotted lily shall she pass,
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King Henry. 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 pleased 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 you, good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:
[Thee!

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
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. [Exit.

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 frightened 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're 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 'em. If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

THE PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd, Have to the port of Ilius sent their ships, fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made, To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel. To Tenedos they come, And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains The fresh and yet unbrusht Greeks do pitch Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city, Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chelus, Trojan, And Antenorides, with massy staples And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, Spurr up the sons of Troy. Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits On one, and other side, Trojan and Greek, Sets all on hazard.— And hither am I come A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited In like conditions as our argument,— To tell you, fair beholders, that our play Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils, Beginning in the middle: starting thence away To what may be digested in a play. Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are; Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace. Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus. Troilus. 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. Pandarus. Will this gear ne'er be mended? Troilus. 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
TAMER than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

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

TROILUS.
Have I not tarried?

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

TROILUS.
Have I not tarried?

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

TROILUS.
Still have I tarried.

PANDARUS.
Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the baking; the one, two, three, four: say, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

TROILUS.
Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lessen bleeper at suffERENCE than I do. At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,— So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

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

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

PANDARUS.
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 kinwoman: I would not, as they term it, raise her,—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not disparage your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

TROILUS.
O PANDARUS! I tell thee, PANDARUS,— When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice, Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her Handiest in thy discourse, O! that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink, Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me.
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her; But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given The knife that made it. [me

PANDARUS.
I speak no more than truth.

TROILUS.
Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARUS.
'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.

TROILUS.
Good PANDARUS, How now, PANDARUS!

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

TROILUS.
What I art thou angry, PANDARUS? what with me?

PANDARUS.
Because she's 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.

TROILUS.
Say I, she is not fair?

PANDARUS.
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! the matter.

PANDARUS.
Not I.

TROILUS.
Sweet PANDARUS,—

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

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.

TROILUS.
Peace, you ungracious cloumours! 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; Oursell the merchant, and this sailing PANDAR, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

ALARUM. Enter ENeas.

ENeas.

ENeas.

ENeas.

ENeas.

ENeas.

ENeas.

TROILUS, by MENELAUS.

TROILUS.
Act 1. Sc. ii.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS.

Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gord with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Æneas.

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

TROILUS.

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

But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æneas.

In all swift haste.

TROILUS.

Come; go we, then, together. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and Alexander.

CRESSIDA.

Who were those went by?

ALEXANDER.

Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

CRESSIDA.

And whither go they?

ALEXANDER.

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 child 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 Diu, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

CRESSIDA.

What was his cause of anger?

ALEXANDER.

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

CRESSIDA.

Good: and what of him?

ALEXANDER.

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

CRESSIDA.

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

ALEXANDER.

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 sauc'd with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint 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.

CRESSIDA.

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

ALEXANDER.

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.

CRESSIDA.

Who comes here?

ALEXANDER.

Madam, your uncle, Pandarus.

CRESSIDA.

Hector's a gallant man.

ALEXANDER.

As may be in the world, lady.

PANDARUS.

What's that? what's that?

CRESSIDA.

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

This morning, uncle.

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

PANDARUS.

E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

CRESSIDA.

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PANDARUS.

Was he angry?

CRESSIDA.

So he says, here.

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

What, is he angry too?

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

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

PANDARUS.

Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

CRESSIDA.

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

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.

So he is.

PANDARUS.

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

CRESSIDA.
CRESSIDA.

He is not Hector.

Pandarus.

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.

Cressida.

Excuse me.

Pandarus.

He is elder.

Cressida.

Pardon me, pardon me.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

Nor his qualities.

Cressida.

No matter.

Pandarus.

Nor his beauty.

Cressida.

'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pandarus.

You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither—

Cressida.

No, but brown.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

To say the truth, true and not true.

Pandarus.

She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cressida.

Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pandarus.

So he has.

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

But, to prove to you that Helen loves him:—

she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cressida.

Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pandarus.

Why, you know, 'tis dimples. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cressida.

O! he smiles valiantly.

Pandarus.

Does he not?

Cressida.

O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens 't the shell.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Without the rack.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Alas, poor chin I many a wart is richer.

Pandarus.

But, there was such laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er

Cressida.

With mill-stones.

Pandarus.

And Cassandra laughed.

Cressida.

But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pandarus.

And Hector laughed.

Cressida.

At what was all this laughing?

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

What was his answer?

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

This is her question.

Pandarus.

That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white
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't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

So I do.

Pandarus.

I'll be sworn, 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cressida.

And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [A retreat sounded.]

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

At your pleasure.

Pandarus.

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.

Cressida.

Speak not so loud.

 bureaucrates passes over the Stage.

Pandarus.

That's Eneas. 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.

Cressida.

Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pandarus.

That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one of the soundest men I know 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.

Cressida.

Will he give you the nod?

Pandarus.

You shall see.

Cressida.

If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pandarus.

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?

Cressida.

O! a brave man.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Be those with swords?

Pandarus.

Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now.

—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cressida.

Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pandarus.

That's Helenus.—I marvel, where Troilus is.

That's Helenus.—I think he went not forth today.—That's Helenus.

Cressida.

Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pandarus.

Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus; there's a man, niece.—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cressida.

Peace! for shame; peace!

Pandarus.

Mark him; note him.—O 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?—if that be him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Soldiers pass over the Stage.

Cressida.

Here come more.

Pandarus.

Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran: porridge after meat. I could live and die 't he eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look, at him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Well, well.

Pandarus.

Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality,
liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cressida.

Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date's out.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

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.

Pandarus.

Say one of your watches.

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy.

Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pandarus.

Where?

Boy.

At your own house; there he summons him.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Adieu, uncle.

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

To bring, uncle,—

Pandarus.

Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cressida.

By the same token, you are a bawd.—[Exit Pandarus. Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise; But more in Troilus thousand fold I see, Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be. Yet hold I off. Women are angels, woos: Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing: That she beloved knows nought, that knows not this,— Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is: That she was never yet, that ever knew Love got so sweet as when desire did sue. Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach.— Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech: Then, though my heart's content firm love doth seem the Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exit.


Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agamemnon.

Princes.

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The amble proposition, that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below, Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest reared; As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound plant, and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us, That we come short of our suppose so far, That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand; Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, And that unbody'd figure of the thought That gav't surpris'd shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks ashen'd behold our works, And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else To find per sistive constancy in men? The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward, The wise and fool, the artist and unread. The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin: But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction. with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away; And what hath mass, or matter, by itself Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nestor.

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 bubble boats fare well Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk? But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold, The strong-rubb'd bark through liquid moun tains cut, Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat? Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Revisit'd? great's? 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 brightness, The herd hath more annoyance by the prize, Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage, As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And with an accent tun'd in self-same key, Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulysses. 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 influence,—

[To Nestor. I give to both your speeches, which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should defend up high in brass: and much again, As venerable Nestor, hast'd in silver,
ACT I. SC. III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-
trees) [kers
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greeks.
To his experience'd tongue,—yet let it please
both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agamemnon.

Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less ex-
trails
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident.
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oration.

Ulysses.

Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a mas-
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
What should the general do? What may he, To whom the foragers shall all repair, [zarded,
What honey is expected? Degree being vil-
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
Observe degree, priority, and place, [centre,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sparrow'd
Amid the stars; whose med'cinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the
In evil mixture, to disorder wander, [planets.
When that should be, and what portents I what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frigths, 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 to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could com-
munities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of . . . . . ; crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing
meets
In more oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Forced should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong.
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice
too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is subsided,
Follows the choking:
And this negligence of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd:
By him one step below; he, by the next;

That next, by him beneath; so, every step,
Examined by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an iconous fever
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.

Nestor.

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

Agamemnon.

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulysses.

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forefront of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth; and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls.)
He pagans and masters all:—pride, time,
Agamemnon,
Thy topless devotion he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footling and the scaff-
foldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-
usual'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this dusty 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 Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
beard
As he being 'drest to some cration.'
That's one answer,—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then he goes on:—the faint effects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a paley, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Fulour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patro-
elus;—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, feasts, orders, preventing,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor.

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

Ulysses.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

ACT I. SC. III.  

Troilus.  
Ay, Greek, that is my name.  
Agamemnon.  
What's your affair, I pray you?  
Troilus.  
Sir, pardon: 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.  
Agamemnon.  
He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.  
Troilus.  
Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him: I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.  
Agamemnon.  
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.  
Troilus.  
Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these dusty tents;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.  
[Trumpet sounds.  
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,  
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;  
That loves his mistress more than in confession  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Mid-way between our 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 damsels are sun-burn'd, and not  
The splinter of a lance. Even so much, I worth  
Agamemnon.  
This shall be told our lovers, lord Troilus;  
If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'll be he.  
Nestor.  
Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grand sire suck'd; he is old now;  
But if there be not in our Grecian mould  
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 heave;  
And in my war-trace put this wither'd brawn;  
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,  
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.  
Troilus.  

Ulysses.  
They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;  
Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.  
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;  
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.  

Nestor.  
Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons.  
[A Tucket.  
Agamemnon.  
What trumpet? look, Menelaus.  
Enter Æneas.  
Menelaus.  
From Troy.  
Agamemnon.  
What would you 'fore our tent?  
Æneas.  
Is this Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?  
Agamemnon.  
Even this.  
Æneas.  
May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?  
Agamemnon.  
With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,  
'Fore all the Grecian heads, which with one  
Call Agamemnon head and general. [voice  
Æneas.  
Fair leave, and large security. How may  
A stranger to most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?  
Agamemnon.  
How?  
Æneas.  
Ay; I ask that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phæbus.  
Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?  
Agamemnon.  
This Trojan scorps us, or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.  
Æneas.  
Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have gait,  
[Jove's accord.  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!  
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 commands,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.  
Agamemnon.  
Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
TROILUS

[Strikes Ajax.]

'Tis and for Ajax. Ulysses. Nestor.—

And whose That
Whose
Or,
Blunt
To
What
In
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent; Yourself shall feast with us before you go, And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.]

Nestor. What says Ulysses?

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

Nestor. What isn't?

This 'tis. Blunt 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 overhaul us all.

Nestor. Well, and how?

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends, However it is spread in general name, Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nestor. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance, Whose grossness little characters sum up: And in the publication make no strain, But that Achilles, were his brain as barren As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows, 'Tis dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment, Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose Pointing on him.

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

Nestor. Why, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose, That can from Hector bring his honour off, If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful com- Yet in the trial much opinion dwells: [bat, For here the Trojans taste our dear't repute With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses. Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd [sex, 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 distil'd Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, [part, What heart receives from hence the conquering To steal 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.

Ulysses. 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 putting the worst 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.

Nestor. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulysses. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector, Were he not proud, we all should share with But he already is too insolent; [him: And we were better parch in Afric sun, Tha.i in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes. Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were fool'd, Why, then we did our main opinion crush In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery, And by device let blockbuster Ajax draw The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves, Give him allowance as the worthier man, For that will physic the great Myrmidon, Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall His crest, that louder 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.

Nestor. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice; And I will give a taste of it forthwith To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the Grecian Camp. Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—

THERSITES.—

Ajax. Thersites. Agamemnon—how if he had bulls? full, all over, generally?

THERSITES.—

Ajax. Thersites. And those bulls did run? — Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Dog.—

THERSITES. Then would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then.

THERSITES. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax.
Ajax.

Speak then, thou villain'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Tersites.

I shall sooner ral 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.

Tersites.

Dost thou think I have no sense, thou stirr'st me thus?

Ajax.

The proclamation.

Tersites.

Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax.

Do not, porcupine, do not: my fingers itch.

Tersites.

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 strikest as slow as another.

Ajax.

I say, the proclamation,—

Tersites.

Thou grumblest 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 hastest at him.

Ajax.

Mistress Tersites!

Tersites.

Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax.

Cobloaf!

Tersites.

He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax.

You whoreson cur! [Beating him.]

Tersites.

Do, do.

Ajax.

Thou stool for a witch!

Tersites.

Ay, do; thou sodden-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax.

You dog!

Tersites.

You scurvy lord!

Ajax.

You cur! [Beating him.]

Tersites.

Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achilles.

Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?

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

Tersites.

You see him there, do you?

Achilles.

Aye; what's the matter?

Tersites.

Nay, look upon him.

Achilles.

So I do: what's the matter?

Tersites.

Nay, but regard him well.

Achilles.

Well, why I do so.

Tersites.

But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be he is Ajax.

Achilles.

I know that, fool.

Tersites.

Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax.

Therefore I beat thee.

Tersites.

Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medlicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have hobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mator is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

What?

Tersites.

I say, this Ajax.

Achilles.

Nay, good Ajax. [Ajax offers to strike him.

Tersites.

Has not so much wit—

Achilles.

Nay, I must hold you.

Tersites.

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

Achilles.

Peace, fool!

Tersites.

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

Ajax.

O, thou damned cur! I shall—

Achilles.

Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Tersites.

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

Patroclus.

Good words, Tersites.

Achilles.

What's the quarrel?

Ajax.

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

Tersites.

I serve thee not.

Ajax.

Well, go to, go to.

Tersites.

I serve here voluntary.
Achilles.

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

Thersites.

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

Achilles.

What, with me too, Thersites? Thersites.

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

Achilles.

What? what?

Thersites.

Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax!—Ajax.

I shall cut out your tongue.

Thersites.

'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patroclus.

No more words, Thersites; peace!

Thersites.

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

Achilles.

There's for you, Patroclus.

Thersites.

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

Patroclus.

A good riddance.

Achilles.

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

Ajax.

Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achilles.

I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man. Ajax.

O! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it.

[Exit.

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

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Priam.

After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again said Nestor from the Greeks:— "Deliver Helen, and all damage else— As honour, loss of time, travail, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is considered In hot digestion of this cormorant war,— Shall be struck off."—Hector, what say you to't?

Hector.

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far as toucheth my particular, Yet, dread Priam, There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spungy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out,—"Who knows what force the gods have?" Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe the 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, nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten, What merit's in that reason, which denes The yielding of her up?

Troilus.

Fie, fie, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counters sum The past-proportion of his infinite? And buckle in a waist most fathomless, With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame! Helenus.

No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troilus.

You are for dreams and slumbers, 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 very wings of reason to his heels, And fly like children Mercury from Jove, Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour Should have bare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts With this cram'd reason: reason and respect Make livers pale, and lusthodey deject.

Hector.

Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.

Troilus.

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hector.

But value dwells not in particular will; It holds his estimate and dignity, As well wherein 'tis precious of itself, As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry, To make the service greater than the god; And the will dotes, that is inclined To what infectiously itself affects, Without some image of 'tis affected merit.

Troilus.

I take to-day a wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by
honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoll'd them; nor the remainder
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. 'Twas thought meet, when
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a
truce,
And did him service: hetouch'd the ports desir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive.
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must need, 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,
Reggar 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!

Cassandra.

Cry, Trojans, cry!

Priam.

What noise? what shriek is this?

Trojans.

'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

Cassandra.

Cry, Trojans!

Hector.

It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cassandra.

Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hector.

Peace, sister, peace!

Cassandra.

Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinkled old,
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! I practise your eyes with tears:
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illus stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Hector.

Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
Of divination in our sister work [strains
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?

Troilus.

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

Paris.

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

Priam.

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.

Paris.

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

Hector.

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

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

Hector. I am yours, You valiant offspring of great Priamus.— I have a roasting challenge set amongst The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks, Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits. I was advertis'd, they are all my general spect. Whilst emulation in the army crept: This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.


Enter Thersites.

Thersites. 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. 'Soot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spurious speculations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have; which shew-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the bone-ache; for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.


Thersites. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common cur-e of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! bea-

ven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patroclus. What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Thersites. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achilles. Who's there?

Patroclus. Thersites, my lord.

Achilles. 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?

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

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

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

Patroclus. Thou may'st tell, that knowest.

Achilles. O! I tell, tell.

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

Patroclus. You rascal! Thersites. Peace, fool! I have not done.

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

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

Achilles. Derive this: come.

Thersites. 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 politic.

Patroclus. Why am I a fool?

Thersites. Make that demand of the proper. — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achilles. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Thersites. Here is such patchery, 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
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act II. Sc. iii.

If you do say, we think him over-proud. And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself. Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish tunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if. The passage and whole carriage of this action rode on his tide. Go, tell him this: and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—Bring action hither, this cannot go to war. A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patroclus. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[Exit.]

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

Ajax. What is he more than another?

[Exit Ulysses.]

Agamemnon. 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?

Agamemnon. No question.

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

Agamemnon. 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.

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

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

Nestor. Yet he loves himself; is't not strange?

[Aside.]

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

Ulysses. What's his excuse?

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

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

Ulysses. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness; And
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breach: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swarm and hot discourse, That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters 'gainst himself: what should I say? He is so plagy proud, that the death tokens of Cry—" No recovery." "

*Aside*.

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.

Ulysses.

O Agamemnon! let it not be so. We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord, That bastes his arrogancy with his own seam, And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts,—save such as doth resolve And runnate himself,—shall he be worship'd Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquit'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:

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

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

Nestor.

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

Diomedes.

And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax.

If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll push him o'er the face.

Agamemnon.

O, no! you shall not go.

Ajax.

An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride. Let me go to him.

Ulysses.

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax.

A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nestor.

How he describes himself?

Ajax.

Can he not be sochable?

Ulysses.

The raven.

Ajax.

I'll let his humours blood.

Agamemnon.

He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax.

An all men were o' my mind—

Ulysses.

Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax.

'A should not bear it so, 'A should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nestor.

An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulysses.

'A would have ten shares.

Ajax.

I will knead him; I will make him supple.

Nestor.

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

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Nestor.

My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

To Agamemnon.

Nestor.

Our noble general, do not do so.

Diomedes.

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face: I will be silent.

Nestor.

Wherefore should you so?

Ulysses.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Nestor.

Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax.

A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would, he were a Trojan!

Nestor.

What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulysses.

If he were proud?

Diomedes.

Or covetous of praise?

Ulysses.

Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulysses.

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

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee such

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

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

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

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,

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

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

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

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax.

Shall I call you father?

Ulysses.

Ay, my good son.

Diomedes.

Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulysses.

There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war:

zz

Fresh
ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.
Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

FRIEND! you; pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

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

Pandarus. You depend upon him, I mean?

Servant. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pandarus. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Servant. The lord be praised!

Pandarus. You know me, do you not?

Servant. Faith, sir, superficially.

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

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

Pandarus. I do desire it.

Servant. You are in the state of grace. [Music within.

Pandarus. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—What music is this?

Servant. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pandarus. Know you the musicians?

Servant. Wholly, sir.

Pandarus. Who play they to?

Servant. To the hearers, sir.

Pandarus. At whose pleasure, friend?

Servant. At mine, sir; and theirs that love music.

Pandarus. Command, I mean, friend.

Servant. Who shall I command, sir?

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

Servant. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

Pandarus. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Servant. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

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

Servant. Sudden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pandarus. 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.

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

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

Pandarus. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!—

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

Paris. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

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

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

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

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

Pandarus. 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.

Pandarus. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,—1 faith—

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

Pandarus. 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
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT III. Sc. II.

these lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die! Yet that which seems the wound to kill, Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha!

So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

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

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.

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

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

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

To a hair.

Farewell, sweet queen.

Commend me to your niece.

I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.]

[A Retreat sounded.]

They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help disarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Grecian sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris: Yes, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have: Yea, overshines ourself.

Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

ST'ENE II. The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant; meeting.

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

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

Enter Troilus.

O! here he comes.—How now, bow now!

Sirrah, walk off.

Enter Pandarus.
Troilus and Cressida

ACT III. SC. II.

Pandarus. 
Have you seen my cousin?

Troilus. 
No, Pandarus: I talk about her door. 

Pandarus. 
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 
Staying for waftage. O I be thou my Charon, 
And give me swift transportance to those fields, 
Where I may wallow in the lily beds 
Propos’d for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus! 

From Cupid’s shoulder pluck his painted wings, 
And fly with me to Cressida.

Pandarus. 
Walk here I’ the orchard. I’ll bring her straight.

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

Re-enter Pandarus. 
Pandarus. 
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 so short as a 
new-ta’en sparrow.

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

Enter Pandarus and Cressida. 
Pandarus. 
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 I are 
you gone again? you must be watched ere you 
be made tame, must you? Come your ways, 
come your ways; an you draw backward, 
we’ll put you i’ the fills. —Why do you not speak to 
er? —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 fee-farm? build there, 
carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight 
your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as 
the tercel, for all the dukes i’ the river: go to, 
go to.

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

Pandarus. 
Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but 
she’ll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call 
your activity in question. What! billing again? 
Here’s— "In witness whereof the parties inter-
changeably" — Come in, come in: I’ll go get a 
fire.

Cressida. 
Will you walk in, my lord?

Troilus. 
O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus?

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

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

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

Troilus. 
Fears make devils of cherubins; they never 
see truly.

Cressida. 
Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds 
safer footing than blind reason, stumbling with-
out fear: to fear the worst, o’er cures the worse.

Troilus. 
O I let my lady apprehend no fear: in all 
Cupid’s pageant there is presented no monster.

Cressida. 
Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troilus. 
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 im-
position enough, than for us to undergo any 
difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in 
love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the 
execution confined; that the desire is boundless, 
and the act a slave to limit.

Cressida. 
They say, all lovers swear more performance 
than they are able, and yet reserve an ability 
that they never perform; vowing more than the 
perfection of ten, and discharging less than the 
ten part of one. They that have the voice of 
lions, and the act of hares, are they not mon-
sters?

Troilus. 
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 per-
fection in reversion shall have a praise in pre-
sent; we will not name desert, before his birth; 
and, being born, his addition shall be humble. 
Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such 
to Cressida, as that envy can say worst, shall be 
a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak 
truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cressida. 
Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pandarus. 
What! blushing still? have you not done talk-
ing yet?

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

Pandarus. 
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.

Troilus. 
You know now your hostages; your uncle’s word, 
and my firm faith.

Pandarus. 
Nay, I’ll give my word for her too. Our kind-
red, though they be long ere they are wooded, 
they are constant, being won: they are burs, 
I can tell you; they’ll stick where they are 
thrown.

Cressida.
Cressida.

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

Troilus.

Why was my Cressida, then, so hard to win?

Cressida.

Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me,—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I must master it.—In faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unseкрet to ourselves?
But, though I love'd you well, I wo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me; stop my mouth.

Troilus.

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pandarus.

Pretty, i'faith.

Cressida.

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

Troilus.

Your leave, sweet Cressida?

Pandarus.

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

Cressida.

Pray you, content you.

Troilus.

What offends you, lady? Cressida.

Sir, mine own company.

Troilus.

You cannot shun yourself.

Cressida.

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

Troilus.

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

Cressida.

Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than And fell so roundly to a large confession, [love,
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.

Troilus.

O! that I thought 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 sweeter than blood decays:
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cressida.

In that I'll war with you.

Troilus.

O, virtuous fight! [right.
When right with right wars who shall be most
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cressida.

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maidens 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 heller's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressida.

Pandarus.

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

Amen.

Cressida.

Amen.

Pandarus.

Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber; 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.

Calchas.

Now, princes, for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me, aloné To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind, That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and pressing'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, Made
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 us such a little benefit, 
Out of those many register'd in promise, 
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

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

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

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

Diomedes. 
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.

Ulysses. 
Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent: 
Please it our general to pass strangely by him, 
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him. 
I will come last: 'tis like, he'll question me, 
With much insolent eyes here and there; why turn'd 
If so, I have derision medicinable, 
upon him? 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.

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

Achilles. 
What comes the general to speak with me? 
You know my mind: I' ll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

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

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

Achilles. 
No.

Nestor. 
Nothing, my lord.

Achilles. 
The better. 
[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achilles. 
Good day, good day.

Menelaus. 
How do you? how do you? 
[Exit Menelaus.

Achilles. 
What! does the cockold scorn me?

Ajax. 
How now, Patroclus?

Achilles. 
Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. 
Ha?

Achilles. 
Good morrow.

Ajax. 
Ay, and good next day too. 
[Exit Ajax.

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

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.

Achilles. 
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, and fa-

Achilles. 
Pristes of accident as oft as merit: 
[your, 
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers, 
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too, 
Doth 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; 
[out 
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find 
Something not worth in me such rich beholding 
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses: 
I'll interrupt his reading.— 
How now, Ulysses?

Ulysses. 
Now, great Thetis' son!

Achilles. 
What are you reading?

Ulysses. 
A strange fellow here 
Writes 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 retort that heat again 
To the first giver.

Ulysses. 
This is not strange, Ulysses. 
The beauty that is borne here, in the face, 
The bearer knows not, but commends itself 
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself 
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, 
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd 
Salutes each other with each other's form: 
For speculation turns not to itself, 
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there 
fall. 
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at 
Ulysses. 
I do not strain at the position, 
It is familiar, but at the author's drift; 
Who in his circumstance expressly proves, 
That
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 appliance 
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, 
Rises and terminates. 
The voice again; or like a gate of steel 
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back 
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this; 
And apprehended here immediately 
The unknown Ajax. 
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse; 
That has he knows not what. Nature! what 
things there are, Most abject in regard, and dear in use: 
What things, again, most dear in the esteem, 
And poor in worth. Now, shall veesee-to-morrow, 
An act that very chance doth throw upon him, 
Ajax renowned. O heavens! what some men do, 
While some men leave to do. 
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall, 
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes! 
How one man eats into another's pride, 
While pride is feasting in his wantonness! 
To see these Greecian lords!—why, even already 
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, 
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 
And great Troy shrinking.

**Achilles.**
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 
forgotten?

**Ulysses.**
Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, 
Wherein he puts aims for oblivion; 
A great-sized monster of ingratiations: 
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are 
devour'd 
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 [way; 
In modern puerile mockery. Takes the instant 
For honour travels in a Strat so narrow, 
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the 
For emulation hath a thousand sons, [path, 
That one by one pursue: if you give way, 
Or edge as in the direct forthright. 
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by, 
And leave you hinhmost; 
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank, 
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, 
O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do 
in present, 
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop 
yours; 
For time is like a fashionable host, 
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the 
hand, 
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly, 
Grasps—in the comer: welcome ever smiles, 
And never well goes out sighing. Let not virtue 
seek [wit, 
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, 
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,— [gawds, 
That all, with one consent, praise new-born 
Though they are made and moulded of things 
And given to dust, that is a little girt, [past, 
More laud than girt o'er-dusted. 
The present eye praises the present object: 

Then, marvel not, thou great and complete 
man, 
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax; 
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye, 
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on 
And still it might, and yet it may again, [thou, 
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive, 
And case thy reputation in thy tent; 
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, 
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them- 
And drave great Mars to faction. [selves,

**Achilles.** 
Of this my privacy 
I have strong reasons. 

**Ulysses.** 
But 'gainst your privacy 
The reasons are more potent and herocall.
'Tis known. **Achilles,** that you are in love 
With one of **Priam**'s daughters.

**Achilles.** 
Ha! known? 

**Ulysses.** 
Is that a wonder? 
The providence that's in a watchful state 
Knows almost every grain of **Pitius**' gold, 
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps, 
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the 
gods, 
Does thoughts unwell in their dumb cradles. 
There is a mystery (with whom relation 
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state, 
Which hath an operation more divine, 
Than breath, or pen, can give express to. 
All the commerce that you have had with Troy, 
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord; 
And better would it fit **Achilles** much 
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena: 
But it must grieve young **Pyrrhus,** now at 
home, [trump, 
When fame shall in our islands sound her 
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,— 
"Great Hector's sister did **Achilles** win. 
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him." 
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak; 
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should 
break.

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

**Achilles.** 
Shall Ajax fight with Hector? 

**Patroclus.** 
Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by 
him.

**Achilles.** 
I see, my reputation is at stake; 
My fame is shrewdly gird'd.

**Patroclus.** 
O! then beware: 
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them— 
Omission to do what is necessary [selves, 
Seals a commission to a blank of danger; 
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints, 
Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

**Achilles.** 
Go call Thersites hither, sweet **Patroclus.**
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
to invite the Trojan lords, after the combat;
To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's
An appetite that I am sick withal, longing,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter Thersites.

A wonder?

What?

Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

How so?

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

Achilles.

How can that be?

Thersites.

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

Achilles.

Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thers-
ites.

Thersites.

Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he pro-
fesses not answering: speaking is for beggars;
he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put
on his presence: let Patroclus make his de-
mands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achilles.

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 safe conduct for his person of the
magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-
seven-times-honoured, captain-general of the
Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patroclus.

Jove bless great Ajax.

Humph!

Patroclus.

I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Thersites.

Ha!

Patroclus.

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

Thersites.

Humph!

Patroclus.

And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT III. Sc. iii.

Agamemnon?

Patroclus.

Achilles.

Achilles.

Thersites.

Thersites.

Patroclus.

Patroclus.

Thersites.

Patroclus.

Thersites.

Thersites.

Patroclus.

Your answer, sir.

Thersites.

Thersites.

Achilles.

Achilles.

Thersites.

Thersites.

Thersites.

Achilles.

Achilles.

Achilles.

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Thersites.
ACT IV. SC. II.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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

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

Eneas.
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.

Diomedes.
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 mine emulous, honour, let him die; With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Eneas.
We know each other well.
Diomedes.
We do; and long to know each other worse.

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

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

Paris.
His purpose meets you. 'Twas to bring this Greek To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfrid 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 a certain knowledge) My brother Troilus lodges there to-night: House him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality wherefore: I fear, We shall be much unwelcome. 

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

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

Eneas.
Good morrow, all. [Exit. 

Paris.
And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true, Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship. — Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself or Menelaus?

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

Paris.
You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Diomedes.
She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:— For every false drop in her bowdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scrule Of her contaminated carrion weight, A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Paris.
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. [Exit. 

SCENE II. The same. A Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troilus.
Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cressida.
Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncles down; He shall unboit the gates.

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

Cressida.
Good morrow, then.

Troilus.
Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cressida.
Are you aweary of me?

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

Cressida.
Night hath been too brief.

Troilus.
Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays, As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love, With wings more momentary-swift than thought. You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cressida.
Pr'ythee, tarry.—

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

Pandarus. [Within.

What! are all the doors open here?

Troilus.
It is your uncle. Enter
Enter Pandarus.

Cressida.

A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life.—

Pandarus.

How now, how now! how go maidenheads?

Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

Cressida.

Go hang yourself, you naughtily mocking uncle! You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

Pandarus.

To do what? to do what?—let her say what:

what have I brought you to do?

Cressida.

Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
Nor suffer others. [ne'er be good,

Pandarus.

Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naught man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[Knocking:

Cressida.

Did not I 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.

Troilus.

Ha, ha!

Cressida.

Come, you are deceit'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.

Pandarus.

[Going to the door.

Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æneas.

Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pandarus.

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

Æneas.

Is not prince Troilus here?

Pandarus.

Here! what should he do here?

Æneas.

Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pandarus.

Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late.
What should he do here?

Æneas.

Who!—nay, then,—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y'are ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither: go.

Enter Troilus.

Troilus.

How now! what's the matter?

Æneas.

My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor

Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Troilus.

Is it so concluded?

Æneas.

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

Troilus.

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

Æneas.

Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity,

[Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.

Pandarus.

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

Enter Cressida.

Cressida.

How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

Ah! ah!

Cressida.

Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord? gone!
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pandarus.

Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cressida.

O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pandarus.

Pr'ythee, get thee in. Wou! thou hast ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death.
—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cressida.

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

Pandarus.

Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou
must to thy father, and he gone from Troilus:
'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cressida.

O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pandarus.

Thou must.

Cressida.

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 Cressida's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and
death,
Do to this body what extremity you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.—

Pandarus.

Do, do.

Cressida.

Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Cressida, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Paris.
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 what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

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

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pandarus.
Be moderate, be moderate.

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

Enter Troilus.

Pandarus.
Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck!

Cressida.
O Troilus! Troilus!
[Embracing him.]

Pandarus.
What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. O heart!—as the goodly saying is,—

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

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not case thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

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

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

Cressida.
Have the gods envy?

Pandarus.
Ay, ay, ay, ay: 'tis too plain a case.

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

Troilus.
A hateful truth.

Cressida.
What! and from Troilus too?

Troilus.
From Troy, and Troilus.

Cressida.
Is it possible?

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

Cressida.
My lord! is the lady ready?

Troilus.
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.

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

Cressida.
I must then to the Grecians?

Troilus.
No remedy.

Cressida.
A woeful Cressida 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?

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

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

Troilus.
Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is partir from us:
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.

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

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

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

Troilus.
I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cressida.
O heavens!—be true, again?

Troilus.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS.

Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality; Their loving well comos’d with gift of nature, Flowing and swelling o’er with arts and exercise: How novelities may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin) Makes me afraid.

CRESSIDA.

O heavens! you love me not.

TROILUS.

Die I a villain, then! In this I do not call your faith in question, So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil, That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

CRESSIDA.

Do you think, I will?

TROILUS.

No; But something may be done, that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas.

Nay, good my lord,—

TROILUS.

Come, kiss; and let us part.

PARIS.

My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS.

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

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Delphobus, 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.

DIOMEDES.

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.

TROILUS.

Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously. To shame the seal of my petition to thee,

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

DIOMEDES.

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

TROILUS.

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

[Execute Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes. [Trumpet sounded.}

PARIS.

Hark! Hector’s trumpet.

ÆNEAS.

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

PARIS.

’Tis Troilus’ fault. Come, come, to field with him.

DELPHOBUS.

Let us make ready straight.

Æneas.

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

SCENE V. The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

AGAMEMNON.

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair, Anticipating time. With starting courage Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant, And hate him hither.

AJAX.

Thou, trumpet, there’s my purse. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow, villain, till thy sphere beas cheek Out-swell the cope of puff’d Aquilon. [Blood; Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout Thou blow’st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

ULYSSES.

No trumpet answers.

ACHILLES.

’Tis but early days.

AGAMEMNON.

Is not yond’ Diomed with Calchas’ daughter? ULYSSES.

’Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; He rises on the toe: that spirit of his In aspiration lift him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

AGAMEMNON.

Is this the lady Cressid? DIOMEDES. 

Even she.

AGAMEMNON.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT IV. SC. V.

Agamemnon.
Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nestor.
Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulysses.
Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nestor.
And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achilles.
I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady: Achilles bids you welcome.

Menelaus.
I had good argument for kissing once.
Patriclus.
But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulysses.
O! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patriclus.
The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patriclus kisses you.

Menelaus.
O! this is trim.

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

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

Cressida.
In kissing do you render or receive?

Patriclus.
Both take and give.

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

Menelaus.
I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cressida.
You're an odd man: give even, or give none.

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

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

Menelaus.
You fill me o' the head.

Cressida.
No, I'll be sworn.

Ulysses.
It were no match, your nail against his horn.—May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cressida.
You may.

Ulysses.
I do desire it.

Cressida.
Why, beg then.

Ulysses.
Why，则, for Venus's sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cressida.
I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

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

Diomedes.
Lady, a word: —I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed leads out Cressida.

Nestor.
A woman of quick sense.

Ulysses.
Fie, fie upon her!

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

[Out O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For slutish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All.
The Trojans' trumpet.

Agamemnon.
Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Eneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Eneas.
Hall, all you state of Greece! what shall be done.
[purpose.
To him that victory commands? Or do you
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agamemnon.
Which way would Hector have it?

Eneas.
He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achilles.
'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal despising
The knight oppos'd.

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

Achilles.
If not Achilles, nothing.

Eneas.
Therefore Achilles; but, what'er know
In the extremity of great and little, [this: —
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 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.

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

Re-enter Diomed.

Agamemnon.
Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Eneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.

Ulysses.
They are oppos'd already.

Agamemnon.
Anemmonon.

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulysses.
The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and needless 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 impure 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 more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Aeneas; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Anemmonon.

They are in action.

Nestor.

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troilus.

Hector, thou sleepest:

Anemmonon.

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

Diomedes.

You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Aeneas.

Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax.

I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Diomedes.

As Hector pleases.

Hector.

Why then, will I no more,—Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy connixion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say,—'This hand is Grecian
And this is Trojan; the siows of this leg [all
All Greek and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish
member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms.
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector:

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

Hector.

Not Neoptolemus so mirable.

[Oyes.

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'rt Cries, "This is he!" could promise to himself?
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Aeneas.

There is expectance here from both the sides,
What farther you will do.

Hector.

We'll answer it;
The issue is embrace.—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax.

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

Diomedes.

'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hector.

Aeneas, 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.

Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hector.

The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agamemnon.

Worthy of arms I 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 strew'd with
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, [come.
From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-

Hector.

I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agamemnon.

My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To Troilus.

Menelaus.

Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-

ing;

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hector.

Whom must we answer?

Aeneas.

The noble Menelaus.

Hector.

O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,

Menelaus.

Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath:
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Menelaus.

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

Hector.

O! pardon; I offend.

Nestor.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said unto my standers-by;

Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When

When
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier
But, by great Mars the captain of us all, (good; Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Eneas.
'Tis the old Nestor.

Hector.
Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nestor.
I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hector.
I would they could.

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

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

Hector.
I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir! there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulysses.
Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
Must kiss their own feet. (clouds,

Hector.
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 arbiter, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulysses.
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.

Achilles.
I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou.—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view persu'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hector.
Is this Achilles?

Achilles.
I am Achilles.

Hector.
Stand fair; I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Behold thy fill.

Hector.
Nay, I have done already.

Achilles.
Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hector.
O I 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?

Achilles.
Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hector.
It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achilles.
I tell thee, yea.

Hector.
Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, (well,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insoence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax.
Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hector.
I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achilles.
Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hector.
Thy hand upon that match.

Agamemnon.
First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full converse we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.

Troilus.
My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulysses.
At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus: There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressida.

Troilus.
Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulysses.
You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Troilus.
Finch egg!

Thersites.

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, fall 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.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with Lights.

Agamemnon.

We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax.

No, yonder ‘tis; there, where we see the lights.

Hector.

I trouble you.

No, not a whit.

Ulysses.

Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, princes all.

Agamemnon.

So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hector.

Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks’ general.

Menelaus.

Good night, my lord.

Hector.

Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Thersites.

Sweet draught; sweet, quoth ‘s I sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achilles.

Good night, and welcome, both at once to that go, or tarry. [those Agamemnon.}

Troilus.

O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov’d, she lov’d; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune’s tooth.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achilles.

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.

Patroclus.

Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achilles.

How now, thou scion of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what’s the news?

Thersites.

Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here’s a letter for thee.

Achilles.

From whence, fragment? Thersites.

Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patroclus.

Who keeps the tent now?

Thersites.

The surgeon’s box, or the patient’s wound.

Patroclus.

Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Thersites.

Pr’ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles’ male varlet.

Patroclus.

Male varlet, you rogue! what’s that?

Thersites.

Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o’ gravel i’ the back, lethargies, cold pailsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i’ the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivedel fee-simple of the fetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patroclus.

Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Thersites.

Do I curse thee?

Patroclus.

Why no, you runous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Thersites.

No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sisy’d silk, thou green sarcastic 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!

Patroclus.

Out, gall!
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V. Sc. II.

Good night. [Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.]

Achilles.

Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, keep Hector company an hour or two.

Diomedes.

I cannot, lord; I have important business, the tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Give me your hand.

Ulysses.

Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas’ tent: I’ll keep you company. [Aside to Troilus.

Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hector.

[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.

Achilles.

Come, come; enter my tent. [Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.

Thersites.

That same Diomed’s a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabiber 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 I all incontinent varlets! [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas’ Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Who calls?

Calchas. [Within.

Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where’s your daughter?

Calchas. [Within.

She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulysses.

Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

TROILUS.

Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES.

How now, my charge?

CRESSIDA.

Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

TROILUS.

Yes, so familiar! [Whispers.

CRESSIDA.

She will sing any man at first sight.

THERSES.

And any man may sing her, if he can take her clift; she’s noted.

DIOMEDES.

Will you remember?

CRESSIDA.

Remember? yes.

DIOMEDES.

Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS.

What should she remember?

ULYSSES.

List.

CRESSIDA.

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

ROGERY.

DIOMEDES.

Nay, then,—

CRESSIDA.

I’ll tell you what—

DIOMEDES.

Pho! pho! come tell, a pin: you are forsworn.—

CRESSIDA.

In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

THERSES.

A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

DIOMEDES.

What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRESSIDA.

I pr’ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES.

Good night.

TROILUS.

Hold, patience!

ULYSSES.

How now, Trojan?

DIOMEDES.

No, no; good night: I’ll be your fool no more.

TROILUS.

THERSES.

Thy better must.

CRESSIDA.

Hark! one word in your ear.

TROILUS.

O, plague and madness I

ULYSSES.

You are mov’d, prince: let us depart, I pray you,

lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

to wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;

the time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

TROILUS.

Behold, I pray you!

ULYSSES.

Nay, good my lord, go off:

you flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

TROILUS.

I pr’ythee, stay.

ULYSSES.

You have not patience; come.

TROILUS.

I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell’s tor-

I will not speak a word.

DIOMEDES.

And so, good night.

3 A

CRESSIDA.
Cressida.
Nay, but you part in anger.

Troilus. Doth that grieve thee?

Cressida. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word.

Troilus. By Jove, but will you then?

Cressida. Fear me not, sweet lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Thersites. Now the pledge I now, now, now! Cressida.

Troilus. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Cressida. My lord, — I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Troilus. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well. — He loved me — O false wench! — Give't me again.

Thersites. Whose was't?

Troilus. It is no matter, now I have't again: I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

Thersites. Now she sharpens. — Well said, whetstone.

Cressida. I shall have it.

Troilus. Cressida. What, this?

Diomedes. Ay, that.

Cressida. O, all you gods! — O pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, [glove, As I kiss thee. — Nay, do not match it from me; He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Diomedes. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Troilus. I did swear patience.

Cressida. You shall not have it. Diomed; 'faith you I'll give you something else. [shall not:

Diomedes. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cressida. Come, tell me whose it was.

Diomedes. 'Tis no matter.

Cressida. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you But, now you have it, take it. [will.

Diomedes. Whose was it?

Cressida. By all Diana's waiting-women yond', And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Diomedes. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm, And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troilus. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy It should be challeng'd. [horn,

Cressida. Well, well, 'tis done; 'tis past; — and yet it I will not keep my word. [is not:

Diomedes. Why then, farewell. Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cressida. You shall not go. — One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

Diomedes. I do not like this fooling.

Thersites. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Diomedes. What! shall I come? the hour?

Cressida. Do come: — I shall be plagu'd.

Diomedes. Farewell till then.

Cressida. 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. Thersites.
TROILUS & CRESSIDA.

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ACT V. Sc. III.  TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  723

Thersites.  A proof of strength she could not publish more, Unless she said, "my mind is now turn'd where."  

Ulysses.  All's done, my lord.  

Troylus.  Why stay we then?  

Ulysses.  To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke. But if I tell how these two did co-ac't, Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears; As if those organs had deceptive functions, Created only to caluminate.  

Was Cressid here?  

Ulysses.  I cannot conjure, Trojan.  

Troylus.  She was not, sure.  

Ulysses.  Most sure she was.  

Troylus.  Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.  

Ulysses.  Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.  

Troylus.  Let it not be believ'd for womanhood! Think we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics — apt, without a theme, For depravation, — to square the general sex. By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.  

Ulysses.  What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?  

Troylus.  Nothing at all, unless that this were she.  

Thersites.  Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?  

Troylus.  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 is 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 conducce a fight Of this strange 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 Arachne's broken web, to enter. Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven: Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself; The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and With another knot, five-dinger-tied, (fool's;) The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics Of her o'er-caten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulysses.  May worthy Troylus be half attach'd With that which here his passion doth express?  

Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well In characters as red as Mars his heart Ins'and with Venus: never did young man With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  [fancy Hark, Greek: — as much as I do Cressid love, So much by weight hate I her Diomed. That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm: Were it a casque compus'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 emulation Neptune's ear In his descent, than shall my prompt sword Falling on Diomed.  

Thersites.  He'll tickle it for his concupis.  

Troylus.  O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false, Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious.  

Ulysses.  O I contain yourself; Your passion draws ears bitter.  

Enter Ajax.  

Ajax.  I have been seeking you this hour, my lord. Hec tor, by this, is arming in Troy: Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.  

Troylus.  Have with you, prince. — My courteous lord, Farewell, revolted fair! — and, Diomed, [adieu.— Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!  

Ulysses.  I'll bring you to the gates.  

Troylus.  Accept distracted thanks.  

[Exeunt Troylus, Ajax, and Ulysses. Thersites.  

[Climbing forward.  

Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed. I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commo
dious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!  

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.  

Enter Hector and Andromache.  

Andromache.  

When was my lord so much ungently temper'd, To stop his ears against admonishment? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.  

Hector.  You train me to offend you; get you in: By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.  

Andromache.  

My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.  

Hector.  

No more, I say.  

Enter Cassandra.  

Cassandra.  Where is my brother Hector?  

Andromache.
Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! I mean'st thou to fight to-day?

Andromache.

Andromache.

Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Cassandra.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition:
Pursue we him on knees? for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cassandra.

O! 'tis true.

Hector.

Hark! bid my trumpet sound!

Cassandra.

No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hector.

Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cassandra.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

Andromache.

O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For us to give much count to violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cassandra.

It is the purpose that makes strong the row;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hector.

Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! I mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

Andromache.

Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

Hector.

No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
I am to-day 't the vein of chivalry. (youth;
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.

Troilus.

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hector.

What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Troilus.

When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hector.

O! 'tis fair play

Troilus.

Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hector.

How now! how now!

Troilus.

For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to faithful work, relin them from
ruth.

Hector.

Fie, savage, fie!
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Tersites.
Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeve!

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes fighting.]

Enter Hector.

Hector.

What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Tersites.

No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurry railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

Hector.

I do believe thee;—live.

Tersites.

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.

Diomedes.

Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressida. Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Servant.

I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.]

Enter Agamemnon.

Agamemnon.

Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margareton
Hath Doronsei prisoners.
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pressed corse of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polizenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus taken, or slain; and Patamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nestor.

Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the small-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:—
Now, here he fights on Galatea's horse, and
There lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the beheading whale; then, is he yonder,
And there the strayy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and
Dexterity so obeying appetite, [takes;]
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulysses.

O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood.
Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, 
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, 
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, 
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution, 
Engaging and redeeming of himself, 
With such a careless force, and forceless care, 
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, 
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.
Ajax.

Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Diomedes.

Nestor.

Ay, there, there.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles.

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.

Diomedes.

Troylus, I say! where's Troylus?

Ajax.

What wouldst thou?

Diomedes.

I would correct him.

Ajax.

Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office, 
Ere that correction. — Troylus, I say! what, 
Troylus?

Enter Troylus.

Troylus.

O, traitor! — turn thy false face, thou traitor, 
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Diomedes.

Ha! art thou there?

Ajax.

I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Diomedes.

He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troylus.

Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both.

[Exit. fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hector.

Yea, Troylus? O! well fought, my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles.

Now do I see thee. Ha! — Have at thee Hector.

Hector.

Pause, if thou wilt.
Act V. Sc. xi.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE IX. Another part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hector.

Most putrefy'd core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[Enters Hector, and lays his Sword aside.

Enter Achilles and Myrminx.

Achilles.

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.

I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achilles.

Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X. The same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agamemnon.

Hark! hark! what shout is that? Nestor.

Peace, drums! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Diomedes.

The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax.

If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agamemnon.

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 Aeneas and Trojan Forces.

Aeneas.

Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field. Never go home: here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troilus.

Hector is slain.

All.

Hector? - The gods forbid! Troilus.

He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail, In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field. -

[Speed! Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with 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! Aeneas.

My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troilus.

You understand me not, that tell me so. I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; But dare all immensity, that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone! Who shall tell Priam so, or Hector? Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd Go in to Troy, and say there - Hector's dead: There is a word will Priam turn to stone, Make wells and Nickes 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 plight upon our Phrygian plains, Let Tiresias rise as early as he dare, I'll through and through you! And, thou greatness' coward, No space of earth shall surder our two hates: I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth gobins swift as frenzy's thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy! - with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our ingward woe. [Exeunt Aeneas and Trojan Forces.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pandarus.

But hear you, hear you! Troilus.

Hence, broker, trader, lackey! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [Exit Troilus.

Pandarus.

A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! - O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O, traitors and baseards, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill required! why should our endeavour be so desired, 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 for me, yet for your aching bones. Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made; It should be now, but that my fear is this. - Some calked goose of Winchester would his, Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for ease: - And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.
ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.
Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.
First Citizen.

B E F O R E we proceed any farther, hear me speak. All.

Speak, speak. First Citizen.
You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish? All.

Resolved, resolved. First Citizen.
First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people. All.

We know't, we know't. First Citizen.
Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict? All.

No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away! Second Citizen.
One word, good citizens. First Citizen.

We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Second Citizen.
Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius? All.

Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty. Second Citizen.
Consider you what services he has done for his country? First Citizen.
Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud. Second Citizen.
Nay, but speak not maliciously. First Citizen.
I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. Second Citizen.
What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous. First Citizen.
If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations.
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

Second Citizen.

Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Menenius.

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
'T' the discontented members, the multinous parts
That envied his receipt: even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

Second Citizen.

Your belly's answer? What?

The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeteer,
With other munificent and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Menenius.

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

Second Citizen.

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Menenius.

Well, what then?

Second Citizen.

The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Menenius.

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.

Second Citizen.

Y' are long about it.

Menenius.

Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:—

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—

Second Citizen.

Ay, sir; well, well.

Menenius.

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

Second Citizen.

It was an answer. How apply you this?

Menenius.

The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the multinous members: for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly.
Touching the weal o’ the common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you
You, the great toe of this assembly?—[think]

Second Citizen.
I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Menenius.

For that being one o’ the lowest, basest,
poorest,
of this most wise rebellion, thou go’st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead’st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff hats and clubs,

Rome
and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble

Marcus!
Enter Caius Marcus.

Menenius.

Thanks.—What’s the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

Second Citizen.
We have ever your good word.

Marcus.

He that will give good words to thee, will
distaste
Beneath abhorring.—What would you, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is [him],
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man’s appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What’s the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senator, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What’s their seeking?

Menenius.

For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
The city is well stor’d.[say]

Marcus.

Hang ’em! They say?
They’ll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What’s done i’ the Capitol; who’s like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,
and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feelling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there’s
enough
? Would the nobility lay aside their rath,
And let me use my sword, I’d make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter’d slaves, as
As I could pick my lance.

Menenius.

Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
What says the other troop? [you]

Marcus.

They are dissolved. Hang ’em! They said, they were an-hungry; sigh’d forth proverbs,—

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods
sent not
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shred
They vented their complainings; which being
answer’d,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity, [their caps
And make bold power look pale) they threw
As they would hang them on the horns o’ the
Shouting their emulation. [moon

Menenius.

What is granted them?

Marcus.

Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one’s Junius Brutus,
Scipio, Velutus, and I know not.—[sigh
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
For insurrection’s arguing. [themes

Menenius.

This is strange.

Marcus.

Go; get you home, you fragments!
Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Where’s Caius Marcus?

Marcus.

Here. What’s the matter?

Messenger.

The news is, sir, the Volscus are in arms.

Marcus.

I am glad on’t: then, we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. — See, our best elders.
Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Scinius Velutus.

First Senator.

Marcus, ’tis true, that you have lately told us:
The Volscus are in arms.

Marcus.

They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to’t.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me only be.

Cominius.

You have fought together.

Marcus.

We were half to half the world by th’ears, and he
Upon my party, I’d revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Senator.

Then, worthy Marcus, Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Cominius.

It is your former promise.
Marcius. Sir, it is; And I am constant—Titus Lartius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face. What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Titus. No, Caius Marcius; I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the Ere stay behind this business. 

Menenius. O, true bred! First Senator. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know, Our greatest friends attend us.

Titus. Lead you on: Follow, Cominius; we must follow you; Right worthy you priority.

Cominius. Noble Marcius! First Senator. Hence! To your homes! I be gone. [To the Citizens. 

Marcius. Nay, let them follow. The Volscs have much corn; take these rats thither, To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow. [Exeunt Senators, Cominius, Marcius, Titus, and Menenius. Citizens steal away. 

Sicinius. Was ever man so proud as this Marcius? Brutus. He has no equal.

Sicinius. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,— Brutus. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sicinius. Nay, but his taunts. Brutus. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods. Sicinius. Remock the modest moon. Brutus. The present wars devour him: he is grown Too proud to be so valiant. 

Sicinius. Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdain'd the shadow Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder, His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius. Brutus. Fame, at the which he aims, In whom already he is well gra'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by A place below the first; for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he Had borne the business!"

Sicinius. Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius. Brutus. Come:

Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not. 

Sicinius. Let's hence, and hear How the despatch is made; and in what fashion, More than his singularity, he goes Upon his present action. Brutus. Let's along. [Exeunt. 

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate-House. Enter Tullus Aufidius, and Senators. First Senator. So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed. 

Aufidius. Is it not yours? What ever have been thought on in this state, That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome Had circumveined? 'Tis not four days gone, Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think, I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

"They have press'd a power, but it is not known Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great; The people mutinuous; and it is rumour'd, Cominius, Marcius your old enemy, (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you) And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you. Consider of it."

First Senator. Our army's in the field. We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready To answer us. 

Aufidius. 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. 

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

Aufidius. O! doubt not that; I speak from certainties. Nay, more; Some parcels of their power are forth already; And only hitherward. I leave your honours. If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet, 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike Till one can do no more. 

All. The gods assist you! 

Aufidius. And keep your honours safe! 

First Senator. Farewell. 

Second Senator. Farewell. 

All. Farewell. [Exeunt. 

SCENE
SCENE III. Rome. An Apartment in Marcius' House.
Enter Volumnia and Virgilia. They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.

Volumnia.
I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freereliefe in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virgilia.
But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Volumnia.
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 surfelt out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlewoman.
Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virgilia.
'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Volumnia.
Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear thither your husband's drum, See how pluck Ausilius down by the hair; As children from a bear the Volscians shunning him: Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,— "Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear, Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow Or all, or lose his hire.

Virgilia.
His bloody brow? O, Jupiter! no blood.

Volumnia.
Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hector, When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword's contending.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gentlewoman.

Virgilia.
Heavens bless my lord from fell Ausilius! Volumnia.

He'll beat Ausilius' head below his knee, And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and her Usher.

Valeria.
My ladies both, good day to you.

Volumnia.
Sweet madam,—

Virgilia.
I am glad to see your ladyship.

Valeria.
How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Virgilia.
I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Volumnia.
He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Valeria.
O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; 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 mannicocked it!

Volumnia.
One of his father's moods.

Valeria.
Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Virgilia.
A crack, madam.

Valeria.
Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Virgilia.
No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Valeria.
Not out of doors!

Volumnia.
She shall, she shall.

Virgilia.
Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Volumnia.
Fee! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady: that lies in.

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

Volumnia.
Why, I pray you?

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

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

Virgilia.
No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Valeria.
In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you ex- cellent news of your husband.
O! good madam, there can be none yet.

Virgilia.

Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Virgilia.

indeed, madam?

Valeria.

In earnest, it’s true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: — The Volsces 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.

Virgilia.

Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Volumnia.

Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Valeria.

In troth, I think, she would. — Fare you well then. — Come, good sweet lady. — Pr’ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o’ door, and go along with us.

Virgilia.

No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Valeria.

Well then, farewell. 

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Marcius.

Yonder comes news: — a wager, they have met.

My horse to yours, no.

Marcius.

'Tis done.

Lartius.

Agreed.

Say, has our general met the enemy? 

Messener.

They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lartius.

So, the good horse is mine.

Marcius.

I’ll buy him of you.

Lartius.

No, I’ll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Marcius.

How far off lie these armies? 

Messener.

Within this mile and half.

Marcius.

Then shall we hear their ‘larum, and they ours.

Now Mars, I pr’ythee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! — come, blow thy blast.

A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Senator.

No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That’s lesser than a little. Hark, our drums 

[Drums afar off.

Are bringing forth our youth: we’ll break our wails, Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn’d with rushes; 

They’ll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; 

[Alarum afar off.

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes 

Amongst your cloven army.

Marcius.

O! they are at it.

Lartius.

Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the Stage.

Marcius.

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 Volsce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter Marcius enraged.

Marcius.

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 abhorned 

Farther than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run 

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell! 

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale 

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home, 

Or, by the fires of heaven, I’ll leave the foe, And make my wars on you: look to’t: come on; 

If you’ll stand fast, we’ll beat them to their wives, As they us to our trenches follow.

Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and Marcius follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are ope: — now prove good seconds,

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like. 

[He enters the Gates, and is shut in.

First Soldier.

Fool-hardiness! not I.

Second Soldier.

Nor I. 

Third
Third Soldier.
See, they have shut him in.

Alarum continues.
All.
To the pot I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lartius.
What is become of Marcius?
All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Soldier.
Following the fillers 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.

Lartius.
O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,
"Lans!
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if
The were feverous, and did tremble. [world

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the
Enemy.
First Soldier.
Look, sir 1

Lartius.
O 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alive:
[They fight, and all enter the City.

SCENE V. Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.
First Roman.
This will I carry to Rome.
Second Roman.
And I this.
Third Roman.
A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a
Trumpet.
Marcius.

See here these movers, that do prize their
hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down
with them!—
Thy hare, what noise the general makes.—To
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
To help Cominius. [haste

Lartius.
Worthy sir, thou blood'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
Marcius.

Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you
The blood I drop is rather physical. [well.

Then dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lartius.
Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
Prosperity be thy page! [man,
Marcius.

Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lartius.
Thou worthiest Marcius!—[Exit Marcius.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius and Forces, as in retreat.

Cominius.
Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we
are come off
I. Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire; believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whilest we have
struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—the Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts
encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.
Thy news?

The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Cominius.
Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long
is't since?

Messenger.
Above an hour, my lord.

Cominius.
'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?

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

Enter Marcius.

Cominius.
Who's yonder?

That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Marcius.
Cominius.
Come I too late?

The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Marcius.
Act I. Sc. VIII.  Coriolanus.  735

Marcius.  Come I too late?

Cominius.  Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.

Marcius.  O! let me clip you In arms as sound, as when I wo'd; in heart As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, And taper's burn'd to bedward.

Cominius.  Flower of warriors, How'st with Titus Lartius?

Marcius.  As with a man busied about decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile; Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the holding Corioli in the name of Rome, [other] Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash, To let him slip at will.

Cominius.  Where is that slave, Which told me they had best love you to your Where is he? Call him hither. [trenches]

Marcius.  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 From rascals worse than they. [budge

Cominius.  But how prevail'd you?

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

Cominius.  Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought, And did retire to win our purpose.

Marcius.  How lies their battle? Know you on which They have plac'd their men of trust? [side

Cominius.  As I guess, Marcius, Their bands I' the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

Marcius.  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 direct, Set me against Aufidius, and his Antilates; And that you not delay the present, but Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts, We prove this very hour.

Cominius.  Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath, And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking. Take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Marcius.  Those are they That most are willing.—If any such be here, (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report; If any think, brave death outweighs bad life, And that his country's dearer than himself; Let him, alone, or so many so minded, Wave thus, to express his disposition, And follow Marcius.

[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 Volscites? None of you, but is Able to bear against the great Aufidius A shield as hard as his. A certain number, Though thanks to all, must I select from all: 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.

Cominius.  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 Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius and Catius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

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

Lieutenant.  Fear not our care, sir.

Lartius.  Hence, and shut your gates upon us.— Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.  A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum.  Enter Marcius and Aufidius.

Marcius.  I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate Worse than a promise-breaker. [thee

Aufidius.  We hate alike: Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Marcius.  Let the first budger die the other's slave, And the gods doom him after I

Aufidius.  If I fly, Marcius, Hallow me like a hare.

Marcius.  Within these three hours, Tullius, Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, [blood, And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge, Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Aufidius.  Wert thou the Hector, That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny, Thou shouldst not spare me here.

[They fight, and certain Volscites come to the aid of Aufidius.

Officius,
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt fighting; all driven in by Marcius.]

SCENE IX. The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, Cominius, and Romans; at the other side, Marcius, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.

Cominius.

If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th' end; admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the rusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—'tis we thank
Our Rome hath such a soldier;—[gods, yet,
Yet canst thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lartius.

O general, Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Marcius.

Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood; [done, When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overtaken mine act.

Cominius.

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 spine and top of prais'd vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech
In sign of what you are, not to reward [you,
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Marcius.

I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Cominius.

Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tend themselves with death. Of all the
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Marcius.

I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their Caps and Lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Marcius.

May these same instruments, which you pro-

Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatteners: let courts and cities
Made all of false-fac'd soothing,
[be
When a steel grows soft as the parasite's silk:
Let them be made an overture for the wars!
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shou'd me forth.
In acclamations hyperbolical:
As if I loved my little should be
dicted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Cominius.

Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in
manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
Known
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Coriolanus, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus,
Bear the addition nobly ever! 
[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

All.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Coriolanus.

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.

Cominius.

So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Coriolanus back: send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lartius.

I shall, my lord.

Coriolanus.

The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Cominius.

Take it: 'tis yours.—What isn't

Coriolanus.

I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me: I saw him prisoner;
But then Anfodius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Cominius.

O, well begg'd! I
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lartius.

Marcius, his name?

Coriolanus.

By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
ACT II. Sec. 1.

SCENE I. Rome. A public Place.

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Brutus.

Good, or bad?

Menenius.

Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sicinius.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Menenius.

Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sicinius.

The lamb.

Menenius.

Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Brutus.

He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Menenius.

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 Tribunes.

Well, sir.

Menenius.

In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Brutus.

He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sicinius.

Especially, in pride.

Brutus.

And topping all others in boasting.

Menenius.

This is strange now. Do you two know how you are esteemed here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Both Tribunes.

Why, how are we censured?

Menenius.

Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Tribunes.

Well, well, sir; well.

Menenius.

Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Brutus.

We do it not alone, sir.

Menenius.

I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Brutus.

What then, sir?

Menenius.

Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sicinius.

Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Menenius.

I am known to he a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in...
my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worshipes have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too. What harm can your blisson: spectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Brutus.

Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

MENENIUS.

You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves’ caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then return the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more 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.

Brutus.

Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gliber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MENENIUS.

Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher’s cushion, or to be entombed in an ass’s pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Dcnutilion, though, peradventure, some of the best of ‘em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worshipes; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdersmen 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 earthy, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Volumnia.

Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let’s go.

MENENIUS.

Hail! Marcius coming home?

Volumnia.

Aye, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

MENENIUS.

Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies.

Nay, ’tis true.

Volumnia.

Look, here’s a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there’s one at home for you.

MENENIUS.

I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Virgilia.

Yes, certain, there’s a letter for you; I saw it.

MENENIUS.

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 empiricistic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Virgilia.

O! no, no, no.

Volumnia.

O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for’t.

MENENIUS.

So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Volumnia.

On’s brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MENENIUS.

Has he disciplined the Aufidius soundly?

Volumnia.

Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MENENIUS.

And ’twas time for him too; I’ll warrant him that: an he had stay’d by him, I would not have been so fiddlin’ for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that’s in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Volumnia.

Good ladies, let’s go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Valeria.

In troth, there’s wondrous things spoke of him.

MENENIUS.

Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgilia.

The gods grant them true!

Volumnia.

True! pow, pow.

MENENIUS.

True! I’ll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worship! (To the Tribunes, who come forward.) Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Volumnia.

I’ the shoulder, and I’ the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv’d in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts I’ the body.

MENENIUS.

One I’ the neck, and two I’ the thigh,—there’s nine that I know.

Volumnia.

He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MENENIUS.

Now it’s twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy’s
enemy's grave. [A Shout and Flourish.] Hark! The trumpets.

Volumnia.

These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in's fervy arm doth lie; which, being advancement, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Larpais; between them, Coriolas, crowned with an eaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Herald.

Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to Catus Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolas: —

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolas! [Flourish.]

All.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolas!

Coriolas.

No more of this; it doth offend my heart: Pray now, no more.

Cominius.

Look, sir, your mother, —

Coriolas.

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[Flourish.]

Volumnia.

Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Catus, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it? Coriolas, must I call thee? But O thy wife —

Coriolas.

My gracious silence, hail! [home; Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come co'd That weep'st to see me triumph? Ab! my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear And mothers that lack sons.

Menenius.

Now, the gods crown thee! Coriolas.

And live you yet? — O my sweet lady, pardon.

[Flourish.]

Volumnia.

I know not where to turn: — O! welcome home; And welcome, general; — and you are welcome all.

Menenius.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep, And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome! A curse begin at very root on's heart, That is not glad to see thee! — You are three, That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men, We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors! We call a nettle, but a nettle; and The faults of fools, but folly.

Cominius.

Ever right.

Coriolas.

Menenius, ever, ever.

Herald.

Give way there, and go on!
Then have I hold, that purpose, and to put it in execution.

But, 'tis most like, he will.

It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

So it must fail 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, silent'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 provy
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (whence 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.

What's the matter?

You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcus shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs.
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and I
Never saw the like. [Shouts.

Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Have with you.

SCENE II. The same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay Cushions.

First Officer.

Come, come; they are almost here. How
many stand for consulships?

Second Officer.

Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one
Coriolanus will carry it.

First Officer.

That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud,
and loves not the common people.

Second Officer.

'Faith, there have been many great men that have
flattered the people, who ne'er loved them;
and there be many that they have loved, they
know not wherefore: so that, if they love they
know not why, they hate upon no better a
ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to
care whether they love or hate him manifests
the true knowledge he has in their disposition;
and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them
plainly see't.

First Officer.

If he did not care whether he had their love or
no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate
with greater devotion than they can render it
him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully
discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to
affect the malice and displeasure of the people is
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

Second Officer.

He hath deserved worthily of his country:
and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as
those who, having been supple and courteous to
the people, bonneted, without any farther deed
to have 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 injurious; to re-
port otherwise were a malice; that, giving itself
the lie, would pluck reproach and rebuke from
every ear that heard it.

First Officer.

No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make
way, they are coming.

A Senet. Enter, with Letters before them,
Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus,
many other Senators, Sicinius and Brutus.

The Senators take their places; the Tribunes
take theirs also by themselves.

Menenius.

Having determin'd of the Volscas, and
To send for Tullus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Had thus stood for his country. Therefore,
It please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcus Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

First Senator.

Speak, good Cominius; Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think,
Rather our state's descriptive for requisite,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the
people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sicinius.

We are convened
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclined to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Brutus.

Which the rather
We shall be blessed to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menenius.

That's off, that's off.
I would
I would you rather had been silent. Please you To hear Cominius speak?

Brutus. Most willingly; But yet my caution was more pertinent, Than the rebuke you give it.

Menenius. He loves your people; But tis him not to be their bedfellow.— Worthy Cominius, speak. Nay, keep your place. (Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.

First Senator. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear What you have nobly done.

Coriolanus. Your honour's pardon: I had rather have my wounds to heal again, Than hear say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope, My words dis-bench'd you not.

Coriolanus. No, sir: yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your I love them as they weigh. [people,

Menenius. Pray now, sit down.

Coriolanus. I had rather have one scratch my head 'tis the sun, When the alarm were struck, than idly sit To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit.

Menenius. Masters of 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 on's ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

Cominius. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held, That valour is the chiefeft virtue, and Most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak in cannot of mankind in the world Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him. He bestrid An o'er-pressed Roman, and I' the consul's view Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He prov'd best man 'tis the field; and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea; And in the brunt of seventeen battles since, He hurl'd all swords of the garland. For this Before and in Corioli, let me say, [last, I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers, And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport. As weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp, And fell below his stem: his sword, death's Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd The mortal gate of the city, which he painted With shunless destiny, aidless came off, And with a sudden reinforcement struck Corioli like a planet. Now all's his; When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit Re-quicken'd what in flesh was faligale, 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.

Menenius. Worthy man!

First Senator. He cannot but with measure fit the honours Which we devise him.

Cominius. 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.

Menenius. Let him be called for.

First Senator. Call Coriolanus.

Officer. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Menenius. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd To make thee consul.

Coriolanus. I do owe them still My life, and services.

Menenius. It then remains, That you do speak to the people.

Coriolanus. I do beseech you, Let me o'er-lead that custom; for I cannot Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them, For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: That I may pass this doing. {please you, Sicius. Sir, the people Must have their voices; neither will they bate One jot of ceremony.

Menenius. Put them not to't: Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and Take to you, as your predecessors have, Your honour with your form.

Coriolanus. It is a part That I shall blush in acting, and might well Be taken from the people.

Brutus. Mark you that?

Coriolanus. To brag unto them, — thus I did, and thus; — Show them th' unaching scars which I should As if I had receiv'd them for the hire [hide, Of their breath only.—

Menenius. Do not stand uppon.— We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, Our purpose; — to them, and to our noble consul Wish we all joy and honour.
Coriolanus.

To Coriolanus come all joy and honour! [Flourish. Exeunt Senators.

Brutus.

You see how he intends to use the people.

Sicinius.

May they perceive 's intent! He will require As if he did contemn what he requested [them, Should be in them to give.

Brutus.

Come; we'll inform them Of our proceedings here: on the market-place, I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

First Citizen.

Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Second Citizen.

We may, sir, if we will.

Third Citizen.

We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shows us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Citizen.

And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Citizen.

We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Second Citizen.

Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

Third Citizen.

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.

Second Citizen.

Why that way?

Third Citizen.

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.

Second Citizen.

You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

Third Citizen.

Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the 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 all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All.

Content, content. [Exeunt.

Menenius.

O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done 't?

Coriolanus.

What must I say?—I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. — Look, sir; — 105 wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Menenius.

You'll mar all: I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [Exit.

Enter two Citizens.

First Citizen.

Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Second Citizen.

Your own desert?

Coriolanus.

Ay, no

Mine own desire.

First Citizen.

How! not your own desire?

Coriolanus.

No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

First Citizen.

You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Coriolanus.

Well then, I pray, your price o' the consuls' ship?

First Citizen.

The price is, to ask it kindly.

Coriolanus.

Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, Which shall be yours in private. — Your good What say you? [voice, sir;
Second Citizen.
You shall ha', worthy sir.
Coriolanus.
A match, sir.
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—
I have your alms: adieu.

First Citizen.
But this is something odd.
Second Citizen.
An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.
[Exit the Two Citizens.]

Enter two other Citizens.
Coriolanus.
Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Third Citizen.
You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.
Coriolanus.
Your enigma?
Third Citizen.
You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Coriolanus.
You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will praise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeity: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fourth Citizen.
We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Citizen.
You have received many wounds for your country.
Coriolanus.
I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Citizens.
The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.
[Exeunt.]

Second Citizen.
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Citizen.
He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Sixth Citizen.
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.]
Coriolanus.
Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Menenius.
You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Coriolanus.
Is this done?
Sicinius.
The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Coriolanus.
Where? at the senate-house?
Sicinius.
There, Coriolanus.

May I change these garments?
Sicinius.
You may, sir.

Coriolanus.
That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
Repair to the senate-house. [again,

Menenius.
I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Brutus.
We stay here for the people.
Sicinius.

Fare you well.
[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.]

Brutus.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Sicinius.
With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.
Sicinius.
How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Citizen.
He has our voices, sir.

Brutus.
We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Second Citizen.
Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Citizen.
Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

First Citizen.
No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Second Citizen.
Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He
Heus'd us scornfully: he should have showed us His marks of merit, wounds receive'd for's country.

Sicinius.

Why, so he did, I am sure.

All.

No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Citizen.

He said, he had wounds, which he could show In private;
And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom, But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore, " When we granted that
Here was,— "I thank you for your voices,— thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sicinius.

Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voices?

Brutus.

Could you not have told him,
As you were less'd—when he had no power, But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against Your liberties, and the charters that you bear I the body of the weal: and now, arriving A place of potency, and sway o' the state, If he should still malignantly remain Fast foe to the 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.

Sicinius.

Thus to have said,
As you were fore-adviz'd, had touch'd his spirit, And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd Either his gracious promise, which you might, As cause had called you up, have held him to, Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not article Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage, You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler, And pass'd him unelected.

Brutus.

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?

Sicinius.

Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again, Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow Your sued-for tongues?

Third Citizen.

He's not confirm'd: we may deny him yet.

Second Citizen.

And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Citizen.

Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Brutus.

Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends, They have chosen consul, that 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.

Sicinius.

Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride, And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not With what contempt he wore the humble weed; How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves, Thinking upon his services, took from you The apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Brutus.

Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd (No impediment between) but that you must Cast your election on him.

Sicinius.

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.

Brutus.

Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you, How youngly he began to serve his country. How long continued, and what stock he springs of; came The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence That Ancus Marcus, Numa's daughter's son, Who, after great Hostilius, here was king. Of the same house Publicus and Quintus were, That our best water brought by conduits hither; [And Censorinus, darling of the people.] And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor, Was his great ancestor.

Sicinius.

One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did command To your remembrances; but you have found, Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation.

Brutus.

Say, you ne'er had done't, (Harp on that still) but by our putting on; And presently, when you have drawn your Repair to the Capitol. [number, All.

We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

Brutus.

Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Then 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.

Sicinius.

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.
ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Street.

Cornets. 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 Our swifter composition. [caus'd

Coriolanus.

So, then, the Voices stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make Upon us again. [road

Cominius.

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 reti'ed 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 Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them, For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

Sicinius. Pass no farther.

Coriolanus.

Ha! what is that?

Brutus.

It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

Coriolanus.

What makes this change?

Menenius. The matter?

Coriolanus.

Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the com-

men?
CORIOLANUS.

ACT III. SC. 1.

Neither supreme, how soon confusion May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take The one by the other.

Corinthus.

Well—on to the market-place.

Coriolanus.

Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd Sometimes in Greece,—

Menenius.

Well, well; no more of that.

Coriolanus.

Though there the people had more absolute I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed [power, The ruin of the state.

Brutus.

Why, shall the people give One that speaks thus their voice?

Coriolanus.

I'll give my reasons, More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war, Even when the navel of the state was touch'd, They would not thread the gates: this kind of service Did not deserve corn gratis: being 't the war, Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they sh'd Most value, spoke not for them. 'Th' accusation Which they have often made against the senate, All cause unborn, could never be the native Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? How shall this bosom multiplied digest The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express What's like to be their words:—"We did request We are the greater poll, and in true fear [it; 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.—

Menenius.

Come, enough.

Brutus.

Enough, with over-measure.

Coriolanus.

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 gentrty, title, wisdom, Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of general ignorance,—it must omit Real necessities, and give way the while To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows, You, Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech You that will be less fearful than discreet, That love the fundamental part of state, More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer A noble life before a long, and wish To jump a body with a dangerous physic, That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out The multifidious tongue: let them not lick The sweet which is their poison. Your dis-honour 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 th' ill which doth control it.

Brutus  He has said enough.

Sicinius.  He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Coriolanus.  Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!— What should the people do with these bold tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience falls To the greater bench. In a rebellion, [law, When what's not meet, but what must be, was Then were they chosen: in a better hour, Let what is meet, be said it must be meet, And throw their power in the dust.

Brutus.  Manifest treason.

Sicinius.  This a consul? no.

Brutus.  The Ædiles, ho!— Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Go, call the people; [Exit Ædile 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.

Coriolanus.  Hence, old goat!

Senator.  We'll surety him.

Cominius.  Aged sir, hands off.

Coriolanus.  Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones Out of thy garments.

Sicinius.  Help, ye citizens!

Ille-enter the Ædile, with others, and a rabble of Citizens.

Menenius.  On both sides more respect.

Sicinius.  Here's he, that would Take from you all your power.

Brutus.  Seize him, Ædiles.

Citizens.  Down with him! down with him! [Several speak.

Second Senator.  Weapons! weapons! weapons! [They all bustle about Coriolanus. Tribunes, patricians, citizens!— what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Citizens.  Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Menenius.  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.

Sicinius.  Hear me! people, peace!
Menenius. Help Marcius, help, you that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!  
[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People, are beat in.]

Menenius. Go, get you to your houses: be gone, away!  
All will be naught else.

Second Senator. Get you gone.

Cominius. Stand fast; we have as many friends as enemies.

Menenius. Shall it be put to that?

First Senator. "The gods forbid.  
I pray thee, noble friend, home to thy house; leave us to cure this cause."

Menenius. For 'tis a sore upon us, you cannot tent yourself. Begone, beseech you.

Cominius. Come, sir, along with us.

Menenius. I would they were barbarians, as they are, though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not, [gone; th' porch o' the Capitol: — But not your worthy rage into your tongue: one time will owe another.]

Coriolanus. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.

Menenius. I could myself take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Cominius. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic: and manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands against a falling fabric. — Will you hence, before the tag return? whose rage doth rend like interrupted waters, and o'erbear what they are used to bear.

Menenius. Pray you, be gone. I'll try whether my old wit be in request with those that have but little: this must be with cloth of any colour. [patch'd

Cominius. Nay, come away. [Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.]

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Menenius. His nature is too noble for the world: he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth: what his breast forges, that his tongue must vent; and, being angry, does forget that ever he heard the name of death. [A noise within. Here's goodly work!

Second Patrician. I would they were a-bed!

Menenius. I would they were in Tyber! — What, the ven-  
cule he not speak them fair? [geance,  
Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rabble.

Sicinius. Where is this viper, that would depopulate the city, and be every man himself?  
Menenius. You worthy tribunes,— Sicinius. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock, with rigorous hands: he hath resisted law, and therefore law shall scorn him farther trial than the severity of the public power, which he so sets at nought.

First Citizen. He shall well know, the noble tribunes are the people's mouths, and we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on't.

Sicinius. Sir, sir,— Peace!

Menenius. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt with modest warrant.

Sicinius. Sir, how comes't, that you have help to make this rescue?

Menenius. Hear me speak. — As I do know the consul's worthiness, so can I name his faults. —

Sicinius. Consul! — what consul?

Menenius. The consul Coriolanus.

Brutus. He a consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Menenius. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people, I may be heard, I would crave a word or two; the which shall turn you to no farther harm, than so much loss of time.

Sicinius. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to despatch this viperous traitor. To eject him hence, were but one danger, and to keep him here, our certain death; therefore, it is decreed he dies to-night.

Menenius. Now the good gods forbid, that our renowned Rome, whose gratitude towards her deserved children is enroll'd in Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam, should now eat up her own!

Sicinius. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Menenius. O! he's a limb, that has but a disease; mortal, to cut it off; to cure it easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death? [killing
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost, (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath, By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country. And what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do't and suffer it, A brand to th' end o' the world. 
MENENIUS. This is clean cam. 
BRUTUS. Merely awry. When he did love his country, it honour'd him. 
MENENIUS. The service of the foot, Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was. 
BRUTUS. We'll hear no more.—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence, Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread farther. 
MENENIUS. One word more, one word. This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unsann'd swiftness, will, too late, T'le leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process; Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out, And sack great Rome with Romans. 
BRUTUS. If it were so,—

What do ye talk? Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our Ediles smote? ourselves resisted? — come! —
MENENIUS. Consider this:—he has been bred 't' the wars Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd in bountied language: meal and bran together He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, In peace, to his utmost peril. 
FIRST SENATOR. Noble tribunes, It is the humane way: the other course Will prove too bloody, and the end of it Unknown to the beginning. 
SICILNIUS. Noble Menenius, Be you, then, as the people's officer.— Masters, lay down your weapons. 
BRUTUS. Go not home. 
SICILNIUS. Meet on the market-place. — We'll attend you there: Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed In our first way. 
MENENIUS. I'll bring him to you. —

Let me desire your company. 
FIRST SENATOR. He must come. Or what is worst will follow. 

Pray you, let's to him. 

SCENE II. A Room in Corioli.

Enter Coriolanus, and Patricians. 
CORIOLANUS. Let them pull all about mine ears: present
Though therein you can never be too noble, 
But when extremities speak. I have heard you 
say, 
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, 
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and 
tell me, 
In peace what each of them by th' other lose, 
That they combine not there? 

Coriolanus.

Menenius. Tush, tush!

Volumnia. A good demand.

If it be honour in your wars to seem 
The same you are not, (which for your best ends 
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse, 
That it shall hold companionship in peace 
With honour, as in war, since that to both 
It stands in like request? 

Coriolanus. Why force you this?

Volumnia. Because that now it lies you on to speak 
To the people: not by your own instruction, 
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you, 
But with such words that are but rooted 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 love 
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em, 

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard 
Of what that want might ruin. 

Menenius. Noble lady!—Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so, 
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 
Of what is past.

Volumnia. I pr'ythee now, my son, 
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand; 
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them) 
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such bust- 
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 ripest mulberry 
That will not hold the handling; or say to them, 
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils, 
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess, 
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim, 
In asking their good-loves; but thou wilt frame 
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far 
As thou hast power, and person. 

Menenius. This but done, yours; 
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were 
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free 
As words to little purpose. 

Volumnia. Pr'ythee now, 
Go, and be rul'd: although I know, thou hast 
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, [rather 
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Cominius. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis 
You make strong party, or defend yourself [fit 
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger. 

Volumnia. Only fair speech.

Menenius. 

Cominius. I think, 'twill serve; if he 
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Volumnia. He must, and will.—

Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it. 

Cominius. Must I go show them my unbarred sconce? 
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble 
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't: 
Yet were there but this single plot to lose, 
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should 
Grind it, [place! 
And throw it against the wind.—To the market. 
You have put me now to such a part, which 
I shall discharge to the life. [never 

Cominius. Come, come, we'll prompt you. 

Volumnia. 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 
Thou hast not done before. 

Cominius. Well, I must do't. 

Away, my disposition, and possess me [turn'd, 
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be 
Which quibled with my drum, into a pipe 
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice 
That babies lulls saleep! 'The smiles of knaves 
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take 
heart 
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue 
Make motion through my lips; and my arm's 
knives, 
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his 
That they receiv'd an aim.]—I will not do't, 
Lest I succeede to honour mine own truth, 
And by my body's action teach my mind 
A most inherent baseness. 

Volumnia. At thy choice, then: 
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour, 
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let 
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear 
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death 
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list. 

Thy valiantsse was mine, thou suck'dst it from 
But owe thee pride thyself. [me, 

Cominius. 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 be- 
lov'd 
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going. 

Volumnia. Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul, 
Or never trust to what my tongue can do 
I' the way of flattery farther. 

Volumnia. Do your will. [Exit. 

Cominius. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm your- 

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd [self 
With
ACT III. Sc. III.

CORIOLANUS.

With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

CORIOLANUS.

The word is, mildly:—pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

MENENIUS.

Ay, but mildly.

CORIOLANUS.

Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.
Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

In this point charge him home; that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people:
And that the spell got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What! will he come?

EDILE.

I'll be coming.

BRUTUS.

How accompanied?

EDILE.

With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

SICINIUS.

Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

EDILE.

I have; 'tis ready.

SICINIUS.

Have you collected them by tribes?

EDILE.

I have.

SICINIUS.

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;"
Incesting on the old prerogative
And power I' the truth o' the cause.

EDILE.

I shall inform them.

BRUTUS.

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.

EDILE.

Very well.

SICINIUS.

Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

BRUTUS.

Go; about it.—[Exit Edile.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: belng once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which
With us to break his neck. [looks

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.

Sicinius.

Well, here he comes.

MENENIUS.

Calmly, I do beseech you.

CORIOLANUS.

Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knife 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!

First Senator.

Amen, amen.

SICINIUS.

A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sicinius.

Draw near, ye people.

EDILE.

List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.

CORIOLANUS.

First, hear me speak.

Both Tribunes.

Well, say.—Peace, ho!

CORIOLANUS.

Shall I be charg'd no farther than this pre-
Must all determine here? [sent?

SICINIUS.

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?

CORIOLANUS.

I am content.

SICINIUS.

Lo, citizens! he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which
Like graves I' the holy churchyard. [show

CORIOLANUS.

Scratches with briars;
Scars to move laughter only.

SICINIUS.

Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His roughest accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

COMINIUS.

Well, well; no more.

CORIOLANUS.

What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

SICINIUS.

Answer to us.

CORIOLANUS.

Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

SICINIUS.

We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

CORIOLANUS.
Coriolanus. 

How! Traitor? 

Menenius. 

Nay, temperately; your promise. 

Coriolanus. 

The fires! the lowest hell fold in the people! Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune, Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say, Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free As I do pray the gods. 

Sicinius. 

Mark you this, people? 

Citizens. 

To the rock! to the rock with him! 

Sicinius. 

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 So criminal, and in such capital kind, [this, 

Deserves th' extremest death. 

Brutus. 

But since he hath 

Serv'd well for Rome,— 

Coriolanus. 

What do you prate of service? 

Brutus. 

I talk of that, that know it. 

Coriolanus. 

You? 

Menenius. 

Is this 

The promise that you made your mother? 

Cominius. 

Know, 

I pray you,— 

Coriolanus. 

I'll know no farther. 

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, dying, pent to linger But with a grain a day, I would not buy Their mercy at the price of one fair word, Nor check my courage for what they can give, To have't with saying, good morrow. 

Sicinius. 

For that he has 

(As much as in him lies) from time to time 

Envied against the people, seeking means 

To pluck away their power; as now at last 

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre- 

Oft dreaded justice, but on the ministers [sense 

That do distribute it; in the name o' the people, 

And in the power of us, the tribunes, we 

Even from this instant, banish us our city 

In peril of precipitation, 

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more 

To enter our Rome gates. 'tis the people's name, 

I say, it shall be so. 

Citizens. 

It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away, 

He's banish'd, and it shall be so. 

Cominius. 

Hear me, my masters, and my common friends:— 

Sicinius. 

He's sentenc'd: no more hearing. 

Cominius. 

Let me speak.

I have been consul, and can show for Rome, 

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love 

My country's good, with a respect more tender, 

More holy and profound, than mine own life, 

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase, 

And treasure of my loins; then, if I would 

Speak that— 

Sicinius. 

We know your drift. Speak what? 

Brutus. 

There's no more to be said; but he is banish'd, 

As enemy to the people, and his country. 

It shall be so. 

Citizens. 

It shall be so; it shall be so. 

Coriolanus. 

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate 

As reck o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize 

As the dead carcasses of unburied men 

That do corrupt my air, I banish you; 

And here remain with your uncertainty. 

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts! 

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes, 

Fan you into despair! Have the power still 

To banish your defenders; till, at length, 

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels) 

Making not reservation of yourselves, 

(Still your own foes) deliver you as most 

Abated captives, to some nation 

That won you without blows! Despising, 

For you, the city, thus I turn my back. 

There is a world elsewhere. 

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, 

Senators, and Patricians. 

Exeunt. 

Edile. 

The people's enemy is gone, is gone! 

Citizens. 

Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! I hoo! hoo! 

[The People shout, and throw up their caps. 

Sicinius. 

Go, see him out at gates; and follow him, 

As he hath follow'd you, with all despute; 

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard 

Attend us through the city. 

Citizens. 

Come, come; let us see him out at gates: 

—Come. 

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. 

[Exeunt. 

ACT IV. 

SCENE I. The same. Before a Gate of the City. 

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, 

Cominius, and several young Patricians. 

Coriolanus. 

COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell. — 

The beast 

With many head butts me away.—Nay, mother, 

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd 

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits; 

That common chances common men could bear; 

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike 

Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows, 

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, 

craves 

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me 

With precepts, that would make invincible 

The heart that conn'd them. 

Virgilia.
Virgilia.

O heavens! O heavens!

Coriolanus.

Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Volumnia.

Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish! [Rome, Enter Cominius, Sicinius, and an Editel.]

Volumnia.

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 say'd Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius, Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venemous to thine eyes. — My sometime general, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad woes, 'Tis fond to wall inevitable strokes, [men, As 'tis to laugh at 'em.— My mother, you wot well, My hazards still have been your sole care; and Believe'vet 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 cautelous baits and practices.

Volumnia.

My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i' the way before thee.

Coriolanus.

O the gods!

Cominius.

I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth [us,
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world to seek a single man, And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I' the absence of the needer.

Coriolanus.

Fare ye well;
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one [full That's yet unbrusht: bring me but out at gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch, when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. While I remain above the ground, you shall Hear from me still; and never of me aught, But what is like me formerly.

Menenius.

That's worthily
As any ear can hear.— Come, let's not weep.— If I could shake off but one seven years From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot.

Coriolanus.

Give me thy hand.—

Come, [Exeunt. SCENE II. The same. A Street near the Gate. Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Editel.

Sicinius.

Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no farther...
I would be had. 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brutus. Pray, let us go.

Volumnia. 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.

Brutus. Well, well; we'll leave you.

Sicinius. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Volumnia. Take my prayers with you.—

SCENE III. A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsc.e, meeting.

Roman. I know you well, sir, and you know me.
Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volsc.e. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Roman. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em.

Volsc.e. Know you me yet?

Nicænus. No.

Roman. The same, sir.

Volsc.e. You had more beard, when I last saw you;
but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.

Roman. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Volsc.e. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Volsc.e. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Roman. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Volsc.e. Coriolanus banished?

Roman. Banished, sir.

Volsc.e. You will be welcome with this intelligence.

Roman. 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.

Volsc.e. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Roman. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Volsc.e. 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.

Roman. 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.

Volsc.e. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Roman. Well, let us go together.

Volsc.e. Enter Coriolanus, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, disguised.

Coriolanus. A goodly city is this Antium. — City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars [not,
Have I heard groan, and drop: then, know me
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Citizen. And you.

Coriolanus. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Citizen. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Coriolanus. Which is his house, beseech you?

Citizen. This, here before you.
Coriolanus.

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 dissertation of a duel, break out
To bitter enmity: so, feste lost,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg; shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

SCENE V. The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

First Servant.

Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep.

[Exit.

Enter a second Servant.

Second Servant.

Where's Cottus? my master calls for him.—

Cottus!—

Enter Coriolanus.

A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

First Servant.

What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Coriolanus.

I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

Second Servant.

Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Coriolanus.

Away!

Second Servant.

Away? Get you away.

Coriolanus.

Now, th'art troublesome.

Second Servant.

Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

Third Servant.

What fellow's this?

First Servant.

A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out of the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

Third Servant.

What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Coriolanus.

Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Servant.

What are you?

Coriolanus.

A gentleman.

Third Servant.

A marvellous poor one.

Coriolanus.

True, so I am.

Third Servant.

Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

Coriolanus.

Follow your function; go.

And batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.

Third Servant.

What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Second Servant.

And I shall.

Third Servant.

Where dwells't thou?

Coriolanus.

Under the canopy.

Third Servant.

Under the canopy?

Coriolanus.

Ay.

Third Servant.

Where's that?

Coriolanus.

I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Servant.

I' the city of kites and crows?— What an ass it is! — Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

Coriolanus.

No; I serve not thy master.

Third Servant.

How, sir? Do you meddle with my master?

Coriolanus.

Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence!

[Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Aufidius.

Where is this fellow?

Second Servant.

Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Aufidius.

Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? Thy name?

[Name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy

Coriolanus.

If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost Think me for the man I am, necessity [not

Commands me name myself.

Aufidius.

What is thy name?

[Servanda retire.

Coriolanus.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Aufidius.

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

**Coriolanus.**

Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

**Aufidius.**

I know thee not. — Thy name?

**Coriolanus.**

My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volscus, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, **Coriolanus.** The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name The cruelty and envy of the people, [remains: Permitted by our dauntless nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffered me by the voice of slaves to Be woop'd out of **Rome.** Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy heart: not out of Mistake me not, to save my life; for if [hope, I had fear'd death, of all the men t' the world I would 'voiled thee; but in mere spite, To be fullquit of those my banishes, Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast A heart of wreathe in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims [straight, Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee And make my misery thy turn: so use it, That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee; for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes Thou art tir'd; then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present My breast to thee, and to thy ancient malice: Which not to cut would show thee but a fool, Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Draw'n tuns of blood out of thy country's breast, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

**Aufidius.**

O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from 'rond cloud speak divine things, And say, "Tis true;" I'd not believe them more Than thee, all noble **Marcius.** — Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grained ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarc'd the moon with splinters! Here I The anvil of my sword; and do contest [clip As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I lov'd the maid I married: never man Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold. Why, thou **Marcius,** I tell thee, We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out Twelve several times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:

We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fencing each other's throat. And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy **Marcius,** Had we no other quarrel else to **Rome,** but that Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful **Rome,** Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come; go in, And take our friendly senators by the bands, Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for **Rome** itself.

**Coriolanus.**

You bless me, gods!

**Aufidius.**

Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenges, take Th' one half of my commission; and set down,— As best thou art experience'd, since thou know'st Thy country's strength and weakness, — thine own ways; Whether to knock me against the gates of **Rome,** Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in: Let me commend thee first to those, that shall Say, "yea," to thy desires. A thousand welsh, And more a friend than e'er an enemy; Yet, **Marcius,** that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[Exeunt **Coriolanus and Aufidius.**

**First Servant.** [Advancing.

Here's a strange alteration!

**Second Servant.**

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.

**First Servant.**

What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

**Second Servant.**

Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

**First Servant.**

He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

**Second Servant.**

So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

**First Servant.**

I think, he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

**Second Servant.**

Who? my master?

**First Servant.**

Nay, it's no matter for that.

**Second Servant.**

Worth six on him.

**First Servant.**

Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

**Second Servant.**

"Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

**First Servant.**

Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter
Re-enter third Servant.

Third Servant.

O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

First and Second Servants.


Third Servant.

I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Second Servants.

Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Servant.

Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

First Servant.

Why do you say thwack our general?

Third Servant.

I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Second Servant.

Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Servant.

He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Coriolanus, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Second Servant.

An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Servant.

But, more of thy news?

Third Servant.

Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end of the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand baled before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut I the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other half has, 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 polled.

Second Servant.

And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

Third Servant.

Don'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.

First Servant.

Directitude! what's that?

Third Servant.

But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Servant.

But when goes this forward?

Third Servant.

To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Second Servant.

Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Servant.

Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritesly, waking, audble, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy lethargy; mulled, dead, asleep, insensible: a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

Second Servant.

'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Servant.

Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Servant.

Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. — They are rising, they are rising.

All.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sicinius.

We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; his remedies are tame 't the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild burry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Brutus.

We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sicinius.

'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Menenius.

Hail to you both!

Sicinius.

Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, [stand, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth And so would do, were he more angry at it. Menenius.

All's well; and might have been much better, He could have temporiz'd. [if

Sicinius.

Where is he, hear you?

Menenius.

Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens.

The gods preserve you both!

Sicinius.

Good-den, our neighbours.

Brutus.

Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

First Citizen.

Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our Are bound to pray for you both. [kneels,

Sicinius.
Sicinius. Live, and thrive! 
Brutus. 
Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Corio. 
Had lov'd you as we did. [Exeunt Citizens. 

Now the gods keep you! Both Tribunes. 
Sicinius. 
This is a happier and more comely time, 
Than when these fellows ran about the streets, 
Crying confusion. 
Brutus. 
Catus Marcius was 
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, 
Self-loving,— Sicinius. 
And affecting one sole throne, 
Without assistance. Menenius. 
I think not so. Sicinius. 
We should by this, to all our lamentation, 
If he had gone forth consul, found it so. Brutus. 
The gods have well prevented it; and Rome 
Sits safe and still without him. Enter an Edile. 

Worthy tribunes, 
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, 
Reports, the Volscians with two several powers 
Are enter'd in the Roman territories; 
And with the deepest malice of the war 
Destroy what lies before them. Menenius. 
'Tis Aufidius, 
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, 
Thrusted forth his horns again into the world; 
Which were insheild when Marcius stood for 
And durst not once peep out. [Rom. 
Sicinius. 
Come, what talk you 
Of Marcius? Brutus. 
Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be; 
The Volscians dare break with us. Menenius. 
Cannot be! We have record that very well it can; 
And three examples of the like have been 
Within my age. But reason with the fellow, 
Before you punish him, where he heard this; 
Lest you shall chance to whip your information, 
And beat the messenger who bids beware 
Of what is to be dreaded. Sicinius. 
Tell not me: 
I know, this cannot be. Brutus. 
Not possible. Enter a Messenger. 
Menenius. 
'Yon is this slave.
ACT IV. SC. VII.

CORIOLANUS.

Menenius.  
As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work.

Brutus.  
But is this true, sir?

Cominius.  
Aye: and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smellingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Menenius.  
We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Cominius.  
Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame: the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd
him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Menenius.  
'Tis true.
If he was putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Resceh you, cease."—You have made
fair hands,
You, and your crafts; you have crafted fair.

Cominius.  
You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tribunes.  
Say not, we brought it.

Menenius.  
How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city?

Cominius.  
But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullius 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.

Menenius.  
Here come the clusters. —
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unhomely, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens.  
'Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Citizen.  
For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

Second Citizen.  
And so did I.

Third Citizen.  
And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us. That we did, we did for the
best; and though we willingly consented to his
banishment, yet it was against our will.

Cominius.  
Y're are goodly things, you voices!

Menenius.  
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall's to the
Capitol?

Cominius.  
O! ay, what else?

[Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.

Sicinius.  
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 show no sign of fear.

First Citizen.  
The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were the wrong, when we
banished him.

Second Citizen.  
So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Brutus.  
I do not like this news.

Sicinius.  
Nor I.

Brutus.  
Let's to the Capitol. —Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sicinius.  
Pray, let us go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. A Camp; at a small distance
from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.

Aufidius.  
Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieutenant.  
I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Aufidius.  
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.

Lieutenant.  
Yet I wish, sir, (I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Aufidius.  
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, 
Whence'er we come to our account.

**Lieutenant.**

Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

**Autfidius.**

All places yield to him ere he sits down; 
And the nobility of Rome are his: 
The senators, and patricians, love him too. 
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people 
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty 
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome, 
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it 
By sovereignty of nature. First he was 
A noble servant to them, but he could not 
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride, 
Which out of daily fortune ever taunts 
The happy man; whether defect of judgment, 
To fall in the disposing of those chances 
Which he was lord of; or, whether nature, 
Not to be other than one thing, not moving 
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding 
Even with the same austerity and garb (peace, 
As he controll'd the war; but one of these 
(As he hath splices of them all, not all, 
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd, 
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit, 
'To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues 
Lie in the interpretation of the time, 
And power, unto itself most commendable, 
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair 
To extol what it hath done. 
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail; 
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths 
do fail. 
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine, 
Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine. 

**ACT V.**

**SCENE 1. Rome.** A Public Place.

**Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and others.**

**Menenius.**

No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said, 
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him 
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father, 
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him, 
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel 
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd 
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

**Cominius.**

He would not seem to know me.

**Menenius.**

Do you hear?

**Cominius.**

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 o' the fire 
Of burning Rome.

**Menenius.**

Why, so; you have made good work: 
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome, 
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

**Cominius.**

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.

**Menenius.**

Very well: could he say less?

**Cominius.**

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 nolose, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly, 
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, 
And still to nose th' offence.

**Menenius.**

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 dusty chaff, and you are smelt 
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

**Sicinius.**

Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid 
In this so never-needed help, yet do not 
Upbraid'd with our distress. But, sure, if you 
Would be your country's pleader, your good 
Foes' tongues, 
More than the instant army we can make, 
Might stop our countryman.

**Menenius.**

No; I'll not meddle.

**Sicinius.**

Pray you, go to him.

**Menenius.**

What should I do?

**Brutus.**

Only make trial what your love can do 
For Rome towards Marcius.

**Menenius.**

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'st be so?

**Sicinius.**

Yet your good will 
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the 
As you intended well. 

**Menenius.**

I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip, 
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me. 
He was not taken well; he had not din'd: 
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then 
We pout upon the morning, are unapt 
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd 
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood 
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls 
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll 
Till he be dieted to my request, [watch him 
And then I'll set upon him.

**Brutus.**

You know the very road into his kindness, 
And cannot lose your way.

**Menenius.**

Good faith, I'll prove him, [pledge 
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know- 
Of my success. 

**Exit.**

**Cominius.**

He'll never hear him.

**Sicinius.**

Not? 

**Cominius.**
Cominius.

I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity; I knew'd before him;
"I was very faintly said," "Rise;" "dismis'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand; what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to sollicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Volscian Camp before Rome.
The Guards at their Stations.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Guard.

Stay! Whence are you?

Second Guard.

Stand, and go back.

Menenius.

You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Guard.

From whence?

Menenius.

From Rome.

First Guard.

You may not pass; you must return; our
Will no more hear from thence.

Second Guard.

You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Menenius.

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.

First Guard.

Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Menenius.

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified; [read
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stiamp'd the leasing. Therefore,
I must have leave to pass. [fellow

First Guard.

'Tfaith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as
virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Menenius.

Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Second Guard.

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.

Menenius.

Has he dined, cast thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

First Guard.

You are a Roman, are you?

Menenius.

I am, as thy general is.

First Guard.

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 palp'd intercession of such a decay'd
dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to
blow out the intended fire your city is ready to
flame in with such weak breath as this? No,
you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and
prepare for your return. You are condemned,
you're general has sworn you out of reprieve and
pardon.

Menenius.

Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.

Second Guard.

Come, my captain knows you not.

Menenius.

I mean, thy general.

First Guard.

My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go,
est I let forth your half-pint of blood,—back,—
that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Menenius.

Nay, but fellow, fellow.—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Coriolanus.

What's the matter

Menenius.

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 guardian
cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess,
but by my entertainment with him, if thou
stand'st not the state of hanging, or of some
death more long in spectacle, and crueller in
suffering: behold now presently, and swoon
for what's to come upon thee. —The glorious
gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular
prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old
father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here's
water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come
to thee; but being assured, none but myself
could move thee, I have been blown out of thy
gates with sighs, and conjured thee to pardon
Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The
good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs
of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a
block, hath denied my access to thee.

Away!

Menenius.

How! away?

Coriolanus.

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
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, 
Take this along; I write it for thy sake. [Gives a paper.
And would have sent it. Another word, Mene-
nius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behalf'st—
Aufidius.
You keep a constant temper.
[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.
First Guard.
Now, sir, Is your name Menenius?
Second Guard.
'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You
know the way home again.
First Guard.
Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back?
Second Guard.
What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?
Menenius.
I neither care for the world, nor your general;
for such things as you, I can scarce think there's
any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to
die by himself, fears it not from another. Let
your general do his worst. For you, be that you
are, long; and your misery increase with your
age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit.
First Guard.
A noble fellow, I warrant him.
Second Guard.
The worthy fellow is our general; he is the
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.
SCENE III. The Tent of Coriolanus.
Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.
Coriolanus.
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
I have borne this business. [plainly
Aufidius.
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.
Coriolanus.
This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have
(Though I shou'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded, too; fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?
[Shout within.
Shall I be tempted to infringe my
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—
Enter, in mourning Habits, Virgilia, Volumnia;
leading young Marcus, Valeria, and Attend-
ants.
My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd
mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affect-
All bond and privilege of nature, break I [ton
Let it be virtuous, to be obstatant.— [eyes
What is that court'sy worth? or those doves
Which can make gods forsorn?—I melt, and
am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My motheer
As if Olympus to a molehill should. [bows
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which [Volscus
Great nature eres, "Deny not."—Let the
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'Il never
Be such a going to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virgilia.
My lord and husband
Coriolanus.
These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome
Virgilia.
The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.
Coriolanus.
Like a duller act now, I have forgot my part, and
am out
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgini'd it e'er since. —You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, I, the earth;
Kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Volumnia.
O, stand up bless'd! I
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.
Coriolanus.
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 grand cedars; or the fiery sun
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Volumnia.
Thon art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Coriolanus.
The noble sister of Publina,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's cur'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Volumnia.
This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.
Coriolanus.
The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove
To shew unvulnerable, and stick it the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee! 
Volumnia.
CORIOLANUS.
Act 6 Sc. 3.
Volumnia.

That's my brave boy!

Volumnia.

Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Volumnia.

I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitate
Against with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Volumnia.

O! no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
We have not to appease yet one will ask;
That, if you fall in our request, the blame [us.
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear

Coriolanus.

Asfalitus, and you Volscius, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your re-
quest?

Volumnia.

Should we be silent and not speak, our ramment,
And state of bodlies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shaked 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 eminest my capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we.
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Wherefore we are bound, together with thy victory,
Wherefore 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 calumny, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purchase not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. [womb,

Virgilia.

Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
Living to time.

Boy.

He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but thou I'll fight.
You have won a happy victory to Rome; 
But, for your son,—believe it, O I believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail’d,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Ausfius, though I cannot make true wars,
I’ll frame convenient peace. Now, good Ausfius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Ausfius?

Ausfius.
I was mov’d withal.

Coriolanus.
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
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother I wife!

Ausfius. [Aside.

I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour
At difference in thee: out of that I’ll work
Myself a former fortune.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Coriolanus.

Aye, by and by;
[To Voltemnda, 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 deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rome. A public Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Menenius.
See you yond’ coign o’ the Capitol; yond’
corner-stone?

Sicinius.

Why, what of that?

Menenius.
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.

Sicinius.
Isn’t possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Menenius.
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.

Sicinius.
He loved his mother dearly.

Menenius.
So did he me; and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse.
The tattiness of his face sours ripe grapes: when
he walks, he moves like an engine, and the
ground shrinks before his treadling. He is able
to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a
knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his
state, as a thing made for Alexander. What
he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he
wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven
to throne in.

Sicinius.
Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Menenius.
I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him: there
is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in
a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and
all this is long of you.

Sicinius.
The gods be good unto us!

Menenius.
No, in such a case the gods will not be good
unto us. When we banished him, we respected
not them; and, he returning to break our necks,
they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Menenius.
Sir, if you’d save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They’ll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicinius.

What’s the news?

Menenius.
Good news, good news!—The ladies have
prevail’d,
The Volscians are dislodg’d, and Marcus gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sicinius.

Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Menenius.
As certain, as I know the sun is fire: [it?
Where have you lurk’d, that you make doubt
of Ne’er through an arch so hurried the blown
tide, [hark you!
As the recomfirmed through the gates. Why,
[Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and
Drums beaten, all together. Shouting
also within.
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[Shouting again.

Menenius.
This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Voltemnda
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land-full. You have pray’d well-to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I’d not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and Music.

Sicinius.
First, the gods bless you for their tidings:
Accept my thankfulness.

Menenius.
Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sicinius.
They are near the city.

Menenius.
Almost at point to enter.

Sicinius.
We will meet them,
And help the joy.

[Exeunt.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,
Patricians, and People. They pass over the
Stage.

First Senator.
Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them. Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcus; Repeal him with the welcome of his mother: Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome:— All. Welcome, ladies! [A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Antium. A public Place. Enter Tullius Aufidius, with Attendants. Aufidius. 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 't appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words. Despatch. [Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction, Most welcome! First Conspirator. How is it with our general? Aufidius. Even so, As with a man by his own alms emploison'd, And with his charity slain, Second Conspirator. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent, wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver Of your great danger. Aufidius. Sir, I cannot tell: We must proceed, as we do find the people. Third Conspirator. The people will remain uncertain, whilst 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of Makes the survivor heir of all. [either Aufidius. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd, He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery, Seducing so my friends; and to this end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unsavable, and free. Third Conspirator. Sir, his stoutness, When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping,— Aufidius. That I would have spoke of. Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth; Presented to my knife his throat; I took him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way In all his own desires: nay, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv'd his design- ments In mine own person; help to reap the fame Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner; and He waged me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.

First Conspirator. So he did, my lord; The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last, When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd For no less spoil, than glory,— Aufidius. There was it; For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him. At a few drops of women's rheum, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour Of our great action: therefore shall he die, And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark! [Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.

Second Conspirator. And patient fools, Whose children he hath slain, their base throats With giving him glory. [tear

Third Conspirator. 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 pronounce'd shall bury His reasons with his booy. Aufidius. Say no more. Here come the lords. Enter the Lords of the City. Lords. You are most welcome home. Aufidius. I have not deserv'd it. But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd What I have written to you? Lords. We have. First Lord. And grieve to hear it. What faults he made before the last, I think, Might have found easy fines; but there to end, Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our levies, answering us With our own charge, making a treaty where There was a yielding; this admits no excuse. Aufidius. He approaches; you shall hear him. Enter Coriolanus, with Drums and Colours; a Crowd of Citizens with him. Coriolanus. Hall, lords! I am return'd your soldier; No more infected with my country's love, Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting Under your great command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and With bloody passage led your wars, even to The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home, Do more than counterpose, a full third part, The charges of the action. We have made peace, With no less honour to the Antilates, Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver, Subscrib'd
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal o' the senate, what We have compounded on.

Aufidius. Read it not, noble lords; But tell the traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your powers.

Coriolanus. Traitor!—How now!—

Aufidius. Ay, traitor, Marcus.

Coriolanus. Marcus!—

Aufidius. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus. Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Coriol?—You lords and heads of the state, peradventure 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.

Coriolanus. Hear'st thou, Mars?—

Aufidius. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Coriolanus. Ha!—

No more.

Coriolanus. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!— Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords, Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion (Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Coriolanus. Cut me to pieces, Volscian; 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 Volscians in Coriol:— Alone I did it. — Boy!—

Aufidius. Why, noble lords, Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart, 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Conspirators. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces; do it presently. He killed my son; — my daughter: — he killed my cousin Marcus: — he killed my father.—

Second Lord. Peace, ho! — no outrage: — peace! The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

Coriolanus. O I that I had him, With six Aufidius, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword!—

Aufidius. Insolent villain!

All Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him! [Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!—

Aufidius. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Titus!—

Second Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be Put up your swords. — [quiet.—

Aufidius. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage, Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re- joice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded, As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

Second Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it. —

Aufidius. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up:— [one. —

Help, three o' the chiepest soldiers; I'll be Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully; Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory. —

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the Body of Coriolanus, A dead March sounded.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. Sc. 1.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, 
Sons to Titus Andronicus.
Mutius, Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.
Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

Emilius, a noble Roman.
Alarbus, Demetrius, Sons to Tamora.
Chiron, 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.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
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 nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is acclam'd home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastis'd with arms.
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath re-
turn'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength:
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I do asy
In thy uprightness and integrity,

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the Crown.

Marcus.

Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble 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.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.]

Saturninus.

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.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bassianus.

Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Saturninus and Bassianus go into the Ca-
pitol, and exeunt with Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Captain.

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 circumwrited with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter Martius
and Maitus: after them, two Men bearing a
Coffin covered with black; then Lucius and
Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus; and
then Tamora, with Alarbus, Chlorus, Demes-
trius, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Sol-
diers and People, following. The Bearers set
down the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Titus.

Hall, Rome! victorius 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 glorious to the rites that we intend
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam hail,
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; [sword.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styg?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The Tomb is opened.

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars! O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Swain well of virtue and no little
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Lucius.

Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratreum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Titus.

I give him you: the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tamora.

Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! I think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke:
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! If to fight for king and common weal,
Were pity in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweetly, and in nobility's true badge,
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Titus.

Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths be-
held
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Lucius.

Away, with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood.
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and
Maitus, with Alarbus.

Tamora.

O cruel, irreligious piet!}

Chiron.

Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demetrius.

Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Lucius.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolvd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.
Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Maitus,
with their Swords bloody.

Lucius.

See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remainest nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud laurums welcome them to Rome.

Titus.

Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets somemed, and the Coffins laid in
the Tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! [rest,
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no
storms,
Act ii. Sc. ii.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavinia.

In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies.
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome:
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand.
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
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, Basianus, and others.

Marcus.

Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Titus.

Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solomon'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 their trust,
This palliation of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Titus.

A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I do this robe, and trouble you?
Be clad in it, without any ceremony—
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried my own, and twenty sons, knified in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marcus.

Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Saturninus.

Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Titus.

Patience, prince Saturninus.

Saturninus.

Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Not Andronicus, would thou were sent ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Lucius.

Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Titus.

Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-

Bassianus.

Andronicus, I do not flatter thee.
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthenest that my friends,
I will most thankfully be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Titus.

People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them kindly on Andronicus?

Titus.

To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus.

Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titian's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
'Corl! Crown him, and say—"Long live our empe-

Marcus.

With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor,
And say,—"Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[Tribune.]

Saturninus.

Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onerous, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Titus.

It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well will Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Saturninus.

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Titus.

Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Saturninus.

A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Gothi.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lavinia.
Lavinia.
Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Saturninus.
Thanks, sweet Lavinia—Romans, let us go
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum.

Bassianus.
Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

Titus.
How, sir? Are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bassianus.
Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.

Marcus.
Suum cuique is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Lucius.
And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Titus.
Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Saturninus.
Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bassianus.
By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavi-

inia.

Mutius.
Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Titus.
Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mutius.
My lord, you pass not here.

Titus.
What, villain boy!

Barr' st me my way in Rome?

[Titus kills Mutius.

Mutius.
Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius.
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.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Lucius.
Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Saturninus.
No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
They never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederate all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Aune these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Titus.
O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?
Titus. What would you bury him in my despite?

Marcus. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest, 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.


Quintus. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Marcus. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Lucius. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marcus. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter His noble nephew here in virtue's nest, That died in honour and Lavinia's cause. Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous: The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax, That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son Did graciously plead for his funerals. Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy, Be barred his entrance here.

Titus. Rise, Marcus, rise.—
The dismal'at day is this, that e'er I saw, To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!— Well, bury him, and bury me the next. [Mutius is put into the Tomb. Lucius. 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.

Marcus. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps, How comes it that the subtle queen of Goth Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome? Titus. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is; Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell. She not, then, beholding 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, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; at the other side, Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.

Saturninus. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize: God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bassianus. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more, Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Saturninus. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power, Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bassianus. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own, My true-betrothed love, and now my wife? But let the laws of Rome determine all: Mean while, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Saturninus. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us; But, if we live, we'1l be as sharp with you.

Bassianus. My lord, what I have done, as best I may, Answer I must, and shall do with my life: Only thus much I give your grace to know. By all the duties that I owe to Rome, This noble gentleman, lord Titus here, Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd; That in the rescue of Lavinia With his own hand did slay his youngest son, In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath, To be control'd in that he frankly gave. Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine, That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds, A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Titus. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds: 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me, Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge, How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tamora. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine, Then hear me speak indifferently for all: And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Saturninus. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly, And basely put it up without revenge?

Tamora. No, my lord: the gods of Rome foretold, I should be author to dishonour you! But, on mine honour, dare I undertake For good lord Titus' innocence in all, Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs. Then, at my suit look gravely on him; Lose not so noble a friend on vain supposition, Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.— [Aside to Saturninus.] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last: Dissemble all your griefs and discontented: You are but newly planted in your throne; Lest, then, the people, and patricians too, Upon a just survey, take Titus' part, And so supplant you for ingratitude, Which Rome reputed 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 vain.— [Aside. Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus. Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Saturninus. Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevail'd.

Titus. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord. These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome, A Roman now adopted happily, And must advise the emperor for his good. This day all quarrels die, Andronicus:— And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia.—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Lucius.
We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was a mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.
Marcus.
That on mine honour here I do protest.
Saturninus.
Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tamora.
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.
Saturninus.
Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
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.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Before the Palace.
Enter Aaron.
Aaron.
Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having girt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac 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 weeds, and servile 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 nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, brav'd.
Demetrius.
Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affeeted be.
Chiron.
Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou.
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aaron.
Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
peace.
Demetrius.
Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron.
Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shall thou perceive how much I dare.
Demetrius.
Ay, boy; grow ye so brave?
[They draw.
Aaron.
Why, how now, lords! So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly? Full well I not the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame! I put up.
Demetrius.
Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal, [thwart,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chiron.
For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy
tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aaron.
Away, I say!
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabbler will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to let upon a prince's right?
What is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware,—an should the empress
now [pleas
This discord's ground, the music would not
Chiron.
I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Demetrius.
Youngling, learn thou to make some manner
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope. [choice,
Aaron.
Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chiron.
Act II. Sc. iii.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Chiron.

Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aaron.

To achieve her!—How?

Demetrius.

Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Latinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water gildeth by the mill
Then wota the mill of it; and easy it is
Of a cut loof to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron.

Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.

Demetrius.

Then, why should he despair, that knows to
With words, fair looks, and liberalty? [court it
What I hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron.

Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chiron.

Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demetrius.

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron.

Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, bark ye, bark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chiron.

Faith, not me.

Demetrius.

Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron.

For shame! be friends, and join for that you
'Tis policy and stratagem must do [jar
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may,
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chast
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting on hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequent'd plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Smele ye thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, out empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint 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.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, eyes, ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chiron.

Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demetrius.

Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these flits,
Per Stigga, per minas echor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c.

Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Titus.

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 bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend 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, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.

Titus.

Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Saturninus.

And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bassianus.

Lavinia, how say you? Lavinia.

I say, no;
I have been abroad awake two hours and more.

Saturninus.

Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To Tamora.

Marcus.

I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Titus.

And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demetrius.

Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor bound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A desert Part of the Forrest.

Enter Aaron, with a Bag of Gold.

Aaron.

He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tamora.

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look' st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;

The
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd—
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
With whom, with whom so happy they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
Be unto us, as it a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron.

Madam, though VENUS govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now encurs,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no wondrous signs:
Vengence is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee.
This is the day of doom for BASSIANUS;
His PHILOMEL must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pilage 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 exiled:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tamora.

Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aaron.

No more, great empress, BASSIANUS comes
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

BASSIANUS.

Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-besoming troop?
Or is it DIAN, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tamora.

Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that, some say, DIAN had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was ADEON's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAVINIA.

Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
JOSE shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him at once.

BASSIANUS.

Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerlan
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white gallantly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAVINIA.

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 blazon'd colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASSIANUS.

The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

LAVINIA.

Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tamora.

Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

DEMETRIUS.

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tis'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds.
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorrit plot,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many uurchs,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
Here and leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me, foul adulterer,
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.

DEMETRIUS.

This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs BASSIANUS.

CHIRON.

And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[Stabbing him likewise.

LAVINIA.

Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous Ta-

MORA;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tamora.

Give me thy pawniard: you shall know, my boys,
[wrong.
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's

DEMETRIUS.

Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:
First, thrust the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
[peas:
And with that painted hope braves your mighti-
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chiron.

As 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.

Tamora.
Tamora.

But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chiron.

I warrant you, madam, we will make that
sore.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lavinia.

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman’s face,—

Tamora.

I will not hear her speak: away with her!

Lavinia.

Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Demetrius.

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.

Lavinia.

When did the tiger’s young ones teach the
dam?

O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck’st from her, did turn to
marble:
Even at thy toot thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To Chiron.

Chiron.

What wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard?

Lavinia.

’Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now!
The lion, mov’d with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par’d all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their
nests:
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tamora.

I know not what it means. Away with her!

Lavinia.

O! let me teach thee: for my father’s sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have
slain thee,
Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.

Tamora.

Hadst thou in person ne’er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour’d forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Tamora.

What begg’st thou then? fond woman, let me
go.

Lavinia.

’Tis present death I beg: and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! I keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man’s eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora.

So should I rob not sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Demetrius.

Away! for thou hast stay’d us here too long.

Lavinia.

No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chiron.

Nay, then I’ll stop your mouth,—Drag thee
her husband:

[Dragging off Lavinia.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Exeunt.

Tamora.

Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure.
Ne’er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronicus be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lonely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull despoil.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aaron.

Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I ass’d thy panther fast asleep.

Quintus.

My sight is very dull, whate’er it bodes.

Martius.

And mine, I promise you: we’re not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Quintus falls into the Pit.

Quintus.

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 fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the
pit,

Martius.

O, brother! I with the dismal’st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. [Aside.

Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit Aaron.

Martius.

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhall’d and blood-stained hole?

Quintus.

I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o’er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Martius.

To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den.
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quintus.

Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surprise.
O! tell me how it is: for ne’er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Martius.

Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quintus.
If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Marius.
Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lights all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coceus' misty mouth.

Quintus.
Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Marius.
Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quintus.
Thy hand once more: I will not lose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.

Enter Saturninus and Aaron.

Saturninus.
Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marius.
The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Saturninus.
My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge.
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Marius.
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.

Tamora.
Where is my lord, the king?

Saturninus.
Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tamora.
Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Saturninus.
Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tamora.
Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a Letter.

Saturninus.
[Reads.

"As if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lastings friends."

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aaron.
My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[Showing it.

Saturninus.
Two of thy whoels, [To Titus] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
—Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide, until we have des'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tamora.
What! are they in this pit? O wondrous
How easily murder is discovered! [thing]

Titus.
High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Saturninus.
If it be prov'd! I see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tamora.
Andronicus himself did take it up.

Titus.
I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend touch, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Saturninus.
Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tamora.
Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Titus.
Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE V. The same.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Laevinia, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Demetrius.
So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chiron.
Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Demetrius.
See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chiron.
Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demetrius.
She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
ACT III. SC. i.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Chiron.
An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Demetrius.
If thou hast hands to help thee knit the cord.
[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.

Wind Horns. Enter Marcus, from hunting.

Marcus.
Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast? Cousin, a word:—where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me?
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungenteel hands Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments, Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness, As hale my love? Why doth not sun shine on me?—
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosebuds,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Terence hath defouled thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing apouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titus's face Blushing to be encounter'd 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 conceale'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
A craftr Terence, cousin, has thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O! had the monster seen those lidly hands Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute.
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony, [life;
Which that sweet tongue hath made.
He would have drop'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerceris at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come; let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome; A Street.
Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with Martius and Quintus; bound, passing on to Meet the Place of Execution; Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble Tribunes, stay! For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept; For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed; For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd; And for these bitter tears, which now you see Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks; Be pitiful to my condemned sons, Whose souls are not corrupted as '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 me press the earth's dry appetite; My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, That shall distil from these two ancient urns, Than youthful April's shall with all his showers: In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still; In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow, And keep eternal spring-time on thy face.
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! O, 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.

Lucius.
O, noble father! you lament in vain: The tribunes hear you not, no man is by, And you recount your arrows to a stone.

TITUS.
Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Lucius.
My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TITUS.
Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear, They would not mark me; or if they did mark, They would not pity me, yet plead I must, And boostleless unto them.

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones; Who, though they hear not, cannot now distress, Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes, For that they will not intercept my tale.

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me; And were they but attained 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 offendeth not, [stones; And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Lucius.
To rescue my two brothers from their death; For which attempt the judges have pronounce'd My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS.
O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive, That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers? Tigers may be fed; and Rome affords no prey, But me and mine: how happy art thou, then, From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?
Enter Marcus and Launia.

Marcus.

Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep; Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break; I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus.

Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marcus.

This was thy daughter.

Titus.

Why, Marcus, so she is.

Lucius.

Ah me! this object kills me.

Titus.

Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—

Speak, Launia, what accursed hand Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight? What fool hath added water to the sea, Or brought a flagott to bright-burning Troy? My grief was at the height before thou cam'st, And now, like Titus, it disdainedest bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too: For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain, And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life, In bootless prayer have they been held up, And they have serv'd me to effectless use: Now, all the service I require of them Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

'Tis well, Launia, that thou hast no hands, For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Lucius.

Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marcus.

O! that delightful engine of her thoughts, That blabb'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.

Lucius.

O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marcus.

O! thus I found her straying in the park, Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer, That hath receiv'd some unseasoning wound.

Titus.

It was my deer; and be that wounded her Hath hurt me more, than had he kille'd me dead: For now I stand as one upon a rock, Environ'd with a wilderness of sea; Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave, Expecting ever when some envious surge Will in his brinish bowels swallow him. This way to death my wretched sons are gone, Here stands my other son, a banish'd man, And here my brother, weeping at my voes; But that which gives me soul the greatest spur, Is dear Launia, dearer than my soul. — Had I but seen thy picture in this plight, It would have madd'd me; what shall I do Now I have lost thy lively body so? Thou hast no hands to wipe away tears, Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee: Thy husband he is dead; and for his death, Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. Look, Marcus; a bloodstain Lucius, look on her: When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marcus.

Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband; Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Titus.

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 Launia, let me kiss thy lips, Or make some sign how I may do thee ease. Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius, And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain, Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry, With miry slime left on them by a flood? And in the fountain shall we gaze so long, Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness, And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears? Or shall we cut away our hands, like thee? 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 farther misery, To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Lucius.

Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief, 

See, how my wretched sister sob's and weeps.

Marcus.

Patience, dear niece. — Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Titus.

Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot, Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, own. For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine Lucius.

Ah, my Launia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Titus.

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 betray, Can do no service on her sorrowful checks. O! what a sympathy of woe is this: As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aaron.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor Sends thee this word — that, if thou love thy sons, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And send it to the king: he for the same, Will send thee the bitherto thy sons alive, And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Titus.

O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron! Did ever raven sing so like a lark, That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand. Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius.

Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine, That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn. My youth can better spare my blood than you, And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marcus.

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome, And rea'd and aloof the bloody battle-axe, Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? O! none of both but are of high desert. My hand hath been but idle; let it serve To ransom my two nephews from their death, Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aaron.
Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marcus.

My hand shall go.

Lucius.
By heaven, it shall not go.

Titus.
Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plunging up, and therefore mine.

Lucius.
Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marcus.
And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Titus.
Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Lucius.
Then I'II go fetch an axe.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

Titus.
Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron.
If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort.

[Aside. And that you'll see, ere half an hour pass.

[He cuts off Titus's Hand.

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Titus.
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 purchased at an easy price;
And yet dearer, because I bought mine own.

Aaron.
I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[Aside. Their heads, I mean.—O, how this
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.

Titus.
O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pityes wretched tears,
To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with

[To Lucretia.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And staine the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus.
O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Titus.
Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Marcus.
But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Titus.
If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
overflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then, must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overwrought 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.

Messenger.
Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sentst the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.

Marcus.
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
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

[Deal.

Lucius.
Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet defeated life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[Lucretia kisses him.

Marcus.
Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus.
When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marcus.
Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control my griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gawling with thy teeth; and be this dismal
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm? why art thou still?

Titus.
Ha, ha, ha!

Marcus.
Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Titus.
Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me.

And
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischief be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about:
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head:
And in this hand the other will I bear:—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wenches, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]

Lucius.

Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful man that ever liv'd in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;—
O, would thou wert as thou'rt to-ho'are been hast!
But now not Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hopeful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine, and his empress,
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. A Room in Titus's House.
A Banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.

Titus.

So, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot prosecute our tenfold grief.
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast.
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then, thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in sighs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting foal in sea-salt tears.

Marcus.

Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Titus.

How now! I have sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of
To bid Eneas tell the tale twice o'er, [hands? How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable? O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands.
Lest we remember still, that we have none.

Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink, Nark, 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 sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy.

Good Grandisire, leave these bitter deep lament:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marcus.

Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Titus.

Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[Marcus strikes the Dish with a Knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marcus.

At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a boy.

Titus.

Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are clow'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Marcus.

Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Titus.

But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Marcus.

Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.

Titus.

O, O, O! Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah! Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marcus.

Alas, poor man I grieve so wrought on him.
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Titus.

Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to daze.

[Exeunt.]

ACT.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same. Before TITUS's House.
Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, Lavinia running after him.

Boy. HELP, grandsire, help! I my aunt LAVINIA:
Follows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle MARCUS, see how swift she comes! Alas! I sweet aunt, I know not what mean.

MARCUS.
Stand by me, LUCIUS do not fear thine aunt.

TITUS.
She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy.
Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

MARCUS.
What means my niece LAVINIA by these signs?

TITUS.
Fear her not, LUCIUS:—somewhat doth she mean.

See, LUCIUS, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy! CORNELIA never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and TULLY's Orator. [thus?]
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee

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 grief would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and
By,
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle MARCUS go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MARcus.
LUCIUS, I will.
[Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius had let fall.

TITUS.
How now, LAVINIA!—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see,—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy,
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MARcus.
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 to revenge.

TITUS.
Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy.
Grandsire, 'tis OVID's Metamorphosis:
My mother gav't me.

TITUS.
Marcus.
For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

TITUS.
Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall
This be the tragic tale of Philomen? [I read?
And treat'st of TERENCE's treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MARcus.
See, brother, see! note, how she speaks the leaves.

TITUS.
LAVINIA, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomen was,
Fore'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(0, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

MARcus.
O! why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

TITUS.
Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or sunk not Saturnus, as TARQUIN erst,
That left the camp to sin in LUCRECE's bed?

MARcus.
Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire him, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain: guide, if thou canst,
This after me.

[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with Feet and Mouth.
I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that fore'dus to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece: and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!—
She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it
With her Stumps, and writes.

TITUS.
O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—DEMESIS.

TITUS.
What, what!—the lustful sons of TAMORA
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TITUS.
Magni dominator polli,
Tam lentus audis sceleris? tam lentus videus?

MARcus.
O! I calm thee, gentle lord, although, 1 know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; LAVINIA, kneel, And kneel, sweet boy the Roman Rector's hope, And swear with me,—as with the woful seer, And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord JUNIUS BRUTUS aware for LUCRECE's rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TITUS.
'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:—
The
ACT IV. Sc. 1.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron, at one Door; at another Door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chiron. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius; He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may, I greet your honours from Andronicus; — [Aside.] And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

Demetrius. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?

Boy. [Aside.] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news, For villains mark'd with rape. [To them.] May it please you, My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me The goodliest weapons of his armory, 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 villains. [Exeunt Boy and Attendants.

Demetrius. What's here? A scroll, and written round Let's see: Integer vitae, scelerisque purus, Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chiron. O! 'tis a verse in Horace. I know it well: I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just! — a verse in Horace; — right, you have it. [Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt, And sends them weapons wrap'd about with lines, That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick; But were our witty empress well a-foot, She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: But let her rest in her unrest awhile.... [To them.] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so, Captives, to be advanced to this height? It did me good, before the palace gate To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demetrius. But me more good, to see so great a lord Basely instrum'd, and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius? Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Demetrius. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demetrius. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [Trumpets sound

Demetrius. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demetrius. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

Aaron. Well, more, or less, or 'e'er a whit at all, Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone. Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
TITUS ANDRONICUS

Act. i. Sc. 5.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Aaron.

Why, what a cater-wauling dost thou keep.
What dost thou wrap and sumble in thine arms?

Nurse.

O! of that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's dis-
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aaron.

To whom?

Nurse.

I mean she's brought to bed.

Aaron.

Well, GodGive her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nurse.

A devil.

Aaron.

Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

Nurse.

A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aaron.

Zounds, ye whore! Is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beatuous blossom, sure.

Demetrius.

Villain, what hast thou done?

Aaron.

That which thou canst not undo.

Chiron.

Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron.

Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demetrius.

And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chiron.

It shall not live.

Aaron.

It shall not die.

Nurse.

Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aaron.

What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demetrius.

I'll broach the tadpole in my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch
it.

Aaron.

Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd wals! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she save them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Demetrius.

Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron.

My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demetrius.

By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chiron.

Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse.

The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chiron.

I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aaron.

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd
He is enfranchised and come to light:
[were, Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse.

Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Demetrius.

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron.

Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit.

Demetrius.

How many women saw this child of his?

Aaron.

Why, so, brave lords: when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nurse.

Cornelia the midwife, and myself;
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron.

The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the empress; tell her, thus I said.—

[Stabbing her: she screams.

Weke, weke! — so cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

Demetrius.

What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aaron.

O lord! sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no. And now be it known to you my full intent. Not far, one Muticous lives, my countryman; His wife but yesternight was brought to bed. His child is like to her; fair, fair are ye: Go pack with him, and give the mother gold, And tell them both the circumstance of all; And how by this their child shall be advance'd, And be received for the emperor's heir, And substituted in the place of mine, To calm this tempest whirling in the court, And let the emperor dandle him for his own. Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physic, And you must needs bestow her funeral; The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms. This done, see that you take no longer days, But send the midwife presently to me: The midwife, and the nurse, well made away, Then, let the ladies tattle what they please.

(Pointing to the Nurse.)
Chiron.
Aaron. I see, thou wilt not trust the air With secrets.

Demetrius.
For this care of Tamora. Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the Nurse.]

Aaron.
Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies; There to dispose this treasure in mine arms, And secretly to greet the empress' friends.— Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave! I'll bear you hence, For it is she that puts us to our shifts; I'll make you feed on berries and on roots, And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat, And in cabin in a cave: and bring you up To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[Exit with the Child.

SCENE III. The same. A public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing Arrows, with Letters on the ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Titus.
Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the Sir boy, now let me see your archery: [way. Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight. Terence Astra rapuit: Be you remember'd Marcus, she's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets; Happily you may catch her in the sea, Yet there's as little justice as at land. No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; To you must dig with mattock, and with spade, And pierce the utmost centre of the earth: Then, when you come to Pluto's region, I pray you, deliver him this petition; Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid, And that it comes from old Andronicus, Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.— Ah, Rome! —Well, well; I made thee miserable, What then? I threw the people's suffrages On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.— Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all, And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd: This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence. And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marcus.
O, Publius! is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Publius.
Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns, By day and night t' attend him carefully; And feed his humors kindly as we may, Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marcus.
Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy. Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude, And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Titus.
Publius, how now, how now, my masters! Have you met with her?

Publius.
No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word, If you will have revenge from hell, you shall. Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd, I see, He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere So that performe you must needs stay a time.

Titus.
He doth me wrong to feed me with delays. I'll dive into the burning lake below, And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.— Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we; No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size, But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back; Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear: And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell, We will solicit heaven, and move the gods, To send down justice to wreak our wrongs. Come, to this bear. You are a good archer, Marcus. [He gives them the Arrows.]

Ad Iunem, that's for you:—here, ed Apol- Ad Marlem, that's for myself:— [linem:— Here, boy, to Pallas: — here, to Mercury: To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ; You were as good to shoot against the wind. — To it, down Marcus, loose, when I bid. Of my word, I have written to effect; There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marcus.
Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court: We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Titus.
Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well said, Lucius! Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Marcus.
My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon; Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Titus.
Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marcus.
This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot, The bull, being gall'd, gave Arius such a knock That it fell both the ram's horns in the court: [villain And who should find them but the empress! She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose But give them to his master for a present.

Titus.
Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy.

Enter
Enter the Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown.
Have I the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Titus.
But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown.
Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

Titus.
Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown.
Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Titus.
Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown.
From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperor's men.

Marcus.
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.

Titus.
Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown.
Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Titus.
Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold:—mean while, here's money for thy Give me pen and ink.—[Charges. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown.
Ay, sir.

Titus.
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.

Clown.
I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Titus.
Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, [it. — For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. — And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown.
God be with you, sir: I will.

Titus.
Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. —[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords and others: Saturninus with the Arrows in his Hand, that Titus shot.

Saturninus.
Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen An emperor of Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt? My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods, (However these disturbers of our peace Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd, But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wretches, His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heaven for his redress: See, here's to Jone, 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' health: whom, if she sleep, He'll so wake, as she in fury shall Cut off the proudst conspirator that lives.

Tamora.
My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine, Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age, Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, Whose loss hath pined him deep, and scar'd his heart; And rather comfort his distressed plight, Than prosecute the meanest, or the best, For these contempts. [Aside.] Why, thus it shall become High-witted Tamora to groze with all: But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick; Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise, Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.
How now, good fellow I wouldn't thou speak with us?

Clown.
Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tamora.
Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown.
'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[Saturninus reads the Letter.]

Saturninus.
Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown.
How much money must I have?

Tamora.
Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.

Clown.
Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. — [Exit, guarded.

Saturninus.
Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! Shall
Titus

Shall I endure this monstrous villany? I know from whence this same device proceeds. May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons, That died by law for murder of our brother, Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.— Go, drag the villain hither by the hair: Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.— For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man; Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great, In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 

Enter Emilius. 

What news with thee, Emilius? 

Emilius. 

Arms, my lords! Rome never had more cause. The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil, They hither march amain, under conduct Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus; Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do As much as ever Coriolanus did. 

Saturninus. 

Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths? These tidings nigh me; and I hang the head As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms. Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach. 'Tis he the common people love so much: Myself hath often heard them say, When I have walk'd like a private man, That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor. 

Tamora. 

Why should you fear? is not our city strong? 

Saturninus. 

Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius, And will revolt from me to succour him. 

Tamora. 

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name. Is the sun dimm'd, that gnat do fly in it? The eagle suffers little birds to sing, And is not careful what they mean thereby; Knowing that with the shadow of his wings, He can at pleasure stint their melody? Even so may he thou think the giddy men of Rome. Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor, I will enchant the old Andronicus, With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep; When as the one is wounded with the bait, The other rotted with delicious feed. 

Saturninus, 

But he will not entreat his son for us. 

Tamora. 

If Tamora entreat him, then he will; For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear With golden promises, that were his heart Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf. Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. — Go thou before, be our ambassador: 

[To Emilius. 

Say that the emperor requests a parley, Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting, Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus. 

Saturninus. 

Emilius, do this message honourably; And if he stand in hostage for his safety, Bid him demand what pledge will please him best. 

Emilius. 

Your bidding shall I do effectually. 

[Exit Emilius. 

Tamora. 

Now will I to that old Andronicus, And temper him with all the art I have, To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths. And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again, And bury all thy fear in my devices. 

Saturninus. 

Then go successfully, and plead to him. 

[Exeunt. 

ACT V. 

SCENE I. Plains near Rome. 

Enter Lucius, and an Army of Goths, with Drum and Colours. 

Lucius. 

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome, Which signify what hate they bear their emperor, And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs; And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath, Let him make tender satisfaction. 

First Goth. 

Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus, Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds, Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt, Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou 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. 

Lucius. 

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. 

Second Goth. 

Renowned Lucius, from our troop I stray'd, To gasp upon a ruinous monastery; And as I earnestly did fix mine eye Upon the wasted building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall. I made unto the noise; when soon I heard The crying babe control'd with this discourse:— "Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam! Did not thy hue bewray what brat thou art, Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look, Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor; But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, They never do beget a coal-black calf. Peace, villain, peace!"— even thus he rates the babe,— "For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth; Who, when he knows thou art the emperor's babe, Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake." With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither, To use as you think needful of the man. 

Lucius. 

O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil, That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand; This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperor's eye, And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. — Say,
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What if dead? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

LUCIUS. 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.

AARON. Get me a ladder.—LUCIUS, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, beseech what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

LUCIUS. Say on; and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AARON. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, LUCIUS, 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must tell of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

AARON. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUCIUS. Whom should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears.

AARON. To that I'll urge him.—Therefore thou shalt
By that same god, what god soever it be, [vow
That thou adore'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,
Or else I will discover this thought to thee.

LUCIUS. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

AARON. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUCIUS. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

AARON. Tut! LUCIUS, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trim'm'd her as thou saw'st.

LUCIUS. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

AARON. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUCIUS. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coadding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guilty hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheatress for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it drowst myself away,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy, like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
[Graves.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow, almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
"Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;

Nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging, presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUCIUS. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter.
Enter a Goth.

Goth.

My lord, there is a messenger from Rome, Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius.

Let him come near.

Enter Emilius.

Welcome, Emilius! what's the news from Rome?

Emilius.

Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths, The Roman emperor greet you all by me: And, for he understands you are in arms, He craves a parley at your father's house, Willing you to demand your hostages, And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth.

What says our general?

Lucius.

Emilius, let the emperor give his pledges Unto my father and my uncle Marcus, And we will come.—March I away! [Exeunt.


Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tamora.

Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment, I will encounter with Andronicus, And say, I am Revenge, sent from below, To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.— Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, To ruminates strange plots of dire revenge; Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him, And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock.

Titus opens his study door.

Titus.

Who doth molest my contemplation? Is it your trick, to make me ope the door, That so my sad decrees may fly away, And all my study be to no effect? You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do, See here, in bloody lines I have set down, And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora.

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Titus.

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.

Tamora.

If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Titus.

I am not mad; I know thee well enough; Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines; Witness these treasons made by grief and care; Witness the firing day, and heavy night; Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well For our proud empress, mighty Tamora. Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tamora.

Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora: She is thy enemy, and I thy friend. I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom, To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind, By working weakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light; Confer with me of murder and of death. There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place, No vast obscurity, or misty vale, Where bloody murder, or detested rape, Canouch for fear, but I will find them out; And in their ears tell them my dreadful name, Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Titus.

Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me, To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tamora.

I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Titus.

Do me some service, ere I come to thee. Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand; Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge: Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels, And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner, And whirl along with thee about the globe. Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet, To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away, And find out murderers in their guilty caves: And when thy car is loaden with their heads, I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel Trot like a servile footman all day long, Even from Hypertium'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.

Tamora.

These are my ministers, and come with me.

Titus.

Are they thine ministers? what are they call'd?

Tamora.

Rape, and Murder; therefore called so, 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus.

Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are; And you, the empress: but we worldly men Have giddy heads, and mad, mistaken 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.

Tamora.

This closing with him fits his lunacy. What'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits, Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches, For now he firmly takes me for Revenge; And being credulous in this mad thought, I'll make him send for Lucius, his son. And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure, I'll find some cunning practice out of hand, To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths, Or, at the least, make them his enemies. See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Titus.

Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee. Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house.— Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too. How like the empress and her sons you are! Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:— Could not all hell afford you such a devil? For, well I wot, the empress never wags, But in her company there is a Moor; And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.  
But welcome, as you are.  What shall we do?  

Tamora.  
What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?  

Demetrius.  
Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.  

Tamora.  
Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.  

Tamora.  
Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.  

Titus.  
Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him: he's a murderer.——  
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rape, 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 thine own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee.  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,  
They have been violent to me and mine.  

Tamora.  
Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?  

Titus.  
Marcus, my brother!—'tis 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.  

Marcus.  
This will I do, and soon return again.  

Exit.  

Tamora.  
Now will I hence thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.  

Titus.  
Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,  
Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.  

Tamora.  [Aside to them.  

What say you, boys? will you bide with him,  
While I go tell my lord the emperor,  
How have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him  
And tarry with him, till I turn again.  

Titus.  [Aside.  

I know them all, though they suppose me mad;  
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.
SCENE III. The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths; with Aaron, Prisoner.

Lucius. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind, That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Lucius. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil. Let him receive no sustenance; set him free, Till he be brought unto the empress' face, For testimony of her foul proceedings. And see the ambush of our friends be strong: I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear, And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Lucius. Away, inhuman dog! unchallow'd slave! — Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Texeunt Goths with Aaron. Trumpets sound. The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Saturninus. What! hath the firmament more sons than one?

Lucius. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Marcus. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle; These quarrels must be quietly debated. The feast is ready, which the careful Titus Hath ordain'd to an honourable end, [Rome; For peace, for love, for league, and good to Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Saturninus. Marcus, we will. [Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at Table.

Enter Titus, dressed like a Cook, Lavinia, veiled, young Lucius, and others. Titus places the Dishes on the Table.

Titus. 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.

Saturninus. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Titus. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tamora. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Titus. An if your highness knew my heart, you were. My lord the emperor, resolve me this: Was it well done of rash Virginus, To slay his daughter with his own right hand, Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and defeun'd?

Saturninus. It was, Andronicus.

Titus. Your reason, mighty lord!

Saturninus. Because the girl should not survive her shame, And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual; A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant. For me, most wretched, to perform the like. — Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [He kills Lavinia. And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

Saturninus. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!

Titus. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me I am as woeful as Virginus was, [blind. And have a thousand times more cause than he To do this outrage; and it is now done.

Saturninus. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Titus. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tamora. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Titus. Not I: 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue. And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Saturninus. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Titus. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; Whereof their mother daintly hath fed, Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred. 'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [Killing Tamora.

Saturninus. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurzed deed.

[Killing Titus.


Marcus. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome, By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts, O! let me teach you how to knit again This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf, These broken limbs again into one body.
Roman Lord.

Lost Rome herself be borne unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-awry,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grace in this miseries true expression say,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Didio's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
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 in my 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; 
speak.
Your heads will throb and weep to hear him

Lucius.

Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears desip'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Last, Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
As I you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft: methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

Marcus.

Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Dann'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closing of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak I and, if you say, we shall,
Let hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emilius.

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.

Lucius.

Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.—
Lucius, &c. descend.
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house.
And hither hale that misbelieve of true Moors.
To be adjudge'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.—
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Lucius.

Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe! I
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
The last true duties of thy noble son! [face]

Lucius.

Come, hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee, [well;
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: [woe.
Friends should associate friends in grief and
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy.

O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.
O lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with Aaron.

First Roman.

You said Andronici, have done with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been brooder of these dire events.

Lucius.

Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves, or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom;
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron.

O! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Lucius.

Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey.  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
And being so, shall have like want of pity.  
Sooe justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.  
Paris, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.  
Montague, Heads of two hostile Houses.  
Capulet, 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, a Franciscan.  
Friar John, of the same Order.  
Balthasar, Servant to Romeo.  
Sampson, Gregory, Servants to Capulet.

Peter, another Servant to Capulet.  
Abram, Servant to Montague.  
An Apothecary.  
Three Musicians.  
Chorus, Boy; Page to Paris; an Officer.  
Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.  
Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.  
Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.  
Nurse to Juliet.  
Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

### SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

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### ACT I.

**SCENE I** A public Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sampson.

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.  
Sampson.  
Gregory  
No, for then we should be colliers.  
Sampson.  
Gregory  
I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.  
Sampson.  
Gregory  
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.  
Sampson.  
Gregory  
I strike quickly, being moved.  
Sampson.  
Gregory  
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.  
Sampson.  
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gregory.

To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sampson.

A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory.

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson.

'Tis 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.

Gregory.

The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sampson.

'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.

Gregory.

The heads of the maids?

Sampson.

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gregory.

They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sampson.

Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gregory.

'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Gregory.

How! turn thy back, and run?

Sampson.

Fear me not.

Gregory.

No marry: I fear thee!

Sampson.

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gregory.

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sampson.

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abram.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson.

I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abram.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson.

Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

Gregory.

No, sir. I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapon to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, may Montague hate.
Have three disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Call'd to part our funeral, to part our rank'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 farther pleasure in this case,
To old Friar Tuck, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet,
Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.

Montague.
Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio.
Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, his'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague.
O! where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Benvolio.
Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peep'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affectious by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Purs'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Montague.
Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals homewards my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Benvolio.
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Montague.
I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Benvolio.
Have you importun'd him by any means?

Montague.
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 discovering,
As is the bud bit with an ensuencing worm,
Bere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Benvolio.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Benvolio.
See, where he comes: so please you step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Montague.
I would, thou wert so wain by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.

Benvolio.
Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo.
Is the day so young?

Benvolio.
But new struck nine.

Romeo.
Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio.
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo.
Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Benvolio.
In love?

Romeo.
Out.

Benvolio.
Of love?

Romeo.
Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Benvolio.
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Romeo.
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 created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is:—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Do'th thou not laugh?

Benvolio.
No, coz; I rather weep.

Romeo.
Good heart, at what?

Benvolio.
At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo.
Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd

With
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg’d, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes;
Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with lovers’ tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Capulet.

But 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.

Paris.

Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity ’tis, you liv’d at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Capulet.

But saying o’er what I have said before;
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris.

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet.

And too soon marr’d are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom’d feast,
Whereeto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When with well-ow’d April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on mere 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, [Giving a Paper,] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.]

Servant.

Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle
With his yard, and the tailor with his last,
The fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets;
But I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Benvolio.

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 languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo.

Where I may read who pass’d that passing fair? Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio.

I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SC. II.

Romeo.
Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio.
For what, I pray thee?

Romeo.
For your broken shin.

Benvolio.
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo.
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp’d, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.

Servant.

God gi’ good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Romeo.

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant.

Perhaps you have learn’d it without book;
but I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Romeo.

Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Servant.

Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.

Romeo.

Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Reads]

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters;
the lady widow of Vitruelo; Signior Placentio, and his
lovely nectar; Mercucio, and his brother
Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and
daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Lieta;
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio,
and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Up.

Romeo.

Whither? to supper?

Servant.

To our house.

Romeo.

Whose house?

Servant.

My master’s.

Romeo.

Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Servant.

Now, I’ll tell you without asking. My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of
the house of Montague, I pray, come and crush
a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

[Exit.

Benvolio.

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 unassisted eyes,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Romeo.

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires:
And these, who, often drown’d, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne’er saw her match, since first the world began.

Benvolio.

Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pole’d with herself in either eye;

But in those crystal scales, let there be weight’d
Your lady’s love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows
best.

Romeo.

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.

Lady Capulet.

Nurse, where’s my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse.

Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird?

God forbid!—where’s this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Juliet.

How now! who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Juliet.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Capulet.

This is the matter. —Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back
again:
I have remember’d me, thou shalt hear our
consule.
Thou know’st my daughter’s of a pretty age.

Nurse.

‘Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Capulet.

She’s not fourteen.

Nurse.

I’ll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

Lady Capulet.

A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse.

Even or odd, of all days in the year, [teen.
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be four-
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 then laid wormwood 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,”
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more will? Wilt thou not, Julie?" and, by my holy-dam, The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay," To see, now, how a jest shall come about me? I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Julie?" quoth he; And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay," Nurse. 

"I pray thee, hold thy peace."

Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh, To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay!" And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone, A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly. [face? "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age; ["Ay!" Wilt thou not, Julie?" it stinted, and said— Juliet. And stint thou too, I pray thee, 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. Lady Capulet. Marry, that marry is the very theme I come to talk of:—tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married? Juliet. It is an honour that I dream not of. Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say, thou hastad suck'd wisdom from thy teat. Lady Capulet. Well, think of marriage now; younger than Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, [you, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother, much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:— The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say, thou hastad suck'd wisdom from thy teat. Lady Capulet. Verona's summer hath not such a flower. Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower. Lady Capulet. What say you? can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast: Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. Examine every married lineament, And see how one an other lends content; 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: The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride, For fair without the fair within to hide. That book in many's eyes doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him making yourself no less. Nurse. No less? nay, bigger: women grow by men. Lady Capulet. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love? Juliet. I'll look to like, if it liking like move; But no more deep will I endart mine eye, Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. Enter a Servant. Servant. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight. Lady Capulet. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays. Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt. SCENE IV. A Street. Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others. Romeo. What, shall this speech be spoke for our Or shall we on without apology? [excuse, Benvolio. The date is out of such prolility: We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But, let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. Romeo. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling: Being but heavy, I will bear the light. Mercutio. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance. Romeo. Not I, believe me. You are dancing shoes, With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead, So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move. Mercutio. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common bound. Romeo. I am too sore enplished with his shaft, To soar with his light feathers; and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: Under love's heavy burden do I sink. Mercutio. And, to sink in it, should you burden love; Too great oppression for a tender thing. Romeo. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too bolisterous; and it pricks like thorn. Mercutio. 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: [Putting on a Mask. A visor for a visor—that care I, What curious eye doth quote deformities? Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me. Benvolio.
Benvolio.

Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo.

A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb’d with a grandaira phrase,—
I’ll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was never so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio.

Tut! dun’s the 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 ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Romeo.

Nay, that’s not so.

Mercutio.

I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Romeo.

And we mean well in going to this mask,
But ‘tis no wit to go.

Mercutio.

Why, may one ask?

Romeo.

I dreamt a dream to-night?

Mercutio.

And so did I.

Romeo.

‘Well, what was yours?’

Mercutio.

That dreamers often lie.

Romeo.

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mercutio.

O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
You. She is the fairies’ midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alder-man.
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men’s noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider’s web;
The collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket’s bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub.
Time out of mind the fairies’ coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of
love;
On courtiers’ knees, that dream on courtiers’
stalk:
O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O’er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which o’er the angry Mab with blisters plaques,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are,

Sometime she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime she comes with a tithe-pig’s tail,
Tickling a parson’s nose as ‘a lies asleep,

Then he dreams of another benefit.

Sometime she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus righted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the eel-locks in foul slutish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune holds.
This is the bag, when malds lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, is she—

Romeo.

Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace! Thou talk’st of nothing.

Mercutio.

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fancy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who
woos

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger’d, pulls away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Benvolio.

This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo.

I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night’s revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos’d in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Benvolio.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Hall in Capulet’s House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

First Servant.

Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! I he scrape a trencher!

Second Servant.

When good manners shall lie all in one or
Two men’s hands, and they unwashed too, ‘tis a
foul thing.

First Servant.

Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save
me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lov’st me,
let the porter let in Su an Grindstone, and
Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

Second Servant.

Ay, boy! ready.

First Servant.

You are looked for, and called for, asked for,
and sought for, in the great chamber.

Second Servant.

We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,
boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take
all.

Enter Capulet, &c, with the Guests, and the
Masters.

Capulet.

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their
toes

Unplagued
Unplagu'd with corus, will have a bout with you:

Ah ha, my mistressee! which of you all (she,
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
I'll swear, hath corus. Am I come near you
now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the
That I have worn a visor, and could tell (day,
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, [gone.
Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
play.
A hall! a ball! give room, and foot it, girls.
[Music plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too
hot.
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Second Capulet.
By'r lady, thirty years.

First Capulet.

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.

Second Capulet.
'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

First Capulet.
Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Romeo.

What lady is that, which doth enrich the
Of yonder knight?

Servant.

I know not, sir.

Romeo.
O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand,
Did my heart love till now? forewear it, sight!
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tybalt.
This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! I dates the
slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

First Capulet.

Why, how now, kinman! wherefore storm
you so?

Tybalt.

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

First Capulet.

Young Romeo is it?

Tybalt.

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

First Capulet.

Contest thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Ferona brags of him.
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, he patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-becoming semblance for a feast.

Tybalt.
It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

First Capulet.

He shall be endur'd:
What! Goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—go
Am I the master here, or you? go to. [to;
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my
soul
You'll make a mutiny among my guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tybalt.

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

First Capulet.

Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know
what.
You must contrive me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my heart!—You are a prince; go;
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for
shame!
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my
hearts!

Tybalt.

Patience performe with willful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greet.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, [ing.
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Exit.

Romeo.
If I profane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet.
Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Romeo.

Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too?

Juliet.

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Romeo.

O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do; They pray, grant thou, let faith turn to des-
pair.

Juliet.

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Romeo.

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Kissing her.

Juliet.

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo.

Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin again.

Juliet.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful jaws:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where: [meet,
But passion lends them power, time means to
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
      Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvenio, and Mercutio.

Benvenio. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mercutio. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Benvenio. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mercutio. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Fenius one fair word.
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trin,
When King Cupidus lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Benvenio. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mercutio. 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 him up.

Benvenio. Come, he hath bid himself among these trees,
To be consort'd with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mercutio. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
ROMEO & JULIET.

Act 2, Sc. 2.
ACT II. Sc. II.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 201

O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were
An open e’er a cell, thou a poor, dear ear! 
Romeo, good night:— I’ll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

Benvolio.

Go, then; for ‘tis in vain To seek him here, that means not to be found.

SCENE II. Capulet’s Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. —

(Enter Romeo, as above, at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! — (Breaks?
Arose, 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 stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! 
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

Juliet.

Ah me!

Romeo.

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o’er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-unperturbed wond’ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bcestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I’ll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo.

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet.

'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:
Thou art my self, though not a Montague.
What’s Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
What’s in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo were, were he not Romeo call’d,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my love?

Romeo.

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I’ll be new baptis’d:
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet.

What man art thou, that, thus bescreen’d in
So stumblist on my counsel? [night,

Romeo.

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet.

My ears have yet not 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 displease.

Juliet.

How cam’st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo.

With love’s light wings did I o’er perch those walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, 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
And I am proof against their enmity. [sweet,

Juliet.

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo.

I have night’s cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proudered, wanting of thy love.

Juliet.

By whose direction found’st thou out this place?

Romeo.

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wad’st with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet.

Thou know’st the mask of night is on my face:
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say —

Ay:

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swearest,
Thou may’st prove false: at lovers’ perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think’st I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may’st think my 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 fruit-tree tops,—
Juliet.

O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo.

What shall I swear by?
Juliet.

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 undiscerning, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Romeo.

O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Juliet.

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Romeo.

Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Juliet.

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
Romeo.

Would'st thou withdraw it? for what 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 have I, for both are infinite.
Romeo.

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Romeo.

O blessed blessed night! I am afraid,
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, indeed,
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [Within.

Madam.

Juliet. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [Within.

Madam. Juliet.

By and by; I come.—
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Romeo.

So strive my soul,—
Juliet.

A thousand times good night! [Exit.
Romeo.

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[Retiring.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Juliet.

Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this terebell-gentle back again! Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cage where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo.

It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Juliet.

Romeo!

Romeo.

My dear!
Juliet.

At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?
Romeo.

By the hour of nine.
Juliet.

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Romeo.

Let me stand here, till thou remember it.
Juliet.

I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Romeo.

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Juliet.

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted yoke,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Romeo.

I would, I were thy bird.
Juliet.

Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

Romeo.

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 good hope to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.
Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Friar.
The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery 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 olier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We suckling on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
Of 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 ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Friar.

Good morrow, father! 

Romeo.

Benedicte! 

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth Therefore, thy eariness doth me assure, [reign.
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Romeo.

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar.

God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?

Romeo.

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's wo.

Friar.

That's my good son; but where hast thou been, then?

Romeo.

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask'lt me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies;
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar.

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrink.

Romeo.

Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we wo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Friar.

Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here! Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline?
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in

Romeo.

Thou child'st me off for loving Rosaline.

Friar.

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo.

And bad'st me bury love.

Friar.

Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo.

I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Friar.

O! she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo.

O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Friar.

Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.
SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mercutio.
Where the devil should this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?

Benvolio.
Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.

Mercutio.
Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Benvolio.
Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio.
A challenge, on my life.

Benvolio.
Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio.
Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Benvolio.
Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mercutio.
Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio.
Why, what is Tybalt?

Mercutio.
More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O! he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, 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 duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal sado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Benvolio.
The what?

Mercutio.
The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! —"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why! is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardonnez-moi, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their bons!

Enter Romeo.

Benvolio.
Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mercutio.
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 his lady, was a kitchen-wench; — marry, she had a better love to be rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thisebe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo.
Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mercutio.
The slip, sir, the slip? can you not conceive?

Romeo.
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mercutio.
That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo.
Meaning—to courtesy.

Mercutio.
Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo.
A most courteous exposition.

Mercutio.
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Romeo.
Pink for flower.

Mercutio.
Right.

Romeo.
Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mercutio.
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.

Romeo.
O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

Mercutio.
Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fall.

Romeo.
Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mercutio.
Nay, if our 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?

Romeo.
Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mercutio.
I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Romeo.
Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mercutio.
Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Romeo.
And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mercutio.
O! here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Romeo.
I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.

Mercutio.
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 drivelking love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Benvolio.
Benvolio.

I will follow you.

Mercutio.

Stop there, stop there.

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady.

Benvolio.

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse.

Here's goody gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Romeo.

I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse.

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. - Scurvy knave! - Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Romeo.

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee.

Nurse.

Good heart! and, I' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo.

What will 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.

Romeo.

Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon; and there she shall at friar Laurence' cell be shrift'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse.

No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Romeo.

Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse.

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Romeo.

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee, and bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; which to the top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell! - Be true, and I'll quite thy pains. Farewell! - Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse.

Now, God in heaven bless thee! - Hark you, sir.

Romeo.
Romeo.

What sayst thou, my dear nurse? Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away? Romeo. 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 town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the vassal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R. Nurse. Ah, mockers! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? 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.

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter! Anon? Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden. Enter Juliet.

Juliet. The clock struck nine, when I did send the In half an hour she promised to return. [nurse; Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.— O! she is slaine: love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams Driving back shadows over lowering hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And there the wind-smiths of Cupid's bow, Now is the sun upon the highest hill Of this day's journey; and from nine to twelve Is three long hours,—yet she is not come. Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, She'd be at wont in motion as a sail; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me: But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldly, slow, heavy, and pale as lead. —Enter Nurse and Peter. O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news? Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.

Juliet. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aware, give me leave awhile.— [had! Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I

Juliet. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news: Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesus, what haste I can you not stay awhile? Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Juliet. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me,—that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy.—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench: serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Juliet. No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back! o' other side.—O, my back, my back!— Beershew your heart for sending me about, To catch my death with janting up and down.

Juliet. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?

Juliet. Where is my mother?—why, she is within: Where should she be? How oddily thou reply'st; Your love says like an honest gentleman,— Where is your mother?" Nurse. O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the politure for my aching bones? Henceforward do thy messages yourself.

Juliet. Here's such a col—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Juliet. I have.

Nurse. Then, hee you hence to friar Laurence' cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark; I am the drudge, and toil in your delight, But you shall hear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Juliet.
ACT III.  Sc. 1.

ROMEO AND JULIET.  807

Juliet.
Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.  Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Friar.
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Romeo.

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar.
These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweeter 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 bstride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet.
Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar.
Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet.
As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Romeo.

Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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 leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.  A public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Benvolio.
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.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III. SC. I.

MERCUTIO.

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:—
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYBALT.

Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

MERCUTIO.

But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:—
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

TYBALT.

ROMEO, the love I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

TYBALT.

ROMEO.

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a seeming:—vilain 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 name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO.

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stocata carries it away. [Draws.

TYBALT, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT.

What would'st 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 his pitcher by the ears?—make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT.

I am for you. [Drawing.

ROMEO.

Gentle MERCUTIO, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO.

Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

ROMEO.

Draw, BENVOLIO; —[shame! Beat down their weapons:—gentlemen, for
Forbear this outrage! — Tybalt,—MERCUTIO—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets,—Hold, Tybalt! — good MERCUTIO! —

[Exeunt Tybalt and his Partisans.

MERCUTIO.

I am hurt; —
A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped: —
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO.

What! art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO.

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

ROMEO.

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO.

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 peppered, I warrant, for this world: ——
a plague o' both your houses! —
Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death; — a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO.

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO.

Help me into some house, BENVOLIO;
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! —
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too: — your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOlIO.

ROMEO.

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my countryman; — O sweet Juliet! —
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO.

O Romeo, Romeo! brave MERCUTIO's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspriz'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO.

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;—
This but begins the wo, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

BENVOLIO.

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO.

Alive! in triumph! and MERCUTIO slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest 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.

TYBALT.

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
Shalt with him hence. [Here, ROMEO.

This shall determine that. [They fight; Tybalt falls.

BENVOLIO.

ROMEO, away! begone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd: — the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.—Hence! — be gone! — away!

ROMEO.

O! I am fortune's fool.

BENVOLIO.

Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROMEO

Enter CITIZENS, &c.

First CITIZEN.

Which way ran he, that kill'd MERCUTIO? —
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO.

There lies that Tybalt.
ACT III. SC. II.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

First Citizen.

Up, sir:—go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended: Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.

Prince.

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Benvolio.

O noble prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet.

Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin! I

Prince.

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benvolio.

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, dead to peace, but that he lifts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends! friends, part!"—And, swifter
than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning's proceeding:
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.

Lady Capulet.

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 kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince.

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Montague.

Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend,
His fault concludes but what the law should
The life of Tybalt.

Prince.

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 doth lie a bleeding
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine, [ing;
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchasing our abuses;

Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Merry but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet.

Gallop space, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' 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, unawares, eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maldenings:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
Think true love acted simple modesty. [bold,
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo:—and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O'! here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.

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!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Juliet.

Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever had would have thought it?—Romeo! Romeo!

Juliet.

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but J,
And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more Than
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me. I would forget it fast;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

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 your woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs.

Why follow'd not, when she said — Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, may, or both,

Which modern lamentation 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 limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse.

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

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 beguil'd,

Juliet.

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd!

He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maid-widow'd. [bed;]

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse.

He to your chamber; I'll find Romeo

To comfort you: — I went well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:

I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Juliet.

O, find him! I give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Friar.

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, [man:]

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Friar.

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Friar.

Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
**Act III. Sc. III.**

**ROMEO AND JULIET.**

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**Romeo.**
What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

---

**Friar.**
A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

---

**Romeo.**
Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death—do not say—banishment.

---

**Friar.**
Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

---

**Romeo.**
There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then, banished
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

---

**Friar.**
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

---

**Romeo.**
'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
 But Romeo may not.—More validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
 But Romeo may not; he is banished.
 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
 knife, I mean,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar I the damned use that word in hell;
 Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word—banished?

---

**Friar.**
Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

---

**Romeo.**
O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

---

**Friar.**
I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

---

**Romeo.**
Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy;
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

---

**Friar.**
O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

---

**Romeo.**
How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III. SC. III.

Romeo.

How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Friar.

Go hence. Good night; and here stands all your state:—

Either be gone 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 he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Romeo.

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:—

Farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Capulet.

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.

Paris.

These times of woe afford no time to woo.—

Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

Lady Capulet.

I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Capulet.

Sirs, Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris's love,

And bid her mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But, soft! What day is this?

Paris.

Monday, my lord.

Capulet.

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, we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-

day?

Paris.

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-mor-

row.

Capulet.

Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!—

Afore me! it is so very late, that we

May call it early by and by.—Good night.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Juliet.

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III. Sc. V.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierce’d the fearful hollow of thinè ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet.

You light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need’st not to be gone.

Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I’ll say, you 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 vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is’t, my soul? let’s talk, it is not day.

Juliet.

It is, it is; his hence, be 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! now I would they had chang’d voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O! I now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Romeo.

More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse.

Madam!

Juliet.

Nurse.

Your lady mother’s coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Juliet.

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo.

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll descend.

Juliet.

Art thou gone so? love, lord I ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Romeo.

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet.

O! think’st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Romeo.

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet.

O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.

Romeo.

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

Juliet.

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown’d for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady Capulet. [Within.

Ho! daughter, are you up?

Juliet.

Who is’t that calls? Is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom’d cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady Capulet.

Why, how now, Juliet?

Juliet.

Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet.

Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could’st, thou could’st not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Juliet.

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady Capulet.

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Juliet.

Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Capulet.

Well, girl, thou weep’st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter’d him.

Juliet.

What villain, madam?

Lady Capulet.

That same villain, Romeo.

Juliet.

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.

Lady Capulet.

That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Juliet.

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might revenge my cousin’s death?

Lady Capulet.

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then, weep no more. I’ll send to one in
Mantua,—
Where that same banish’d runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such unaccustom’d dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Juliet.

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinman vex’d.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III. Sc. V.

And yet not proud;—mistress milady, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But settle your fine jointures 'gainst Thursday next To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag- You tallow face! —

Lady Capulet.

How, how! how now, chop-logic! What is this?—Not!—Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you

Juliet.

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
ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Friar.

You say, you do not know the lady's mind: Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Paris.

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love; For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous, That she doth give her sorrow so much away; And in his wisdom hastens our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears; Which, too much minded by herself alone, May be put from her by society. Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Friar.

I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [Aside.]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Paris.

Happily met, my lady, and my wife! Juliet.

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. Paris.

That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next. Juliet.

What must be shall be. Friar.

That's a certain text.

Paris.

Come you to make confession to this father? Juliet.

To answer that, I should confess to you. Paris.

Do not deny to him, that you love me. Juliet.

I will confess to you, that I love him. Paris.

So will you, I am sure, that you love me. Juliet.

If I do so, it will be of more price, Being spoke behind your back, than to your face. Paris.

Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears. Juliet.

The tears have got small victory by that; For it was bad enough before their spite. Paris.

Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report. Juliet.

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; And what I speak, I speak it to my face. Paris.

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it. Juliet.

It may be so, for it is not mine own. Are you at leisure, holy father, now, Or shall I come to you at evening mass? Paris.

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. My lord, we must entreat the time alone. Paris.

God shield, I should disturb devotion!— Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you: Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris. Juliet.]
Juliet.

O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Friar.

'Ah, Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wit:
I hear thou must, and nothing must protract it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Juliet.

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experience'd time,
Give me some present aid; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speakest not of remedy.

Friar.

Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'd with death himself to escape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Juliet.

O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
Or bear me nightly in a charnel-house, [Bears]
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go to a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man's sonorous
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstaun'd wife to my sweet love.

Friar.

Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent
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 distil'd liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but successe:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Shall thou continuance two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridgroom 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,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave,
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 wak'ning; and that very night
Shall Romeo bear this letter to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Juliet.

Give me, give me! O! I tell me not of fear.

Friar.

Hold; got you gone: be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Juliet.

Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farwell, dear father. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Capulet.

So many guests invite as here are writ.—

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Second Servant.

You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Capulet.

How canst thou try them so?

Second Servant.

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Capulet.

Go, begone.—

[Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse.

Ay, forsooth.

Capulet.

Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse.

See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Capulet.

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Juliet.

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your beheld notion; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Capulet.

Send for the County: go tell him of this.
I'll have the knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Juliet.

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell:
And
And gave him what became love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Capulet.
Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be. — Let me see the County:
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Juliet.
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?

Lady Capulet.
No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Capulet.
Go, nurse, go with her. — We'll to church to-
morrow.
[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Lady Capulet.
We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Capulet.
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 up him
Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Juliet.
Ay, those attires are best: — but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady Capulet.
What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Juliet.
No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behavior 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.

Lady Capulet.
Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Juliet.
Farewell! — God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me. —
Nurse! — What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
Come, phial. —
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning? —
No, no; — this shall forbid it: — lie thou there.
[lying down a Dagger.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Sublithy hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought. —
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stiffed in the vault, [in,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes.
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like.
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fester ing 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 forsworn' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! I methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the Bed.

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady Capulet.
Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse.
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Capulet.
Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd;
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
Look to the bad'k meats, good Angrya: —
Spare not for cost.

Nurse.
Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching: —

Capulet.
No, not a whit. What if I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Capulet.
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Capulet.
A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! — Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

First Servant.
Things for the cock, sir; but I know not what.

Capulet.
Make haste, make haste. [Exit First Servant.
— Sirrah, fetch drier logs: —
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Second
Second Servant.
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.

Capulet.
'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good father! 'tis day:
The County will be here with music straight. [Music within.
For so he said he would. — I hear him near.—
Nurse! — Wife! — what, ho! — what, nurse, I say!
Enter Nurse.
Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:
I'll go and chat with Paris. — He, make haste, Make haste; the bridgroom he is come already: Make haste, I say. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.
Enter Nurse.
Nurse.
Mistress! — what, mistress! — Juliet! — fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! — why, lady! — fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! — madam! sweet-heart! —
why, bride! —
What! not a word? — you take your pennypoxts now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wak'. her. — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed:
He'll fright you up, I' faith. — Will it not be?
What, dreist! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wak'. you. Lady! lady, lady! —
Alas! alas! — Help! Help! I my lady's dead! —
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
Some aqua-vitae, ho! — my lord! my lady!
Enter Lady Capulet.
Lady Capulet.
What noise is here?
Nurse.
O lamentable day!
Lady Capulet.
What is the matter!
Nurse.
Look, look! O heavy day!
Lady Capulet.
O me! O me! — my child, my only life, Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —
Help, help! — call help.
Enter Capulet.
Capulet.
For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse.
She's dead, deaces'd, she's dead; alack the day!
Lady Capulet.
Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Capulet.
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.
Nurse.
O lamentable day!
Lady Capulet.
O woful time!
Capulet.
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.
Friar.
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Capulet.
Ready to go, but never to return. —
O son! the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife: — there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!
Paris.
Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
Lady Capulet.
Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejocie and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse.
O woe, O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Paris.
Beguill'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguill'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
— O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!
Capulet.
Despleis'd, distressed, hated, marty'rd, kiff'd!
Uncomfortable time, why can'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity! —
O child! O child! — my soul, and not my child! —
Dead art thou! — alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Friar.
Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lies not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For '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;
ACT V. SC. I.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 319

For though fond nature bide us all lament,
Yet nature’s tears are reason’s merriment.

Capulet.
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;
And our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Friar.
Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The hearkens do low’d upon, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.


First Musician.
‘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.

First Musician.
Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Peter.
Musicians, O, musicians! “Heart’s ease,
Heart’s ease:” O I an you will have me live,
play—“Heart’s ease.”

First Musician.
Why “Heart’s ease?”

Peter.
O, musicians! because my heart itself plays—
“My heart is full of woe:” O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Second Musician.
Not a dump we: ’tis no time to play now.

Peter.
You will not then?

Musicians.
No.

I will, then, give it you soundly.

First Musician.
What will you give us?

Peter.
No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

First Musician.
Then, will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter.
Then, will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchet: I’ll re you, I’ll fa you. Do you note me?

First Musician.
An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

Second Musician.
Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter.
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 gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful stumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;
Why, “silver sound?” why, “music with
her silver sound?” What say you, Simon Cat-
ing?

First Musician.
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter.
Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Second Musician.
I say—“silver sound,” because musicians sound for silver.

Peter.
Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-
post?

Third Musician.
‘Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter.
O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—“music with her silver
sound,” because musicians have seldom gold for such graces:

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit, singing.

First Musician.
What a pestilential knife is this same.

Second Musician.
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.

Romeo.

I F I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand
My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom’d spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

And breath’d such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess’d,
When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my lady Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Balthasar.

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels’ monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Romeo.

Is it e’en 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.

Balthasar.

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Romeo.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
 Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John.

Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Friar.

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 the 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.

Friar.

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John.

I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Friar.

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.

Friar.

Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will bless me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua.
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exeunt.]
Act v. Sc. iii.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies, that for thee will keep.
Nightly shall to be sung thy grave and weep!

[The Boy6 whistle.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanderers this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What shall with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Romeo.

Give me that mattock, and the wenching iron.
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why do 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, begone:
But if thou, Jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexcusable far.
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Balthasar.

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Romeo.

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Balthasar.

For all this same, I'll hide me here about;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.

Romeo.

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[Breaking open the Door of the Monument.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Paris.

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[Advancing.

Stop thy unhallow'd toll, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Romeo.

I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man:
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and bereft say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Paris.

I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Romeo.

Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy.

[They fight.

O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[Exit Page.

Paris.

O! I am slain. [Falls.]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[Dies.

Romeo.

In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

[Opening Paris in the Monument.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O! how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath 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.—

Tybal! lie thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To surder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! I dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is monstrous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thine eyes in dark; and to thy paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maidens; O! Will I set up my everlasting rest,
[Here And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [lost:
From this world-weatherd flesh,—Eyes, look your
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to agrowing death.

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothe-
cary! Thy drugs are quick. —Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.

Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar
Lawrence, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Friar.

Saint Francis be my speed—how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?

Balthasar.

Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Friar.

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light.
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Balthasar.
It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Friar.
Who is it?

Balthasar. Romeo.

Friar.
How long hath he been there?

Balthasar. Full half an hour.

Friar.
Go with me to the vault.

Balthasar. 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.

Friar.
Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon
O! much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. [me;

Balthasar.
As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Friar. Romeo!—[Advancing.
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?
[Entering the Monument.
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—[hour
The lady stirs. [Juliet wakes.

Juliet.
O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?

Friar. [Noise within.
I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[Noise again.] I dare
no longer stay. [Exit.

Juliet.
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his endless time.—
O churl! drink all, and let no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;—
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.[Kisses him.
Thy lips are warm! [Exit Watchman. [Within.

Lead, boy:—which way?

Juliet.
Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [Snatching Romeo's Dagger.
This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself] there rest,
and let me die. [Dies.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watchman.
The ground is bloody: search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; whooe'er you find, attach.

Plentiful light! here lies the County slain;
And Juliet bleeding: warm, and newly dead,
Who her heart hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search!—

[Exit some other Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Second Watchman.
Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watchman.
Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

Third Watchman.
Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watchman.
A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

First Watchman.
What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Capulet.
What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

Lady Capulet.
O! 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 your ears?

First Watchman.
Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watchman.
Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Capulet.
O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en;—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague.—
And is mix-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Lady Capulet.
O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Friar. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Montague.
Montague.
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath. What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince.
Look, and thou shalt see.

Montague.
O thou untouch'd! 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, [descent; And know their spring, their head, their true And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death. Mean time for And let mischance be slave to patience.—[bear, Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Friar.
I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder; And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince.
Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Friar.
I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife: I married them; and their stolen marriage-day Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death Banish'd the new-made bridgeman from this city; For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet plan'd. You, to remove that siege of grief from her, Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce, To count 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 should she kill herself. Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art) A sleepning potion; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime, I writ to Rome, That he should hither come, as this dire night, To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, Being the time the potion's force should cease, But he which bore my letter, friar John, Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone, At the prefixed hour of her waking, Came I to take her from her kindred's vault, Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, Till I conveniently could send to Romeo: But, when I came, (some minute ere the time Of her awakening) here untimely lay The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead. She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, And bear this work of heaven with patience: But then a noise did scare me from the tomb, And she, too desperate, would not go with me, But (as it seems) did violence on herself. All this I know, and to the marriage Her nurse is privy; and, if sought in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrific'd some hour before his time, Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince.
We still have known thee for a holy man.— Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Balthasar.
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?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page.
He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave, And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb, And, by and by, my master drew on him; And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince.
This letter doth make good the friar's words, Their course of love, the tidings of her death: And here he writes, that he did buy a poison Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal Come to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.— Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! See, what a scoure is laid upon your hate, That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love; And I, for winking at your discord too, Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Capulet.
O, brother Montague! give me thy hand: This is my daughter's jointure; for no more Can I demand.

Montague.
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.

Capulet.
As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie; Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince.
A glooming peace this morning with it brings, The sun for sorrow will not show his head. Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things; Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished: For never was a story of more woe, Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, Three flattering Lords.
Ventidius, one of Timon's false Friends.
Aemianus, a churlish Philosopher.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Flavius, Steward to Timon.
Lucius, Lucullus, Servants to Timon.
Servilius, Servants to Timon's Creditors.
Thilotus, Servants to Timon's Creditors.

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir. I am glad y'are well. Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world? Painter. It wears, sir, as it grows. Poet. Ay, that's well known; But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant. Painter. I know them both: 'tis other's a jeweller. Merchant. O! 'tis a worthy lord. Jeweller. Nay, that's most fix'd. Merchant. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were, To an untirable and continue goodness: He passes.

Jeweller. I have a jewel here— Merchant.

O! pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir? Jeweller. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that— Poet. "When we for recompence have prais'd the vile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good." Merchant. 'Tis a good form. Jeweller. And rich: here is a water, look ye. Painter. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication To the great lord.

Painter. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire! the flint Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chases. What have you there? Painter. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth? Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir. Let's see your piece. Painter.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon’d from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express’d
In our condition.

Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tend-
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, [Ance.
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Ay, marry, what of these?

When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
[ants,
Spurns down her late below’d, all his depend-
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.

'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune’s
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of Ventidius talking with him.

Imprison’d is he, say you?
Ventidius’s Servant.
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,
Periods his comfort.

Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
(him
My friend when he must need me. I do know
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I’ll pay the debt, and
free him.

Ventidius’s Servant.
Your lordship ever bends him.

Commend me to him: I will send his ran-
son;
And, being enfranchis’d, bid him come to me—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ventidius’s Servant.
All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Athenian.
Lord Timon, bear me speak.

Timon.
Freely, good father.

Old Athenian.
Thou hast a servant nam’d Lucilius.

Timon.
I have so: what of him?

Old Athenian.
Most noble Timon, call the man before thee. 

Timon.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SC. 1.

Timon.
Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Lucilius.

Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Athenian.
This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trenches.

Timon.

Well; what farther?

Old Athenian.

One only daughter have I; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Timon.

The man is honest.

Old Athenian.

Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Timon.

Does she love him?

Old Athenian.

She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levy's in youth.

Timon. [To Lucilius.

Love you the maid?

Lucilius.

Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Athenian.

If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Timon.

How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Athenian.

Three talents on the present; in future all.

Timon.

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 Athenian.

Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Timon.

My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Lucilius.

Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.

Poet.

Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Timon.

I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?

Painter.

A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Timon.

Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.

Painter.

The gods preserve you!

Timon.

Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jeweller.

What, my lord! I dispraise?

Timon.

A mere safety of commendations.
If I should pay you not as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jeweller.

My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Timon.

Well mock'd.

Merchant.

No, my good lord; he speaks the common
Which all men speak with him. [tongue,

Timon.

Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jeweller.

We'll bear, with your lordship.

Merchant.

He'll spare none.

Timon.

Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apemantus.

Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Timon.

Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apemantus.

Are they not Athenians?

Timon.

Yes.

Apemantus.

Then I repent not.

Jeweller.

You know me, Apemantus.

Apemantus.

Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Timon.

Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apemantus.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act I. Sc. 1.

Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Timon.

Whither art going?

Apemantus.

To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Timon.

That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apemantus.

Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Timon.

How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apemantus.

The best, for the Innocence.

Timon.

Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apemantus.

He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Painted.

Y're a dog.

Apemantus.

Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Timon.

Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apemantus.

No; I eat not lords.

Timon.

An thou should'st, thou'lt anger ladies.

Apemantus.

O! I eat lords; so they come by great belligies.

Timon.

That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apemantus.

So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Timon.

How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apemantus.

Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a deit.

Timon.

What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apemantus.

Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet!

Poet.

How now, philosopher?

Apemantus.

Thou liest.

Poet.

Art not one?

Apemantus.

Yes.

Poet.

Then, I lie not.

Apemantus.

Art not a poet?

Poet.

Yes.

Apemantus.

Then, thou liest; look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet.

That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apemantus.

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!

Timon.

What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apemantus.

Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Timon.

What, thyself?

Apemantus.

Ay.

Timon.

Wherefore?

Apemantus.

That I had no angry wit to be a lord. — Art not thou a merchant?

Merchant.

Ay, Apemantus.

Traf'c confound thee, if the gods will not!

Merchant.

If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apemantus.

Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Timon.

What trumpet's that?

Servant.

*Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Timon.

Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. —

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me. — Go not you hence.

Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done Show me this piece. — I am joyful of your sights. —

Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apemantus.

So, so, there.—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves, And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred Into baboon and monkey. [out

Alcibiades.

Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your sight.

Timon.

Right welcome, sir: Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

Enter Two Lords.

First Lord.

What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apemantus.

Time to be honest.

First Lord.

That time serves still.

Apemantus.

The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

Second Lord.

Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apemantus.
Apmantas.  
Ay; to see meat fill knives, and wine heat fools.  
Second Lord.  
Fare thee well; fare thee well.  
Apmantas.  
Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.  
Second Lord.  
Why, Apmantas?  
Apmantas.  
Shouldst'at keep one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.  
First Lord.  
Hang thyself.  
Apmantas.  
No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.  
Second Lord.  
Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.  
Apmantas.  
I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.  
Exit.  
First Lord.  
He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes [in, The very heart of kindness.  
Second Lord.  
He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.  
First Lord.  
The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.  
Second Lord.  
Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?  
First Lord.  
I'll keep you company.  
Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same.  A Room of State in Timon's House.  
Hautboys playing loud Music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending: then, enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius, whom Timon redeemed from prison, and Attendant. Then comes, dropping after all, Apmantas, discontentedly, like himself.  
Ventidius.  
Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled with thanks and service, from whose I deriv'd liberty.  
Timon.  
O! by no means, Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.  
[Help  
If our better's play at that game, we must not To limit them: faults that are rich are fair.  
Ventidius.  
A noble spirit!  
Timon.  
Nay, my lords, Ceremony was but devils'd at first, To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes, Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.  
First Lord.  
My lord, we always have confess'd it.  
Apmantas.  
Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?  
Timon.  
O, Apmantas!—you are welcome.  
Apmantas.  
No, you shall not make me welcome: I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.  
Timon.  
Pleas't art a churl: you have got a humour there.  
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—  
They say, my lords,  
 But yond' man is ever angry,  
Go, let him have a table by himself;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.  
Apmantas.  
Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:  
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.  
Timon.  
I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome.  
I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.  
Apmantas.  
I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O ye gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.  
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks, they should invite them without knives!  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.  
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes: [throats.  
Great men should drink with harness on their Timon.  
My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.  
Second Lord.  
Let it flow this way, my good lord.  
Apmantas.  
Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well.  
Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.  
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which no'or left man 't the mire:  
This and my food are equals, there's no odds, Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.  
Apmantas' Grace.  
Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man, but myself.  
Grant I may never prove so fond, To trust man on his oath or bond;  
Or a harlot for her weeping;  
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act 1 Sc. 2.
Amen. So fall to’t:—
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Enter Apcmantus.]

Timon. Much good duch thy good heart, Apcmantus!
Captain Alcibiades, your heart’s in the field now.

Alcibiades. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

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

Alcibiades. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there’s no meat like ‘em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apcmantus. ‘Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill ‘em, and bid me ‘em.

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Timon. 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! I think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne’er have need of ‘em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne’er have use for ‘em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort ‘tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another’s fortunes. O joy, even made away ere ‘t can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apcmantus. Thou weep’st to make them drink, Timon.

Second Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apcmantus. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov’d me much.

Apcmantus. Much! [Tucket sounded.

Timon. What means that trump? — How now!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Timon. Ladies! What are their wills?

Servant. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Timon. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come fresh
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, please’d from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Timon. They are welcome all. Let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample y’are below’d.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of
Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.

Apcmantus. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this
They dance! they are mad women. [way! 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 vold it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy.
Who lives, that’s not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their
Of their friends’ gift? [graves I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: ’t has been done.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Timon. 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 instre,
And entertain’d me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apcmantus. ’Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Timon. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. [Exeunt Cupid, and Ladies.

Flavius. Most thankfully, my lord.

Timon. Flavius.

My lord.

Flavius. Timon.

The little casket bring me hither.

Flavius. Yes, my lord. [Aside.] More jewels yet! There is no crossing him in his humour;
Else I should tell him,—well,—’t faith, I should,

When
By what I now speak, you hazard too much of your own
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. [merits.

With more than common thanks I will receive it.

O! he's the very soul of bounty.

And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

You may take my word, my lord: I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

O! I none so welcome.

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:
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Ay, dell'd land, my lord.

We are so virtuously bound,

Am I to you.

And so.

We are so virtuously bound,

We take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
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Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcibiades,

Ay, dell'd land, my lord.

We are so virtuously bound,

Am I to you.

And so.
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit.} Apemantus. 

So;—thou wilt not hear me now!— [Thee. Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from O that my knees could scarce be lifted up! To counsel deaf, but not to slattery! [Exit."

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in a Senator's House. Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand. Senator. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore. He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum, Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion Of 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 coils gold: If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon: Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight, And able horses. No porter at his gate; But rather one that smiles, and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say! Enter Caphis. Caphis. Here, sir: what is your pleasure? Senator. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon; Importune him for my moneys; be not caud'd With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when "Commend me to your master"—and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him, 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 stint 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 phœnix. Get you gone. Caphis. I go, sir. Senator. Ay, go, sir:—Take the bonds along with you, And have the dates in compt. Caphis. I will, sir. Senator. Go. [Exeunt."

SCENE II. The same. A Hall in Timon's House. Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand. Flavius. No care, no stop: so senseless of expense, That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account How things go from him, nor resumes no care Of what is to continue. Never mind Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel, I must be round with him, now he comes from Fe, fie, fie, fie! [Exeunt."

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro. Caphis. Good even, Varro. What! You come for money? Varro's Servant. Is't not your business too? Caphis. It is.— And yours too, Isidore? Isidore's Servant. Caphis. Would we were all discharg'd! Varro's Servant. I fear it. Caphis. Here comes the lord. Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c. Timon. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again. My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will? Caphis. My lord, here is a note of certain dues. Timon. Dues! Whence are you? Caphis. Of Athens here, my lord. Timon. Go to my steward. Caphis. 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. Timon. Mine honest friend, I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning. Caphis. Nay, good my lord,— Timon. Contain thyself, good friend. Varro's Servant. One Varro's servant, my good lord,— Isidore's Servant. From Isidore: He humbly prays your speedy payment,— Caphis. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,— Varro's Servant. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, And past,— Isidore's Servant. Your steward puts me off, my lord; And I am sent expressly to your lordship. Timon. 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, [To Flavius.]
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd With clamorous demands of date, broken bonds, And the detention of long-since-due debts, Against my honour?

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

Timon. Do so, my friends. [Exit Timon.]

Flavius. Pray, draw near. [Exit Flavius.]

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.

Caphis. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.

Varro's Servant. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isidore's Servant. A plague upon him, dog!

Varro's Servant. How dost, fool?

Apemantus. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Varro's Servant. I speak not to thee.

Apemantus. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

Isidore's Servant. [To Varro's Servant.]
There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apemantus. No, thou standst single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caphis. Where's the fool now?

Apemantus. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

All Servants. What are we, Apemantus?

Asses. Apemantus.

Why? All Servants.

Apemantus. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Servants. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apemantus. Good: gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.
Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apemantus. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apemantus. Canst not read?

No.

Apemantus. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Meiblades. 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.

Apemantus. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apemantus. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Servants. I would they served us!

Apemantus. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

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?

Varro's Servant. I could render one.

Apemantus. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Varro's Servant. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Varro's Servant. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apemantus. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Servants. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon. [Re-enter.}
TIMON OF ATHENS

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.
Aemantius. Come, with me, fool, come. Fool.
I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometimes, the philosopher. [Exit Aemantius and Fool. Flavius. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [Exit Servants.
Timon. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time, Hath you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?
Flavius. You would not hear me, At many pleasures I propos'd.
Timon. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.
Flavius. O, my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, 'Off, laid them before you; you would throw them And say, you found them in mine honesty. When for some trifling present you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept; Yea, against the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My loved lord, Though you hear now, (too late) yet now's a time, The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.
Timon. Let all my land be sold.
Flavius. '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?
Timon. To Laecedemon did my land extend.
Flavius. O, my good lord! the world is but a word; Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone?
Timon. You tell me true.
Flavius. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood, Call me before th' exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept With drunken spilit of wine; when every room Hath blast'd with lights, and bray'd with mirth, I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, [a straying And set mine eyes at how.
Timon. Prythee, no more.
Flavius. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord! How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night enlumined! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's? Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon! Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise. The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, These flies are touch'd.
Timon. Come, sermon me no farther. No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwarily, not ignorantly, have I given [lack, Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart, If I would broach the vessels of my love, And try the argument of hearts by borrowing, Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use, As I can bid thee speak.
Flavius. Assurance bless your thoughts! Timon.
And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd, That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends. You shall perceive, how you Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends. Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!
Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.
Servants. My lord, my lord—
Timon. I will despatch you severally. — You, to lord Lucius;— to lord Lucullus;— I hunted with his honour to-day:,—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.
Flaminius.
As you have said, my lord.
Go you, sir, [To another Servant] to the senators, (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.
Flavius. 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.
Timon. Is't true? can't be? Flavius. 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-able, But yet they could have wish'd— they know not— Something hath been amiss— a noble nature May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—
And so, intending other serious matters, After distasteful looks, and these hard frictions, With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, They froze me into silence.
Timon. You gods, reward them!—
Timon. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee,
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows Have their ingratitude in them hereditary: Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows; 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind, And nature, as it grows again toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —Go to Ventradius. —[To a Servant.] Pr'ythee, [To Flavius.] be not sad, Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I speak, No blame belongs to thee. —[To Servant.] Ventradius 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: great him from Bid him suppose some good necessity [me; Touches his friend, which craves to be remem- ber'd With those five talents: — that had, [To Flavius] give it these fellows To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think, That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. Flavius. I would, I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe; Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flamininus waiting. Enter a Servant to him. Servant. I HAVE told my lord of you; he is coming down to you. Flamininus. I thank you, sir. Enter Lucullus. Servant. Here's my lord. Lucullus. [Aside. One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dream of a silver bason and ever to-night. Flamininus, honest Flami- nius, you are very respectively welcome, 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?

Flamininus. His health is well, sir. Lucullus. I am right glad that his health is well, sir, And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flamininus? Flamininus. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to enroot 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.

Lucullus. La, la, la, la, —nothing doubting, says he? alas, a good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to sup 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 no'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with Wine.

Servant. Please your lordship, here is the wine. Lucullus. Flamininus, I have noted thee always wise Here's to thee. Flamininus. Your lordship speaks your pleasure. Lucullus. I have observed thee always for a tow'rdly prompt spirit, — give thee thy due,— and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah,—[To the Servant, who goes out.] —Draw nearer, honest Flamininus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentle- man; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flamininus. Is't possible, the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [Throwing the Money away. Lucullus. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit Lucullus. Flamininus. May these add to the number that may said Let molten coin be thy damnation: [thee! Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! I feel my master's passion. This slave, Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison? O, may diseases only work upon't! And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature, Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Lucius. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stranger. 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 ru- mours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Second Stranger. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't,
for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Lucius.

How?

Second Stranger.

I tell you, denied, my lord.

Lucius.

What a strange case was that I now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servilius.

See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[To Lucius.

Lucius.

Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servilius.

May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Lucius.

Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending; how shall I thank him, thoukest thou? And what has he sent now?

Servilius.

He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Lucius.

I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Servilius.

But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Lucius.

Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servilius.

Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Lucius.

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! — Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say,—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness: but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind;—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servilius.

Yes, sir, I shall.

Lucius.

I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. —

[Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed: And he that's once denied will hardly be bred.

[Exit Lucius.
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Servant.

Excellent! Your lordship’s a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made
man politic; he crossed himself for’t; and I can
not 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 politic love.
This was my lord’s best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne’er acquainted with their
wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ’d
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. The same. A Hall in Timon’s
House.

Enter Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant
of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and
other Servants to Timon’s Creditors, waiting
his coming out.

Varro’s Servant.
Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hor-
tensius.

Titus.
The like to you, kind Varro.

Hortensius.

Lucius? What, do we meet together?

Lucius’s Servant.

Ay; and, I think, one business does command us all, for mine
is money.

Titus.

So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Lucius’s Servant.

And, sir,

Philotus too!

Philotus.

Philotus.

Good day at once.

Lucius’s Servant.

Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Philotus.

Philotus.

Labouring for nine.

Lucius’s Servant.

So much?

Philotus.

Is not my lord seen yet?

Lucius’s Servant. Not yet.

Philotus.

I wonder on’t: he was wont to shine at seven.

Lucius’s Servant.

Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigious 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.

Philotus.

I am of your fear for that.

Titus.

I’ll show you how I observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hortensius.

Most true, he does.

Titus.

And he wears jewels now of Timon’s gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hortensius.

It is against my heart.

Lucius’s Servant.

Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And even as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for ‘em.

Hortensius.

I’m weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon’s wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Varro’s First Servant.

Yes, mine’s three thousand crowns; what’s
yours?

Lucius’s Servant.

Five thousand mine.

Varro’s First Servant.

’Tis much deep: and it should seem by the
sum,
Your master’s confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal’d.

Enter Flavius.

Titus.

One of lord Timon’s men.

Lucius’s Servant.

Flavius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord
ready to come forth?

Flavius.

No, indeed, he is not.

Titus.

We attend his lordship: pray, signify so
much.

Flavius.

I need not tell him that; he knows, you are
too diligent.

[Exit Flavius.]

Enter Flavius in a Cloak, muffled.

Lucius’s Servant.

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

Titus.

Do you hear, sir?

Varro’s First Servant.

By your leave, sir,—

Flavius.

What do you ask of me, my friend?

Titus.

We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flavius.

Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting. [not,
’twere sure enough. Why then preferr’d you
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of your lord’s meat? Then, they could smile,
and fawn.
Upon his debts, and take down the 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.

Lucius’s
Lucius's Servant.
Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flavius.
If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[Exit.
Varro's First Servant.
How I what does his cashier'd worship matter?
Varro's Second Servant.
No matter what: he's poor, and that's revenge
enough. Who can speak broader than he that
has no house to put his head in? such may rail
against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.
Titus.
O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some
answer.
Servilius.
If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from't;
for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously
to discontent. His comfortable temper has for-
sook him: he's much out of health, and keeps
his chamber.
Lucius's Servant.
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.
Servilius.
Good gods!
Titus.
We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flaminius. [Within.
Servilius, help! — my lord! my lord!
Enter Timon, in a rage! Flaminius, following.
Timon.
What! are my doors oppos'd against my pas-
sage?
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?
Lucius's Servant.
Put in now, Titus.
Titus.
My lord, here is my bill.
Lucius's Servant.
Here's mine.
Hortensius's Servant.
And mine, my lord.
Both Varro's Servants.
And ours, my lord.
Philotus.
All our bills.
Timon.
Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the
girdle.
Lucius's Servant.
Alas! my lord,—
Timon.
Cut my heart in sums.
Titus.
Mine, fifty talents.
Timon.
Tell out my blood.
Lucius's Servant.
Five thousand crowns, my lord.

They have 'e'en put my breath from me, the
Creditors? — devils!
Flavius.
My dear lord,—
Timon.
What if it should be so?
Flavius.
My lord,—
Timon.
I'll have it so. — My steward!
Flavius.
Here, my lord.
Timon.
So fittly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sciprionius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flavius. O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Timon.
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.
First Senator.
My lord, you have my voice to 't: the fault's
bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Second Senator.
Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcibiades.
Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
First Senator.
Now, captain?
Alcibiades.
I am an humble sutor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
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.

First Senator.
You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair;
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set
quarrelling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor 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 outsiders; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alcibiades.

My lord,—
First Senator.
You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour but to bear.

Alcibiades.
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 threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? 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, [fellow,
And the ass more captain than the lion; the Loaden
With irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Second Senator.
You breathe in vain.

Alcibiades.
In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient brider for his life.

First Senator.
What's that?

Alcibiades.
Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

Second Senator.
He has made too much plenty with him,
He's a sworn robber: he has a sin, that often
Droome him, and takes his valor prisoner
If there were no foes, that were enough
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.

First Senator.
He dies.

Alcibiades.
Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him, [time,
Though his right arm might purchase his own
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my desert to his, and join them both:
And for, I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Senator.
We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcibiades.
Must it be so? It must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Second Senator.
How!

Alcibiades.
Call me to your remembrances.

Third Senator.
What!

Alcibiades.
I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

First Senator.
Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alcibiades.
Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Senator.
If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
 Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt Senators.

Alcibiades.
Now the gods keep you old enough; that you
may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usurping senate
Pours into captians' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

Exit.

SCENE VI. A Banquet-hall in Timon's House.

Enter divers Lords, at several Doors.

First Lord.
The good time of day to you, sir.

Second Lord.
I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord.
Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered.
en countered. I hope, it is not so low with him; as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Second Lord.

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

First Lord.

I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many of my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Second Lord.

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

First Lord.

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

Second Lord.

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

First Lord.

A thousand pieces.

Second Lord.

A thousand pieces!

What of you?

Third Lord.

He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Timon.

With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

First Lord.

Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Second Lord.

The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Timon. [Aside.

Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. [To them.] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o'the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

First Lord.

I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Timon.

O, sir! let it not trouble you.

Second Lord.

My noble lord,—

Timon.

Ah I my good friend, what cheer?

Second Lord.

[The Banquet brought in.]

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.

Timon.

Think not on't, sir.

Second Lord.

If you had sent but two hours before,—

Timon.

Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

—Come, bring in all together.

Second Lord.

All covered dishes!

First Lord.

Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord.

Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

First Lord.

How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord.

Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Second Lords.

Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord.

'Tis so; be sure of it.

First Lord.

How? how?

Second Lord.

I pray you, upon what?

Timon.

My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord.

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

Second Lord.

This is the old man still.

Third Lord.

Will't hold? will't hold?

Second Lord.

It does; but time will—and so—

Third Lord.

I do conceive.

Timon.

Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the most cool ever 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 deities be despaired. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods! the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncorked are full of warm Water.

Some speak.

What does his lordship mean?

Some other.

I know not.

Timon.

May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flattering,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing Water in their Faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT III. Sc. VI.

You fools of fortune, treacher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite over! —What I dest thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first — thou too, — and thou:

[Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and
Senators.

First Lord.
How now, my lords!

Second Lord.
Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord.
Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord.
I have lost my gown.

Third Lord.
He's but a mad lord, and hought 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?

Fourth Lord.
Did you see my cap?

Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord.
Here lies my gown.

First Lord.
Let's make no stay.

Second Lord.
Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord.
I feel it upon my bones.

Fourth Lord.
One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Timon.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the
earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children, slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general gills
Convert o' the instant green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,
steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen.
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! pietly, and fear,
Religion to the gods of peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live! — Plagues, incident to
men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scatista,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
At 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! itch, 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 destetable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying barns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you 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.

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Servant.
Hear you, master steward! where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flavius.
Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Servant.
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!

Second Servant.
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-shamed poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. — More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flavius.
All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Servant.
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.

Flavius.
Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

Wherever
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twixt a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[Giving them Money. Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[They embrace, and part several ways.
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! Who would not be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still more 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 ingrateful 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.

Timon.
O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air. Twin'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes.
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great
But by contempt of nature. [fortune, rise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of mankind stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be,
So are they all; for every grise 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, societys, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdain'd:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[Digging. Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison.—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle volarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
villain.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV. SC. III.

Alcibiades.

What is it, Timon?

Timon.

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!

Alcibiades.

I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Timon.

Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcibiades.

I see them now: then was a blessed time.

Timon.

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

Alcibiades.

Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Timon.

Art thou Timandra?

Timandra.

Yes.

Timon.

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

To the tub-fast, and the die.

Timandra.

Hang thee, monster!

Alcibiades.

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,—

Timon.

I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcibiades.

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

Timon.

How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost

I had rather be alone. [trouble?

Alcibiades.

Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Timon.

Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcibiades.

When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Timon.

Warr'et thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcibiades.

Ay Timon, and have cause.

Timon.

The gods confound them all in thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquered:

Alcibiades.

Why me, Timon?

Timon.

That, by killing of villains,

Thou wait 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 slip one.

Ply not honour'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit

It is her habit only that is honest. [matron;

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

Are not within the leaf of pity, [eyes,

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not

the babe,

Whose dimples smiles from foes exhaust their

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [mercy:

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against ob-

jects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor

babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy

soldiers:

Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcibiades.

Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou

Not all thy counsel. [giv'st me,

Timon.

Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse

upon thee?

Phrynias and Timandra.

Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou

more?

Timon.

Enough to make a whore forsweare her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you

Your aprons mountant: you are not oathsable,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your

oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;

And he whose plons breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whom, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats. Yet may your pain, six

months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin

rooks,

With burdens of the dead;—some that were

hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them:

whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:

A pox of wrinkles!

Phrynias and Timandra.

Well, more gold.—What then?—

Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Timon.

Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's [shns,

voice,

That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flam:

That scolds against the quality of flesh,

And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away

Of him, that his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate

ruffians bald;

And let the uncarr'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There’s more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phrynia and Timandra.
More counsel with more money, bounteous
Timon.

Timon.
More whore, more mischlef first; I have given
you earnest.

Alcibiades.
Strike up the drum towards Athens! Fare-
well, Timon;
If I thrive well, I’ll visit thee again.

Timon.
If I hope well, I’ll never see thee more.

Alcibiades.
I never did thee harm.

Timon.
Yes, thou spok’st well of me.

Alcibiades.
Call’st thou that harm?

Timon.
Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcibiades.
We but offend him.—

[Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia,
and Timandra.]

Timon.
That nature, being sick of man’s unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou,
[Digging:
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom’d worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Wherson Hyperion’s quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensee thy fertile and conception worm;
Let it no more bring out ingratitude man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
[Face
Never presented! — O I a root,— dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas;
Whereof ingratitude man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips——

Enter Apemantus.
More man? Plague! plague!

Apemantus.
I was directed hither: men report, [them.
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
Timon.
’Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apemantus.
This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung [place?
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseases’ perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Lie 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 gay’st thine ears, like tapsters that bade
welcome.
To knaves, and all approachers: ’tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst’st thou wealth again,
Rascal should have’t. Do not assume my like-
ness.

Timon.
Were I like thee, I’d throw away myself.

Apemantus.
Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What I think’st
That the bleak air, thy bolsterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist
trees,
That have outliv’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 wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos’d,
Answer mere nature, — bid them flatter thee;
O I shalt find—

Timon.
A fool of thee. Depart.

Apemantus.
I love thee better now than e’er I did.

Timon.
I hate thee worse.

Apemantus.
Why?

Timon.
Thou flatter’st misery.

Apemantus.
I flatter not, but say thou art a caliﬁf.

Timon.
Why dost thou seek me out?

Apemantus.
To vex thee.

Timon.
Always a villain’s ofﬁce, or a fool’s.
Dost please thyself in’t?

Apemantus.
Ay.

Timon.
What! a knave too?

Apemantus.
If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, ’twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou’dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown’d before:
The one is falling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Timon.
Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune’s tender arm
With favour never clasped’, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our ﬁrst swath, pro-
ceeded

The
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV. SC. III.

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 thyself In general riot; melted down thy youth In different beds of lust; and never learn'd The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, Who had the world as my confectionary; The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men At duty, more than I could frame employment; That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare For every storm that blows;—1, to bear this, That never knew but better, is some burden: Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?

They never flatter thee: what hast thou given? If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff To some she beggar, and compounded thee Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!— If thou hadst not been born the worst of men, Thou hadst been a knife, and flatterer.

Aepmanthus. Art thou proud yet?

Timon. Ay, that I am not thee.

Aepmanthus. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Timon. 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. 

Aepmanthus. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something]

Timon. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Aepmanthus. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Timon. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; if not, I would it were.

Aepmanthus. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Timon. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Aepmanthus. Here is no use for gold.

Timon. The best, and truest; For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Aepmanthus. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Timon. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Aepmanthus?

Aepmanthus. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Timon. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind.

Aepmanthus. Where would'st thou send it?

Timon. To sauce thy dishes.

Aepmanthus. The middle of humanity thou never knowest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.


Aepmanthus. Dost hate a medlar?

Timon. Ay, though it look like thee.

Aepmanthus. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou swear knew unthrifty, that was beloved after his means?

Timon. Who, without those means thou talkest of didst thou ever know beloved?

Aepmanthus. Myself.

Timon. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Aepmanthus. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Timon. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Aepmanthus, if it lay in thy power?

Aepmanthus. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Timon. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Aepmanthus. Ay, Timon.

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 livest but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflic thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert German to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remonction, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Aepmanthus. 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.

Timon.
Timon.

How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Aemelianus.

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.

Timon.

When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Aemelianus.

Aemelianus.

Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Timon.

Would thou were clean enough to spit upon.

Aemelianus.

A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Timon.

All villains that do stand by thee, are pure.

Aemelianus.

There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Timon.

If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Aemelianus.

I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Timon.

Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

Aemelianus.

Would thou would'st burst!

Timon.

Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Aemelianus.

Blow'st at him.

Timon.

Slave!

Aemelianus.

Toad!

Timon.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

Aemelianus: Retires backward, as going.
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought:
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Like 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
To all that are above the ground.

[Looking on the Gold.
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
woon,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dion's lap! thou visible god,
That sender's close impossibilities, [tongue, And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
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!

Aemelianus.

Would 'twere so; But not till I am dead:—I'll say, thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Timon.

Throng'd to?

Aemelianus.

Ay.

Timon.

Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Aemelianus.

Live, and love thy misery!

Timon.

Long live so, and so live!—I am quit.

[Exit Aemelianus.

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Bandit.

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.

Second Bandit.

It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Bandit.

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

Second Bandit.

True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Bandit.

Is not this he?

All.

Where?

Second Bandit.

'Tis his description.

Third Bandit.

He; I know him.

All.

Save thee, Timon.

All.

Soldiers, not thieves.

Timon.

Both too; and women's sons.

All.

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

Timon.

Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oak's bear mast, the briar's scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why
want?

First Bandit.

We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Timon.

Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves professed, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves, [grape,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging; trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays [getter;
More than you rob: take wealth and lives to.
Do villanly, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievish:

The
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen.
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves;
avay!
[throats:]
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound, you hpwsge'er!
Amen.

[Flavius retires to his Cave.

Third Bandit.
He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Bandit.
'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Second Bandit.
I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Bandit.
Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Bandits.

Enter Flavius.

Flavius.
O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and rulous man my lord?
Full of decay and falling? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want
made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather too.
Those that would mischeif me, than those that
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

[Flavius comes forward from his Cave.

Flavius.
Timon.
Away! what art thou?
Flavius.
Have you forgot me, sir?
Timon.
Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
forgot thee.
Flavius.
An honest poor servant of yours.
Timon.
Theo, I know thee not;
I never had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knives, to serve in meat to vil-
lains.
Flavius.
The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Timon.
What I dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—
then, I love thee;
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleep-
ing:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flavius.
I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
'T accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
To entertain me as your steward still. [lasts,]

[Flavius.

Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—

Flavius.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward,—

Flavius.
How fair would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses; methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,

Flavius.
Thou might'st have sooner got another service,
For many so arrive at second masters.

[Exeunt severally.

Flavius.
No, my most worthy master: in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! I am plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you
did eat:

Flavius.
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

Flavius.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
love,
Duty to thee to your unmatched mind;
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For thy one wish,—that you had power and
wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Timon.

[Exeunt severally.

Timon.
Look thee, 'tis so. — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take,—the gods out of my misery.
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy:
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from
men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd deth slide from the bone,
Exc thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swal-
low'em,
Debt with them to nothing. Be men like
blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flavius.
O! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Flavius.
If thou hast'st
Curses, stay not: fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and
free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exeunt severally.

Timon.
ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Painter. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

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

Painter. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Painter. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and shine with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act: and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter Timon, from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence.

Timon. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profiteat, and come too late.

Painter. True; When the day serves, before black-corner'd night, Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. Come.

Timon. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, That he is worship'd in a baser temple, Than where swine feed! 'Tis the foam; 'Tis thou that riggit the bark, and plough'dst Settled admirable reverence in a slave: To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey! Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hall, worthy Timon!

Painter. Our late noble master.

Timon. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, Having often of your open bounty tasted, Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off, Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits! Not all the whips of heaven are large enough— What! to you, Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude [cover With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go naked, men may see't the better: You, that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best seem, and known.

Painter. He, and myself, Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts And sweetly felt it.

Timon. Ay, you are honest men,

Painter. We are hither come to offer you our service.


Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Timon. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold: I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

Painter. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Painter. So, so, my lord.

Timon. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction, Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth, That thou art even natural in thine art. But, for all this, mine honest-natur'd friends, 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.

Timon. Ye'll take it ill.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Enter Timon.

Timon.

Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn I — Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Senator.

Worthy Timon, —

Timon.

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

Second Senator.

The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Timon.

I thank them; and would send them back
The could I but catch it for them. [plague,

First Senator.

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Second Senator.

They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recantor, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed
render.
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offences can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heirs 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.

Timon.

You watch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I' ll beweep these comforts, worthy se-

First Senator.

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 shall we drive
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild; [Jack
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Second Senator.

And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Senator.

Therefore, Timon, —

Timon.

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 contumellous, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then, let him know,— and tell him, Timon
speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot
Act V. Sc. V. TIMON OF ATHENS.

I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not, And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not, While you have throats to answer: for myself, There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp, But I do prize it at my love, before The reverend it Threat in Athens. So I leave you To the protection of the prosperous gods, As thieves to keepers.

Flavius. Stay not: all's in vain.

TIMON. 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 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his, [still: And last so long enough!]

First Senator. We speak in vain.

TIMON. But yet I love my country; and am not One that rejoices in the common wreck, As common bruit doth put it.

First Senator. That's well spoke.

TIMON. Command me to my loving countrymen,—

First Senator. These words become your lips as they pass through them.

Second Senator. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers In their applauding gates.

TIMON. 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.

Second Senator. I like this well; he will return again.

TIMON. 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 meaning.

Flavius. Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall find him.

TIMON. Come not to me again; but say to Athens, TIMON hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the beached verge of the salt flood: Whom once a day with his embossed froth The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come, And let my grave-stone be your oracle.— Lips, let your words go by, and language end: What is amiss, plague and infection mend! Graves only men's works, and death their gain. Sun, hide thy beams: TIMON hath done his reign.

First Senator. His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

Second Senator. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return, And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril.

First Senator. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Walls of Athens. Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

First Senator. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files As full as thy report?

Messenger. I have spoke the least; Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

Second Senator. We stand much hazard, if they bring not TIMON.

Messenger. 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 importred His fellowship! the cause against your city, In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON. First Senator. Here come our brothers.

Third Senator. No talk of TIMON; nothing of him expect.— The enemie's drum is heard, and fearful scouring Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare: Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen. Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Soldier. By all description this should be the place. Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this? TIMON is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span: Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on 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 proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and till'd the time With all licentious measure, making your wills The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such 3 1 A
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching narrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathess wrong.

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

First Senator. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Second Senator. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
For private faults in them. [should fall
Second Senator.

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 declamation, and a tithe'd death,
(If thy revenge hunger for that food
Which nature loathes) take thou the destin'd
And by the hazard of the spotted die, [tenth;
Let die the spotted.

First Senator.
All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenge; 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 th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Second Senator.
What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Senator. Set but thy foot.

Against our ramp'rd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

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

Alcibiades. Then, there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproo.
Fall, and no more; and,—to stone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcibiades. Descend, and keep your words.
[The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Soldier. My noble general, Timon is dead:
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this Inculpature,
Which with wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprest for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades. [Reads. "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you
wicked clay!"
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 the latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrest us in our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich censure
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stout war;
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.
JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CAESAR.
Octavius Caesar, Marcus Antonius, Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena; Senators. Marcus Brutus, Casca, 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.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.
Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a body of Citizens.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, sir; what trade are you?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Citizen. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flavius. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Second Citizen. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Second Citizen. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handywork.

But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than sense-less things!
O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you clim'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius.
Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Flavius.
May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius.
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 feathers pluck'd from Caesar's
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, [wings,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A public place.
Enter, in Procession, with Music, Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

Calpurnia.


Cæsar.

Calpurnia.

Cæsar, my lord.

Cæsar.

Antonius. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Cæsar, my lord.

Cæsar.

Antonius. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antonius. I shall remember:
When Caesar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæsar.

Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music. Soothsayer.]

Cæsar.

Ha! Who calls?

Cæsar.

Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [Music ceases.

Cæsar.

Who is it 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.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar.

What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæsar.

Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Caesar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[Senet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.]

Cassius.

Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Cassius. Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soul, perhaps, to my behaviour;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieve'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
But by reflection, by some other things.
Act 1. Sc. 11.

Julius Caesar.

Cassius.

'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus,
And groan'd underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes,
Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For which that is not in me?

Cassius.

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepare'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 on me, gentle Brutus;
Where I a common laugh, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To thee, my master. If you know me
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and Shout.

Cassius.

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Brutus.

Ay, do you fear it?
Then, must I think you would not have it so.

Cassius.

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I live
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius.

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 be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have feed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
Accord as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with heads of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Enestus, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
[Tyber
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
That he did shake: but he did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly:
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and I did to view of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius;
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

[Shout. Flourish.

Brutus.

Another general shout!
I do believe, that these appearances are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cassius.

Why, man, he doth beset the narrow world,
Like a Colossus: and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: what should be in that Caesar?
[yours?
Why should that name be sounded more than
Write them together, yours is as fair a name:—
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat 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.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was Lim'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,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Brutus.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius.

I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Brutus.

The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Cassius.

As they pass by, pluck Cassa by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brutus.
Brutus.

I will do so. — But look you, _Casca_; the angry spot doth glow on _Cæsar's_ brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train. _Calphurnia's_ cheek is pale; and _Cicero_ looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes, As we have seen him in the _Capitol_, Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

_Cæsar._

_Casca_ will tell us what the matter is._

_Antonius._

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.

_Antonius._

_Fear him not, _Cæsar_, he's not dangerous: He is a noble _Roman_, and well given._

_Cæsar._

'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare _Cassius_. He reads much; He is a great observer, and he looks [plays, Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no As thou dost, _Antony_; he hears no music: Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort, As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit That could be mov'd to smile at any thing. Such men as he be never at heart's ease, While they behold a greater than themselves, And therefore are they very dangerous. I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd, Than what I fear, for always I am _Cæsar_. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou thinkest of him._

[Exeunt _Cæsar_ and his Train. _Cæsar stays._

Casca.

You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Brutus.

Ay, _Casca_; tell us what hath chance'd to-day, That _Cæsar_ looks so sad.

Casca.

Why you were with him, were you not?

Brutus.

I should not, then, ask _Casca_ what hath chance'd.

Casca.

Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Brutus.

What was the second noise for?

Casca.

Why, for that too.

Cæsus.

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca.

Why, for that too.

Brutus.

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 putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.
smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more folly yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius.  
Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?  
Casca.  
No, I am promised forth.  
Cassius.  
Will you dine with me to-morrow?  
Casca.  
Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius.  
Good; I will expect you.  
Casca.  
Do so. Farewell, both.  
[Exit Cassius.

Brutus.  
What a blunt fellow is this grown to be. He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius.  
So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Brutus.  
And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius.  
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 worn Out from that it is dispos’d: therefore, ’tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduce’d? 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 Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Caesar’s ambition shall be glanced at: And, after this, let Caesar seal 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, Cassius, with his Sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cicero.  
Good even, Cassus. Brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathless, and why scare you so?  
Casca.  
Are not you mov’d, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unform’d? O, Cicero! I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv’d the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the 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.  

Cicero.  
Why, saw you anything more wonderful?  
Casca.  
A common slave (you know him well by sight) Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn Like twenty torches join’d; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain’d unscorch’d. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar’d upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: and there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooting, and shrieking: When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, “These are their reasons,—they are natural,” For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero.  
Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Cicero.  
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.

Cicero.  
Good night then, Cassus: this disturbed sky Is not to walk in.  
Casca.  
Farewell, Cicero.  
[Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.  
Cassius.  
Who’s there?  
Casca.  
A Roman.  
Cassius.  
Cassus, by your voice.  
Casca.  
Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?  
Cassius.  
A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cicero.  
Who ever knew the heavens menace so?  
Cassius.  
Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

Cicero.  
Good night then, Cassus: this disturbed sky Is not to walk in.  
Casca.  
A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cicero.  
Who ever knew the heavens menace so?  
Cassius.  
Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

Cassius.  
But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble, When the most mighty gods by tokens send Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius.
Cassius.

You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life, That should be in a Roman, you do want, Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze, And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, To see the strange impatience of the heavens; But if you would consider the true cause.

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts, Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; Why old men, fools, and children calculate; Why all these things change from their or- dinance.

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, and warning, Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name 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.

'Pis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius.

Let it be who it is: for Romans now Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors; But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead, And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits; Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca.

Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow Mean to establish Caesar as a king; And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land, In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius.

I know where I will wear this dagger, then; Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; Therein, ye gods, you tyrants to defeat. No 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. [Thunder still.

Casca.

So can I: So every bondman in his own hand bears The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius.

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 hinds. Those that with haste will make a mighty fire, Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome, What rubbish, and what offall, 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 fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand: Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far, As who goes farthest.

Cassius.

There's a bargain made Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans, To undergo with me an enterprize Of honourable-dangerous consequence; And I do know, by this, they stay for me In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night There is no stir, or walking in the streets, And the complexion of the element, In favour's like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cassius.

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius.

'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait; He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna.

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius.

No, it is Casca; one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna.

I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius.

Am I not stay'd for? Tell me. Cinna.

Cinna.

Yes, you are. O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble To our party — [Brutus

Cassius.

Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper, And look you lay it in the praetor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this In at his window; set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there? [us.

Cinna.

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.

Cassius.

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit Cinna.

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day, See Brutus at his house: three parts of him Is ours already; and the man entire, Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cassius.

O! he sits high in all the people's hearts; And that which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alchemy, Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cassius.

Him and his worth, and our great need of him, You have right well concealed. Let us go, For it is after midnight: and, ere day, We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Brutus.

What, Lucius! ho!—I cannot, by the progress of the stars, give you 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. Lucifer.

Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus.

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: when it is lighted, come and call me here. Lucius. I will, my lord. [Exit Brutus.]

Lucius.

It must be by his death; and, for my part, I know no personal cause to spur him, but for the general. He would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking. Crown him! — that, and then, I grant, we put a sting in him, that at his will he may do danger with. Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, that lowliness is young ambition's ladder, whereon the climber-upward turns his face; but when he once attains the upmost round, he then unto the ladder turns his back, looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend. So Caesar may: then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, would run to these, and these extremities; and therefore think him as a serpent's egg, which, hatch'd, would, as its kind, grow mis¬and kill him in the shell. [Exit Lucius. Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius. 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. [Giving him the letter.

Brutus. Get you to bed again: it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the idee of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word. Lucius. I will, sir. [Exit Brutus. Exeunt Brutus and Lucius.

The exhalations, whizzing in the air, give so much light that I may read by them. [Opens the letter, and reads. "Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake! and see thyself, Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! — Such instigations have been often dropp'd where I have took them up. "Thy Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out; Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome? My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. "Speak, strike, redress!" — Am I entreated to speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise, if the redress will follow, thou receiv'st thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! Re-enter Lucius. Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knocking within. Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit Lucius. Since Cassius first did whet 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 a man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection. Re-enter Lucius. Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you. Brutus. Is he alone? Lucius. No, sir; there are more with him. Brutus. Do you know them? Lucius. No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears, And half their faces buried in their cloaks, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour. Brutus. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius. They are the faction. O conspiracy! Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, When evils are most free? O! then, by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy; Hide it in smiles, and affability: For if thou path, thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention. Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius. Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you? Brutus. I have been up this hour; awake, all night. Know I these men that come along with you? Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here, But honours you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of yourself, Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius. Brutus.
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ru'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus.

O! name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cassius.

Then, leave him out.

Casca.

Indeed he is not fit.

Decius.

Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Caesar?

Cassius.

Decius, well urg'd—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar; we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brutus.

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit 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! Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm,
When Caesar's head is off.

Cassius.

Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrained love he bears to Caesar——

Brutus.

Alas! I 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.

Trebonius.

There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Brutus.

Peace! count the clock.

Cassius.

The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius.

'Tis time to part.

Cassius.

But it is doubtful yet,
Whether 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 unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Never fear that: if he be so resolv’d,
I can o’erplay him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Be that the uttermost, and fall not then.

The morning comes upon: we’ll leave you,
Brutus.—
And, friends, dispense yourselves; but all re-
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore, thou sleep’st so sound.

Brutus.

Portia.

Brutus, my lord!

Portia.

Brutus, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
It is not for your health thus to commit [now?
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia.

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 when I asked you what the matter was,
You start’d upon me with ungentle looks. [head,
I urg’d you farther; then, you scratch’d your
And too impatiently stamp’d with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer’d not;
But, with an angry wanton of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem’d too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail’d on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus.

I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia.

Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia.

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees
I 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.

Brutus.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia.

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 myself
But, as we were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
The suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.

Brutus.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia.

If this were true, then should I know this
I grant, a woman; but, withal, [secret.
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato’s daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father’d, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband’s secrets?

Brutus.

O ye gods!

[Knocking within.

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.

Lucius.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Lucius.

Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Brutus.

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Ligarius.
Brutus.

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Ligarius.

O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius.

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Ligarius.

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Brutus.

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Ligarius.

By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Brutus.

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius.

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Brutus.

That must we also. What it is, my Caesar,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Ligarius.

Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-dir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus.

Follow me, then.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Room in Caesar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caesar, in his Nightgown.

Caesar.

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.

Servant.

My lord.

Caesar.

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant.

I will, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Calphurnia.

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caesar.

Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
The face of Caesar, they are vanished. [see

Calphurnia.

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurled 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.

Cæsar.

What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpose'd by the mighty gods?
Yea, Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Calphurnia.

When beggars die there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blush for the death of princes.

Cæsar.

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
Seeing that death, a necessary end, [fear;
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant.

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar.

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,
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions li'ter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calphurnia.

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.

Cæsar.

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.

Decius.

Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar.

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.
Cæsar is not false; and that I dare not, false;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Calphurnia.

Say, he is sick.

Cæsar.

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest, stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? 
Decius, go tell them, Cesar will not come.

Decius.
Most mighty Cesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cesar.
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.

Caphurna her, my wife, stays me at home:
She dream'd to-night she saw my statue,
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, and
Portents;
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius.
This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many Romans hath'd.
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stals, relics, and cognizance.
This by Caphurna's dream is signified.

Cesar.
And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius.
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 Cesar:
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, [mock
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cesar's wife shall meet with better
dreams."

If Cesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo! Cesar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cesar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cesar.
How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurina?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus,
Cesare, Trebonius, and Cinna.
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius.
Good morrow, Cesar.

Cesar.
Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cesar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same age which hath made you lean.
—What is o'clock?

Brutus.
Cesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cesar.
I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.
See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Antony.
So to most noble Cesar.

Cesar.
Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius?
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius.
Cesar, I will:— and so near will I be, [Aside.
That your best friend shall wish I had been
farther.

Cesar.
Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straitway go to-
gether.

Brutus.
That every like is not the same, O Cesar;
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Street near the
Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

Artemidorus.
"Cesar, 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
Cesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about
you: security gives way to conspiracy. The
mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

"ARTEMIDORUS.""

Here will I stand till Cesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Cesar! thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Vex.

SCENE IV. The same. Another part of the
same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Portia.
I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house: 
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Lucius.
To know my errand, madam.

Portia.
I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Lucius.
Madam, what should I do? 
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia.
Yes, bring me word, boy. If thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What Cesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius.
I hear none, madam.
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius.
Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia.
Come hither, fellow.

Which way hast thou been?

Soothsayer.
At mine own house, good lady.

Portia.
What is't o'clock?

Soothsayer.
About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia.
Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer.
Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia.
Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer.
That I have, lady; if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me,
shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Portia.
Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Soothsayer.
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 pretors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [Exit.

Portia.
I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Caesar will not grant.—O! I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them Artemidorus, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæsar.
The idea of March are come.
Soothsayer.
Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Artemidorus.
Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Decius.
Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus.
O, Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

Cæsar.
What touches us ourselves shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus.
Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Cæsar.
What! is the fellow mad?

Publius.
Sirrah, give place.

Cassius.
What urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following:
All the Senators rise.

Popilius.
I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius.
What enterprize, Popilius?

Popilius.
Fare you well. [Advances to Caesar.

Brutus.
What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius.
He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Brutus.
Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cassius.
Casar, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus.
Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cassius.
Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way. [Brutus,
[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their Seats.

Declamation.
Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Brutus.
He is address'd: press near, and second him.

Cinna.
Cæsar, you are the first that tears your hand.

Cæsar.
Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Metellus.
Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Cæsar,
An humble heart:—

Kneeling.

Cæsar.
I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These coughings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordnance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With
JULIUS CAESAR.

Act 3, Sc. 1.
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words, Low-crooked curtesies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is bastish'd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without Will he be satisfied. [cause

Metellus.
Is there no voice more worthy than my own, To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother? Brutus.
I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar; Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal. Caesar.
What, Brutus!
Cassius.
Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. Caesar.
I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me; But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality, There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all deth hold his place; So, in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he, Let me show a little, even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

O Caesar!—

Cinna.
Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus? Declius.
Great Caesar,—

Cesar.
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? Casca.
Speak, hands, for Caesar.
[Casca stabs Caesar in the Neck. Caesar catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cesar.
Et tu, Brutus?—Then fall, Caesar.
[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cinna.
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!— Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Casca.
Some to the common pulpsits, and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Brutus.
People, and senators! be not affrighted. Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid. Casca.
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Declius.
And Cassius too.

Brutus.
Where's Publius?

Cinna.
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus.
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's Should chance—

Brutus.
Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer: There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cassius.
And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Brutus.
Do so:—and let no man abide this deed, But we, the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Where's Antony?

Trebonius.
Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and As it were doomsday, [run, Brutus.

Fates, we will know your pleasures.— That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca.
Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus.
Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we 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 over our heads, Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cassius.
Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence, Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Brutus.
How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along, No worther than thin dust? Cassius.
So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave their country liberty.

Declius.
What shall we forth?

Cassius.
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.

Brutus.

Servant.
Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down, And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say, Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; 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 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony [him, May safely come to him, and be resolv'd How
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 noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus.
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.

Servant.
I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Brutus.
I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius.
I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Fails shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Antony.
But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony.
O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunken to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
Fuifi 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.

Brutus.
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 and 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 you 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.

Cassius.
Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus.
Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony.
I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —

Now, Decius Brutus, yours:— now yours, Me-	vellius: —
Yours, Cinna:— and, my valiant Cæsar, yours: —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Cæsar men all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O 'tis true: —
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,
Here dist thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethes.
O world! I thou wast the forest to this hunt:
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strik'en by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Mark Antony!

Antony.
Pardon me, Caius Cassius: The enemies of Cæsar shall say this; —
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cassius.
I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us? —
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony.
Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on
Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus.
Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony.
That's all I seek: —
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus.
You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius.
Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do: do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral.

Antony.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd —
By that which he will utter?

Brutus.
By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first;
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission; —
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
ACT III. SC. ii.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE II. The same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a Throng of Citizens.

Citizens.
We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus.
Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers,—[here; Those that will hear me speak, let them stay Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.

First Citizen.
I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen.
I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the Rostrum.

Third Citizen.
The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus.
Be patient till the last. Romans, contrymen, 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 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 ambitious, I slew him. If then, which I depart; that, as I love 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.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All.
Live, Brutus! live I lived! 3 x
FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Caesar.
FOURTH CITIZEN. Caesar's better parts
SHALL now be crown'd in Brutus.
FIRST CITIZEN. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

 Brutus.

My countrymen,

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!

Brutus.

Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to 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.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
FIRST CITIZEN. This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, that's certain;
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY. You gentle Romans,—

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. [ears;
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
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 have 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 Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him, once, without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN. Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dare abide it.

SECOND CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

ANTONY. 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 dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Caesar wrong,
Who, all you 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,
Yes, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. All.
The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, 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?
Fourth Citizen.
Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony: You shall read us this will: Caesar's will!

Antony.
Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? I have o'ershoot myself to tell you of it. I fear, I wrong the honourable men, [it. Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honourable men! All. The will! the testament! Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will I read the will. Antony. 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? All.
First Citizen. Stand from the hearst; stand from the body. Second Citizen. Room for Antony:—most noble Antony! Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off. All. Stand back! room! bear back! Antony.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Caesar put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Mercenaries. [through: Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger See, what a rent the envious Cassa made: Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was 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, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty And in his mantle muffling up his face, [heart; Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel The dint of pity: these are gracious drops. Kind souls! what I weep you, when you but behold Our Caesar's venture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, mark'd, as you see, with traitors. First Citizen.
O piteous spectacle! Second Citizen.
O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen.
O woful day! Fourth Citizen.
O traitors! villains! First Citizen.
O most bloody sight! Second Citizen.
We will be revenged: revenge! about,— seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay! — let not a traitor live. Antony.
Stay, countrymen. First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony. Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him. Antony.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir To such a sudden flood of mutiny. [you up They have done this deed are honourable: What private griefs they have, alas! I know not, That made them do it; they are wise and honourable. And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: I am no orator, as Brutus is; But, as you know me, all, a plain blunt man, That love my friend; and that they know full well That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; I tell you that, which you yourselves do know, Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths, And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue In every wound of Caesar, that should move The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. All.
We'll mutiny. First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus. Third Citizen. Away then! come, seek the conspirators. Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen: yet hear me speak. All.
Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony. Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves? Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then. You have forgot the will I told you of. All. Most true;—the will:—let's stay, and hear the will. Antony. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives, To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. Second Citizen. Most noble Caesar!—we'll revenge his death. Third Citizen. O royal Caesar! Antony. Hear me with patience. All.

[Act III. Sc. ii.]
JULIUS CAESAR.
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Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, his private arbours, and new-planted orchards, On this side Tyber: he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never! — Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him. He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike, they had some notice of the people, How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Street.

Enter Cinna, the Poet.

Cinna. I dream'd to-night, that I did feast with Caesar, And things unluckily charge my fantasy. I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens. First Citizen. What is your name?

Second Citizen. Whither are you going?

Third Citizen. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Citizen. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

Second Citizen. Answer every man directly.

First Citizen. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen. Ay, and wisely.

Third Citizen. Ay, and truly; you were best.

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: —you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Citizen. Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Second Citizen. It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius. Away! go! [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in Antony's House.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a Table. Antony.

These many, then, shall die: their names are pricked.


Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I dam him. But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;

Fetch
ACT IV. Sc. II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus.

What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. [Exit Lepidus.

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Antony.

This is a slight unamiable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius.

So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony.

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.

Octavius.

You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony.

So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit:
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth.
A barren-spirited follow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stale'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd, [head;
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Octavius.

Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucinius, and
Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brutus.

Stand, ho!

Lucilius.

Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brutus.

What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucilius.

He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[Exit Lucius and Titinius guard our door.}
SCENE III. Within the Tent of Brutus.  
Lucretius and Tillinius at some distance from it.  
Enter Brutus and Cassius.  
Cassius.  
That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucretius Pella.  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.  
Brutus.  
You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.  
Cassius.  
In such a time as this, it is not meet [ment.  
That every nice offence should bear his com-
Cassius.
You love me not.

Brutus.
I do not like your faults.

Cassius.
A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus.
A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius.
Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aware of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Brutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [him better

Brutus.
Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire.
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cassius.
Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Brutus.
When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius.
Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus.
And my heart, too.

Cassius.
O Brutus! —

Brutus.
What's the matter?

Cassius.
Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
Makes me forgetful? [me,

Brutus.
Yes. Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within.
Let me go in to see the generals. [meet
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not
They be alone.

Lucius. [Within.
You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.
Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet. Cassius.
How now! What's the matter?

Poet.
For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cassius.
Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

Brutus.
Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence.

Cassius.
Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus.
I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these juggling
Companion, hence. [Fools?

Cassius.
Away, away! be gone. [Exit Poet.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Brutus.
Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius.
And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
Immediately to us. [You,

[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Brutus.
Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cassius.
I did not think, you could have been so angry.

O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius.
Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus.
No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cassius.
Ha! Portia?

Brutus.
She is dead.

Cassius.
How scrap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Brutus.
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, swallowed fire.

Cassius.
And died so?

Brutus.
Even so.

Cassius.
O, ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.

Brutus.
Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cassius.
My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks.
Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Brutus.
Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.  
Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus.

No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Messala.

Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Brutus.

With what addition?
Messala.

That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Brutus.

Therelín our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cassius.

Cicero one?
Messala.

Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Brutus.

No, Messala.
Messala.

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Brutus.

Nothing, Messala.
Messala.

That, methinks, is strange.
Brutus.

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Messala.

No, my lord.
Brutus.

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Messala.

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Brutus.

Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messala.

Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cassius.

I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Brutus.

Well, to our work alive.—What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cassius.

I do not think it good.
Brutus.

Your reason?
Cassius.

'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.
Brutus.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, ’twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a fore’d affection;  
For they have grudg’d us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh’d, new-added, and encourag’d;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.
Cassius.

Hear me, good brother.
Brutus.

Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat:  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.
Cassius.

Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Brutus.

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?
Cassius.

No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Brutus.

Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cassius.

O, my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night.  
Never come such division ’tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.
Brutus.

Every thing is well.
Cassius.

Good night, my lord.
Brutus.

Good night, good brother.
Titinius and Messala.

Good night, lord Brutus.
Brutus.

Farewell, every one.

[Execunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Lucius.

Here in the tent.

Lucius.

What! thou speak’st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o’er-watched.’
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;  
I’ll have them sleep on couchions in my tent.
Lucius.

Varro, and Claudius!
Enter Varro and Claudius.

Varro.

Calls my lord?

Brutus.

I pray you, sirs, lie in your tent, and sleep: It may be, I shall raise you by and by. On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro.

So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Brutus.

I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs: It may be, I shall otherwise think you. Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Lucius.

I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus.

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful. Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius.

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus.

It does, my boy. I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius.

It is my duty, sir.

Brutus.

I should not urge thy duty past thy might: I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius.

I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus.

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long: if I do live, I will be good to thee. [Music, and a Song. This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber! Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night; I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument: I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down, Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here? I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to Speak to me, what thou art.

[stare?]

Ghost.

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.

Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus.

Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi. [Ghost vanishes.

Brutus.

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, Claudius! [awake!—

Lucius.

The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus.

He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Lucius.

My lord.

Brutus.

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius.

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus.

Yes, that thou didest. Didst thou see any thing?

Lucius.

Nothing, my lord.

Brutus.

Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow thou: awake!

Varro.

My lord.

Claudius.

My lord.

Brutus.

Why didst thou so cry out, sirs, in thy sleep?

Varro and Claudius.

Did we, my lord?

Brutus.

Ay: saw you any thing?

Varro.

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius.

Not I, my lord.

Brutus.

Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius: Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Varro and Claudius.

It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army

Octavius.

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.

Antony.

Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Prepare you, generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant show: Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately. Antony.

Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field. Octavius.

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left. Antony.

Why do you cross me in this exigent? Octavius.

I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Brutus.

They stand, and would have parley. Cassius.

Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk. Octavius.

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle? Antony.

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth; the generals would have some words. Octavius.

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Crying, "Long live! hail, Caesar!" Cassius.

The posture of your blows are yet unknown; But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless. Antony.

Not stingless, too. Brutus.

O! yes, and soundless too; For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting. Antony.

Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar: You show'd your teeth like apes, and faw'd like hounds, And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet; Whilst damned Cassca, like a cur, behind Struck Caesar on the neck. O, you flatturers! Cassius.

Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself: This tongue had not offended so to-day, If Cassius might have rul'd. Octavius.

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat, The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look; I draw a sword against conspirators; When think you that the sword goes up again? — Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds Be well aveng'd, or till another Caesar Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life,—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cassius.
Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Brutus.
No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Ro-
man,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began,
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, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Cassius.
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.

Brutus.
Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
Know the end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! I away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. The Field of Battle.

Enter Brutus and Messalas.

Brutus.
Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassius.
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.

Titinius.
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 Pindarus.

Pindarus.
Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cassius.
This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius.
They are, my lord.

Cassius.
Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius.
I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Exit.

Cassius.
Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit Pindarus.

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

O my lord!

Pindarus.
What news?

Pindarus.
Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him.

Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O! he
'lights too:—

Joy.
He's ta'en: and, hark! [Shout.] they shout for

Cassius.
Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Sc. III.

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius.
I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Exit.

Cassius.
Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
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And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

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He's ta'en: and, hark! [Shout.] they shout for

Cassius.
Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah. In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath:
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, save this
bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art re-
veng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.

Pindarus.

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Messala.

It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius.
These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala.

Where did you leave him?

Titinius.
All disconsolate

With Pindarus, his bondsman, on this hill.

Messala.

Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Titinius.
He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Messala.

Is not that he?
TITINIUS.

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius’ day is set:
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Messa\la.

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy’s child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon con-
Thou never com’st unto a happy birth, [exit’d,
But kill’st the mother that engender’d thee.
TITINIUS.

What, Pindarbus! Where art thou, Pindarbus?
Messa\la.

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.
TITINIUS.

He, you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarbus the while.
[Exit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?—Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing,
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman’s part:
Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart.
[Dies.

ALARUM. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young
Cato, Strato, Valerius, and Lucilius.

BRUTUS.

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Messa\la.

Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Cato.

Titinius’ face is upward.
Brutus.

He is slain.
Cato.

O Caius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.
[Low Alarum.

Cato.

Brave Titinius!

Look, who’er he have not crown’d dead Cassius?
Brutus.

Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fate thee well! It
is impossible that ever Rome
[Tears
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 Thassus send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.—
Lab\co, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o’clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

ALARUM. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both
Armes; then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and

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.— [me?
I am the son of Marcus Cato, oh!
A foe to tyrants, and my country’s friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, oh!
[Changes the Enemy.

BRUTUS.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; [Brutus.
Brutus, my country’s friend: know me for
[Exit, charging the Enemy. Cato is over-
powered, and falls.

Lucilius.

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.
First Soldier.

Yield, or thou diest.
Lucilius.

Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
[Offering Money

Kill Brutus, and be honour’d in his death.
First Soldier.

We must not.—A noble prisoner!
Second Soldier.

Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta’en.
First Soldier.

I’ll tell the news:—Here comes the general.—
[Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta’en, Brutus is ta’en, my lord.
Antony.

Where is he?
Lucilius.

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.
Antony.

This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe’er Brutus be alive, or dead;
And bring us word, unto Octavius’ tent,
How every thing is chanc’d.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato, and

BRUTUS.

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.
Clitus.

Statilius show’d the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta’en, or slain.
Brutus.

Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hatch thee.
Clitus. [Whispering.

Citius.
Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then! no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.


Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O, Dardanius!

Dardanius. O, Clitus!

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius. The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[Low Alarum. It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school togethers;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you; — and you; — and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.— Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would
That have but labour'd to attain this hour. [rest,
[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence! I will follow.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.

I pray thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smash of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.— Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[He runs on his Sword, and dies.


Octavius. What man is that?

Messala. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. 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.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.— I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer thee to me.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How did my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and his elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Octavius. 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.
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, 
Macbeth, Banquo, 
Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, Menteith, Angus, 
Fleance, Son to Banquo.
Seward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

Young Siward, his Son.
Seyton, an Officer attending Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and Witches.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open Place.
Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.
First Witch.
When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch.
When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch.
That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch.
Where the place?
Second Witch.
Upon the heath:
Third Witch.
There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch.
I come, Graymalkin!
All.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Witches vanish.

SCENE II. A Camp near Fores.
Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.
Duncan.
What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Malcolm.

This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the boll,
As thou didst leave it.

Soldier.

Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlemets.

Duncan.
O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Soldier.

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, hues
Compell’d these skipping Kernes to trust their
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furish’d arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Duncan.

Dismay’d not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Soldier.

Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg’d with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Duncan.

So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Malcolm.
The worthy thane of Rosse.

Lenox.

What a haste looks through his eyes! [strange.
So should he look, that seems to speak things.

Rosse.

God save the king!

Duncan.

Whence cam’st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse.

From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norweyan himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona’s bridegroom, lapp’d in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm ’gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us—

Duncan.

Great happiness!

Rosse.

That now
Steno, the Norweyan’s king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes’ Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Duncan.

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest—Go, pronounce his present
And with his former title greet Macbeth. [deaths,

Rosse.

I’ll see it done.

Duncan.

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch.

Where hast thou been, sister?
All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Banquo.

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?—I the name of Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [truth, Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great pre-Of noble having, and of royal hopes, [fiction That he seems rap't withal: to me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow, and which will Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate.

First Witch.

Third Witch.

Third Witch.

Second Witch.

First Witch.

First Witch.

Second Witch.

Third Witch.

First Witch.

Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail! Macbeth.

Stay, 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 to be king Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish.

Banquo.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd? Macbeth.

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted. As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd! 

Banquo.

Were such things here, as we do speak about, Or have we eaten on the insane root, That takes the reason prisoner? Macbeth.

Your children shall be kings. Banquo.

You shall be king. Macbeth.

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so? Banquo.

To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse.

The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth The news of thy success; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend, Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that, In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
ACT I, SC. V.  MACBETH.

Macbeth.  
Come what come may, [day.  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
Banquo.  
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.  
Macbeth.  
Give your favour; my unrul'd brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. — Kind gentlemen, you  
Are register'd where every day I turn [pains  
The leaf to read them. — Let us to toward the  
king. —  
Think upon what hath chance'd; and at more  
time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.  
Banquo.  
Very gladly.  
Macbeth.  
Till then, enough. — Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.  Fore's.  A Room in the Palace.  
Flourish.  Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
Lenox, and Attendants.

Duncan.  
Is execution done on Cawdor; are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

Malcolm.  
My liege,  
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him as the leaving it: he died  
As one that had been studi'd in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Duncan.  
There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust. —  

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.  
O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee; would thou hadst less deserve'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.

Macbeth.  
The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children, and ser-

Duncan.  
Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. — Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserve'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so; let me inflold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

Banquo.  
The harvest is your own.

Duncan.  
My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,  
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But sign such nobilities, as stars, shall shine  
On all observers. — From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us farther to you.

Macbeth.  
The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

Duncan.  
My worthy Cawdor!  
Macbeth.  
The prince of Cumberland! — That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,  

[Aside.  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide thy 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.

Duncan.  
True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me, I let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V.  Inverness.  A Room in Macbeth's  
Castle.  
Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a Letter.

Lady Macbeth.  
"They met me in the day of success; and I  
have learned by the perfectest report, they have  
more in them than mortal knowledge. When  
I burned in desire to question them farther, they  
made themselves air, into which they vanished.  
Whereas I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came  
missives from the king, who all-haileed me,  
'Thané of Cawdor;' by which title, before,  
these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me  
to the coming on of time, with 'Hall, king, that  
shall be!' This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.  
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."  

Glæmis 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  
Art not without ambition; but without [great;  
The Illness should attend it; what thou wouldst  
bie'ly,  
That wouldst thou holly; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have,  
great Glæmis,  
That which cries, ' Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than which it should be undone." Hee thee  
hither,  
That I may pour my sprits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the Valerie of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metrical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal."  

3 L.  
Enter
Enter an Attendant.
What is your tidings?
Attendant. The king comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth. Thou'rt mad to say it. Is not thy master with him? who, wert so, Would have informed' for preparation.
Attendant. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming. One of my fellows had the speed of him: Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.
Lady Macbeth. Give him tending:
He brings great news. [Exit Attendant.] The raven himself is hoarse, That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unseen by me, And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full Of direst cruelty! I make thick my blood, Stop up th' access and passage to remorse; That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances [night, You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick And pall thee in the dunpest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the To cry, "Hold, hold!"
[Enter Macbeth.]
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! 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.
Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?
Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady Macbeth. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men May read strange matters: to beguile the time, Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under it. He that's coming Must be provided for; and you shall put This night's great business into my despatch, Which shall to all our nights and days to come Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macbeth. We will speak farther.
Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]
ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Banquo.

H OW goes the night, boy?

Fleance.

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Banquo.

And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance.

I take’t, ’tis later, sir.

Banquo.

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 Serpent with a torch.

Who’s there?

A friend.

Banquo.

What, sir! I not yet at rest? The king’s a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he gives your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up

In measureless content.

Macbeth.

Being unprepar’d,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should have wrought.

Banquo.

All’s well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show’d some truth.

Macbeth.

I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entertain an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
If you would grant the time.       [business,

Macbeth.

At your kind' st leisure.

Macbeth.

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo.

So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macbeth.

Good repose, the while!       [Exit Banquo.

Banquo.

Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Macbeth.

Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.       [Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?       Come, let me

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs [world
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The uncertain sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, the [pace,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his

Design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set

Of earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout; [fear
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he

Lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell,

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth.

That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the very o'er that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is

About it.

The doors are open; and the surfeted 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.

Macbeth.       [Within.

Who's there?—what, ho!       [Lady Macbeth.

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 re-

Semed

My father as he slept, I had done't.—My

Husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth.

I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear

A noise?

Lady Macbeth.

I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth.

When?

Lady Macbeth.

Now.

Macbeth.

As I descended?

Lady Macbeth.

Ay.

Lady Macbeth.

Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth.

Donalbain.

This is a sorry sight.  [Looking on his hands.

Lady Macbeth.

A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth.

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried,

"murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and

Heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd

Again to sleep.

[them

Lady Macbeth.

There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth.

One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the

Other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's

Hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say amen,

When they did say God bless us.

Lady Macbeth.

Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth.

But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth.

These deeds must not be thought

After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth.

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no

More!"

Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent

Sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care.

The
MACBETH.

Act 2 Sc. 2.
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 Macbeth. 

What do you mean? 

Macbeth. 

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house: 
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore 
Caedmon [more!"

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no 
Lady Macbeth.

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy 
thane, 
You have bend your noble strength, to think 
So brazenly 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. 

Macbeth. 

I'll go no more; 

I am afraid to think what I have done; 
Look on't again, I dare not. 

Lady Macbeth. 

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 grooms withal, 
For it must seem their guilt. 

Exit. — Knocking within.

Macbeth. 

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 
The multitudinous seas incarnardine, [rather 
Making the green one, red. 

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. 

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. — [Knock. ] Hark! 

more knocking. 

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 
And show us to be watchers. — Be not lost 
So poorly in your thoughts. 

Macbeth. 

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. 

Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would 
thou coustdl! 

[Knock.]

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? — the name of Becksbud? — 
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, in the other devil's name? — Faith, 
there's an equivocator, that could swear in both 
the scales against either scale; who committed 
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not 
equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. 
[Knocking. ] Knock, knock, knock. Who's 
there? — Faith, here's an English tailor come 
hither for stealing out of a French hose: come 
in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. 
[Knocking. ] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! 

What are you? — But this place is too cold for 
hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: 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. [Open the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lenox. 

Macduff. 

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, 
That you do lie so late? 

Porter. 

'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second 
cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of 
three things. 

Macduff. 

What three things does drink especially pro-
voke? 

Porter. 

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. 

Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovotes: 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 disharters 
him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in 
conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, 
giving him the lie, leaves him. 

Macduff. 

I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night. 

Porter. 

That it did, sir, I think very threat on me: but 
I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being 
too strong for him, though he took up my legs 
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him. 

Macduff. 

Is thy master stirring? —

Enter Macbeth. 

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes. 

Lenox. 

Good-morrow, noble sir! 

Macbeth. 

Good-morrow, both! 

Macduff. 

Is the king stirring, worthy thane? 

Macbeth. 

Not yet. 

Macduff. 

He did command me to call timely on him: 
I have almost slipp'd the hour. 

Macbeth. 

I'll bring you to him. 

Macduff. 

I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; 

But yet, 'tis one. 

Macbeth. 

The labour we delight in physik's pain. 

This is the door.
Macduff.
I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff.

Lenox.

Goes the king hence to-day?

Macbeth.
He does: — he did appoint so.

Lenox.
The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard 't the air: strange screams of And prophesying with accents terrible [death,
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 Was feverous, and did shake.

Macbeth.
'Twas a rough night.

Lenox.
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff:
Macduff.
O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor Cannot conceive, nor name thee! [heart,
Macbeth and Lenox.
What's the matter?

Macduff.
Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence The life o' the building.

Macbeth.
What is't you say? the life?

Lenox.
Mean you his majesty?

Macduff.
Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak: See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! awake! — [Exit Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell. — Murder, and treason! Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macbeth.
What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macduff.
O, gentle lady! 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter Banquo.
Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo! Banquo! Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady Macbeth.
Woe, alas! What! in our house?

Banquo.
Too cruel, anywhere. Dear Desp. I pray thee, contradict thyself, And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macbeth.
Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant There's nothing serious in mortality: All is but toys: renown and grace, is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donalbain.

What is amiss?

Macbeth.
You are, and do not know't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macduff.
Your royal father's murder'd.

Malcolm.
O! by whom?

Lenox.
Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't. Their hands and faces were all bag'd with blood; So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted. No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth.
O! yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

Macduff.
Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth.
Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent love Out-ran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood: And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature, [deers, For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur- Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmann'ry breech'd with gore. Who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage, to make 's love known?

Lady Macbeth.
Help me hence, ho!

Look to the lady.

Malcolm.
Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours?

Donalbain.
What should be spoken Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears Are not yet brew'd.

Malcolm.
Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo.
Look to the lady. — [Lady Macbeth is carried out. And when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work, To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.

Macduff.
MACBETH.

SCENE IV. Without the Castle.
Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old Man.

Three score and ten I can remember well; Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse.

Ah! good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man’s act. Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock ‘tis day, And yet dark night stript the travelling lamp. Is’t night’s predominance, or the day’s shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old Man.

’Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that’s done. On Tuesday last, A Falcon, towering in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk’d at, and kill’d.

Rosse.

And Duncan’s horses (a thing most strange and certain), Beantous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn’d wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending ‘gainst obedience, as they would Make war with mankind.

Old Man.

’Tis said, they ate each other, Rosse.

They did so; to th’ amazement of mine eyes, That look’d upon’t. Here comes the good Macduff. —

Enter Macduff:

How goes the world, sir, now? Macduff.

Why, see you not? Rosse.

Is’t known, who did this more than bloody deed?

MACBETH.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macbeth.

Let’s briefly put on many readiness, And meet ’t the hall together.

All.

Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain. Malcolm.

What will you do? Let’s not consort with To show an unfelt sorrow is an office [them: Which the false man does easy. I’ll to England.

Donalbain.

To Ireland, I: our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer; where we are, There’s daggers in men’s smiles: the near in [blood, The nearer bloody.

Malcolm.

This murderous shaft’s shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away. There’s warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there’s no mercy left.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I. Forest. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Banquo.

Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all As the weird women promis’d; and, I fear, Thou play’dst most fouly for’t: yet it was said, It should not stand in thy posterity; But that myself should be the root, and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them, (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine) Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more. Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macbeth.

Here’s our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth.

If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all thing unbecoming.
MACBETH.

Act III. Sc. 1.

Macbeth.  
To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.  

Banquo.  
Let your highness  
Command upon me, to which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.  

Macbeth.  
Ride you this afternoon?  

Banquo.  
Ay, my good lord.  

Macbeth.  
We should have else desire'd your good advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far thus ride you?  

Banquo.  
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the  
I must become a borrower of the night [better,  
For a dark hour, or twain.  

Macbeth.  
Fall not our feast.  

Banquo.  
My lord, I will not.  

Macbeth.  
We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parriace, 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?  

Banquo.  
Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.  

Macbeth.  
I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. — [Exit Banquo.  

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.  
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure?  

Attendant.  
They are, my lord, without the palace gate.  

Macbeth.  
Bring them before us. — [Exit Attendant.] To  
be thus is nothing. But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature [dares;  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear, and under him  
My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said, of sisters,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chide the  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown;  
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. It's be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I 'l'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 them kings, the seeds 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, go to the door, and stay there till we call.  
[Exit Attendant.  
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?  

First Murderer.  
It was, so please your highness.  

Macbeth.  
Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self. This I made good to you  
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with  
You how we 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."  

First Murderer.  
You made it known to us.  

Macbeth.  
I did so; and went farther, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?  

First Murderer.  
We are men, my liege.  

Macbeth.  
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, [curs,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are  
Eclipted  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike; and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file  
Not I the worst rank of manhood, say it,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.  

Second Murderer.  
I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incendi'd, that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.  

First Murderer.  
And another,  
So weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.  

Macbeth.  
Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.  

Second Murderer.  
True, my lord.  

Macbeth.
MACBETH.

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not.
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but will his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer.

We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer.

Though our lives—

Macbeth.

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor bitches, 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.

Second Murderer.

We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macbeth.

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[Exeunt Murderers.

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exit.

SCENE II. The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth.

Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant.

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Macbeth.

Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Servant.

Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Lady Macbeth.

Nought's had, all's spent,
'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

Schock'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilast our poor

remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macbeth.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
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 peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Despair is in his grace;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing [poison,
Can touch him farther

Lady Macbeth.

Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth.

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must have our honours
In these flattering streams, and make our faces
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth.

You must leave this.

Macbeth.

Of full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st what Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady Macbeth.

But in them nature's copy's not eternally.

Macbeth.

There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou Jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hepe'se's
summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
A deed of dreadful note.

[done

Lady Macbeth.

What's to be done?

Macbeth.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaudit the deed. Come, seeling
night,
Scarf up the tender eye of plentiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the

crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do

rouse.

[still
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Park, with a Road
leading to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

First Murderer.

But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer.

Macbeth.

Second Murderer.

He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Murderer.

Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:
Now spurs the late traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Murderer.
Hark! I hear horses.
Banquo.

Give us a light there, ho!
Second Murderer.

Then, 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are 't the court.
First Murderer.

His horses go about.
Thidr Murderer.

Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.
Second Murderer.

A light, a light!
Thrid Murderer.

'Tis he.
First Murderer.

Stand to't.
Banquo.

It will be rain to-night.
First Murderer.

Let it come down.
Enter Banquo.
O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. — O slave! [Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third Murderer.
Who did strike out the light?
First Murderer.

Was't not the way?
Third Murderer.

There's but one down: the son is fled.
Second Murderer.

We have lost best half of our affair.
First Murderer.

Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady
Macbeth, Rossa, Lenox, Lords, and Attend-
ants.

Macbeth.

You know your own degrees; sit down: at
And last, the hearty welcome. [first
Lords.

Thanks to your majesty.
Macbeth.

Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state: but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady Macbeth.

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, to the door.
Macbeth.

See, they encounter thee with their heart's
thanks,
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Murderer.

'Tis Banquo's then.
Macbeth.

'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Murderer.

My lord, his throat is cut: that I did for him.
Macbeth.

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;
Yet he is good, that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the tompareil.
Murderer.

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macbeth.

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; [in
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe?
Murderer.

Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macbeth.

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.

Macbeth.

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouche'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at
home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting bare without it.

Macbeth.

Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lenox.

May it please your highness sit?
[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in
Macbeth's place.

Macbeth.

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse.

His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth.

The table's full.
Lenox.

Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macbeth.

Lenox.

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness?
Macbeth.

Which of you have done this?
Lords.

What, my good lord?
Macbeth.
Macbeth.

Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse.

Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth.

Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth; pray you, keep
The fit is momentary; upon a thought [seat.
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?

Macbeth.

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady Macbeth.

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,
(Impeators to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Author'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth.

Pr'ythee, see there! behold! I look! lo! how say you?—
[too.—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.

Lady Macbeth.

What! quite unman'd in folly?

Macbeth.

If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth.

Fie! for shame!

Macbeth.

Blood hath been shed ere now, I' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for 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
Than such a murder is. [Ghost re-enters.

Lady Macbeth.

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth.

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.—

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords.

Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth.

Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth
Hid thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth.

Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Ghost disappears.

Unreal mockery, hence! —Why, so; —being
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still. [gone

Lady Macbeth.

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
With most admiral disorder. [meeting,

Macbeth.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse.

What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth.

I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lenox.

Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady Macbeth.

A kind good night to all! [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

Macbeth.

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to Augurs, and understood relations, have [speak;
By magot-plies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood. —What is the night?

Lady Macbeth.

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macbeth.

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his per-
At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth.

Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth.

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 see'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I 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
All causes shall give way: I am in blood [good,
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scan'd.

Lady Macbeth.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

First Witch. THIRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. Harper cries.—'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw.— Tread, that under the cold stone, Days and nights has thirty-one Swelter'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first I the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch.  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like to a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All.  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch.  
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew;  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slat:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaurdon,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All.  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch.  
Cool it with a baboon's blood;  
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Iacque, and other Witches.  

Iacque.  
O, well done! I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share i' the gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a Song: "Black spirits," &c.]

Second Witch.  

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.—  

[Knocking.]

Enter Macbeth.  

Macbeth.  

How now, how now, Macbeth!  
What is't you do?  

All.  
A deed without a name.

Macbeth.  

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(How'er you come to know it) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
[down;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the  
Treasure  
Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

First Witch.  

Speak.

Second Witch.  

Demand.

Third Witch.  

We'll answer.
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

All.

Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this, [know.— And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.

Show!

First Witch.

Show!

Second Witch.

Show!

Third Witch.

Show!

All.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a Glass in his Hand.

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down! Thy crown does bear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:— A third is like the former:— Filthy bags! Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes! What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:— And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass, Which shows me many more; and some I see, That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry. Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true; For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

First Witch.

Ay, sir, all this is so; but why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?— Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites, And show the best of our delights. I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antic round; That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.


Macbeth. Where are they?—Gone?—Let this pernicious Stand eye accusing in the calendar!— [hour Come in! without there!

Enter Lenox.

LENOX. What's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

LENOX. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

LENOX. No, indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride, And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENOX. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you Macduff is fled to England. [word, Macbeth. Fled to England?

Lenox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits: The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, Unless the deed go with it. From this moment, The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise: Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool! This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool: But no more sights.—Where are these gentle Come; bring me where they are. [men? [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle. Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

Lady Macduff. What had he done to make him fly the land? Rosse. You must have patience, madam. Lady Macduff. He had none: His flight was madness. When our actions do Our fears do make us traitors. [not, Rosse. You know not, Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes, His mansion, and his titles, in a place [not: From whence himself does fly? He loves us He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear, and nothing is the love: As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason. Rosse. My dearest coz', [band, I pray you, school yourself: but, for your hus He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further: But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, But float upon a wild and violent sea, Each way and move.—I take my leave of you: Shall not be long but I'll be here again. Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward To what they were before.—My pretty cousin, Blessing upon you! [Exit Rosse.

Lady Macduff. 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.

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father's dead: And what will you do now? How will you live? Son.
MACBETH.

ACT IV. Sc. 111.

Son.
As birds do, mother.
Lady Macduff.
What, with worms and flies?
Son.
With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
Lady Macduff.
Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor The pit-fall, nor the gin.
[Exit, Son.

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.
[Exit Messenger.

Lady Macduff.
Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now,
I am in this earthily world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence, [faces?
To say I have done no harm?—What are these

Enter Murderers.

Murderer.
Where is your husband?
Lady Macduff.
I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Murderer.
He's a traitor.
Son.
Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Young fry of treachery?
Son.
He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [Dies.
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III. England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff:

Malcolm.
Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
WEEP our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff.
Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Breathe our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new
Row, our tongues,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sor-
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of doleour.

Malcolm.
What I believe, I'll wait;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will:
What you have spoke, it may be so; perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him wel;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macduff.
I am not treacherous.

Malcolm.
But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoll,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your

pose;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans-
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff.
I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm.
MACBETH.

**ACT IV. SC. III.**

**Malcolm.**
Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of
Without leave-taking?—I pray you, [love,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

**Macduff.**
Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basle bare,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs:
The title is affeer’d!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain thou think’st,
For the whole space that’s in the tyrant’s grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

**Malcolm.**
Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of gladly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant’s head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

**Macduff.**
What should be be?

**Malcolm.**
It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so graft’d,
That, when they shall be open’d, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem themselves as a lamb, being compar’d
With my confines harmless.

**Macduff.**
Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn’d
In evils to top Macbeth.

**Malcolm.**
I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there’s no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh-
ters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o’er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

**Macduff.**
Boundless intertemperate
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th’ untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.
We have willing daines enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin’d.

**Malcolm.**
With this, there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other’s house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

**Macduff.**
This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable
With other graces weigh’d.

**Malcolm.**
But I have none,
The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, staidness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In this that makes one thousand, and more,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power,
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Up roar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

**Macduff.**
O Scotland, Scotland!

**Malcolm.**
If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

**Macduff.**
Fit to govern:
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter’d,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accur’d,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore
Of her upon her knees than on her feet, [thee,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat’st upon thyself
Have banish’d me from Scotland.—O, my breast!—
Thy hope ends here.

**Malcolm.**
Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip’d the black scruples, reconcile’d my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taunts and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country’s, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siicard, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we’ll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you
silent?

**Macduff.**
Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
’Tis hard to reconcile.
Enter a Doctor.

Malcolm.

Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doctor.

Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls, That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

Malcolm.

I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Macduff.

What's the disease he means?

Malcolm.

'Tis call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king, Which often, since my here remain in England, I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people, All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures; Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken, To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this strange He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy, [virtue, And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macduff.

See, who comes here?

Malcolm.

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macduff.

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm.

I know him now. Good God, betimes remove The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse.

Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. 'Tis not [thing, Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where no-But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile: Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air, Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow A modern ecstacy: the dead man's kneel seem's Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff.

O, relation, Too nice, and yet too true!

Malcolm.

What is the newest grief?

Rosse.

That of an hour's age doth buss the speaker. Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff.

How does my wife?

Rosse.

Why, well.

Macduff.

And all my children?
ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman.

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown 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.

Doctor.

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman.

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor.

You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman.

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.

Doctor.

How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman.

Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor.

You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman.

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor.

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman.

It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth.

Yet here's a spot.

Doctor.

Hark! I she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth.

Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor.

Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth.

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor.

Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman.

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth.

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doctor.

What a sight is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman.

I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor.

Well, well, well.—

Gentlewoman.

Pray God, it be, sir.

Doctor.

This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died hollow in their bosils.

Lady Macbeth.

Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor.

Even so?

Lady
ACT V. SC. III.

MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth.
To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate.
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.
[Exit Lady Macbeth.

Doctor.
Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman.
Directly.

Doctor.
Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds,
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their spirits.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. — So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman.
Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Macbeth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Meneth.
The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Angus.
Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cathness.
Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lenox.
For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Meneth.
What does the tyrant?

Cathness.
Great Dunsinane ne strongly fortifies. [him.
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Angus.
Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minute rebels upbraid his faith-breath:
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.

Meneth.
Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoll and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cathness.
Well: march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Doctor.
Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
Make we our march towards Birnam. [weeds.
[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macbeth.
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 consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly,
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant.

Macbeth.

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Macbeth.
MACBETH.

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, that keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff, Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it. — Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. — Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

Com. sir, despatch. — If thou could'st, doctor, the water of my land, find her disease, [cast And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again. — Full't off, I say. — What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence? — Hark' in' thou of them?

Doctor. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Macbeth. Bring it after me. — I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam wood come to Dunsinane.

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here.

SCENE IV. Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, and his Son, Macduff, Monty, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Ross, and Soldiers marching.

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand, That chambers will be safe.

Monty. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Monty. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And hear't before him: thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before't.

Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope; For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just censure Attend the true event, and put we on industrious soldiership.

Siward. The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; Towards which, advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie, Till famine and theague eat them up.

Were they not for'd with those that should be ours, [beard, We might have met them dearful, beard to And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [A cry within, of Women.

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been, my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir, As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors: Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter: There would have been a time for such a word. — To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do't.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move.

Macbeth.
Act V, Sc. vii.

MACBETH.

Macbeth. Liar, and slave!

Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speakest.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman:— But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

Macduff. 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.

Macbeth. Accursed-be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath cow'd my better part of man:

[Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macduff. 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 unbatter'd edge, I sheathe again unheed. There thou should'st By this great clatter, one of greatest note [be; Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarum.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siward. 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.

Malcolm. We have met with foes That strike beside us.

Siward. Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarum.

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? whilsts I see lives, The do better upon them. [gashes

Re-enter Macduff.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back: my soul is too much charg'd With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words; My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macbeth. Thou losest labour. As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress, as make me Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crest: [bleed: I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

Macduff. 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.

Macbeth. Accursed-be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath cow'd my better part of man:

[Exit.

SCENE VI. The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff &c., and their Army with Boughs.

Malcolm. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down, And show those like you are. — You, worthy uncle, Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son, Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff, and we, Shall take upon's what else remains to do, According to our order.

Siward. Fare you well.— Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt. Alarums continued.

SCENE VII. The same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly, But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he, That was not born of woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Young Siward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name, Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward. The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.

Enter young Siward.

Young Siward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name, Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward. The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, 
That palter with us in a double sense; 
That keep the word of promise to our ear, 
And break it to our hope.— I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff.
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."

Macbeth.
I will not yield, 
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, 
And to be bated with the rabble's curse. 
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, 
Yet I will try the last. Before my body 
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff; 
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."

[Exeunt, fighting.]


Malcolm.
I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siward.
Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, 
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm.
Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse.
Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt: 
He only liv'd but till he was a man, 
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd 
In the unshrinking station where he fought, 
But like a man he died.

Siward.
Then he is dead?

Rosse.
Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow 
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then 
It hath no end.

Siward.
Had he his hurts before?

Rosse.
Ay, on the front.

Siward.
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.

Malcolm.
He's worth more sorrow, 
And that I'll spend for him.

Siward.
He's worth no more:

They say, he parted well, and paid his score, 
And so, God be with him!— Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head.

Macduff.
Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands 
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free. 
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl, 
That speak my salutation in their minds; 
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,— 
Hail, king of Scotland!

All.
Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Malcolm.
We shall not spend a large expense of time, 
Before we reckon with your several loves, 
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, 
Henceforth be 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 fed 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.]
HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Laertes, his Son.
Voltimand.
Cornelius.
Rosencrantz.
Guildenstern.
Osrick, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
Marcellus, Officers.
Bernardo.
Francisco, a Soldier.
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain. Ambassadors.
Ghost of Hamlet’s Father.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.
Francisco on his Post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Who’s there?
Francisco. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.
Bernardo. Long live the king!
Francisco. Bernardo?
Bernardo. He.
Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bernardo. ’Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed.
Francisco. For this relief much thanks. ’Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.
Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?

Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.
Bernardo.
I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
Horatio.
Friends to this ground.
Marcellus.
And liegemen to the Dane.
Francisco.
Give you good night.
Marcellus.
O! farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieft’d you?
Francisco. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night.
Marcellus. Holla! Bernardo!
HAMLET, Act 1, Sc. 1

What! is Horatio there?
Horatio. A piece of him.

Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Horatio.

What has this thing appear'd again to-night?

I have seen nothing.
Marcellus.

Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dædred 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.

Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assay your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Last night of all, [the pole,
When yond' same star, that's westward from
Had made his course t' illumine that part of
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Marcellus.

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and

It would be spoke to.

Question it, Horatio.

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus.

It is offended.

See! it stalks away.

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Exit Ghost.

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Marcellus. Is it not like the king?

As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he 'twas ambitious Norway combated:
So frownd' he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the saddled Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

In what particular thought to work, I know
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion, [not;
This bodies some strange eruption to our state.

Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the
Who let's, that can inform me? [day?

That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so.

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd
Well ratified by law and heraldry, [compact,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,
Which he stood end'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moity competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same con-
And carriage of the article design'd, [mart,
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 lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsive, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

I think, it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king.
That was, and is, the question of these war's.
Horatio.

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,
[dead]

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted Dead did squeak and gibe in the silent streets:
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:
And even the like precursory of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climes and countries.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blash me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Exorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[cock crows.
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus.

Shall I strike at it with my partisaan?

Horatio.

Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo.

'Tis here!

Horatio.

'Tis here!

Marcellus.

'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bernardo.

It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Horatio.

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
'Tis extravagant and erring spirit lies
To his confines; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Marcellus.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares 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 that time.

Horatio.

So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Marcellus.

Let's do't. I pray; and this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Room of State.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' 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,—
Taken the fashion of those that are dead.
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the 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 hands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His farther 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 farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow:
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cornelius and Voltimand.

In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King.

We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[F ranks and Corneli us.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

Laertes.

You told us of some suit; what let's, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what would't thou beg.

Laertes.

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laertes.

My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Den.
To show my duty in your coronation; [mark.
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France, And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King.

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Polonius.

He hath, my lord, wrung from me myslow By laboursome petition; and, at last, [leave, Upon his will I seal'd in my hard consent: I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King.

Take thy fair hour, Laerdes; time be thine, And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.— But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Hamlet. [Aside.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King.

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet.

Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off. And let thine eye look like a friend on Den.-Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids [mark. Seek for thy noble father in that suit: Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must Passing through nature to eternity. [dle.

Hamlet.

Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspension of forc'd breath, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected haviour of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, That can denote me truly: these, Indeed, seem, For they are actions that a man might play; But I have that within, which shows my trappings, These but the trappings and the suits of wo.

King.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father: But, you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound In filial obligation, for some term, To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere In obstinate condelement is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief. It shows a will most incorrect to heaven; A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, An understanding simple and unchool'd: For, what we know, must be, and is as common As any the most vulgar thing to sense, Why should we, in our pewish opposition, Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven, A fault against the dead, a fault to nature, To reason most absurd, whose common theme Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, From the first corse till he that died to-day. "This must be so." We pray you, throw to This unprevailing woe, and think of us [earth As of a father; for let the world take note, You are the most immediate to our throne; And, with no less nobility of love Than that which dearest father bears his son, Do I impart toward you. For your intent In going back to school in Wittenberg It is most retrograde to our desire; And, we beseech you, bend you to remain Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen.

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King.

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: Be as ourselves in Denmark. — Madam, come; This gentle and unfors'd accord of Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof, No Jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day, But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruitt again.


Hamlet.

O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable [God! Seem these the very kings of this world? Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature, [this i Post ye it merely. That it should come to But two months dead — nay, not so much, not So excellent a king; that was, to this, [two: Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, That he might not beteem the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! Must I remember? why, she would hang on As if increase of appetite had grown [him, By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,— Let me not think on't. — Frazily, thy name is woman! — A little month; or ere those shoes were old, With which she follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she, (O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, Would have mourn'd longer) — married with my uncle, My father's brother, but no more like my father, Than I to Hercules: within a month; Ere yet the salt of unrighteous tears Had left the flushing in her galled eyes She married. — O, most wicked speed, to post With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not, nor it cannot come to, good; But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue! [Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Horatio.

Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet.

I am glad to see you well: — Horatio, — or I do forget myself.

Horatio.

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet.

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you. And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? — Marcellus?

Marcellus.
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. Sc. ii.

Marcelus.
My good lord,—

Hamlet.
I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Horatio.
A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet.
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.

Horatio.
My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet.
I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; 
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio.
Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Hamlet.
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats 
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven 
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!— 
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Horatio.
O! where, my lord?

Hamlet.
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio.
I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Hamlet.
He was a man, take him for all in all, 
I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio.
My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet.
Saw I who?

Horatio.
My lord, the king your father.

Hamlet.
The king my father!

Horatio.
Season your admiration for a while 
With an attent ear, till I may deliver, 
Upon the witness of these gentlemen, 
This marvel to you.

Hamlet.
For God's love, let me hear.

Horatio.
Two nights together, had these gentlemen, 
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, 
In the dead vast and middle of the night, 
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, 
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pié, 
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, 
distil'd 
Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me 
In dreadful secrecy impart they did, 
And I with them the third night kept the watch; 
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, 
Form of the thing, each word made true and good.

The apparition comes. I knew your father; 
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet.
But where was this?

Marcelus.
My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet.
Did you not speak to it?

Horatio.
My lord, I did, 
But answer made it none; yet once, methought, 
It lifted up its head, and did address 
Itself to motion, like as it would speak: 
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud, 
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, 
And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet.
'Tis very strange.

Horatio.
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.

Hamlet.
Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me. 
Hold you the watch to-night?

All.

Hamlet.
We do, my lord?

Arm'd, say you?

All.

Arm'd, my lord.

Hamlet.
From top to toe?

All.

My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet.
Then, saw you not his face?

Horatio.
O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet.
What! look'd he frowningly?

Horatio.
A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet.
Pale, or red?

Horatio.

Nay, very pale.

Hamlet.
And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio.

Most constantly.

Hamlet.
I would I had been there.

Horatio.
It would have much amaz'd you.

Hamlet.
Very like,

Very like. Stay'd it long?

Horatio.
While one with moderate haste might tell a 

Hamlet.

Marcellus and Bernardo.

Longer, longer.

Horatio.

Not when I saw it.

Hamlet.
His beard was grizzled? no?

Horatio.
Horatio.

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Hamlet.

I will watch to-night:
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Horatio.

I warrant it will.

Hamlet.

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will require your loves. So, fare you well;
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All.

Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet.

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt some foul play; would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[Exit.

SCENE III. A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laertes.

My necessaries are embark'd; farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophelia.

Do you doubt that?

Laertes.

For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Ophelia.

No more but so?

Laertes.

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 unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this 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

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed: which is no farther,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclose'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Ophelia.

I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my bro-
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, [ther,
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.

Laertes.

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.

Polonius.

Yet here, *Laertes*? aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you.

[Laeting his Hand on Laertes' Head.

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfed'd comrade. Be

Ward,

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, [ment.

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in Fponce, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;

For loan o'th loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of honest industry.

This above all, — to thine ownself be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laertes.

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Polonius.

The time invites you: go; your servants tend.

Laertes.

Farewell, *Ophelia*; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Ophelia.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laertes.

Farewell.

Polonius.

What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath said to you?

Ophelia.
Ophelia.

So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Polonius.

Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophelia.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polonius.

Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophelia.

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Polonius.

Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not Sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia.

My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Polonius.

Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Ophelia.

And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Polonius.

Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making—

You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scatter of your maiden presence;
Set your entertainments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that dle which their investments show,
But mere impulators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and plaus bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Ophelia.

I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hamlet.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio.

It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Hamlet.

What hour now?
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? 
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[The Ghost beckons Hamlet]
Horatio,
It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Marcellus. 
Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground: 
But do not go with it.
Horatio.
No, by no means.
Hamlet. 
It will not speak; then, will I follow it.
Horatio. 
Do not, my lord.
Hamlet. 
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.
Horatio. 
What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff?
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it: 
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Hamlet. 
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Marcellus. 
You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. 
Hold off your hands.
Horatio.
Be rul'd: you shall not go.
Hamlet. 
My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
[Ghost beckons]
Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen.—
[Breaking from them]
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[me: 
[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet]
Horatio. 
He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus. 
Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. 
Have after.—To what issue will this come?
Marcellus. 
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Horatio. 
Heaven will direct it.
Marcellus. 
Nay, let's follow him.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. A more remote Part of the Platnform. 
Enter Ghost and Hamlet. 
Hamlet. 
Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no farther.
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine i;
But virtue, as it never will be mo'v'd,
Though lowness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leprous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gales and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth possess,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lizar-like, with viles and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unman'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those means that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Aidieu, aidieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.

Hamlet.

O, I, yon host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? — O fie! — Hold, hold,
my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! — Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, whilst memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O, most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is "Aidieu, aidieu! I remember me."
I have sworn't.

Horatio. [Within.

My lord! my lord! I have sworn't.
Lord Hamlet!

Marcellus. [Within.

Horatio. [Within.

Heaven secure him! —
Marcellus. [Within.

So be it!

Horatio. [Within.

Hallo, ho, ho, my lord!

Hamlet.

Hallo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Marcellus.

How is't, my noble lord?

Horatio. What news, my lord?

Hamlet.

O, wonderful!

Horatio. Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet. No;

You'll reveal it.

Horatio. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Marcellus.

Nor I, my lord.

Hamlet. How say you, then; would heart of man once
But you'll be secret. [think it?—

Horatio and Marcellus.

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Hamlet.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-
But he's an arrant knave. [mark,

Horatio.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
To tell us this. [grave

Hamlet.

Why, right; you are I' 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 mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Horatio. These are but wild and whirling words, my
lord.

Hamlet.

I am sorry they offend you, heartily: yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Horatio. There's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet.

Yes, by Saint 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 't as you may. And now, good
friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Horatio. What is't, my lord? we will.

Hamlet.

Never make known what you have seen to-
night.

Horatio and Marcellus.

My lord, we will not.

Hamlet. Nay, but swear't.

Horatio.

My lord, not I.

Marcellus.

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Hamlet.

Upon my sword.

Marcellus.
HAMLET, ACT I Sc. V.

Marcellus.

We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hamlet.

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.

Swear.

Hamlet.

Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny? Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—Consent to swear.

Horatio.

Propose the oath, my lord.

Hamlet.

Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.

Swear.

Hamlet.

Hic et ubique? then, we'll shift our ground.—Come hither, gentlemen, And lay your hands again upon my sword; Never to speak of this that you have heard, Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.

Swear.

Hamlet.

Well said, old mole! can't work I' the earth so fast? [friends. A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good

Horatio.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet.

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, [come;— Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, How strange or odd so' er I bear myself,— As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet To put an antic disposition on,— That you, at such times seeing me, never shall, With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As, "Well, well, we know it,"—or, "We 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 not to do, So grace and mercy at your most need help you, Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath.

Swear.

Hamlet.

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, 't express his love and friendship to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in togeth er; 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. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Room in Polonius's House.
Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Polonius.

GIVE him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo. I will, my lord.

Polonius.

You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo. Before you visit him, to make inquiry [naldo, Of his behaviour.

Reynaldo.

My lord, I did intend it.

Polonius.

Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir, Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; And how, and who, and what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expense; and finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it. Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him: As thus:—"I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him:—do you mark this, Reynaldo?"

Reynaldo.

Ay, very well, my lord.

Polonius. "And, in part, him; but," you may say, "not But, 'tis be he I mean, he's very wild, [well: Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank As may dishonour him: take heed of that: But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips, As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

Reynaldo. As gaming, my lord.

Polonius. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrel- Drabbing: —you may go so far.

Reynaldo. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Polonius. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency: That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly, That they may seem the taints of liberty; The flush and out-break of a fiery mind; A savagness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault.

Reynaldo. But, my good lord,—

Polonius. Wherefore should you do this?

Reynaldo. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Polonius. Marry, sir, here's my drift; And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant. You laying these slight sullies on my son.
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd I the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman."
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Reynaldo.
Very good, my lord.

Polonius.
And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?

Reynaldo.
At closes in the consequence,
As "friend or so," and "gentleman."

Polonius.
At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry; He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman; I saw him yesterday, or 'tither day. [you say, Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse; There falling out at tennis: or perchance, I saw him enter such a house of sale, Fidelicet, a brothel" or so forth.—
See you now; Your bawd of falsehood takes this carp of truth: And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, With wind-saises, and with assays of bias, By indirections find directions out: So, by my former lecture and advice, Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Reynaldo.
My lord, I have.

Polonius.
God be wi' you; fare you well.

Reynaldo.
Good my lord.

Polonius.
Observe his inclination in yourself.

Reynaldo.
I shall, my lord.

Polonius.
And let him ply his music.

Reynaldo.
Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polonius.
Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Ophelia.
Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted! I

Polonius.
With what, in the name of God?

Ophelia.
My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber, Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd; No hat upon his head; his stockings fould, Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each And with a look so piteous in purport, [other; As if he had been loosed out of hell, To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Polonius.
Mad for thy love?

Ophelia.
My lord, I do not know;

Polonius.
What said he?

Ophelia.
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,—a little shaking of mine arm, And thrice his head thus waving up and down,— He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound, That 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 help, And to the last bended their light on me.

Polonius.
Come, go with me: I will go seek the king,
This is the very ecstasy of love:
Whose sentry proper doth forsook himself, And leads the will to desperate undertakings, As oft as any passion under heaven, That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What I have given you him any hard words of late?

Ophelia.
No, my good lord; but, as you did command, I did repel his letters, and denied His access to me.

Polonius.
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, [jealousy! And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my By heaven, it is as proper to our age To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions, As it is common for the younger sort To lack discretion. Come, go to the king: This must be known; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King.
Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it, Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him, [mour, And since so neighbour'd to his youth and hu- That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time; so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as occasion your stay bears. Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [thus,

Queen.
Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you; And, sure I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you

To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Rosencrantz.
Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty

Gildenstern.
But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King.
Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Gildenstern.

Thanks, Gildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit [crantz]
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gildenstern.
Heavens make our presence, and our prac-
Pleasant and helpful to him! [tices,

Queen.
Ay, amen! [Exeunt Rosencrantz, Gildenstern, and
some Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Polonius.
Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King.
Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Polonius.
Have I, my lord? Assume you, my good lord
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul, [ciege,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King.
O! I speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Polonius.
Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King.
Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen.
I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and
Cornelius.

King.
Well, we will set him.—Welcome, my good
friends.
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Voltimand.
Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual sue;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein farther shown,

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King.
It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took
labour.
Go to your post; at night we'll feast together
Most welcome home.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

Polonius.
This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam; to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen.
More matter, with less art.

Polonius.
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.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia,"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified"
is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:
"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.—

Queen.
 Came this from Hamlet to her?

Polonius.
Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faith-
ful.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers:
I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I
love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet."
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Receiv'd his love?

Polonius. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful, and honourable. Polonius. I would fail prove so. But what might you think, When I had seen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me) what might you, Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk, or table-book; Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb; Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? no, I went round to work, And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: ' Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star; This must not be;' and then I precepts gave her, That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, repulsed, a short tale to make, Fell into a sadness; then into a fast; Thence to a watch; thence to a weakness; Thence to a lightness; and by this declension, Into the madness wherein now he raves, And all we wait for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Polonius. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know That I have positively said, 'Tis so; that, When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Polonius. 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 farther?

Polonius. You know, sometimes he walks four hours Here in the lobby. [together, Queen. So he does, indeed. Polonius. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him: Be you and I behind an arras, then: Mark the encounter; if he love her not, And be not from his reason fallen thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it. Enter Hamlet, reading. Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Polonius. Away! I do beseech you, both away. I'll board him presently:—O I give me leave. — (Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.) How does my good lord Hamlet?

Hamlet. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Polonius. Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger. Polonius. Not 1, my lord. Hamlet. Then, I would you were so honest a man. Polonius. Honest, my lord?

Hamlet. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Polonius. That's very true, my lord.

Hamlet. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion.—Have you a daughter? Polonius. I have, my lord. Hamlet. Let her not walk 't the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to't. Polonius. How say you by that? 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?

Hamlet. Words, words, words.

Polonius. What is the matter, my lord?

Hamlet. Between whom?

Polonius. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord. Hamlet. 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 plumtree 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 you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Polonius. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. [Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my lord? Hamlet. Into my grave?

Polonius. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable
Honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet.

You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Polonius.

Fare you well, my lord.

Hamlet.

These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Polonius.

You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Rosencrantz.

God save you, sir!

[To Polonius.

Guildenstern.

Mine honour'd lord!—

Rosencrantz.

My most dear lord!

Hamlet.

My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Rosencrantz.

As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern.

Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet.

Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rosencrantz.

Neither, my lord.

Hamlet.

Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guildenstern.

'Faith, her privates we.

Hamlet.

In the secret parts of fortune? O! most true; she is a trumpeter. What news?

Rosencrantz.

None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Hamlet.

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?

Guildenstern.

Prison, my lord!

Hamlet.

Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz.

Then, is the world one.

Hamlet.

A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

Rosencrantz.

We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet.

Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosencrantz.

Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet.

O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guildenstern.

Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Hamlet.

A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rosencrantz.

Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Hamlet.

Then are our beggars bodys, and our monarcks, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

We'll wait upon you.

Hamlet.

No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Rosencrantz.

To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamlet.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guildenstern.

What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet.

Why 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.

Rosencrantz.

To what end, my lord?

Hamlet.

That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Rosencrantz.

What say you?

[To Guildenstern.

Hamlet.

Nay, then I have an eye of you. [Aside.] If you love me, hold not off.

Guildenstern.

My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mount no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation
congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rosencrantz.

My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Hamlet.

Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Rosencrantz.

To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Hamlet.

He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tributes of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say how her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. — What players are they?

Rosencrantz.

Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Hamlet.

How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Rosencrantz.

I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Hamlet.

Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Rosencrantz.

No, indeed, they are not.

Hamlet.

How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Rosencrantz.

Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyry of children, little eyases, 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.

Hamlet.

What! are they children? who maintains 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 themselves 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?

Rosencrantz.

'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Hamlet.

Is it possible?
Polonius.
What a treasure had he, my lord?

Hamlet.

Why—
"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Polonius.

Still on my daughter.

Hamlet.

Am I not 'r the right, old Jephthah?

Polonius.

If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Hamlet.

Nay, that follows not.

Polonius.

What follows, then, my lord?

Hamlet.

Why,
"As by lot, God wot,
And then, you know,
"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—
The first row of the plous chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well;—welcome, good friends.——O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: com' st thou to hear me in Denmark?—What I my young lady and mistress! By—'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of incurated gold, be not cut within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll elen to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Player.

What speech, my good lord?

Hamlet.

I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play. I remember, pleased not the million; '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 in 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 savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might ingraft the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;—
"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hycranian beast,
—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.
"The rugged Pyrrhus. —he, whose sable arms,
"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
"When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
"Hath now this dread and black complexión
"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
"Now he total gules; horribly trick'd
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,

"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
"To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and
"And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore, [fire,
"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
"Old grand sire Pyrrhus seeks;"
—So proceed you.

Polonius.

'Fore God, my lord, we'll spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

First Player.

"Anon he finds him
"Strid out short at Greeks: his force
"Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
"Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
"Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
"But with the whisk and wind of his fell sword
"The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
"Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
"Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
"Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
"Which was declining on the milky head
"Of reverend Priam, seem'd l' the air to stick:
"So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
"And cut as neutral to his will and matter,
"Did nothing.

"But, as we often see, against some storm,
"A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
"The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
"As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
"Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
"Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
"On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
"With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
"Now falls on Priam.—

[sword
"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you
"In general synod, take away her power;
"Break all the spokes and sallies from her wheel,
"And bowl the round nave down the hill of
"As low as to the fiends!"

[heaven,

Polonius.

This is too long.

Hamlet.

It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pr'ythee, say on:—he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdy, or he sleeps.—Say on: come to Ilebusa.

First Player.

"But who, O I who had seen the mobled queen—"

Hamlet.

The mobled queen?

Polonius.

That's good; mobled queen is good.

First Player.

"Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
"With bison rheum; a clout upon that head,
"Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
"About her lank and all o'ertissued loins,
"A blanket, in th' 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 mincing with his sword his husband's limb,
"The instant burst of clamour that she made, 
ACT III. Sc. i. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

"(Unless things mortal move them not at all)" (unusual things moral move them not at all)

"Would have made milch the burning eyes of"

"And passion in the gods." [heaven,]

"Foul.

"Look, whether he has not turned his colour,"

"And has tears in's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more."

**Hamlet.**

"'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the times: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

**Polonius.**

My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

**Hamlet.**

God's bodkin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

**Polonius.**

Come, sirs. [Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.

**Hamlet.**

Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

**First Player.**

Ay, my lord.

**Hamlet.**

We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

**First Player.**

Ay, my lord.

**Hamlet.**

Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

**Rosencrantz.**

Good my lord! [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

**Hamlet.**

Ay, so, good bye 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 suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, (do, That he should weep for her? What would he Have he the motive and the cue for passion, That I have. He would drown the stage with tears:

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and 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 damned defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat, As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

"Swounds! I should take it: for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gait To make oppression bitter, or else this"

I should have fattet all the region kites

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless O, vengeance! 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 fell a cursing, like a very drab, A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I have heard, That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have by the very cunning of the scene

Been struck so to the soul, that presently

They have proclaim'd their misdeeds; for

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these

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 but blecch, I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,

May be the devil: and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps, Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,

As he is very poten with such spirits,

Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

More relative than this: the play's the thing,

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit."

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.** A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

**King.**

And can you, by no drift of conference,

Get from him, why he puts on this confu-

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet [son, With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?]

**Rosencrantz.**

He does confess, he feels himself distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

**Guildenstern.**

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,

When we would bring him on to some confes. Of his true state. [son]

**Queen.**

Did he receive you well?

**Rosencrantz.**

Most like a gentleman.

**Guildenstern.**

But with much forcing of his disposition.

**Rosencrantz.**

Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.

**Queen.**

Did you assay him To any pastime?

**Rosencrantz.**
Rosencrantz.

Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raft on the way: of these we told
And there did seem in him a kind of joy [him];
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Polonius.

"Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King.

With all my heart; and it doth much content
To hear him so inclin'd. [me
Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Rosencrantz.

We shall, my lord.
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King.

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet thither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia: her father, and myself (lawful
espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
'tis'th affection of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen.

I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your
virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Ophelia.

Madam, I wish it may.

Polonius.

Ophelia, walk you here. — Gracious, so please
you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book;
[To Ophelia.

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this;
"Tis too much prov'd, —that, with devotion's
And pious action, we do sugar o'er [visage,
The devil himself.

King.

O! 'tis too true: [Aside] how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering
art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Polonius.

I hear him coming: let's withdraw my lord.
[Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet.

To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? — To die,—to sleep,
—No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. — To die; — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's
the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
[time,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now! I
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Ophelia.

Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Hamlet.

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Ophelia.

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Hamlet.

No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Ophelia.

My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
And with them, words of so sweet breath com-
pos'd.
As made the things more rich; their perfume
Take these again; for to the noble mind, [lost,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Hamlet.

Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophelia.

My lord!

Hamlet.

Are you fair?

Ophelia.

What means your lordship?

Hamlet.

That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia.

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with honesty?

Hamlet.

Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
than the force of honesty can translate beauty
into his likeness: this was some time a paradox,
but now the time gives it proof. I did love you
once.

Ophelia.

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet.
You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Ophelia.
I was the more deceived.

Hamlet.

Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things that it should make my mother blush, which had not borne them. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Ophelia.
At home, my lord.

Hamlet.
Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in his own house. Farewell.

Ophelia.
O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet.
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.

Ophelia.
Heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet.
I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on's: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.]

Ophelia.
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The rubbish of a soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword: Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion, and the mould of form, Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down! And I, of Ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth, Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see! [Re-enter King and Polonius.]

King.
Love! his affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, Was not like madness. There's something in his soul, O'er which his melancholy sits brood; And, I do doubt, the batch, and the disclose, Will be some danger: which for to prevent, I have, in quick determination, [land, Thus set it down. He shall with speed to Eng- For the demand of our neglected tribute; Happily, the seas, and countries different, With variable objects, shall expel This something settled matter in his heart; Whereon his brains still besting puts him thus, From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Polonius.
It shall do well: but yet do I believe, The origin and commencement of his grief Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia? You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said; We heard it all. May God, as you please; But, if you hold it fit, after the play, Let his queen mother all alone entertain him To show his griefs: let her be round with him; And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference. If she find him not, To England send him; or confine him where Your wisdom best shall think.

King.
It shall be so: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Hall in the same.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players.

Hamlet.
Speak the speech, I pray 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 passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Of it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very raggs, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-heros Herod; pray you avoid it.

First Player.
I warrant your honour.

Hamlet.
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 the one impresses not the mind of nature, for there is nothing so overdone as the purpose 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 allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player.
I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet.
O! I reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down
down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.  

[Exeunt Players.  

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.  

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?  

Polonius.  
And the queen too, and that presently.  

Hamlet.  
Bid the players make haste.—  

[Exit Polonius.  

Will you two help to hasten them?  

Both.  

We will, my lord.  

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.  

Hamlet.  

What, ho! Horatio!  

Enter Horatio.  

Horatio.  

Here, sweet lord, at your service.  

Hamlet.  

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.  

Horatio.  

O! my dear lord,—  

Hamlet.  

Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?  
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow sawning. Dost thou hear?  

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well com mingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of 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 pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul  
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,  
And my imaginings are as foul  
As Vulcan's stilly. 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.  

Horatio.  

Well, my lord;  
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And escape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Act iii. Sc. ii.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet.

So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sailes. O heavens! I 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 enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. 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. Apôp comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems lost and unwilling awhile; but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Ophelia.

What means this, my lord?

Hamlet.

Marry, this is mичing mallecho; it means mischief.

Ophelia.

Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Hamlet.

We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Ophelia.

Will he tell us what this show meant?

Hamlet.

Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Ophelia.

You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Prologue.

"For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently." [Hamlet.

Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Ophelia.

'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet.

As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

Player King.

For women's fear and love hold quantity, In neither aught, or in extremity. Now, what my loves, proof hath made you know, And as my love is sick'd, my fear is so. Where love lasts, and doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Player King.

'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; My operant powers their functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, beloved; and, haply, one as kind For husband shalt thou -

Player Queen.

O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst; None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Hamlet. [Aside.

Wormwood, wormwood.

Player Queen.

The instances, that second marriage move, Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: A second time I kill my husband dead. When second husband kisses me in bed.

Player King.

I do believe you think what now you speak, But what we do determine oft we break. Purpose is but the slave to memory, Of violent birth, but poor validity; Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be. Most necessary 'tis, that we forget To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt: What to ourselves in passion we propose, The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. The violence of either grief or joy Their own enactors with themselves destroy: Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament: Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident. This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange, That even our loves should with our fortunes change; For 'tis a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love. The great man down, you mark his favourite flies.

The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies: And hitherto doth love on fortune tend, For who not needs shall never lack a friend; And who in want a hollow friend doth try, Directly seasons him his enemy. But, orderly to end where I begun, Our wills and fates do so contrary run, That our devices still are overthrown: Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own's.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed, But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Player Queen.

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light! Sport and repose lock from me, day and night! To desperation turn my trust and hope! An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope! Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy, Meet what I would have well, and it destroy! Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Hamlet.

If she should break it now, -

Player King.

'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
HAMLET,

ACT III. SC. 12.

My spirits grow dull, and faint I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

. Player Queen.

Sleep rock thy brain:
And never come miscience between us twain! [Exit.]

Hamlet.

Madam, how like you this play?

[Queen.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Hamlet.

O! but she'll keep her word.

[King.

Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Hamlet.

No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i' the world.

[King.

What do you call the play?

Hamlet.

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.

Ophelia.

You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Hamlet.

I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Ophelia.

You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Hamlet.

It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Ophelia.

Still better, and worse.

Hamlet.

So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murderer: leave thy damned faces, and begin. Come:—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Lucianus.

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing; Confederate season, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice in- Thy natural magic and dire property, tincted, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pour the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.

Hamlet.

He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Ophelia.

The king rises.

Hamlet.

What! frightened with false fire?

[Queen.

How fares my lord?

Polonius.

Give o'er the play.
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Sir, I cannot.

What, my lord?

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,—

Rosencrantz.

Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet.

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Rosencrantz.

She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Hamlet.

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

Rosencrantz.

My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet.

And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosencrantz.

Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Hamlet.

Sir, I lack advancement.

Rosencrantz.

How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Hamlet.

Ay, sir, but ' while the grass grows,' — the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O! the recorder! — 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?

GUILDENSTERN.

O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

Hamlet.

I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN.

My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet.

I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN.

Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet.

I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN.

I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet.

It is as easy as lying: govern these vantages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN.

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Hamlet.

Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me: you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir! 

POLONIUS.

My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet.

Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS.

By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet.

Methinks, it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS.

It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet.

Or, like a whale?

POLONIUS.

Very like a whale.

Hamlet.

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.

POLONIUS. [Exit Polonius.

Hamlet.

By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Horatio, &c.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night, When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. —

O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom: Let me be cruel, not unnatural. I will speak daggers to her, but use none; My tongue and soul in this be 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 Puck out the heart of my mystery. I your commission will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure
HAMLET, Act III. Sc. III.

Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil登斯特.

"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.

Rosencrantz.

The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous rain. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING.

"Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fettle upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rosencrantz and Guil登斯特.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guil登斯特.

Enter Polonius.

Polonius.

"My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax
him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, [liege:
And tell you what I know.

KING.

"Thanks, dear my lord."

[Exit Polonius.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Polonius.

"He will come straight. Look, you lay home
to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to
bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me 'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Hamlet. [Within.

Mother, mother, mother!
Queen.

"I'll warrant you; I fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius hides himself.

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Now, mother! what's the matter?

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen.

Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.
Why, how now, Hamlet!

What's the matter now? Queen.

Have you forgot me? Hamlet.

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. Hamlet.

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not You go not, till I set you up a glass [budge: Where you may see the inmost part of you. Queen.


O! I am slain. Queen.

O me! what hast thou done? Hamlet.

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! Hamlet.

A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother. Queen.

As kill a king! Hamlet.

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 penetrable stuff; If damned custom have not braz'd it so, That it is proof and bulkwark against sense. Queen.

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy In noise so rude against me? [Tongue Hamlet. Such an act, That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love, And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed, As from the body of contraction plucks The very soul; and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow, Yea, this solidity and compound mass, With tristful visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act. Queen.

Ah me! what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? Hamlet.

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 curls; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command: A station like the herald Mercury, New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; A combination, and a form, indeed. Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man. [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-day 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 appoplex'd; for, madness would not err, [sense Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd, But it resolv'd some quantity of choice, To serve in such a difference. What devil was it? That thus hath cozen'd you at hoordan-blind? Eyes without seeing, feeling without sight, Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all, Or but a sickly part of one true sense Could not so move. O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, To flaming youth let virtue be as wax, And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame, When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, Since frost itself as actively doth burn, And reason panders will. Queen.

O Hamlet! speak no more! Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; And there I see such black and grained spots, As will not leave their tint. Hamlet.

Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed; Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making Over the nasty styne;— [love Queen.

O, speak to me no more! These words, like daggers enter in mine ears: No more, sweet Hamlet. Hamlet.

A murderer, and a villain A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe 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. Hamlet.

A king of shreds and patches. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious figure? Queen.

Alas! he's mad. Hamlet.

Do you not come your tardy son to chide, That, limp'd in time and passion, lets go by Th' important acting of your dread command? O, say! Ghost.
HAMLET, Act III. Sc. iv.

Ghost.

Do not forget. This visitation Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look! amazement on thy mother sits: O! step between her and her fighting soul; Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady? Queen.

Alas! how is't with you, That you do bend your eye on vacancy, And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse? Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep; And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm, Your bedded hair, like life in excrements, Start up, and stands on end. O gentle son! Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet. On him, on him! — Look you, how pale he glares! His form and cause conjoint, preaching to stones, Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me: Lest with this piteous action you convert My stern effects: then, what I have to do Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there? Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear? Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! My father, in his habit as he liv'd! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy! My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, And makes as healthful music. It is not madness, That I have utter'd: bring me to the test, And I the matter will re-word, which madness Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul, That not your trespass, but my madness speaks: It will but skin and film the ulcerous place, Whilst rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repent what's past; avoid what is to come, And do not spread the compost on the weeds, To make them ranker. Favour me this my virtue; For in the fineness of these purse times, Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. O throw away the worser part of it, And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed: Assume a virtue, if you have it not. That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this; That to the use of actions fair and good He likewise gives a frock, or livery, That aptly is put on: refrain to-night; And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence: the next more easy: For use almost can change the stamp of nature, And master the devil, or throw him out With wondrous potency. Once more, good night: And when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord, I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,— To punish me with this, and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister: I will bestow him, and will answer well The death I gave him. So, again, good night. I must be cruel, only to be kind: Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.— One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Hamlet. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the bold king tempt you again to bed; Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse; And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin— Make you to ravell all this matter out, [gers, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know; For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise, Would from a paddock, from a bat, a bird, Such dear concernings hide? who would do so? No, in despite of sense, and secrecy, Unpeg the basket on the house's top, Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape, To his conclusions in the basket creep, And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath, And breath of life, I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me.

Hamlet. I must to England; you know that.

Queen. Alack!

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Hamlet. 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 enginer Holst with his own petar, and it shall go hard, But I will deive one yard below their mines, And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet.

When in the line two crafts directly meet. — This man shall set me packing: I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room. — Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counsellor is now most still, most secret, and most grave, Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come,
ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King.

There's matter in these sighs: these profound eddies You must translate; 'tis fit we understand Where is your son? [them.

Queen.

Bestow this place on us a little while. —

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seem to-night!

King.

What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?

Queen.

Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, Behind the arras hearing something stir, He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a And in his brainish apprehension kills "rat!"
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there, His liberty is full of threats to all; To you yourself, to us, to every one. Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd? It will be laid to us, whose providence Should have kept short, 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?

Queen.

To draw apart the body he hath kill'd; O'er whom his very madness, like some ore Among a mineral of metal base, Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King.

O, Gertrude! come away. The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch, But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse! — Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid. Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his mother's closet hath drapp'd him: Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; And let them know, both what we mean to do, And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,— Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank. [name, Transports his poison'd shot,— may miss our 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.

Hamlet. — Safely stowed. — [Rosencrantz &c. within.]

Hamlet! Lord Hamlet! But soft! what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O! I have they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Rosencrantz.

What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Rosencrantz. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it And beat it to the chapel. [thence, Hamlet. Do not believe it.

Rosencrantz. Believe what?

Hamlet. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what repulsion should be made by the son of a king?

Rosencrantz. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Hamlet. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Rosencrantz. I understand you not, my lord.

Hamlet. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rosencrantz. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Hamlet. The body is with the king, but the klog is not with the body. The king is a thing — Guildenstern. A thing, my lord!

Hamlet. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 'tis so, 'tis 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.
Or not at all.—How now! what hath befallen?
Rosencrantz.
Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King.
But where is he?
Rosencrantz.
Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King.
Bring him before us.
Rosencrantz.
Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.
Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.
King.
Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Hamlet.
At supper.
King.
At supper! Where?
Hamlet.
Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
King.
Alas, alas!
Hamlet.
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?
Hamlet.
Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King.
Where is Polonius?
Hamlet.
In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him 't 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.
Hamlet.
He will stay till you come. [Exeunt Attendants.
King.
Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.
Hamlet.
For England?
King.
Ay, Hamlet.
Hamlet.
King.
Good. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Hamlet. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Captain. Yes, 'tis already Garrison'd.

Hamlet. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand duets. Will not debate the question of this straw: This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace. That forward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies. — I humbly thank you, sir.

Captain. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain.

Rosencrantz. Will' th' please you go, my lord?

Hamlet. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, If his obdurate 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 unsaw'd. Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple Of thinking too precisely on th' event,— A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom, And ever three parts coward,— I do not know Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;" Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means, To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me: Witness this army, of such mass and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd, Makes mouths at the invisible event; Exposing what is mortal, and unsafe, 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, Exultations of my reason, and my blood, And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That for a fantasy, and trick of fame, Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause; Which is not tomb enough, and continent, To hide the slain? — O! from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

SCENE V. Elsinore. A Room In the Castle. Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gentleman. She is importunate; indeed, distract: Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gentleman. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears, There's tricks! 'tis the world; and hems, and beats her heart; Spurrs enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt, That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection; they aim at it, And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts: Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, Indeed would make one think, there might be thought, Though nothing sure, yet much unhappy.

Horatio. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. 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 is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

How now, Ophelia? [Singing.

Ophelia. How should I your true love know From another one?
By his coockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho! Queen.

Nay, but Ophelia,—

Ophelia. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Ophelia. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bespect to the grave did go, With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Ophelia. Well, God'ild you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord I we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophelia. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;

Then,
HAMLET,

Act IV. Sc. V.

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?

Ophelia.

Indeed, I’ll without an oath, I’ll make an end on’t:
By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do’t, if they come to’t;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis’d me to weep:
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?

Ophelia.

I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but, I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him i’ the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.

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 son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, For good Polonius’ death; and we have done But greenly, In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia, Divided from herself, and her fair judgment, Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts: Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France, Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father’s death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar’d, Will nothing stick our persons to arraign In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude! this, Like to a murdering piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death.

[Noise within.

Queen.

Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman.

Attend! Where are my Switzerland? Let them guard the What is the matter?

[Door.

Gentleman.

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, [Lord; O’erbear your officers! The rabble call him, And, as the world were new but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The rashfathers, and props of every word, They cry, “Choose we, Laertes shall be king!”

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the "Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!” [Clouds, Quean.

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King.

The doors are broke.

[Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laertes.

Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes.

No, let’s come in.

Laertes.

I pray you, give me leave.

Danes.

We will, we will.

[They retire without the Door.

Laertes.

I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile Give me my father. [King.

Queen.

Calmly, good Laertes.

Laertes.

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, Speak, man.

[Gertrude.

Laertes.

Where is my father?

King.

Dead,

Queen.

But not by him.

King.

Let him demand his fill.

Laertes.

How came he dead? I’ll not be juggled with. To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes, only I’ll be reveng’d Most thoroughly for my father.

King.

Who shall stay you?

Laertes.

My will, not all the world's: And, for my means, I’ll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

King.

Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father’s death, is’t writ in your revenge, That,weepstake, you will draw both friend and Winner and loser?

[Lo.

Laertes.

None but his enemies.

King.
Laertes.

To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King.

Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Let her come in.

Danies. [Within.

Laertes.

How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

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 by weight,
Till our scale turns 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 precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Ophelia.

They bore him barefoot'd on the bier;
Hey nonny, nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear; —
Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes.

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
It could not move thus. [Venge.

You must sing, Down a-down, an you call
him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it!
It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes.

This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Laertes.

A document in madness; thoughts and re-
membrane fitted.

Ophelia.

There's fennel for you, and columbines: —
there's rue for you; and here's some for me:
we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays: — you
may wear your rue with a difference. — There's a
daisy: I would give you some violets; but
they withered all when my father died. — They
say, he made a good end, —
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. — [Sings.

Laertes.

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Ophelia. [Sings.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God
be wi' you.

Laertes.

Do you see this, O God?

King.

Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
if by direct, or by collateral hand.

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laertes.

Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation. [bonet.
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to
That I must call in question. [earth,

King.

So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit Ophelia.

SCENE VI. Another Room in the same.

Enter [Horatio, and a Servant.

Horatio.

What are they, that would speak with me?
Servant.

Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for
you.

Horatio.

Let them come in. [Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sailor.

God bless you, sir.

Horatio.

Let him bless thee too.

Horatio.

He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a
letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambas-
sador that was bound for England, if your name
be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio. [Reads

"Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked
this, give these fellows some means to the king:
they have letters for him. Ere we were two
days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow
of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in
the grapple I boarded them; on the instant they
got clear of our ship, so I alone became their
prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves
of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am
to do a good turn for them. Let the king have
the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me
with as much haste as thou would'st fly death.
I have words to speak in thine ear which will
make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for
the bore of the matter. These good fellows will
bring thee where I am. Reizrcreanz and Guil-
denstern"
HAMLET,

ACT IV. SC. VII.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King.

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Purs'd my life.

Laertes.

It well appears: but tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these foes,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things
You mainly were stir'd up. [exit

King.

O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-.
sinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laertes.

And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King.

Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
think,
That you are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shock'd with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now! what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.

This to your majesty: this to the queen.

King.

From Hamlet! who brought them?

Messenger.

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. [Exit Messenger.

[Reads] "High and mighty, you shall know,
I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when
I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-
count the occasions 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?

Laertes.

Know you the hand?

King.

'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked."—
And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone":
Can you advise me?

Laertes.

I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King.

If it be so, Laertes,
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

Laertes.

Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King.

To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laertes.

My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King.

It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laertes.

What part is that, my lord?

King.

A very rieband in the eye of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'sd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laertes.

A Norman, was't?

A Norman.

Laertes.

Upon my life, Lamord.

King.

The very same.

Laertes.

I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King.
HAMLET
Act. 4. Sc. 7
Prince.  
Exit.  

But the then, what he, I  

Requite or under  

And does  

Now, out of this,—  

Laertes:  

What out of this, my lord?  

Laertes.  

Was your father dear to you?  

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  

A face without a heart?  

Laertes.  

Why ask you this?  

King.  

Not that I think you did not love your father,  

But that I know love is begun by time;  

And that I see, in passages of proof,  

True love falls short of true perfection.  

There lives within the very flame of love  

A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,  

And nothing is at a like goodness still;  

For goodness, growing to a plurality,  

Dies in its own too-much. That we would do,  

We should do when we would; for this "would"  

changes,  

And hath abatements and delays as many,  

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  

And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,  

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer,  

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  

To show yourself your father's son in deed,  

More than in words?  

Laertes.  

To cut his throat i' the church.  

King.  

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;  

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good  

Laertes.  

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.  

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home;  

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  

And set a double varnish on the fame  

The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine  

together,  

And wager on your heads: he, belog remiss,  

Most generous, and free from all contriving,  

Will not purse the soles; so that with ease,  

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice  

Requite him for your father.  

Laertes.  

I will do't;  

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  

I bought an uncture 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 with whal; I'll touch my point  

With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,  

it may be death.  

Enter Queen.  

How, sweet queen!  

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  

So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd,  

Laertes.  

Drown'd! O, where?  

Queen.  

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,  

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:  

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  

Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke,  

When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;  

Which time, she snatches of old lauds;  

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 that poor wretch from her melodious lay  

To muddy death.  

Laertes.  

Alas! then, is she drown'd?  

Queen.  

Drown'd, drown'd.  

Laertes.  

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 faint would blaze,  

But that this folly drown'd it.  

Exit.  

Let's follow, Gertrude.  

How much I had to do to calm his rage!  

Now fear I, this will give it start again;  

Therefore, let's follow.  

Exeunt.  

ACT
HAMLET,

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Church Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

First Clown.

Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown.

I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clown.

How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Second Clown.

Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown.

It must be se offendendo; 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.

Second Clown.

Nay, but hear you, goodman deliverer

First Clown.

Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drown himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clown.

But is this law?

First Clown.

Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

Second Clown.

Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clown.

Why, there thou say'st; and the more pitty, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardiners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown.

Was he a gentleman?

First Clown.

He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown.

Why, he had none.

First Clown.

What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.—

Second Clown.

Go to.

First Clown.

What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown.

The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown.

I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

Second Clown.

Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clown.

Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown.

Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown.

To't.

Second Clown.

Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

First Clown.

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 house that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yougham; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[Exit Second Clown.

First Clown digs and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio.

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet.

'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintler sense.

First Clown.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a scull.

Hamlet.

That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Horatio.

It might, my lord.

Hamlet.

Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Horatio.

Ay, my lord.

Hamlet.

Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at logs and with them? mine ache to think on't.

First
First Clown.

_The Maid._

_A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade._ [Sings.

For — and a shrouding sheet:

A pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest as me.

_throws up another scull._

Hamlet.

There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knife now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might in'ts time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Horatio.

Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet.

Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Horatio.

Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Hamlet.

They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clown.

Mine, sir. —

_Oh a pit of clay for to be made._ [Sings.

For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet.

I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clown.

You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet.

Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

First Clown.

'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet.

What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown.

For no man, sir.

Hamlet.

What woman, then?

First Clown.

For none, neither.

Hamlet.

Who is to be buried in't?

First Clown.

One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet.

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, _Horatio_, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
to a sense: for when the hand that has been called wise has spoken, it is a dangerous thing to speak. But this is no time for jesting. We must act quickly, and not delay. We must see to it that she is properly prepared, and that all is in order. Fifty thousand men, forsooth! That is a mighty army. And yet, my lord, we must not forget that our enemies are just as formidable. They are not to be taken lightly.

Hamlet. But, Horatio, what is this business about the maid of honor? I have heard that she is of great importance, and that her beauty and grace are beyond compare.

Horatio. It is true, my lord. She is a very beautiful woman, and her beauty is well known throughout the land. But, my lord, we must not forget that she is also a dangerous woman. She has been known to use her looks and charm to attract men, and to use them to her own advantage.

Hamlet. But, Horatio, what is this business about the army? I have heard that they are coming to take our land, and that they are coming to take our people.

Horatio. It is true, my lord. They are coming, and they are coming in force. But, my lord, we must not forget that we are strong, and that we are able to defend our land.

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Hamlet. 'Swounds! I show me what thou'lt do: Wouldst wip? Wouldst fight? Wouldst fast? Wouldst tear thyself? Wouldst drink up Exil? Eat a crocodile? I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? He 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 Singing his pate against the burning sone, Make Osea like a wart! Nay, an thou't mouth, I'll rant as well as thou. Queen. This is mere madness: And thus a while the fit will work on him; Anon, as patient as the female dove, When that her golden couplets are disclos'd, His silence will sit drooping. Hamlet. 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 you, good Horatio, wait upon him. [Exit Horatio.] [To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; 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 thereby shall we see; Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.] SCENE II. A Hall in the Castle. Enter Hamlet and Horatio. Hamlet. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other. —You do remember all the circumstance. Horatio. Remember it, my lord! Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep: methought I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly, And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know, Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us, There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will. Horatio. That is most certain. Hamlet. 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 fears forgetting manners, to unfold Their grand commission; where I found, Ho-ratio. O royal knavery! an exact command, — Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing Denmark's health, and England's too, With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,— That on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off. Horatio. Is't possible? Hamlet. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure, But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed? Horatio. I beseech you. Hamlet. Being thus benettet round with villains, — Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, They had begun the play. — I sat me down, Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair. I once did hold it, as our statues do, A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much How to forget that learning; but, sir, now It did me yeoman's service. Will thou know The effect of what I wrote? Horatio. Ay, good my lord. Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the king,— As England was his faithful tributary, As love between them like the palm might flourish, As peace should still her wheaten garland wear, And stand a comma 'tween their amities, And many such like as's of great charge,— That on the view and know of these contents, Without debatement farther, more or less, He should the bearers put to sudden death, Not shriving-time allow'd. Horatio. How was this seal'd? Hamlet. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd, I had my father's signet in my purse, Which was the model of that Danish seal; Folded the writ up in form of the other; Subscrib'd it; gave'th' impression; plac'd it safely, — The changing never known. Now, the next Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent Thou know'st already. Horatio. So Guildenstern and Rosencranz go to't. Hamlet. 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 pass and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites. Horatio. Why, what a king is this! Hamlet. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon— He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother; Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes; Throw'n out his angle for my proper life, And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience, To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be To let this canker of our nature come [damn'd, In farther evil? Horatio. It must be shortly known to him from Eng- What is the issue of the business there.
Hamlet.

It will be short; the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Horatio.

Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osric.

Your lordship is right welcome back to Den-
mark.

Hamlet.

I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this
water-fly?

Horatio.

No, my good lord.

Hamlet.

Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis aonce
to know him. He hath much land, and fertile;
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as
I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osric.

Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Hamlet.

I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for
the head.

Osric.

I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Hamlet.

No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is
northerly.

Osric.

It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet.

But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot
for my complexion.

Osric.

Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as
'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his
majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid
a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the
matter,—

Hamlet.

I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his Hat.

Osric.

Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court,
Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft
society, and great showing: indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of
genity, for you shall find in him the continent
of what part a gentleman would see.

Hamlet.

Sir, his defeminence offers no perdition in
you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially,
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet
but yaw neither, in respect of his quick suit.
But, in the veryity of extolment, I take him to be
a soul of great article; and his infusion of such
dearth and readiness, as, to make true diction of
him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else
would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osric.

Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Hamlet.

The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the
gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osric.

Sir?

Horatio.

Isn't it not possible to understand in another
tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Hamlet.

What imports the nomination of this gentle-
man?

Osric.

Of Laertes?

Horatio.

His purse is empty already; all his golden
words are spent.

Hamlet.

Of him, sir.

Osric.

I know, you are not ignorant—

Hamlet.

I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did,
it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osric.

You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is—

Hamlet.

I dare not confess that, lest I should compare
with him in excellence; but to know a man well
were to know himself.

Osric.

I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the impu-
tation laid on him by them, in his meed he's
unfellowed.

Hamlet.

What's his weapon?

Osric.

Rapiers and daggers.

Hamlet.

That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osric.

The king, sir, hath wagered with him six
Barbary horses: against the which he has im-
pioned, as I take it, six French rapiers and
poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hinges,
and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are
delicate and fanciful, very decorative to the hilt,
most delicate carriages, and of very liberal
conceit.

Hamlet.

What call you the carriages?

Horatio.

I knew, you must be edified by the margin,
er you had done.

Osric.

The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet.

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 car-
riages; that's the French bet against the Danish.
Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osric.

The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not
exceed you three hits: he hath laid, on twelve
for nine; and that would come to immediate
trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the
answer.

Hamlet.
Hamlet.  
How, if I answer, no?

Oszick.  
I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Hamlet.  
Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the folks be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Oszick.  
Shall I deliver you so?

Hamlet.  
To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Oszick.  
I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.

Hamlet.  
Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for’s turn.

Horatio.  
This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Hamlet.  
He did comply with his dog before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.  
Lord.  
My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Oszick, 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.

Hamlet.  
I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king’s pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whencesoever, provided I be so able as now.

The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Hamlet.  
In happy time.

Lord.  
The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Hamlet.  
She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.

Horatio.  
You will lose this wager, my lord.

Hamlet.  
I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all’s here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Horatio.  
Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet.  
It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Horatio.  
If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair bither, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet.  
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 is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Oszick, and Attendants with Folls, &c.

King.  
Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [The King puts the Hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.

Hamlet.  
Give me your pardon, sir: I’ve done you wrong;
But pardon’t, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, [punish’d
And you must needs have heard, how I am With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was’t Hamlet wrong’d Laertes? Never, Hamlet; If Hamlet from himself be ta’en away, And when he’s not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness. If’t be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong’d; His madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy.

Sirs, in this audience,
Let my declining from a purpos’d evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine arrow o’er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laertes.  
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 uncor’d. But till that time, I do receive your offer’d love like love, And will not wrong it.

Hamlet.  
I embrace it freely;
And will this brother’s wager frankly play.—Give us the foils; come on.

Laertes.  
I’ll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star! the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laertes.  
You mock me, sir.

Hamlet.  
No, by this hand.

King.  
Give them the foils, young Oszick.—Cousin Hamlet, You know the wager?

Hamlet.  
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 is better’d, we have therefore odds.

Laertes.
HAMLET, act v. sc. ii.

Laertes. This is too heavy; let me see another.
Hamlet.

This likes me well. These foils have all a
length? [They prepare to play.
Osrick.

Ay, my good lord.

King.

Set me the stoops 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 ordinance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall be 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.

Come on, sir.

Laertes. Come, my lord. [They play.
Hamlet. One.

Laertes. No.


Osrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laertes. Well: — again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is
thine;
Here's to thy health. — Give him the cup.
[Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off
within.

Hamlet. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come. — Another hit: what say you?

Laertes. [They play.

Osrick. A touch; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brow:—
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Laertes. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Hamlet. [Aside.

Come, for the third, Laertes. You but daily:
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afraid, you make me a wanton of you.

Laertes. Say you so? come on.

Osrick. [They play.

Nothing, neither way.

Laertes. Have you at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling
they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds

King.

Laertes.

Part them! they are incens'd.

Hamlet. Nay, come again. — [The Queen falls.

Osrick. Look to the queen there, ho! Horatio.

They bleed on both sides. — How is it, my
lord? [Aside.

Osrick. How is't, Laertes?

Laertes. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,

Osrick; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Hamlet. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, — O my dear

Hamlet! —

The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [Dies.

Hamlet. O villainy! — How? let the door be lock'd;

Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.

Laertes. 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 of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Hamlet. The point

Envenom'd too! — Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the King.

Treason! treason!

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Hamlet. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned

Dan; Drink off this potion: — is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [King dies.

Laertes. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [Dies.

Hamlet.
Hamlet.

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 mutes or audience to this act, Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death, Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you, — But let it be. — Horatio, I am dead; Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.

Horatio.

Never believe it; I am more an antique Roman than a Dane: Here's yet some liquor left. Hamlet.

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 me? If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in To tell my story. — [March afar off, and Shot within.]

What warlike noise is this? O'srick.

Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from To the ambassadors of England gives [Poland, This warlike volley.

Hamlet.

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 and less, Which have solicited — The rest is silence. [Dies.]

Horatio.

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.

Fortinbras.

Where is this sight? Horatio.

What is it ye would see? If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortinbras.

This quarry cries on havock. — O proud death! What feast is toward in thine eternal cell, That thou so many princes at a shot So bloodily hast struck? First Ambassador.

The sight is dismal, And our affairs from England come too late: The ears are senseless that should give us hear- To tell him his commandment is fulfilled, [ing. That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead. Where should we have our thanks? Horatio.

Not from his mouth, Had it th' 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 Eng- land, Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies High on a stage be placed to the view; And let me speak to the yet unknown world, How these things came about: so shall you Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts, [hear Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, Of deaths put on by cunning, and for'd cause, And, in this upshot, purposes mistook Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I Truly deliver. Fortinbras.

Let us haste to hear it, And call the noblest to the audience. For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune: I have some rights of memory in this kingdom, Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me. Horatio.

Of that I shall have also cause to speak, And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more: But let this same be presently perform'd. Even while men's minds are wild, lest more On plots and errors, happen. [mischance, Fortinbras.

Let four captains Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage; For he was likely, had he been put on, [sage, To have prov'd most royally: and for his pas- The soldiers' music, and the rites of war, Speak loudly for him. — Take up the body. — Such a sight as this Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead March.

[Exeunt, marching: after which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.
LEAR, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, Son to Gloster.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.
Curan, a Courtier.
Oswald, Steward to Goneril.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
Goneril, Regan, Daughters to Lear.
Cordelia.
Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Gloster.

It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent.

Is not this your son, my lord?

Gloster.

His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent.

I cannot conceive you.

Gloster.

Sir, this young fellow's mother could; where-upon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent.

I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Gloster.

But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edmund.

No, my lord.

Gloster.

My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edmund.

My services to your lordship.

Kent.

I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edmund.

Sir, I shall study deserving.

Gloster.

He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming.

Sennet within.

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear.

Attend the lords of France and Burgundy.

Gloster.

I shall, my liege.

Lear.

[Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.]
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, my no less loving son of Albany.
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France
And Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my
daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—
Our eldest-born, speak first. [Goneril]

Goneril.
Sir, I love you more than words can wield the
matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.


Lear.
What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be
silent. [Aside]

Of all these bounds, even from this line to
this,
With shadowy forests, and with champaigns 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 of Cornwall? Speak.

Regan.
I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cordelia.
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 confer'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, and 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.

Cordelia.
Nothing, my lord.

Lear.
Nothing? [Aside]

Cordelia.
Nothing.

Nothing.

Cordelia.

Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cordelia.
Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
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 you may mar your fortunes. [Aside]

Cordelia.
Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obev you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight,
shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear.
But goes this with thy heart?

Cordelia.
So young, and so untender?

Lear.
So young, my lord, and true.

Lear.
Let it be so: that truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Prolixity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me, [Scythian,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relier'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.
Good my liege,—

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!—

Lear.
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. [Aside]

Cordelia.

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,—
KING LEAR.  
ACT I. SC. I.

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 unmannery,
When Lear is mad. — What would'st thou do, old
man? Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to clattery bows? To plainness
honour'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 these empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent.

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose
Thy safety being the motive.

[Lit.

Lear.

Out of my sight!

Kent.

See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear.

Now, by Apollo,—

Kent.

Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear.

O, vassal! recrante! [Laying his hand upon his Sword.
Albany and Cornwall.

Dear sir, forbear.

Kent.

Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear.

Hear me, recrante!
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 banished trunk be found in our dominions.
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not revok'd.

Kent.

Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid.

[To 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.

Flourish. Re-enter Gloster; with France,
Burgundy, and Attendants.

Gloster.

Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear.

My lord of Burgundy, we first address toward you, who with this king,
Hath riva'll'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Burgundy.

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 sought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pleac'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Burgundy.

I know no answer.

Lear.

Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
Take her, or leave her?

Burgundy.

Pardon me, royal sir; 
Elective 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,
I would not from your love make such a stray.
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech
you,
'T' avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost t' 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,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence,
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cordelia.

I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art. [To France.
To speak and purpose not, since what I well
intend,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear.
KING LEAR

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.
France. Is but this a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? — My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.
Burgundy. 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.
Burgundy. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.
Cordelia. Peace be with Burgundy:
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Falsest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect
My love should kindle to Infam'd respect.—
Thy dowrless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish 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, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again: — therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.
[L Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.
France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cordelia. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! I stand I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.
Goneril. Prescribe not us our duty.
Regan. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's arms: you have obedience sensibled,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cordelia. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper! —
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[Exeunt France and Cordelia.
Goneril. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what
most nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.
Regan. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.
Goneril. You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation we have made of it hath not been little:
he always loved our sister most, and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off,
to appear too grossly.
Regan. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.
Goneril. The best and soundest of his time hath been
but rash; then, must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted
condition, but, therewithal, the unruly
waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring
with them.
Regan. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.
Goneril. There is farther compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit
together: if our father carry authority with such
dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his
will but offend us.
Regan. We shall farther think of it.
Goneril. We must do something, and I' the heat.
[Exeunt.
SCENE II. A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.
Enter Edmund, with a letter.
Edmund. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand to the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me, [shines
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
Leg of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take [base?
More composition and fierce quality.
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of tops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate! —
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: —
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!
Enter Gloster.
Gloster. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
parted! —
Edmund. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Gloster. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain I worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edmund. 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 of reflection; and, if your own policy, I against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to me to soften to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Gloster. Think you so?

Edmund. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall bear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Gloster. He cannot be such a monster.

Edmund. Nor is not, sir.

Gloster. 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 blank with that which is in our own wisdom. I will unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edmund. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Gloster. 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 sends itself out 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 rufous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange.

Edmund. This is the excellent property of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, 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
Evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of stars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *sera major*; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tutt! 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.

Edgar.

How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edmund.

I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edgar.

Do you busy yourself with that?

Edmund.

I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and malcontentions against kings and nobles; needless difficulties, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edgar.

How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edmund.

Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edgar.

The night gone by.

Edmund.

Spake you with him?

Edgar.

Ay, two hours together.

Edmund.

Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edgar.

None at all.

Edmund.

Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so raged in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edgar.

Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edmund.

That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will shortly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key. — If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edgar.

Armed, brother?

Edmund.

Brother, I advise you to the best; 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.

Edgar.

Shall I hear from you anon?

Edmund.

I do serve you in this business.—[Exit Edgar.

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 lauds by wit: All with me's meet, that I can fashion.

SCENE III. A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Oswald her Steward.

Goneril.

Did my father strike my Oswald for chiding of his fool?

Oswald.

Ay, madam. Goneril.

By day and night he wrongs me: every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it. [us His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Oswald.

He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horset within.

Goneril.

Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to If he distaste it, let him to my sister, [question Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away! — Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again! and must be us'd With checks; as flatteries, when they are seen, Remember what I have said. [abus'd. Oswald.

Well, madam. Goneril.

And let his knights have colder looks among you. [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 course. — Prepare for dinner.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Hall in the same.

Enter Kent disguised.

Kent.

If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good Intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz'd my likeness. — Now, banish'd Kent, [dem'd, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con- (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear.

Let me not stay a long for dinner: go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now! what art thou?

Kent.
A man, sir.

Kent.

What dost thou profess? What wouldest 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.

Kent.

What art thou?

A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Kent.

If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent.

Service.

Whom wouldest thou serve?

Kent.

You.

Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent.

No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Kent.

What's that?

Authority.

What services canst thou do?

Kent.

I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Kent.

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.

Kent.

Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Oswald.

So please you,—[Exit.

Kent.

What says the fellow there? Call the clodpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now! where's that mongrel?

Kent.

He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Kent.

Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Kent.

Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

KING LEAR.

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Fool.

Why? For taking one’s part that’s out of
favour.— Nay, an thou canst not smile as the
wind sits, thou’lt catch cold shortly: there, take
my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished
two on’s daughters, and did the third a blessing
against his will: if thou follow him, thou must
needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle!
Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughter-
s!

Why, my boy?

Fool.

If I gave them all my living, I’d keep my
coxcombs myself. There’s mine; beg another of
thy daughters.

Lear.

Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool.

Truth’s a dog must to kennel: he must be
whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by
the fire and stink.

Lear.

A pestilent gall to me.

Fool.

Sirrah, I’ll teach thee a speech.

Lear.

Do.

Fool.

Mark it, nuncle:— Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest; Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door, And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear.

This is nothing, fool.

Fool.

Then, ’tis like the breath of an unsee’d
lawyer; you gave me nothing for’t. Can you
make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear.

Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
nothing.

Fool.

Pr’ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his
land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear.

A bitter fool!

Fool.

Dost thou know the difference, my boy, be-
tween a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear.

No, lad; teach me.

Fool.

That lord, that nuncell’d thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear.

Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool.

All thy other titles thou hast given away, that
thou wast born with.

Kent.

This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool.

No, ’faith: lords and great men will not let me:
if I had a monopoly out, they would have
part in’t, and loads too: they will not let me
have all fool to myself; they’ll be matching.—
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I’ll give thee two
crowns.

Lear.

What two crowns shall they be?

Fool.

Why, after I have cut the egg l’ the middle,
and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.
When thou clovest thy crown l’ the middle, and
gavest away both parts, thou borest thine as on
thy back o’er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in
thy half crown, when thou gavest thy golden
one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him
be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne’er less grace in a year; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so ophish.

Lear.

When were you wont to be so full of songs,
sirrah?

Fool.

I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest
thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou
gavest them the rod and put’t down thine own
breeches,

Then thy for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr’ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can
teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear.

An you lie, sirrah, we’ll have you whipped.

Fool.

I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters
are: they’ll have me whipped for speaking true,
thou’lt have me whipped for lying; and some-
times I was whipped for holding my peace. I
had rather be any kind o’ thing than a fool; and
yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast
pained thy wit o’ both sides, and left nothing l’
the middle. Here comes one o’ the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear.

How now, daughter I what makes that front-
let on? Methinks, you are too much of late l’ the crown.

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,
foolish, I will hold my tongue; so your face
[To Goneril!] bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—
That’s a shealed peascod.

Goneril.

Not only, sir, that 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 fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on, By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not escape censure, nor the redresses sleep. Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had its head bit off by its young. So, out went the candle, and we were left dark.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Goneril. I would, you would make use of your 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 any here know me? — Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are letharged. — Sleeping or waking? — Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am? — Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

Goneril. This admiration, sir, is much of the favour Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright. As you are old and reverend, should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; 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 disquify your train: And the remainder, that shall still depend, To be such men as may bestray your age, Which 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.

Goneril. You strike my people; and your disorder'd Make servants of their betters. [rabble

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repent,— O, sir! [To Albany] are you come?
KING LEAR.

That I'll resume the shape, whch thou dost I have cast off for ever. [think

[Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.

Goneril.

Do you mark that, my lord?

Albany.

I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Goneril.

Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho!

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master. [To the Fool.

Fool.

Nuncio Lear, nuncio Lear! hurry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter;

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. [Exit.

Goneril.

This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep [knights] At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may engross his doings with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Albany.

Well, you may fear too far.

Goneril.

Safer than trust too far.

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 th' unfitness,—how now, Oswald?

Re-enter Oswald.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Oswald.

Ay, madam.

Goneril.

Take you some company, and away to horse: Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald.] No,

no, my lord.

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wise-

Than prais'd for harmful mildness. [dom,

Albany.

How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell; Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Goneril.

Nay, then—

Albany.

Well, well; the event. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear.

Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no farther 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 delivered your letter. [Exit.

Fool.

If a man's brains were in's 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.

What canst tell, boy?

Fool.

She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands in the middle on's face.

Lear.

No.

Fool.

Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

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 perforce! — Monster ingratitude!

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?
ACT II.

SCENE I. A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

SAY thee, Curan.

And you, sir. Have I been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edmund.

How comes that?

Curan.

Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments.

Edmund.

Not I: pray you, what are they?

Curan.

Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edmund.

Not a word.

Curan.

You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Edmund.

The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say;—

Enter Edgar

My father watches.—O sir! fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid: You have now the good advantage of the night.—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, I' the night, I' the haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?

Advise yourself.

Edgar.

I am sure on't, not a word.

Edmund.

I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:

Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now 'quit

you well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho! here!—

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!

Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Gloster.

Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edmund.

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress.—

Gloster.

But where is he?

Look, sir, I bleed.

Gloster.

Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edmund.

Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Gloster.

Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Servants.]—

By no means,—what?

Edmund.

Pursuade me to the murder of your lordship; But that I told him, the revenging gods

'Gainst parcellides 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 loathly 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 alarm'd spirits,

Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encouter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Gloster.

Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found—dispatch.—The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron. comes to-night:

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.

Edmund.

When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him right to do it, with curt speech I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,

"Thou unpossessing bastard I dost thou think,

If I would stand against thee, would the reposal

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee [deny,

Make thy words faith'd? No: what should

(As this I would: ay, though thou didst produce

My very character) I'd turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and dammed practice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,

If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs

To make thee seek it."

Gloster.

Strong and fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.[Tucket within.

Hark!
ACT II. SC. II.

KING LEAR.

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.

Cornwall. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, (Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Regan. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue th’offender. How dost, my lord? O, madam! my old heart is crack’d, it’s crack’d.

Regan. What did my father a godson seek your life? He whom my father nam’d? your Edgar? O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid.

Regan. Was he not companion with the riotous That tend upon my father? [knights

Gloster. I know not, madam: ’tis too bad, too bad.—

Edmund. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Regan. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected: ’Tis they have put him on the old man’s death, To have th’expense and waste of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform’d of them; and with such cautions, That if they come to sojourn at my house, I’ll not be there.

Cornwall. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund. I hear that you have shown your father A child-like office.

Edmund. ’Tis my duty, sir.

Gloster. He did bewray his practice; and receiv’d This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cornwall. Is he pursued?

Gloster. Ay, my good lord.

Cornwall. If he be taken, he shall never more [pose, Be fear’d of doing harm: make your own pur- 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.

Edmund. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Gloster. For him I thank your grace.

Cornwall. You know not why we came to visit you.

Regan. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey’d night. Occasions, noble Gloster, of some polise, 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 mes-

sengers [friend, From hence attend despatch. Our good old Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow Your needful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.

Gloster. I serve you madam. Your graces are right welcome. 


Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Oswald. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Oswald. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I’ the mire.

Oswald. Pr’ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Oswald. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Oswald. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Oswald. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver’d, action-taking knave, a whoremonger glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whimning, if thou darest the least syllable of thy addition.

Oswald. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I’ll make a sop of the moon-

shine of you: [Drawing his Sword.] Draw, you whoremonger barber-monster, draw.

Oswald. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity, the puppet’s, part,
part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—
draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Oswald.

Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent.

Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you
neat slave, strike. [Beating him.

Oswald.

Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Edmund, and
Servants.

Edmund.

How now! What's the matter?

Kent.

With you, Goodman boy, if you please: come,
I'll flesh you; come, on young master.

Gloster.

Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Cornwall.

Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Regan.

The messengers from our sister and the king.

Cornwall.

What is your difference? speak.

Oswald.

I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent.

No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee:
a tailor made thee.

Cornwall.

Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a
man?

Kent.

Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,
could not have made him so ill, though they had
been but two hours at the trade.

Cornwall.

Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Oswald.

This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
At suit of his grey beard,— [Fare'd,

Kent.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread
this unboiled villain into mortar, and daub the
wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard,
you wagtail!

Cornwall.

Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent.

Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Cornwall.

Why art thou angry?

Kent.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain [these,
Which are too intrinsick t'unloose; smooth every
passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Reneg, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
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.

Cornwall.

What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Gloster.

How fell you out? say that.

Kent.

No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Cornwall.

Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence?

Kent.

His countenance likes me not.

Cornwall.

No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor
hers.

Kent.

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Cornwall.

This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
affect
A saucy roughness, and constrainst the garb,
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak
truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. [ness
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
Harbour more craze, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observers,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent.

Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

Cornwall.

What mean'st by this?

Kent.

To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
send so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though
I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Cornwall.

What was the offence you gave him?

Oswald.

I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rall'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent.

None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Cornwall.

Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
We'll teach you— [braggart,

Kent.

Sir, I am too old to learn.

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:

You
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

KENT. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

REGAN. 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.

REGAN. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.]

GLOSTER. This is a fellow of the self-same colour [stocks. Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the

KENT. Let me beseech your grace not to do so. His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrain'd.

GLOSTER. I'll answer that.

REGAN. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abuse'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.

KENT. Come, my lord, away.

GLOSTER. 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.

KENT. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLOSTER. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken.

[Exit.]

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 [cables,
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees me:
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
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-
watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune, good night; Smiles once more; turn thy wheel! [He sleeps.

SCENE III. A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR. 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
'tscape,
I will preserve myself; and am betought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man, [fulth.
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
Blanket my loin's, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom!
That's something yet: — Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and a Gentleman.

LEAR. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from
And not send back my messenger. [home,

GENTLEMAN. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

LEAR. Hall to thee, noble master? [Exit.

LEAR. Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord.

LEAR. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters. Horses
are tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the
neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-cotes.

LEAR. What's he, that hath so much thy place
To set thee here? [mistook,

KENT. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No. [Exit.

LEAR. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say.

KENT. I say, yea. [Exit.

LEAR. No, no; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay. [Exit.

LEAR. They durst not do't; They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than
murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this
Coming from us.

KENT.

My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling; came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations; [for]
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermediate,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meaty, straightforward
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 perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raile'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass
The shame which here it suffers. [worth

Fool.

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
that way.

FATHERS, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many
dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR.

O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysteric passion! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

KENT.

With the earl, sir; here, within.

LEAR.

Follow me not: [Exit.

GENTLEMAN.

Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

KENT.

None.

How chance the king comes with so small a
train?

FOOL.

An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that
question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT.

Why, fool?

FOOL.

We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring i' 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 knife, perd'y.

KENT.

Where learn'd you this fool?

FOOL.

Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

LEAR.

Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they
are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Meretistles,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOSTER.

My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR.

Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

FLYER? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his
wife.

GLOSTER.

Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR.

Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOSTER.

Ay, my good lord.

LEAR.

The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and
blood!—

FLYER? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, nor yet; — may be, he is not well:
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,
Whereeto our health is bound; we are not
ourselves.

When I came, being oppress'd, commands the
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 's 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."

GLOSTER.

I would have all well betwixt you

[Exit.

LEAR.

O me! my heart, my rising heart!— but,
down.

FOOL.

Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
eels, when she put them i' the pasture alive; she
rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cried, " Down, wantons, down!" 'twas her
brother, that in pure kindness to his horse
buttered his hay.
Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, and Servants.

Lear.

Good morrow to you both.

Cornwall.

Hail to your grace! [Kneels is set at liberty.

Regan.

I am glad to see your highness.

Lear.

Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress. — 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.—

[Lear.

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe, With how deprav'd a quality — O Regan! 

Regan.

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?

Regan.

I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fall her obligation: if, sir, perchance, She have restrained the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome As clears her from all blame. [end,

My curses on her!

Regan.

O, sir! you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: she should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray That to our sister you do make return: [you, Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear.

Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house: "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Regan.

Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks. Return you to my sister.

Lear.

Never, Regan.

She hath abated me of half my train; [tongue, Look'd black upon me: struck me with her Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. — All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!

Cornwall.

Fie, sir, fie!

Lear.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd dogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To fall and blast her pride!

Regan.

O the blest gods! So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension To keep base life afoot. — Return with her? [beg] Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter To this detested groom. [Looking at Oswald. Goneril. At your choice, sir. Lear. I prythee, daughter, do not make me mad: I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell. We'll no more meet, no more see one another; But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter; Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh, Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil, A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee; Let shame come when it will, I do not call it: I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove. Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure: I can be patient; I can stay with Regan, I, and my hundred knights. Regan. Not altogether so; I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister; For those that mingle reason with your passion, Must be content to think you old, and so— But she knows what she does. Lear. Is this well spoken? Regan. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers? Is it not well? What should you need of more? Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house, Should many people, under two commands, Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible. Goneril. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance From those that she calls servants, or from mine? Regan. 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— Regan. And in good time you gave it. Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries, But kept a reservation to be follow'd: [you With such a number. What must I come to With five and twenty? Regan, said you so? Regan. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me. Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd, When others are more wicked; not being the worst, Stands in some rank of praise. — I'll go with thee: [To Goneril. Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty, And thou art twice her love. Goneril. 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? Regan. 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 walk warm were gorgeous, [wear'st, Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,— You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need! You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, As full of grief as age; wretched in both: If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts Against their father, fool me not so much To hear it tamely; touch me with noble anger. O! let not women's weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks. — No, you unnatural I will have such revenges on you both, [hags, 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 [Storm heard at a distance. Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep.— O fool! I shall go mad. [Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Foot. Cornwall. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm. Regan. This house is little; the old man and's people Cannot be well bestow'd. Goneril. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest, And must needs taste his folly. Regan. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly, But not one follower. Goneril. So am I purpos'd. Where is my lord of Gloster? Re-enter Gloster. Cornwall. Follow'd the old man forth. — He is return'd. Gloster. The king is in high rage. Cornwall. Whither is he going? Gloster. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither. Cornwall. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself. Goneril. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay. Gloster. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about There's scarce a bush. Regan. O, sir! to wilful men, The injuries that they themselves procure Must
ACT III.

SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gentleman. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gentleman. Contending with the fretful elements; Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main, That things might change or cease: tears his white hair, Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, Catch in their fury, and make nothing of: Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would The lion and the belly-pinched wolf [couch Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gentleman. None but the fool, who labours to outjest His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you, And dare, upon the warrant of my note, Command a dear thing to you. There is division, Although as yet the face of it be covered With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall; Who have (as who have not, that their great stars Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less, Which are to France the spies and speculations Intelligent of our state: what hath been seen, Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes, Or the hard 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.

Gentleman. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not. For confirmation that I am much more Than my out wall, open this purse, and take What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia, (As fear not but you shall) show her this ring, And she will tell you who that fellow is That yet you do not know, [Thunder.] Fle on I will go seek the king. [this storm]

Gentleman. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet: That, when we have found the king, in which your pain That way, 'tis all, he that first lights on him, Holloa the other. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. Another Part of the Heath.

Storm continues. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! You cataracts and hurricanoes spout, [blow: Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks! You sulphurous and thought-executing fires, Vaunt-courtiers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts, Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder, Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world! Crack nature's moulds, all germs spill at once, That make ingrateful 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 daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellfy! Spit, fire! spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription: then, let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infram, weak, and despicable old man. But yet I call you servile ministers, That will with two pernicious daughters join 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 a 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 woe, 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?

Fool.
SCENE III. A Room in Gloster’s Castle.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Gloster.

Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edmund.

Most savage, and unnatural!

Gloster.

Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and 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.

Edmund.

This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent.

Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter: The tyranny of the open night’s too rough For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear.

Let me alone.

Kent.

Good my lord, enter here.

Lear.

Wilt break my heart?

Kent.

I’d rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear.

Thou think’st ‘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 roaring sea, Thou’dst meet the bear i’ the mouth. When the mind’s free The body’s delicate: the tempest in my mind Doth from my senses take all feeling else, Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude! Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand, For lifting food to’t?—But I will punish home.

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure: In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!— Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O! that
KING LEAR.
KING LEAR.

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 house-
less poverty,
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loopt'd and window'd raggedness, defend
From seasons such as these? O ! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomb;
Expost thine self to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

EDGAR. [Within.

Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
[The Fool runs out from the Nook.

Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.
Help me! help me!

KENT.

Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

FOOL.

A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor
Tom.

KENT.

What art thou that dost grumble there? the
Come forth.

[Enter Edgar, disguised as a Madman.}

EDGAR.

Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold
wind.

Humph! I go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

LEAR.

Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

EDGAR.

Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the
foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pil-
low, and halters in his pew; set rathabane by his
porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on
a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to
course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy
five wits! Tom's a-cold. — O I do de, do de, do de. — Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blast-
ing, and taking. Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. — There could I
have him now, — and there, and there, and there
and again, and there. [Storm continues.

LEAR.

What have his daughters brought him to
this pass? —

[Cry for fire.

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give

Fool.

Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been
all shamed.

LEAR.

Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy
daughters!

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.

EDGAR.

Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Hallow, hallow, loo, loo l

FOOL.

This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

EDGAR.

Take heed of the foul fiend. Obey thy pa-
rents; keep thy word justly; swear not; com-
mitt not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy
sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR.

What hast thou been?

EDGAR.

A serving-man: proud in heart and mind;
that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap,
sered the lust of my mistress's heart, and did
the act of darkness with her; swore as many
oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the
sweet face of heaven; one, that slept in the con-
triving 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 cracking of shoes, nor the rustling
of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep
thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,
thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul
fiend. — Still through the hawthorn blows the
cold wind; says suum, mun, ha no nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot
by.

[Storm still continues.

LEAR.

Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to
answer with thy uncovered body this extremity
of the skin's miseries; I think no more than this? Con-
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 on's are sophis-
ticated; thou art the thing itself: unaccom-
modated man is no more but such a poor, bare,
forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lend-
ings. — Come; unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.

FOOL.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, sit not contented; 'tis a naughtly
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 on's body cold. — Look! here
comes a walking fire.

EDGAR.

This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he be-
gins 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.

SAIN'T Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold:
Bei her aigleit,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT.

How fared your grace?
Enter Gloster, with a Torch.

Lear.

What's he? Kent.

Who's there? What is't you seek? Gloster.

What are you there? Your names? Edgar.

Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water: that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog: drinks the green mantle of the standing toad: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer.

Have been Tom's food for seven long years.

Beware my follower. — Peace, Smukkin! peace, thou fiend! —

Gloster.

What hath your grace no better company? Edgar.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Mudo he's call'd, and Malice.

Gloster.

Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it. Edgar.

Poor Tom's a-cold.

Gloster.

Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I 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 Thespian. —

Edgar.

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 wits begin 't unsettle. Gloster.

Canst thou blame him? Kent

His daughters seek his death. — Ah, that good Kent! He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man! —

Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself. I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood: he sought my But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend, [life, No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, The grief bath craz'd my wits. What a night's this! [Storm continues.

I do beseech your grace,— Lear.

O I cry you mercy, sir.— Noble philosopher, your company.

Tom's a-cold.

Gloster.

In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm. Lear.

Come, let's in all. Kent.

This way, my lord. Lear.

With him; I will keep still with my philosopher. Kent.

Good my lord, soothe him: let him take the fellow. Gloster.

Take him you on. Kent.

Sirrah, come on; go along with us. Lear.

Come, good Athenian. Gloster.

No words, no words:

Hush.

Edgar.

Child Rowland to the dark tower come, His word was still,— Fir, foh, and fun, I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall and Gloster.

Cornwall.

I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house. Edmund.

How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cornwall.

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.

Edmund.

How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which 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!

Cornwall.

Go with me to the duchess. Edmund.

If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Cornwall.

True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edmund. [Aside.

If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. [To him.] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Cornwall.

I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

SCENE VI. A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar. Gloster.

Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully.
Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril? —
Fool.

She cannot deny it.

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 on. — Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edgar.

Bless thy five wits!

Kent.

O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

— My tears begin to take this part so much,
Their marr my counterfeiting.

Edgar. [Aside.

The little dogs and all. [me.

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at
Edgar.

Tom will throw his head at them. — Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite.
 Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lyn; Or bobtail tilke, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail: For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see, come, march to
wakes and fairs, and market towns. — Poor Tom,
thy horn is dry,

Then, let them anatormize Regan, see what
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in
nature, that makes these hard hearts? — You,
sir, [To Edgar.] 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.

Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear.

Make no noise, make no noise: draw the cur-
tains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the
morning: so, so, so.

And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Gloster.

Come hither, friend: where is the king my
master? —

Kent.

Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are
gone.

Gloster.

Good friend, I pray thee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou
shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
master: If thou should'st daily half an hour, his life.

With
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 
Which, if convenience will not allow, [senses, 
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy 
master; 
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Gloster.

Come, come, away. [Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

When we our betters see bearing our woes, 
We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind, 
Leaving free things, and happy shows behind; 
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er- 
skip. 
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. 
How light and portable my pain seems now, 
When that which makes me bend, makes the 
king bow: 
He chiled, as I father'd,—Tom, away! 
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought de- 
files thee, 
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. 
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the 
king! 
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

SCENE VII. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and 
Servants.

Cornwall.

Post speedily to my lord your husband; show 
him this letter:—the army of France is landed. 
—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Exeunt some of the Servants. 

Regan.

Hang him instantly. 

Goneril.

Pluck out his eyes. 

Cornwall.

Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep 
you our sister company: the remembrances we are 
bound to take upon your traitorous father are not 
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, 
where you are going, to a most fustinate 
preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts 
shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Fare- 
well, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Oswald.

How now! Where's the king? 

Oswald.

My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: 
Some five or six and thirty of his knights, 
Hot querrillas after him, met him at gate; 
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, 
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they 
To have well-armed friends. [Goast 

Cornwall.

Get horses for your mistress. 

Goneril.

Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. [Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.
REGAN. Wherefore to Dover?

GLOSTER. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs. The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd And quench'd the stilled fires; [up, Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate how'd that stern time, Thou should'st have said, "Good perfer, turn the key." All cruel'se else subscrib'd: but I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair. Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLOSTER. He, that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help!—O cruel! O ye gods!

REGAN. One side will mock another; the other too.

CORNWALL. If you see, vengeance,—

SERVANT. Hold your hand, my lord. I have serv'd you ever since I was a child, But better service have I never done, Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN. How now, you dog!

SERVANT. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORNWALL. [Draws and runs at him.]

SERVANT. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

EDGAR. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left To see some mischief on him.—O! [Dies.

CORNWALL. Lest it see more, prevent it. —Out, vile jelly! Where is thy lustre now?

GLOSTER. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund? Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quell this horrid act.

REGAN. Out, treacherous villain! Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he That made the overture of thy treasons to us, Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOSTER. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.— Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REGAN. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

CORNWALL. I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me, lady, Turn out that eyeless villain:—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—REGAN, I bleed apace: Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN.—Servants unbend GLOSTER, and lead him out.

First SERVANT. I'll never care what wickedness I do If this man comes to good.

Second SERVANT. If she live long, And in the end meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.

First SERVANT. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam To lead him where he would: his roguish mad— Allows itself to any thing. [ness

Second SERVANT. Go thou, I'll fetch some flux, and whites of eggs, To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [Exeunt severally.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd, Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst. The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear: The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then, Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace: [worst, The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old MAN.

GLOSTER. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

Old MAN. Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

GLOSTER. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes: I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen, Our mean secures us; and our mere defects Prove our commodities. —Ah! dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath, Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again!

Old MAN. How now! Who's there?

EDGAR. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the I am worse than e'er I was. [worst"

Old MAN. 'Tis poor mad Tom. EDGAR.

EDGAR.
KING LEAR.

Act IV. Sc. 1.

Edgar. [Aside.]
And worse I may be yet: the worst is not.
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man.
Fellow, where goest?

Gloster.
Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man.
Madman, and beggar too.

Gloster.
He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edgar. [Aside.]
How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [To him.] Bless thee, master!

Gloster.
Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man.
Ay, my lord.

Gloster.
Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward 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 is mad.

Gloster.
'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man.
I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit Edgar.

Gloster.
Sirrah; naked fellow.

Poor Tom's a-cold.—[Aside.] I cannot daub it farther.

Gloster.
Come hither, fellow.

Edgar. [Aside.]
And yet I must.—[To him.] Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.

Gloster.
Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edgar.

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess. [Dover? And each man have enough.—Dost thou know

Edgar.
Aye, master.

Gloster.
There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear.
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edgar.
Give me thy arm: [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund; Oswald meeting them.

Goneril.
Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Edmund.
Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's And of the loyal service of his son. [treachery,
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;

Goneril.
Then, shall you go no further. [To Edmund.

It is the coward terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my bro-
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change names at home, and give the dis-
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[Giving a Favour.
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edmund.

Yours in the ranks of death.

Goneril.
My most dear Gloster. [Exit Edmund.

O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Oswald.
Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Oswald.

Enter Albany.

Goneril.
I have been worth the whistle. [Albany.

O Goneril! You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contain's its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perfesse must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Goneril.
No more: the text is foolish.

Albany.
Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Fliths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man. [Lick.
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefitted?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perfesse prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Goneril.
Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack! why does he so?"

Albany.
See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Goneril.
O vain fool!

Albany.
Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
Shame;
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: how'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shiel thee.

Goneril.
Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Albany.
What news?

Messenger.
O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall's
Slain by his servant, going to put out [dead;
The other eye of Gloster.

Albany.
Gloster's eyes!

Messenger.
A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enam'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Albany.
This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our uther crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!—
Lost he his other eye?

Messenger.
Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Goneril. [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. [To him.] I'll read, and
answer.

Albany.
Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Messenger.
Come with my lady hither.

Albany. [Exit.
He is not here.

Messenger.
No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Albany.
Knows he the wickedness?

Messenger.
Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punish.
Might have the freer course.

Albany.
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?

Gentleman.
Something he left Imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of;
Which
Imports the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent.
Whom hath he left behind him general?

Gentleman.
The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent.
Did your letters pierce the queen to any de
monstration of grief?

Gentleman.
Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen,
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent.
O! then it mov'd her.

Gentleman.
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 May: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
as pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all [sorrow
Could so become it.

Kent.
Made she no verbal question? [Exit an officer—

"Faith, once, or twice, she hear'd the name of
"father"
Faintly, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies!
sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? 'tis the storm? I'
the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook
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
since?

Gentleman.
No.
Kent.
Was this before the king return'd?

Gentleman. No, since.

Kent.
Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gentleman.
Why, good sir?

Kent.
A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own
unkindness, [her
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things
sing
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gentleman.
Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent.
Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not?

Gentleman.
'Tis so they are afoot.

Kent.
Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

SCENE IV. The same. A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cordelia.
Alack! 'tis 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 hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.

[Exit an officer—

"Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nights life; moreover, to descrive
The strength o' the enemy.

Oswald.
I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Regan.
Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Oswald.
I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Regan.

Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something— I know not what. — I'll love thee
Let me unseal the letter. [much;

Oswald.

Madam, I had rather...

Regan.

I know your lady does not love her husband, I am sure of that; and, at her late being here, She gave strange celliards, and most speaking Looks To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

Oswald.

I, madam?

Regan.

I speak in understanding; y' are, I know it; Therefore, I do advise you, take this note: My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd, And more convenient is he for my hand, Than for your lady's. — You may gather more. If you do find him, pray, give him this; And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her: So, fare you well.

If you chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Oswald.

Would I could meet him, madam: I would What party I do follow. [show

Regan.

Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The Country near Dover.
Enter Gloster, and Edgar dressed like a Peasant.

Gloster.

When shall I come to the top of that same hill? Edgar.

You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Gloster.

Methinks, the ground is even.

Edgar.

Horrible steep!

Hark! do you hear the sea?

Gloster.

No, truly.

Edgar.

Why, then your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes' anguish.

Gloster.

So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edgar.

Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I But in my garments. [chang'd

Gloster.

Methinks, y' are better spoken.

Edgar.

Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. — How fearful, And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! [air, The crows, and those, that wing the mid-way Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Regan.

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark, Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge, That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chases, Cannot be heard so high. — I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.

Gloster.

Set me where you stand.

Edgar.

Give me your hand; you are now within a foot Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon Would I not leap upright.

Gloster.

Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods, Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off; Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edgar.

Now fare you well, good sir.

Gloster.

With all my heart.

Edgar.

Why do I trifle thus with his despair, Is done to cure it.

Gloster.

O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights Shake patiently my great affliction off: If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great opposite 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.

Edgar.

Gone, sir: farewell. — And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life, when life itself [thought, Yields to the theft: had he been where he 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?

Gloster.

Away, and let me die.

Edgar.

Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, So many fathom down precipitating. [air, Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe; Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound. Two masts at each make not the altitude, Which thou hast perpendicularly fell: Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Gloster.

But have I fallen, or no?

Edgar.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn. Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Gloster.

Alack! I have no eyes. — Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit, [fort, To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some com—
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edgar.
Give me your arm: [stand. Up:—so;—how is't?— Feel you your legs? You
Gloster.
Too well, too well.

Edgar.
This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that.
Which parted from you?—
Gloster.
A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edgar.
As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and was'v like the enrigded sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Gloster.
I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear Affliction, till it do cry out itself. [speak of.
"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

Edgar.
Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.

Lear.
No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edgar.
O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear.
Nature's above art in that respect. — There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace! — this piece of toasted cheese will do't. — There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown bills. — O, well flown, bird! — 't the clout, 't the clout: hewgh! — Give the word.

Edgar.
Sweet marjoram.

Lear.
Pass.

Gloster.
I know that voice.

Lear.
Ha! Goneril! — with a white beard! — They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. — To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said I — "Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not age-proof.

Gloster.
The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear.
Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause? — Adultery. —
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No: The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son Was kinder to his father, than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, peil-mell, for I lack soldiers. — Behold yond' simmering dame, Whose face between her forks presageth snow; That minces virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs, Though women all above: But to the girdle do the gods inherit, Beneath is all the fiends: there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption; — fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! Give me an ounce of civet. good apothe- cary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Gloster.
O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear.
Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Gloster.
O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou know me?

Lear.
I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cord; I'll not love. — Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Gloster.
Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edgar.
I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear.
Read.

Gloster.
What! with the case of eyes?

Lear.
O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case; your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Gloster.
I see it feelingly.

Lear.
What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Bark, 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?

Gloster.
Ay, sir.

Lear.
And the creature run from the cur? There they might'st behold the great image of autho- rity. — A dog's obey'd to office. — Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozenor.

Through
KING LEAR.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; 
Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold, 
And the strong lane of justice hurtless breaks: 
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. 
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; 
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

O, matter and Impertinency mix'd! 
Reason in madness!

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes, 
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster: 
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither: 
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air, 
We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Good sir,—
I will die bravely. 
Like a smug bridegroom. What! I will be Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa sa sa sa.

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.

Hail, gentle sir! 
Sir, speed you: what's your will?
KING LEAR.

SCENE VII.


Oswald.

Slave, thou hast slain me. — Villain, take my If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body: [purse. And give the letters, which thou find'st about To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out [me Upon the British party: — O, untimely death!

[Dies]

Edgar.

I know thee well: a serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, As badness would desire.

Gloster.

What is he dead?

Edgar.

Sit thou down, father; rest you. — Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of. [sorry May be my friends. — He's dead; I am only He had no other death's-man. — Let us see: — Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not: To know our enemies' arts, we rip their hearts, Their papers is more lawful. [Reads.] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say) "affectionate servant, "Give me your hand: Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum. Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.

Cordelia.

O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work, To match thy goodness? My life will be too And every measure fall me. [short, Kent.

To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-paid, All my reports go with the modest truth; Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cordelia.

Be better suited: These weeds are memories of those worse I pray thee, put them off. [hours.

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.

Cordelia.

Then be't so, my good lord. — How does the king? [To the Physician. Doctor.

Madam, sleeps still.

Cordelia.

O, you kind gods, Cure this great breach in his abused nature! 'Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up Of this child-changed father! [Doctor. So please your majesty, That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cordelia.

Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed I' the sway of your own will. — Is he array'd? [Doctor. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep, We put fresh garments on him.

Kent.

Good madam, be by when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance.

Cordelia.


Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there.

Cordelia.

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! Cordelia.

Had you not been their father, these white flaws Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face To he expos'd against the warring winds? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder? In the most terrible and nimble stroke [du!] Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor per- 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 born, In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once [him. Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to Doctor.

Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.CORDelia.

How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty? Lear.

You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave. Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia.

Sir, do you know me? Lear.

You are a spirit, I know. When did you die? [Cordelia. Still, still, far wide.

Doctor.
ACT V.  

SCENE I. The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edward.

I am 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.]

Regan.

Our sister’s man is certainly miscarried.

Edmund.

’Tis to be doubted, madam.

Regan.

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?

Edmund.

In honour’d love.

Regan.

But have you never found my brother’s way To the forefended place?

Edmund.

That thought abuses you.

Regan.

I am doubtful that you have been conjunct, And bosom’d with her, as far as we call hers.

Edmund.

No, by mine honour, madam.

Regan.

I never shall endure her. Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.

Edmund.

Fear me not. —

She, and the duke her husband, —

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Goneril.

I had rather lose the battle, than that sister Should loosen him and me. [Aside.

Albany.

Our very loving sister, well be-met. —

Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daugh-With others, whom the rigour of our state [ter, Forc’d to cry out. Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant: for this business, It toucheth us, as France invades our land, Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edmund.

Sir, you speak nobly.

Regan.

Why is this reason’d?

Goneril.
Goneril.
Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Albany.
Let us, then, determine
With the ancient war on our proceedings.

Edmund.
I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Regan.
Sister, you'll go with us?
Goneril.
No.
Regan.
'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Goneril.
O, ho! I know the riddle. [Aside.] I will go.
Enter Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Edgar.
Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Albany.
Stay till I have read the letter.

Edgar.
I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry
And I'll appear again. [Exit.

Albany.
Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

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.

Albany.
We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edmund.
To both these sisters I have sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the sting
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle: which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy,
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edgar.
Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
If ever I return to you again,
[thrive.
I'll bring you comfort.

Gloster.
Grace go with you, sir! [Exit Edgar.

Alarum; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edgar.
Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en
Give me thy hand; come on.

Gloster.
No farther, sir: a man may rot even here.

Edgar.
What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Gloster.
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;
Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edmund.
Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cordelia.
We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear.
No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's 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.

Edmund.
Take them away.

Lear.
Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The
Act v. Sc. III.  

KING LEAR.

The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.  

Come. [Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.  

Edmund.  

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 [ment  
Does not become a sword. Thy great employ—  
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,  
Or thrive by other means.

Captain.  
I'll do't, my lord.

Edmund.  

About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.  
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,  
As I have set it down.  

Captain.  

I cannot draw a cart, nor cast dried oats;  
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Captain.  

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.

Albany.  

Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,  
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.

Edmund.  

Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention, and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,  
Which do command them. With him I sent  
the queen:  
My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at farther space, I appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,  
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;  
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness—  
The question of Cordelia, and her father,  
Requires a fitter place.

Albany.  

Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

Regan.  

That's as we list to grace him:  
Methinks, our pleasure might have been dem-'  
danded,  
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.

Goneril.  

Not so hot;  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.  

Regan.  

In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Goneril.  

That were the most, if he should husband you.  

Regan.  

Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Goneril.  

Holla, holla! That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Regan.  

Lady, I am not well; else I should answer  
From a full-flowing stomach. — General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

Goneril.  

Mean you to enjoy him?

Albany.  

The let-alone lies not in your good will.  

Edmund.  

Nor in thine, lord.

Albany.  

Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Regan.  

Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.  

To Edmund.  

Albany.  

Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee  
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent. [Pointing to Goneril.—  
For your claim, fair sister, 1  
I bar it in the interest of my wife;  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
If you will marry, make your love to me,  
My lady is bespoke.

Goneril.  

An interlude!  

Albany.  

Thou art arm'd, Gloster. —Let the trumpet sound:  
If none appear to prove upon this person,  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many reasons.  
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 proclaim'd thee.

Regan.  

[Aside.  

If not, I'll no'er trust poison.

Edmund.  

There's my exchange; [Throwing down a Glove] what in the world he is  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.  
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,  
On him, you who not? I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

Albany.  

A herald, ho!

Edmund.  

A herald, ho! a herald!  

Albany.  

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

Regan.  

My sickness grows upon me.

Albany.  

She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.  

Enter
Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound, And read out this.

Captain. [A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."


Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Albany. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Herald. "What are you? Your name? your quality? and why you answer This present summons?"

Edgar. Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gawn, and cunker-bit: Yet am I noble, as the adversary I come to cope withal.

Albany. Which is that adversary?

Edgar. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edmund. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edgar. Draw thy sword, That if my speech offend a noble heart, Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine; Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine honours, My oath, and my profession. I protest, Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence, Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune, Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor: False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father; Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince; And, from th' extreme westward of thy head, To the descent and dust below thy foot, A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No," This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, Thou liest.

Edmund. 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.

Albany. O, save him! save him! Goneril. This is mere practice, Gloster. By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd, But cozen'd and beguil'd. Albany. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine: Who can arraign me for't? Goneril. Most monstrous! Albany. Know'st thou this paper? Goneril. Ask me not what I know. [Exit Goneril. Albany. Go after her: she's desperate: govern her. [Exit an officer. Edmund. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done; And more, much more; the time will bring it 'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou, That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble, I do forgive thee.

Edgar. Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us; The dark and vicious place where thee he got, Cost him his eyes.

Edmund. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle: I am here. Albany. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee; Let sorrow split my heart, If ever I Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edgar. Worthy prince, I know't. Albany. Where have you hid yourself? [father? How have you known the miseries of your Edgar. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale: And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst! —[ness] The bloody proclamation to escape. [ness That follow'd me so near. (O, our lives' sweet- That with the pain of death we'd hourly die, Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings. Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, [spair; Led him, begg'd for him, say'd him from de- Never (O fault! I reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd, Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart, (Alack!
ACT V. SC. III.

KING LEAR.

(Alack! too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edmund.

This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you
on:
You look as you had something more to say.

Albany.

If there be more more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edgar.

This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd him, with his strong
arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice, then, the trumpets
And there I left him tran'd. [sounded

Albany.

But who was this?

Edgar.

Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in dis-
guise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody
Knife.

Gentleman.

Help, help! O help!

Edgar.

What kind of help?

Albany.

Speak, man.

Edgar.

What means that bloody knife?

Gentleman.

'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead:

Albany.

Who dead? speak, man.

Gentleman.

Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edmund.

I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Albany.

Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
trouble,
Touch us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

Edgar.

Here comes Kent.

Albany.

O! 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?

Albany.

Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Seest thou this object, Kent? [Cordelia?

The Bodies of Goneril and Regan are
brought in.

Kent.

Alack! why thus?

Edmund.

Yet Edmund was belov'd,
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew himself.

Albany.

Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edmund.

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.

Albany.

Run, run! O, run!

Edgar.

To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
Thy token of reprieve.

[send

Edmund.

Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Albany.

Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.

Edmund.

He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she for'd herself.

Albany.

The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[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.—She's gone
for ever,—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent.

Is this the promis'd end?

Edgar.

Or image of that horror?

Lear.

Fall, and cease!

Lear.

This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent.

O, my good master! [Kneeling

Lear.

Pr'ythee, away.

Edgar.

'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,
KING LEAR.

Act v. Sc. iii.

Albany.

That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent. 
What comfort to this great decay may come, 
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign, 
During the life of this old majesty, 
To him our absolute power.—You, to your rights,

[To 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 deservings.—O! I see, I see!

Lear.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life: 
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, 
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no 
Never, never, never, never!—[more, 
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her—look,—her 

[He dies.

Lear.

Look there, look there!—

Edgar.

He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

Kent.

Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edgar.

Look up, my lord.

Kent.

Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he hates 

him, 

That would upon the rack of this tough world 
Stretch him out longer.

Edgar.

He is gone, indeed.

Kent.

The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long: 
He but usurp'd his life.

Albany.

Bear them from hence. Our present business 
Is general woe. —Friends of my soul, you twain 

[To Kent and Edgar.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent.

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go: 
My master calls me; I must not say, no.

Albany.

The weight of this sad time we must obey; 
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. 
The eldest hath borne most: we, that are young, 
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead March.
OTHELLO,
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Duke of VENICE.
Brabantio, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio.
Iago, the Moor.
Cassio, his Lieutenant.
Iago, his Ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman.
Montano, Governor of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.
Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
Emilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, Mistress to Cassio.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Venice. A Street.
Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Roderigo.

TUSH! never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iago.

'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Roderigo.

Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago.

Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Of late capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price: I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators:"For certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer." And what
Forsooth, a great arithmetician, [was he?]
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and when he's old,  
cashier'd:  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And, throwing but shows of service on their  
حوالms.  
Do well thrive by them; and when they have  
lind' their coats,  
Do themselves homage: these fellows have  
some soul:  
And such a one do I profess myself.  
For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not 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.

Roderigo.  
What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry't thus!

Iago.  
Call up her father;  
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kins-  
And though he in a fertile climate dwell, [men;  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet through such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some colour.

Roderigo.  
Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago.  
Do; with like time, sound accent, and dire yell,  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spread in populous cities.

Roderigo.  
What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!  
Iago.  
Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! thieves!  
Look to your house, your daughter, and your  
Thieves! thieves! thieves! [Dings]

Enter Brabantio, above, at a Window  
Brabantio.  
What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

Roderigo.  
Signior, is all your family within?

Iago.  
Are your doors lock'd?

Brabantio.  
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, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grand sire of you.  
Arise, I say.

Brabantio.  
What! have you lost your wits?

Roderigo.  
Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?  

Brabantio.  
Not 1: what are you?

Roderigo.  
My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio.  
The worse welcome:  
I have charg'd thee not to haunt my doors.  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-  
ness,  
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

Roderigo.  
Sirs, sirs, sirs,—  
Brabantio.  
But thou must needs be sure  
My spirit, and my place, have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo.  
Patience, good sir.

Brabantio.  
What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is  
My house is not a grange. [Venice;

Roderigo.  
Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago.  
"Zounds, sir! you are one of those, that will  
not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because  
we come to do you service, and you think we  
are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered  
with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews  
nigh to you; you'll have couriers for cousins,  
and gennets for Germans.

Brabantio.  
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.

Brabantio.  
Thou art a villain.

Iago.  
You are—a senator.

Brabantio.  
This thon shalt answer: I know thee, Roe-  
derigo.

Roderigo.  
Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech  
you,  
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondoller,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,  
That from the sense of all civility  
I thus would play and tride with your reverence:  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt.  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
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 thus deluding you.
Brabantio.
Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper!—call upon my people!—This accident is not unlike my dream; Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

Iago.
Farewell, for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall) Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,— However this may gild him with some check,— Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, (Which even now stand in act) that, for their Another of his fathom they have none, [souls, To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet for necessity of present life, [feel'st me I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

Enter Brabantio, and Servants with Torches.

Brabantio.
It is too true an evil: gone she is; And what's to come of my despaired time, Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!— With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?— How didst thou know 'twas she?—O! thou dost On past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more tapers! Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?

Roderigo.
Truly, I think, they are.

Brabantio.
O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the blood!— Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds By what you see them act. —Are there not charms, By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Roderigo.
Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Brabantio.
Call up my brother. —O, that you had had her!— Some one way, some another. —Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Roderigo.
I think, I can discover him, if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Brabantio.
Pray you, lead on. —At every house I'll call; I may command at most. —Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.—On, good Roderigo;—I'll desire your pains.

SCENE II. The same. Another Street.
Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants, with Torches.

Iago.
Though in the trade of war I have slain men, Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times I had thought to have yerk'd him here, under the ribs.

Othello.
'Tis better as it is.

Iago.
Nay, but he prated, And spoke such scurrvry 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, or grievance, The law (with all his might to enforce it on) Will give him cable.

Othello.
Let him do his spite: My services, which I have done the signiory, Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, Which, of the two, I know that boasting is an honour, I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being From men of royal siege; and my demerits May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused free condition Put into circumscript and confine For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Iago.
These are the raised father, and his friends: You were best go in.

Othello.
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.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with Torches.

Othello.
The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant. The goodness of the night upon you, friends. What is the news?

Cassio.
The duke does greet you, general; And he requires your haste, post-haste appear, Even on the instant. [Pearance,

Othello.
What is the matter, think you?

Cassio.
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, sail'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.

Othello.
'Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the house, And go with you. [Exit.

Cassio.
Ancient, what makes he here? Iago.
Iago.  
"Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio.  
I do not understand.

Iago.  
He's married.

Cassio.  
To whom?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago.  
Mary, to—Come, captain, will you go?  
Othello.  
Have with you.

Cassio.  
Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago.  
It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd:  
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers, with  
Torches and Weapons.

Othello.  
Holla! stand there!  
Roderigo.  
Signor, it is the Moor.

Brabantio.  
Down with him, thief!  
[They draw on both sides.  
Iago.  
You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Othello.  
Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will  
rust them.—  
Good signior, you shall more command with  
Than with your weapons.  
[years,  
Brabantio.  
O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my  
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or  
minerals,  
That weaken motion.—I'll have 't disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

Othello.  
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?

Brabantio.  
To prison; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

Othello.  
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 bear me to him?  

Officer.  
'Tis true, most worthy signior:  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

Brabantio.  
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.

First Senator.  
Indeed, they are disproportion'd:  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke.  
And mine, a hundred and forty.

Second Senator.  
And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke.  
Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

Sailor.  
What ho! what ho! what ho!  
[Within.  
Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Officer.  
A messenger from the galleys.

Duke.  
Now, the business?

Sailor.  
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

Duke.  
How say you by this change?

First Senator.  
This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gage. 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 th'abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought  
of this  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke.  
Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Officer.
Enter a Messenger.

Message. 

The Ottomites, reverend and gracious, 
Steering with due course toward the isle of 
Rhodes, 
Have there injointed them with an after fleet. 

First Senator. 

Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess? 

Message. 

Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem 
Their backward course, bearing with frank ap- 
pearance 
Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Monta- 
no, 
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 Luccicos, is not he in town? 

First Senator. 

He's now in Florence. 

Duke. 

Write from us to him; post, post-haste dis- 
patch. 

First Senator. 

Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor. 

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and 
Officers. 

Duke. 

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you 
Against the general enemy Ottoman. — 
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 

[To Brabantio. 

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night. 

Brabantio. 

So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me; 
Neither my place, nor taught I heard of business, 
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general 
care 
Take hold of me, for my particular grief 
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature, 
That it engulfs and swalloweth other sorrows, 

And it is still itself. 

Duke. 

Why, what's the matter? 

Brabantio. 

My daughter! O, my daughter! 

Senators. 

Dead? 

Brabantio. 

Ay, to me; 

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted. 

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 

For nature so preposterously to err, 

(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense) 

Sans witchcraft could not. 

Duke. 

Who'er he be that, in this foul proceeding, 

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, 

And you of her, the bloody book of law 

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter, 

After your own sense; yea, though our proper 

Stood in your action. 

[son 

Brabantio. 

Humbly I thank your grace. 

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, 

Your special mandate, for the state affairs, 

Hath hitherto brought. 

Duke and Senators. 

We are very sorry for it. 

Duke. 

What, in your own part, can you say to this? 

Brabantio. 

Nothing, but this is so. 

Othello. 

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, 

My very noble and approv'd good masters, 

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, 

It is most true; true, I have married her: 

The very head and front of my offending 

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my 

speech, 

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace; 

For since these arms of mine had seven years' 
pitch, 

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have 
us'd 

Their dearest action in the tented field; 

And little of this great world can I speak. 

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle; 

And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause, 

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious 
patience, 

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what 

charms, 

What conjuration, and what mighty magic, 

(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal) 

I won his daughter. 

Brabantio. 

A maiden never bold; 

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion 

Blush'd at herself; and she, — in spite of nature, 

Of years, of country, credit, every thing, — 

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? 

It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect, 

That will confess perfection so could err 

Against all rules of nature; and must be driven 

To find out practices of cunning hell, 

Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again, 

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the 

blood, 

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, 

He wrought upon her. 

Duke. 

To touch this is no proof: 

Without more certain and more overt test, 

These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods 

Of modern seeming, you prefer against him. 

First Senator. 

But, Othello, speak: 

Did you by indirect and forced courses 

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections; 

Or came it by request, and such fair question 

As soul to soul afforded? 

Othello. 

I do beseech you, 

Send for the lady to the Sagittary, 

And let her speak of me before her father: 

If you do find me foul in her report, 

The trust, the office, I do hold of you, 

Not only take away, but let your sentence 

Even fall upon my life. 

Duke. 

Fetch Desdemona hither. 

Othello. 

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the 
place. — 

[Exeunt Iago and Attendants. 

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven 

I do confess the vices of my blood; 

So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Say it, Othello.

**Duke.**

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth escape; of the imminent death 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 deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow with their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline: [thence;
But still the house affairs would draw her
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She's come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pleading hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
Shewore, — in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me:
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

**Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.**

**Duke.**

I think, this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

**Brabantio.**

I pray you, hear her speake:
If she confess that she was half the woor,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. — Come bither, gentle mis-
tress:
Do you perceive In all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

**Desdemona.**

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you, I am bound for life, and education:
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

**Brabantio.**

God be with you! — I have done.
— Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
— Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, Jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them— I have done, my lord.

**Duke.**

Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sen-
tence,
Which, as a grace, 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 de-
pended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw more mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [the thief:
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

**Brabantio.**

So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he
hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, most of poor patience bor-
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall; [row.
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruïd heart was pierced through the
Beseecch you, now to the affairs of state. [ear.

**Duke.**

The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus. — Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you; and though we
have there a substitute of most allowed sufi-
ciency, 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.

**Othello.**

The tyrant custom, most grave 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 hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition,
With such accommodation, and resort,
As levels with her breeding.

**Duke.**

If you please,
Be't at her father's.

**Brabantio.**

I'll not have it so.

**Othello.**

Nor I.

**Desdemona.**

Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke, To my unfolding lend your patient ear; And let me find a charter in your voice, T' assist my simpleness.

Duke.
What would you, Desdemona?

Desdemona.
That I did love the Moor to live with him, My downright violence and storm of fortunes May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued Even to the very quality of my lord: I saw Othello's visage in his mind; And to his honours, and his valiant parts, Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, A moth of peace, and he go to the war, The rites for which I love him are bereft me, And I a heavy interim shall support By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Othello.
Your voices, lords: beseech you, let her will Have a free way. Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not, To please the palate of my appetite; Nor to comply with heat (the young affects, In me defunct) and proper satisfaction; But to be free and bounteous to her mind: And heaven defend your good souls, that you think I will your serious and great business scant, For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys Of feather'd Cupid foll with wanton dulness My speculative and active instruments, That my disposits corrupt and taint my business, Let housewives make a skilet of my helm, And all indig and base adulteries Make head against my reputation!

Duke.
Be it as you shall privately determine, Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste, And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

Desdemona.
To-night, my lord?

Duke.
This night.

Othello.
With all my heart.

Duke.
At nine I 'th day was when we'll meet again. Othello, leave some officer behind, And he shall our commission bring to you; With such things else of quality and respect, As doth import you.

Othello.
Please your grace, my ancient; A man he is of honesty, and trust: To his conveyance I assign my wife, With what else needful your good grace shall Be sent to after me. [think

Duke.
Let it be so.— Good night to every one.— And, noble signor, [To Brabantio.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack, Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Senator.
Adien, brave Moor! I use Desdemona well.

Brabantio.
Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see: She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [Exeunt Duke, Senator, Officers, &c.

Othello.
My life upon her faith. Honest Iago, My Desdemona must I leave to thee: I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her, And bring her after in the best advantage. Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour. Of love, of worldly matters and direction, To spend with thee: we must obey the time. [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Roderigo.
Iago.
What say'st thou, noble heart?

Roderigo.
What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago.
Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Roderigo.
I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago.
Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Roderigo.
It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago.
O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt 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. Roderigo.

What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago.
Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are 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 lives in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to pole 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 unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

Roderigo.
It cannot be.

Iago.
It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy desiring with cables of perdurable toughnes: I cannot better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor;—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as focuss, shall
shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. For she must change for youth: when she is seduced with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. For sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixi an erring barbarian and a supersubservient Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Roderigo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of those, which will be delivered. Traverse; go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Roderigo. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Roderigo. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Roderigo. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[Exit Roderigo.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano and Two Gentlemen.

Montano. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gentleman. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood; I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, Descry a sail.

Montano. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land; A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements: If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea, What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, Can hold the mortar? what shall we hear of this?

Second Gentleman. A segregation of the Turkish fleet: For do but stand upon the foaming shore, The chidden billow seems to part the clouds, The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane, Seems to cast water on the burning bear, And quench the garlic'd speed of th' ever-fixed pole: I never did like molestation view On the enchaesed flood.

Montano. If that the Turkish fleet Be not in shelter'd and entay'd, they are drown'd; It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gentleman. News, lads! our wars are done. The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks, That their desiglment halts: a noble ship of Venice Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance On most part of their fleet.

Montano. How! is this true?

Third Gentleman. 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.

Montano. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gentleman. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort, Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly, And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted With foul and violent tempest.

Montano. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and he 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 th' aerial blue An indistinct regard.

Third Gentleman. Come, let's do so

For every minute is expectancy Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle. That
That so approve the Moor.— O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Montano.

Is he well shipp'd?
Cassio.

His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!
Enter a Messenger.

What noise?

The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they, "a sail!"

My hopes do shape him for the governor.

They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

I shall.
Montano.

But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragon description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of hazingon pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.— How now? who has put in?

No-enter Second Gentleman,
Second Gentleman.
'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

He has had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal lettings, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Montano.

What is she?

She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A s'enight's speed.—Great Joe! Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.— O, behold!

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Ewheels thee round!

Desdemona.
I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cassio.

But he is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Desdemona.
O! but I fear.— How lost you company?

Cassio.

The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.

[Within.] A sail, a sail!

But, hark! a sail.

Second Gentleman.

They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cassio.

See for the news.—
[Exit Gentleman.

Good ancient, you are welcome. — Welcome, mistress.
[To Emilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago.

Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Desdemona.

Alas! she has no speech.

Iago.

In faith, too much:
I find it still, when I have leave to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emilia.

You have little cause to say so.

Iago.

Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Desdemona.

O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago.

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emilia.

You shall not write my praise.

Iago.

No, let me not.

Desdemona.

What would' st thou write of me, if thou
should' st praise me?

Iago.

O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Desdemona.

Come on; assay. — There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago.

Ay, madam.

Desdemona.

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 doth from frize,
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse
And thus she is deliver’d. [labours,
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one’s for use, the other useth it.
Desdemona.
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.
Desdemona.
Worse and worse.
Emilia.
How, if fair and foolish?
Iago.
She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help’d her to an heir.
Desdemona.
These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
Laugh i’ the alehouse. What miserable praise
Hast thou for her that’s foul and foolish?
Iago.
There’s none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Desdemona.
O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst
Best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on
A deserving woman indeed? one that, in the
Authority of her merit, did justly put on
The vouch of very malice he herself?
Iago.
She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack’d gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—“now I may;”
She that, being anger’d, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod’s head for the salmon’s tail;
She that could think, and no’er disclose her mind;
Slept suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Desdemona.
To do what?
Iago.
To suckle fools, and be auncle small beer:
Desdemona.
O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do
not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy hus-
band.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
Proflane and liberal counsellor?
Cassio.
He speaks home, madam; you may relish him
More in the soldier, than in the scholar.
Iago. [Aside.
He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon
her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.
You say true; ‘tis so, indeed: if such tricks as
these strip you out of your lieutenant, it had
been better you had not kiss’d your three fingers
so oft, which now again you are most apt to
play the sir in. Very good; well kiss’d! an
excellent courtesy! ‘tis so indeed. Yet again
your fingers to your lips? would, they were
cyster-pipes for your sake.—[A trumpet heard.]
The Moor! I know his trumpet.
Cassio.
’Tis truly so.

Desdemona.
Let’s meet him, and receive him.
Cassio.
Lo, where he comes! Enter Othello, and Attendants.
Othello.
O, my fair warrior! Desdemona.
My dear Othello! Othello.
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, [death:
May the winds blow, till they have waken’d
And let the labouring bark 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 most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Desdemona.
The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow! [Aside.
Othello.
Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be,
That e’er our hearts shall make! [Kissing her.
Iago.
[Aside.
O! you are well tun’d now;
But I’ll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Othello.
Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks
are drown’d.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir’d in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my
Pattle out of fashion, and I dote
Sweet, in mine own comforts. —I pr’ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desde-
Once more well met at Cyprus. [mona,
[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.]
Iago.
Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—
Come hither.—If thou best vant— 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.
Roderigo.
With him! why, ’tis not possible.
Iago.
Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what violence she first
loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling
her fantastical lies; and will she love him still
for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it.
Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall
she have to look on the devil? When the blood
is made dull with the act of sport, there should
be,—again to inflame it, and to give sately a
fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy
in
Iago. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Roderigo. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay upon you: Cassio knows you not.—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or taunting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displaunting 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 which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Roderigo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessary ashore. Farewell.

Roderigo. [Exit.}

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—bowel 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 a constant for a great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards, And nothing can, or shall, content my soul, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong [do,— That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to if this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,— I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;— Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward For making him egregiously an ass, [me, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis 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.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the 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.

Othello. Good Michael look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cassio. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Othello. Iago is most honest. [earliest, Michael, good-night; to-morrow, with your Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To Desdemona.]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.— Good night.

[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona and Attendants.

Enter Iago.

Cassio. 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 there
OTHELLO, ACT II. SC. III.

Cassio. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings. And let me the canakin clink; A soldier's a man; A life's but a span; Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.

'CFore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ero the next pottle can be filled.

Cassio. To the health of our general.

Montano. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England! King Stephen was a worthy peer, His breeches cost him but a crown; He held them tinspence all too dear, With that he call'd the tailor—lown. He was a weight of high renown, And thou art but of low degree: 'Tis pride that pulls the country down, Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cassio. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cassio. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cassio. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cassio. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. —Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. —I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

Excellent well. All.

Cassio.
Cassio.  
Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk.  
[Exit.]

Montano.  
To the platform, masters: come, let's set the watch.

Iago.  
You see this fellow, that is gone before: 
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar 
And give direction; and do but see his vice, 
'Tis to his virtue a just equinoxx. 
The one as long as th' other; 'tis pity of him. 
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in, 
On some odd time of his infirmity, 
Will shake this island.

Montano.  
But is he often thus?

Iago.  
'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: 
He'll watch the horologe a double set, 
If drink rock not his cradle.

Montano.  
It were well, 
The general were put in mind of it. 
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature 
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 
And looks not on his ills. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago.  
How now, Roderigo? 
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.  
[Exit Roderigo.]

Montano.  
And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor 
Should hazard such a place as his own second, 
With one of an ingrained infirmity; 
It were an honest action to say 
So to the Moor.

Iago.  
Not I, for this fair island: 
I do love Cassio well, and would do much 
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise? 
[Cry within,—Help! Help!]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cassio.  
You rogue! you rascal!

Montano.  
What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cassio.  
A knife! — teach me my duty? 
I'll beat the knife into a wicker bottle.

Roderigo.  
Beat me!

Cassio.  
Dost thou prate, rogue?  
[Striking Roderigo.

Montano.  
Nay, good lieutenant; 
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.  
[Staying him.

Cassio.  
Let me go, sir, 
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Montano.  
Come, come; you're drunk.

Cassio.  
[Drunk.]

Drunk!  
[Aside to Roderigo.] Go out, and cry — a mutiny!  
[Exit Roderigo.]

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? — Diabo, ho! 
The town will rise: God's will! Lieutenant, 
You will be shan'd for ever.  
[Hold!]

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Othello.  
What is the matter here?

Montano.  
'Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the death.  
[He faints.

Othello.  
Hold, for your lives!

Iago.  
Hold, hold, lieutenant! — sir, Montano, — gentlemen! — 
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? 
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame!

Othello.  
Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this? 
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that, 
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl: 
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage, 
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. — 
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle 
From her propriety. — What is the matter, 
masters? — 
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving, 
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago.  
I do not know: — friends all but now, even now 
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom 
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now, 
(As if some planet had unwitted men) 
Swords out, and etting 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 
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Othello.  
How came it, Michael, you were thus forgot? 
Cassio.  
I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Othello.  
Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil; 
The gravity and stillness of your youth 
The world hath noted, and your name is great 
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter, 
That you unlace your reputation thus, 
And spend your rich opinion, for the name 
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Montano.  
Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger: 
Your officer, Iago, can inform you, — fends me, 
While I spare speech, which something now of 
All that I do know; nor know I aught 
By me that's said or done amiss this night, 
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice, 
And to defend ourselves it be a sin, 
When violence assails us.

Othello.  
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,  
3 s
Othello, Act II, Sc. III.

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
The former that had twain'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

Montano.
If partially affin'd, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago.
Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue;
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords;
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best;
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
From him that shed some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Othello.
I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. —

Enter Desdemona, attended.
Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up! —
I'll make thee an example.

Desdemona.
What's the matter?

Othello.
All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed. —
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon. —

Lead him off. — [Montano is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town, [traced.
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
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?

Cassio.
Ay, past all surgery.

Iago.
Marry, heaven forbid!

Cassio.
Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I
have lost my reputation. I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is be-
tial. — My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago.
As I am an honest man, I thought you had
received some bodily wound; there is more
offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation
is an idle and most false imposition; oft got
without merit, and lost without deserving: you
have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute
yourself such a loser. What, man there are
ways to recover the general again: you are but
now cast in his mind, a punishment more in
policy than in malice; even so as one would
beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious
lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cassio.
I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive
so good a commander, with so light, so drunken,
and 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 you followed with your
word? What had he done to you?

Cassio.
I know not.

Iago. Isn't possible?

Cassio.
I remember a mass of things, but nothing dis-
tinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O
God! 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?

Cassio.
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 be-
fallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your
own good.

Cassio.
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 in-
gredient is a devil.

Cassio.
Come, come; good wine is a good familiar
creature. If it be well used: exclam no more
against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you
think I love you.

Cassio.
I have well approved it, sir. — I drunk!

Iago.
You, or any man living, may be drunk at some
time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our
general's wife is now the general: — I may say
so in this respect, for that he hath donated
himself to the contemplation, mark, and
renown of her parts and graces: — confess
yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll
help to put you in your place again. She's
of no free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to
do
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.

Cassio.

You advise me well.

Iago.

I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cassio.

I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech 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.

Cassio.

Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.

Iago.

And what's he, then, that says I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Probable to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful At the free elements. And, then, for her To win the Moor, were'to renounce his hap-All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— (tism, His soul is so enfeft'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain? To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, [lain, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now; for whilsts this honest fool Piles Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor; So will I turn her virtue into pitch, And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Rodrigo?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rodrigo.

I do follow her 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—is, I shall have so much experience, for my pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago.

How poor are they, that have not patience! What would I did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time. Doesn't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio. Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning: Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rodrigo.] Two things are to be done. My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on: Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife. — Ay, that's the way: Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, and some Musicians.

Cassio.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains.

Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, general.

[Music.

Enter Clown.

Clown.

Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak I the nose thus?

First Musician.

How, sir, how?

Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

First Musician.

Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown.

Oi thereby hangs a tail.

First Musician.

Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown.

Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Musician.

Well, sir, we will not.

Clown.

If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Musician.

We have none such, sir.

Clown.

Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away!

[Exeunt Musicians.

Cassio.

Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown.

No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cassio.

Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clown.

She is stirring, sir: if she will stir bither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Enter Iago.

Iago.

Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.
Iago.
You have not been a-bed, then?

Cassio.
Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago.
I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.

Cassio.
I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia.
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 likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cassio.
Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emilia.
Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cassio.
I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.
Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othello.
These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago.
Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

Othello.
This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gentlemen.
We wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Before the Castle.
Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Desdemona.
Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emilia.
Good madam, do: I know it grieves my hus-
band, if the case were his. [Band,

Desdemona.
O! that's an honest fellow. — Do not doubt,
But I will have my lord and you again [Cassio,
As friendly as you were.

Cassio.
Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Desdemona.
O, sir! I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long, and be you well
assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cassio.
Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona.
Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a thrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emilia.
Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio.
Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desdemona.
Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cassio.
Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purpose.

Desdemona.
Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Iago.
Ha! I like not that.

Othello.
What dost thou say?

Iago.
Nothing, my lord: or if— I know not what.

Othello.
Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago.
Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Othello.
I do believe 'twas he.

Desdemona.
How, now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othello.
Who is't you mean?

Desdemona.
Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good, my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pray thee, call him back.

Othello.
Went he hence now?

Desdemona.
ACT III. Sc. III.

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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Desdemona.

Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Othello.

Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Desdemona.

But shall't be shortly?

Othello.

The sooner, sweet, for you.

Desdemona.

Shall't be to-night at supper?

Othello.

No, not to-night.

Desdemona.

To-morrow dinner then?

Othello.

I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Desdemona.

Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not [morn;
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-
Out of their best) is not almost a fault [amples
'T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so hammering on. What! Michael
Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a
When I have spoke of you disparagingly, [time,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.—

Othello.

Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Desdemona.

Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Go feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a 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 difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Othello.

I will deny thee nothing:
Wherecon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Desdemona.

Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

Othello.

Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee
straight.

Desdemona.

Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach
What'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit, with Emilia.

Othello.

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago.

My noble lord,—

Othello.

What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago.

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Othello.

He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago.

But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Iago.

Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago.

I did not think, he had been acquainted with
her.

Othello.

O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago.

Indeed?

Othello.

Indeed! ay, Indeed!—discern'st thou aught in
Is he not honest?

Iago.

Honest, my lord?

Othello.

Honest? ay, honest.

Iago.

My lord, for aught I know.

Othello.

What dost thou think?

Iago.

Think, my lord?

Othello.

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 didst not like?
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst,
"Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago.

My lord, you know I love you.

Othello.

I think, thou dost;
And, for I know thou art full of love and
honesty,
And weight'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the
more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago.

For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Othello.

I think so too.

Iago.

Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem
none!

Othello.

Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago.

Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man,
Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
The worst of words. [thoughts

Iago.

Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile
and false.—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
But some uncleanly apprehensions pure,
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Othello.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
A stranger to thy thoughts. [his ear

Iago.

I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(as, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Yet, Shapes faults that are not)—your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a
Trouble out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for your manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Othello.

What dost thou mean?

Iago.

Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis
something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that flches from me my good name,
Robes me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello.

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago.

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Othello.

Ha!

Iago.

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat: it feeds on: that cuckold lives in
bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves!

Othello.

O misery!

Iago.

Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, flightless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Othello.

Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon [doubt,
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

Iago, To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, there are more virtues:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago; I'll see,
Before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago.

I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-sentiment, be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country dispositions well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best
conscience
Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Othello:

Dost thou say so?

Iago.

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your
She lov'd them most. [looks,

Othello.

And so she did.

Iago.

Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought it was witchcraft. — But I am much
to blame!
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Othello.

I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago.

I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Othello.

Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago.

Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider what is spoke
Comes it from me. — But, I do see you are
mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

I will not.

Iago.

Should you so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend.
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Othello.

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!
Othello.
And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago.
Ay, there's the point:—as, to be bold with Not to affect many propitious matches, [you, Of her own elime, complexion, and degree. Whereeto, we see, in all things nature tends. Poh! one may smell in such a will most rank, Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. — But pardon me; I do not in position Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear, Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, May fall to match you with her country forms, And happily repent.

Othello.
Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more; Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago.
My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Othello.
Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless, Sees and knows more, much more, than he un- folds.

Iago.
My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour [Returning. To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time. Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place, (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability) Yet if you please to hold him off a while, 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 busy in my fears, (As worthy cause I have to fear I am) And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Othello.
Fear not my government.
Iago.
I once more take my leave. [Exit.

Othello.
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 those soft parts of conversation That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much:— She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage! That we can call these delicate creatures ours, And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad, And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, Than keep a corner in the thing I love, [ones; For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great Prerogati'v'd are they less than the base; 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death: Even then this forked plague is styled 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.

Desdemona.
How now, my dear Othello! Your dinner and the generous islanders, By you invited, do attend your presence.

I am to blame.

Desdemona.
Why is your speech so faint? are you not well? I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona.
Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again: Let me but bind it hard, within this hour It will be well.

Othello.
Your napkin is too little; [Lets fall her Napkin. Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Desdemona.
I am very sorry that you are not well. [Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Emilia.
I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor: My wayward husband hath a hundred times Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token, (For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it) That she reserves it evermore about her. To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out, And give't Iago: what he will do with it, Heaven knows, not I; I nothing, but to please his fancy.

Enter Iago.
Iago.
How now! what do you here alone?

Emilia.
Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Iago.
A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emilia.
Ha?

Iago.
To have a foolish wife.

Emilia.
O! is that all? What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?

Iago.
What handkerchief?

Emilia.
What handkerchief! Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona; That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago.
Hast stolen it from her?

Emilia.
No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence; And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up. Look, here it is.

Iago.
A good wench; give it me.

Emilia.
What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest To have me filch it?

Iago.
Why, what's that to you?

Emilia. [Snatching it.
If it be not for some purpose of import, Give't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad, When she shall lack it.

Iago.
Be not acknowledg'd; I have use for it Go; leave me. [Exit Emilia. I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liveth to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—[world! I
thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Othello.
Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago.
I should be wise: for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Othello.
By the world, I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black.
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago.
I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Othello.
Would! nay, I will.

Iago.
And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Othello.
Death and damnation! O!

Iago.
It was a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them
If ever mortal eyes do see them boister, [then,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Othello.
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't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry, —"O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots, [hard,
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried,—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"

Othello.
O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago.
Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello.
But this denoted a foregone conclusion: 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago.
And this may help to thicken other proofs, That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello.
I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago.
Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done; She may be honest yet. 'Tell me but this: Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief, Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Othello.
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.

Othello.
If it be that,—

Iago.
If it be that, or any that was hers, It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello.
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 do I 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 For 'tis of aspis' tongues! [Straits, Iago.

Pray, be content.

Othello.
O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago.
Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Othello.
Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea, Whose icy current and compulsive course Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on 'To the Propontick, and the Hellespont: Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up.—Now, by 'tond' marble heaven, In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneeling. I here engage my words.

Iago.
Do not raise yet.—[Kneeling. Witness, you ever-burning lights above! You elements that clip us round about! Witness, that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him come. And to obey shall be in me remorse, [mand, What bloody work sooner.

Othello.
I greet thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, And will upon the instant put thee to't. Within these three days let me hear thee say, That Cassio's not alive.

Iago.
My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request; But let her live.

Othello.
Damn her, Jew, and minx! O, damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw. To furnish me with some swift means of death For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago.
I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.}

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Desdemona.
Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown.
I dare not say, he lies any where.

Desdemona.
Why, man?

Clown.
He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Desdemona.
Go to. Where lodges he?

Clown.
To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Desdemona.
Can any thing be made of this?

Clown.
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 mine own throat.

Desdemona.
Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clown.
I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona.
Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown.
To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Desdemona.
Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emilia.
I know not, madam.

Desdemona.
Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzados; 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.

Emilia.
Is he not jealous?

Desdemona.
Who? he! I think the sun, where he was Drew all such humours from him. [born, Emilia.

Look, where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Desdemona.
I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Othello.
OTHELLO.

Desdemona.

Well, my good lady. — [Aside.] O, hardness
How do you, Desdemona? [to dissemble I —
Desdemona.

Well, my good lord.

Othello.

Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona.

It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Othello.

This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.
Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying;
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand;
A frank one.

Desdemona.

You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello.

A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Desdemona.

I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Othello.

What promise, chuck?

Desdemona.

I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Othello.

I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona.

Here, my lord.

Othello.

That which I gave you.

Desdemona.

I have it not about me.

Othello.

Not?

Desdemona.

No, indeed, my lord.

Othello.

That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, [father
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Desdemona.

Is't possible?

Othello.

'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona.

Indeed! is't true?

Othello.

Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Desdemona.

Then, would to heaven that I had never seen
it!

Othello.

Ha! wherefore?

Desdemona.

Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Othello.

Is't lost? Is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Desdemona.

Heaven bless us!

Othello.

Say you?

Desdemona.

It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Othello.

How?

Desdemona.

I say, it is not lost.

Othello.

Fetch'it, let me see't.

Desdemona.

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.

Othello.

Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-
gives.

Desdemona.

Come, come,
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Othello.

The handkerchief,—

Desdemona.

I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Othello.

The handkerchief,—

Desdemona.

A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you—

Othello.

The handkerchief,—

Desdemona.

In sooth, you are to blame.

Othello.

Away! [Exit Othello.

Emilia.

Is not this man jealous?

Desdemona.

I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia.

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungry, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Iago.

There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Desdemona.


**Desdemona.**

How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

**Cassio.**

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 office of my heart, Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd. If my offence be of such mortal kind, That nor my service past, nor present sorrows, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his love again, But to know so must be my benefit; So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, And shut myself up in some other course, To fortune's aims.

**Desdemona.**

Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio, My advocation 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?

**Emilia.**

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.

**Desdemona.**

I pr'ythee, do so. [Exit Iago.]—Something, sure, of state,— Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice, Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,— Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases, Men's natures wrangle with inferior things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even For let our finger ache, and it indies [so; Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense Of pain: nay, we must think, men are not gods; Nor of them look for such observances As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia, I was (unhandsome warrior as I am) Arraigning his unkindness with my soul; But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness, And he's indicted falsely.

**Emilia.**

Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think, And no conception, nor no jealous toy, Concerning you.

**Desdemona.**

Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

**Emilia.**

But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; They are not ever jealous for the cause, But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster, Begot upon itself, born on itself.

**Desdemona.**

Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Lady, amen.

**Desdemona.**

I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk hereabout: If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit, And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

**Cassio.**

I humbly thank your ladyship. [Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Bianca.

**Bianca.**

Save you, friend Cassio!

**Cassio.**

What make you from home?

**Bianca.**

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

And I was going to your lodging, Cassio. What! keep a week away? seven days and nights? Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours, More tedious than the dial eight score times? O weary reckoning!

**Cassio.**

Pardon me, Bianca; I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd; But I shall, in a more continuant time, Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca, [Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief. Take me this work out.

**Bianca.**

O, Cassio! whence came this? This is some token from a newer friend; To the fault absence, now, I feel a cause. Is it come to this? Well, well.

**Cassio.**

Go to, woman! Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, From whence you have them. You are jealous now. That this is from some mistress some remem- No, in good troth, Bianca. [brance:

**Bianca.**

Why, whose is it?

**Cassio.**

I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber. I like the work well; ere it be demanded, As like enough it will I'll love it copied: Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

**Bianca.**

Leave you! wherefore?

**Cassio.**

I do attend here on the general, And think it no addition, nor my wish, To have him see me woman'd.

**Bianca.**

Why, I pray you?

**Cassio.**

Not that I love you not.

**Bianca.**

But that you do not love me. I pray you, bring me on the way a little; And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

**Cassio.**

'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you, For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

**Bianca.**

'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.' [Exeunt.}
ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.
Enter Othello and Iago.

WILL you think so?
Othello. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What?

To kiss in private?
Othello. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago.

Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Othello. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil;
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue temps, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Othello. What then?
Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Othello. 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,—
Othello. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou saidst,— O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,— he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Othello. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,— as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary doation of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Othello. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Othello. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Othello. What? what?

OTHELLO,

ACT IV. Sc. 1.

Iago.

Lie—
Iago.

With her?
Iago.

With her, on her; what you will.
Othello.

Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her,
when they belie her. Lie with her! that's
fusome,—Handkerchief,—confessions,—hand-
kercief.—To confess, and be hanged for his
labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:
— I tremble at it. Nature would not invest her-
self in such shadowing passion, without some
Instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:
— Fish! — Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?
— Confess! — Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[ FALLS in a Trance. ]

Iago.

Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, hol my
lord!

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!
Cassio.

What's the matter?
Iago.

My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cassio.

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?
Othello.

Dost thou mock me?
Iago.

I mock you! no, by heaven,
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Othello.

A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago.

There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Othello.

Did he confess it?
Iago.

Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those improper beds, [better.
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know:
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello.

O! 'tis but false wise; 'tis certain.

Iago.

Stand you awhile apart; confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your
(A passion most unsuiting such a man) [grief,

Cassio]
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away, 
And laid good service upon your ecstasy; 
Bade him anon return, and here speak with us: 
The which he promis'd. But encave yourself, 
And mark the speers, the gibes, and notable 
That dwell in every region at his face; [scorns, 
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.

Othello. 
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? 

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 
And his unbookish jealousy must construe 
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour, 
Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

The worser, that you give me the addition, 
Whose want even kills me.

Jago. 
Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't. 
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed?

Othello. 
Alas, poor caltiff! 

Look, how he laughs already! 

Iago. 
I never knew woman love man so.

Othello. 
Alas, poor rogue! I think, 'tis faith, she loves me. 

Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. 

Do you hear, Cassio?

Iago. 
Now he importunes him To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

She gives it out, that you shall marry her: 
Do you intend it?

Othello. 
I marry her! — what! a customer? I pr'ythee, 
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Cassio. 
So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [Aside.

Othello. 
'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cassio. 
Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. 
I am a very villain else.

Othello. 
Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.

This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Cassio. 
Iago beckons me: now he begins the story. 

Othello. 
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; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck; —

Othello. 
Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cassio. 
So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

Othello. 
Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cassio. 
Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. 
Before me I look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.— What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bianca. 
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 work? — A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cassio. 
How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Othello. 
By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! 

Bianca. 
An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

Iago. 
After her, after her.

Cassio. 
'Faith, I must; she'll raff in the street else.

Iago. 
Will you sup there?

Cassio. 
'Faith, I intend so.
Othello.

Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cassio.
P'rythee, come; will you?

Iago.

Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.

How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago.

Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

O, Iago!

Iago.

And did you see the handkerchief?

Othello.

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.

Othello.

I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago.

Nay, you must forget that.

Othello.

Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago.

Nay, that's not your way.

Othello.

Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago.

She's the worse for all this.

Othello.

O! a thousand thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition.

Iago.

Ay, too gentle.

Othello.

Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Iago.

If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Othello.

I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago.

O! 'tis foul in her.

Othello.

With mine officer!

Iago.

That's fouler.

Othello.

Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovice my mind again.—This night, Iago.

Iago.

Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Othello.

Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago.

And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[Exit Cassio.

Othello. [A Trumpet within.

Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago.

Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lodovico.

'Save you, worthy general!

Othello.

With all my heart, sir.

Lodovico.

The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Giving him a Packet.

Othello.

I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the Packet, and reads.

Desdemona.

And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago.

I am very glad to see you, signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodovico.

I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago.

Lives, sir.

Desdemona.

Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Othello.

Are you sure of that?

Desdemona.

My lord?

Othello.

"This fall you not to do, as you will":—

[Lodovico.

He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Desdemona.

A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Othello.

Fire and brimstone!

Desdemona.

My lord?

Othello.

Are you wise?

Desdemona.

What! is he angry?

Lodovico.

May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Desdemona.

By my troth, I am glad on't.

Othello.

Indeed.

Desdemona.

My lord?

Othello.

I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona.
Desdemona. How, sweet Othello?

Othello. Devil!  

Desdemona. [Striking her.]

I have not deserv'd this.

Lodovico. 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.

Othello. 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!

Desdemona. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.  

Lodovico. Truly an obedient lady. —  

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Othello. Mistress!  

Desdemona. My lord?

Othello. What would you with her, sir?

Lodovico. Who, I, my lord?

Othello. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say, — obedient,—  
Very obedient. — Proceed you in your tears,—  
Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion!  
I am commanded home. — Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice. — Hence! avaunt!

[Exeunt 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 monkeys!  

[Exit.  

Lodovico. 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.  

Lodovico. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.  
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is  
I would to heaven, he were. [Not,—  

Lodovico. What! strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew,  
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lodovico. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!  
It is not honesty in me, to speak.

What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
And his own courses will denote him so, [him;  
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

Lodovico. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.  

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Othello. You have seen nothing then?

Emilia. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othello. What! did they never whisper?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. That's strange.

Emilia. 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 have 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.

Othello. Bid her come hither: — go.  

[Exit Emilia.  

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.

Desdemona. My lord, what is your will?

Othello. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Desdemona. What is your pleasure?

Othello. Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

Desdemona. What horrible fancy's this?

Othello. Some of your function, mistress: [To Emilia.  

Emilia. Leave procreants alone, and shut the door:  

Cough,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery; — nay, despatch.

[Exit Emilia.

Desdemona.

Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
I understand a fury in your words, [port ?
But not the words.

Othello.

Why, what art thou?

Desdemona.

Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Othello.

Come, swear it, damn thyself; 
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-
Swear thou art honest. [damn'd;

Desdemona.

Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello.

Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
hell.

Desdemona.

To whom, my lord? with whom? How am
I false?

Othello.

O Desdemona! — away, away, away!

Desdemona.

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.

Othello.

Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips: [head
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 and moving finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well;
But there, where I had 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 toasts
To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion
there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Desdemona.

I hope, my noble lord esteemes me honest.

Othello.

O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Desdemona.

Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othello.

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed! — O thou publie commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. — What committed?

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed? —
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona.

By heaven you do me wrong.

Othello.

Are not you a strumpet?

Desdemona.

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.

Othello.

What, not a whore?

Desdemona.

No, as I shall be saved.

Othello.

Is it possible?

Desdemona.

O, heaven forgive us!

Othello.

I cry you mercy, then?
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you:
We have done our course; there's money for
your pains.
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

(Exit.

Emilia.

Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good
lady?

Desdemona.

'Faith, half asleep.

Emilia.

Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

With whom?

Emilia.

Why, with my lord, madam.

Desdemona.

Who is thy lord

Emilia.

He that is yours, sweet lady,

Desdemona.

I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, — remember
And call thy husband hither. [ber; —

Emilia.

Here is a change, indeed!

(Exit.

Desdemona.

'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago.

What is your pleasure, madam? How is it
with you?

Desdemona.

I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks; 
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, 
I am a child to chiding.

Iago.

What's the matter, lady? 

Emilia.

Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her, 
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, 
As true hearts cannot bear.

Desdemona.

Am I that name, Iago? 

Iago.

What name, fair lady? 

Desdemona.

Such as she, says my lord did say I was.

Emilia.

He call'd her whose: a beggar in his drink, 
Could not have such terms upon his callat.

Iago.

Why did he so? 

Desdemona.

I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago.

Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day! 

Emilia.

Has she forsook so many noble matches, 
Her father, and her country, and her friends, 
To be call'd whose: would it not make one weep? 

Desdemona.

It is my wretched fortune.

Iago.

Beshrew him for it! 

How comes this trick upon him? 

Desdemona.

Nay, heaven doth know.

Emilia.

I will be hang'd, if some eternal 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.

Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.

Desdemona.

If any such there be, heaven pardon him! 

Emilia.

A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones! 
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company? 

[Exit Desdemona and Emilia.]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo.

I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago.

What in the contrary? 

Roderigo.

Every day thou dost me with some device, 
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago.

Will you hear me, Roderigo? 

Roderigo.

'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago.

You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo.

With jought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago.

Well; go to; very well.

Roderigo.

Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well; by this hand, I say, it is very scurry; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago.

Very well.

Roderigo.

I tell you, 'tis no 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

3 v

Roderigo.
Othello.
Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest
intention 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.

Roderigo.
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 fol-
lowing enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from
this world with treachery, and devise engines for
my life.

Roderigo.
Well, what is it? Is it within reason, and com-
pass?

Iago.
Sir, there is especial commission come from
Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo.
Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona
return again to Venice.

Iago.
O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes
away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his
abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein
none can be so determinate, as the re-
moving of Cassio.

Roderigo.
How do you mean removing of him?

Iago.
Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's
place; knocking out his brains.

Roderigo.
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 harlotry, and
thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his
honourable 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.

Roderigo.
I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago.
And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia,
and Attendants.

Lodovico.
I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no
farther.

Othello.
O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lodovico.
Madam, good night; I humbly thank your
ladyship.

Desdemona.
Your honour is most welcome.

Othello.
Will you walk, sir?—

Desdemona.
My lord?

Othello.
Get you to bed on the instant; I will be re-
turned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there:
look, it be done.

Desdemona.
I will, my lord.

[Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.

Emilia.
How goes it now? he looks gentler than he
did.

Desdemona.
He says, he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia.
Dismiss me!

Desdemona.
It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
We must not now displease him.

Emilia.
I would you had never seen him.

Desdemona.
So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and
frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

Emilia.
I have laid those sheets you bade me on the
bed.

Desdemona.
All's one.—Good father! how foolish are our
minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia.
Come, come, you talk.

Desdemona.
My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she did singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, de-
spatch.

Emilia.
Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Desdemona.
No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia.
A very handsome man.

Desdemona.
He speaks well.

Emilia.
I know a lady in Venice would have walked
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether
lip.

Desdemona.
**ACT V. Sc. I.**

**THE MOOR OF VENICE.**

**Desdemona.** [Singing.]

The poor soul sat sighing by a lycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur’d her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften’d the stones;

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.
Pr’ythee, hie thee; he’ll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that’s not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emilia.

It is the wind.

**Desdemona.**

I call’d my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow;

If I court my women, you’ll couch with me men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do

Doth that bode weeping? [itch;

Emilia.

’Tis neither here nor there.

**Desdemona.**

I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Emilia.

There be some such, no question.

**Desdemona.**

Would’st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia.

Why, would not you?

**Desdemona.**

No, by this heavenly light.

Emilia.

Nor I neither by this heavenly light:

I might do’t as well I’ the dark.

**Desdemona.**

Would’st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia.

The world is a huge thing: ’tis a great price

For a small vice.

**Desdemona.**

In truth, I think thou would’st not.

Emilia.

In troth, I think I should, and undo’t, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for’r.

**Desdemona.**

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emilia.

Why, the wrong is but a wrong I’ the world; and, having the world for your labour, ’tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

**Desdemona.**

I do not think there is any such woman.

Emilia.

Yes, a dozen; and as many [play’d for.

To the vantage, as would store the world they 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 Or scant our former having in despite, [us, Why, we have all galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell, And have their palates, both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think, it is: and doth affection breed it? I think, it doth. Is’t frailty, that thus errs? It is so too: and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? Then, let them use us well; else, let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

**Desdemona.**

Good night, good night: heaven me such uses 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.

Roderigo.

Be near at hand; I may miscarry in’t.

Iago.

Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance.

Roderigo.

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 quit almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cas-

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, [sic,

Every way makes my game: live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold, and jewels, that I bob’d from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;

That 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:—bo’t so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Roderigo.

I know his gait; ’tis he.— Villain, thou darest [flashing out, and making a pass at Cassio.

Cassio.
OTHELLO, Act v. Sc. 1

Cassio.
That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[Draws, and wounds Roderigo. Roderigo.
O! I am slain.
[Enter Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.

Cassio.
I am maim'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder! murder!
[Falls.

Enter Othello, at a distance.

Othello.
The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

Roderigo.
O, villain that I am!

Othello.
It is e'en so.

Cassio.
O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Othello.
'Tis he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate lies:—I am come! Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-slain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cassio.
What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gratiano.
'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cassio.
O, help!

Lodovico.
Hark!

Roderigo.
O wretched villain!

Lodovico.
Two or three groan.—It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeiters; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Roderigo.
No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a Light.

Lodovico.
Hark!

Gratiano.
Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago.
Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lodovico.
We do not know.

Iago.
Did not you hear a cry?

Cassio.
Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago.
What's the matter?

Gratiano.
This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico.
The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago.
What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cassio.
Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains:
Give me some help.

Iago.
O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cassio.
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. Roderigo.

O, help me! here.

Cassio.
That's one of them.

Iago.
O murderous slave! O villain!

[Iago stabs Roderigo. Roderigo.

O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

Iago.
Kill men 't the dark! —Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! — Ho! murder! murder! What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lodovico.
As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago.
Signior Lodovico?

Lodovico.
He, sir.

Iago.
I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gratiano.
Cassio?

Iago.
How is it, brother?

Cassio.
My leg is cut in two.

Iago.
Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

[Enter Bianca.

Bianca.
What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago.
Who is't that cry'd?

Bianca.
O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago.
O notable strumpet! — Cassio, may you suspect
Who should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cassio.

No.

Gratiano.
I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago.
Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!—

Bianca.
Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago.

Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come.
Lend me a light.—Know this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo! no,—yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.

Iago.

What, of Venice?

Iago.

Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gratiano.

Know him? ay.

Signor Gratiano! I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gratiano.

I am glad to see you.

Iago.

How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gratiano.

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,
Save you your labour. —He that lies slain here,
Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cassio.

None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago.

What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen. —Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, an you stir:—we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
Though tongues were out of use. [speak,

Enter Emilia.

Emilia.

Alas! 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.

Emilia.

Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago.

This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What do you shake at that?

Blanca.

He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago.

O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emilia.

O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Blanca.

I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emilia.

As I? fie upon thee!

Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd—.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[Aside.

SCENE II. A Bedchamber.

Desdemona in bed asleep. A Light burning.

Enter Othello.

Othello.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Prometheus heat,
That can thy light resume. When I have
pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither.—I'll smell it on the tree.

[To his wife.] O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one
more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love. —She wakes—

Desdemona.

Who's there? Othello?

Othello.

Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona.

Will you come to bed, my lord?

Othello.

Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Desdemona.

Ay, my lord.

Othello.

If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Desdemona.

Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Othello.

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.

Desdemona.

Talk of killing?

Othello.

Ay, I do.

Desdemona.

Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Othello.

Amen, with all my heart!—

Desdemona.
Desdemona.
If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Othello.

Humph!
Desdemona.
And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I
know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I
fear.
Othello.

Think on thy sins.
Desdemona.
They are loves I bear to you.
Othello.
Ay, and for that thou diest.
Desdemona.
That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Othello.

Peace, and be still!
Desdemona.
I will so. What's the matter?
Othello.

That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
[thee,
Desdemona.
No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Othello.

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Desdemona.
Ay, but not yet to die.
Othello.

Yes, presently:
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
[tlon,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong concept
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Desdemona.
Then, Lord, have mercy on me!
Othello.

I say, amen.
Desdemona.
And have you mercy too?—I never did
Oblige you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Othello.

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Desdemona.
He found it then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Othello.

He hath confess'd.
Desdemona.
What, my lord?
Othello.

That he hath—us'd thee.
Desdemona.

How? unlawfully?
Enter Emilia.

Emilia.

O, good my lord! yonder's foul murder done.

Othello.

What! now?

Emilia.

But now, my lord!

Othello.

It is the very error of the moon; she comes more near the earth than she was And makes men mad. [wont.

Emilia.

Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian, Call'd Roderigo.

Othello.

Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

Emilia.

No; Cassio is not kill'd.

Othello.

Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of And sweet revenge grows harsh. [tune, Desdemona.

O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emilia.

'Alas! what cry is that?

Othello.

That! what?

Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:— Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again! Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Desdemona.

A guiltless death I die.

Emilia.

O! who hath done

This deed?

Desdemona.

Nobody: I myself; farewell: Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [Dies.

Othello.

Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emilia.

Alas, who knows?

Othello.

You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emilia.

She said so; I must needs report a truth.

Othello.

She's like a liar gone to burning hell: 'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emilia.

O! the more angel she, And you the blacker devil.

Othello.

She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emilia.

Thou dost belièr her, and thou art a devil.

Othello.

She was false as water.

Emilia.

Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Othello

Cassio did her; ask thy husband else. O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell, But that I did proceed upon just grounds. To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emilia.

My husband?

Emilia.

Thy husband.

Emilia.

That she was false to wedlock?

Othello.

Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true, If heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia.

My husband?

Othello.

Ay, 'twas he that told me first: An honest man he is, and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emilia.

What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband

Emilia.

O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with My husband say, that she was false? [love. —

Othello.

He, woman;

I say, thy husband: dost understand the word? My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emilia.

If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart: She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Othello.

Ha!

Emilia.

Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven, Than thou wast worthy her.

Othello.

Peace! you were best.

Emilia.

Thou hast not half the power to do me harm, As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt! As ignorant as dirt!—thou hast done a deed, I care not for thy sword: I'll make thee known, Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help! The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Montano.

What is the matter?—How now, general!

Emilia.

O! are you come, Iago? you have done well, That men must lay their murders on your neck. Gratiano.

What is the matter?

Emilia.

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'ret not such a villain. Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago.

I told him what I thought; and told no more Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emilia.

But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago.

I did.
Emilia.
You told a lie; an odious, damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie. — [Cassio?]
She false with Cassio? — Did you say with
Iago.
With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emilia.
I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to
speak.

O heavens forfend!

Emilia.
And your reports have set the murder on.

Othello.
Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gratiano.
'Tis a strange truth.

Montano.
O monstrous act!

Emilia.
Villain! villainy! I think upon't, — I think, — I smell't: — O vil-
lainy!

I thought so then: — I'll kill myself for grief. —

Iago.
What! are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Emilia.
Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now. —

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Othello.
O! O! O! [Falling on the Bed.]

Emilia.
Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Othello.
O! she was foul. — [Rising.]

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies he.

Gratiano.
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Othello.
'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows.

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd
And she did gratify his amorous works [at;
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.

Emilia.
O heaven! O heavenly powers! Iago.

Come, hold your peace.

Iago.
'Twill out, 'twill out: — I hold my peace, sir?
No, I will speak as liberal as the north. [no;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago.
Be wise, and get you home.

Emilia.
I will not.

Iago offers to stab his Wife.

Gratiano.
Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emilia.
O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
( More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago.
Villainous whore!

Emilia.
She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago.
Filth, thou liest.

By heaven, I do not: I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?

Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.

Othello.
Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder? — Precious
villain!

Gratiano.
The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emilia.
Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gratiano.
He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Montano.
'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. 'Till after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.

Othello.
I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whisperer gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Iago.
What did thy song hode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music: — Willows, willows, willows. —
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, — I die. [Dies.

Othello.
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.

Gratiano. [Within.
If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perfide much must suffer.

Othello.
Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gratiano.
What is the matter?
**The Moor of Venice**

**Othello.**

Behold! I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, That, with this little arm, and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop. — But, O vain boast! Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.— Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd: Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you go back dismay'd? '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-starr'd wench! Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl; Even like thy chastity. — O, cursed slave! — Whip me, ye devils. From the possession of this heavenly sight! Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O! O! Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.

**Lodovico.**

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man? Othello.

That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

**Lodovico.**

Where is that viper? bring the villain forth. Othello.

I look down towards his feet; — but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [Othello wounds Iago.]

**Lodovico.**

Wrench his sword from him.

Iago.

I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

**Othello.**

I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live; For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

**Lodovico.**

O thou Othello! that wert once so good, Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave, What shall be said to thee? Othello.

**Ay.**

Cassio.

Dear general, I never gave you cause. Othello.

I do believe it, and I ask you pardon. Will you, I pray, 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 never will speak word.

**Lodovico.**

What! not to pray?

**Gratiano.**

Torments will ope your lips. Othello.

Well, thou dost but; Lodovico.

Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n, Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter, Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; And here another: the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderigo.

**Othello.**

**Cassio.**

Most heathenish, and most gross! Lodovico.

Now, here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain; But that, belike, Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.

**Othello.**

O, the pernicious calliff! How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief, That was my wife's?

**Cassio.**

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.

**Othello.**

**Cassio.**

I know not, 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.

**Lodovico.**

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. Othello.

**Cassio.**

Soft you; a word or two, before you go. [It; I have done the state some service, and they know No more of that. — I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you Of one that lov'd not, wisely, but too well: [speak Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand, Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away, Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose sub- Albeit unseas to the melting mood, [dued eyes, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum. Set down this; And say, besides, that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state, I took by the throat the circumcised dog, And smote him — thus. [Stabs himself.

**Lodovico.**

O bloody period! Gratiano.

All that's spake is marr'd. Othello.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY, Octavius Cæsar, Trismvirs.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
Overflows the measure: those his goodly
That o'er the files and musters of the war [eyes,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
The office and devotion of their view [turn
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Eunuuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleopatra.

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Antony.

There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleopatra.

I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.
Antony.

Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter

Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To Iago.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture: — O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT I. Sc. II.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant.

News, my good lord, from Rome.

Antony.

Thrice greetings: the sum.

Cleopatra.

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!"

Antony.

How, my love!

Cleopatra.

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 bluesth, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
Shame.

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.--The messengers!

Antony.

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the raged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dunny 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 blind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleopatra.

Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?--
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Antony.

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?

Cleopatra.

Hear the ambassadors.

Antony.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admirable.
No messenger; but thine, and all alone, [note
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. -- Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their Train.

Demetrius.

Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Philo.

Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Demetrius.

I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Another Room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Charmian.

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
charge his horns with garlands!

Alexas.

Soothsayer!

Your will?

Charmian.

Is this the man?--Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Soothsayer.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alexas.

Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Enobarbus.

Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Charmian.

Good sir, give me good fortune.

Soothsayer.

I make not, but foresee.

Charmian.

Pray, then, foresee me one.

Soothsayer.

You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Charmian.

He means, in flesh.

Iras.

No, you shall paint when you are old.

Charmian.

Wrinkles forbid!

Alexas.

Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Charmian.

Hush!

Soothsayer.

You shall be more believing, than belov'd.

Charmian.

I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alexas.

Nay, hear him.

Charmian.

Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me
be married to three kings in a forehead, 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.

Soothsayer.

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Charmian.

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soothsayer.

You have seen, and proved a fairer former
Than that which is to approach. [fortune,

Charmian.

Then, belike, my children shall have no
names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Soothsayer.

If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.
No, madam.  Cleopatra.

He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden.
A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus.

Madam.  Cleopatra.


Here, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleopatra.

We will not look upon him: go with us.
[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iris, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

Messenger.

Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

Antony.

Against my brother Lucius?  Messenger.

Ay: But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Antony.

Well, what worst?

Messenger.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Antony.

When it concerns the fool, or coward. — On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me. — 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Messenger.

Labienus

(This is still new) hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst —

Antony.

Antony, thou would'st say, —

Messenger.

O, my lord!  Antony.

Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rall 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 fills told
Is as our earing. Fane thee well awhile. [us,

Messenger.

At your noble pleasure.  [Exit.

Antony.

From Sicyon how the news?  Speak there.

First Attendant.

The man from Sicyon. — Is there such an one?

Second Attendant.

He stays upon your will.

Antony.
Antony.

Let him appear. —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Enter another Messenger.
Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?
Second Messenger.

Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Antony.

Where died she?
Second Messenger.

In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Giving a Letter
Antony

Forbear me. —
[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire
What our contempts do often kill from us, [it;]
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 show'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. — How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Enobarbus.

What's your pleasure, sir?
Antony.

I must with haste from hence.

Enobarbus.

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.

Antony.

I must be gone.

Enobarbus.

Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Antony.

She is cunning past man's thought.

Enobarbus.

Alack, sir! no: her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Antony.

Would I had never seen her!

Enobarbus.

O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Antony.

Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus.

Sir?
Antony.

Fulvia is dead.

Antony.

Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus.

Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this griefs crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Antony.

The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Enobarbus.

And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Antony.

No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedition 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. Sectus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Enobarbus.

I shall do it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleopatra.

Where is he?

Charmian.

I did not see him since.

Cleopatra.

See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you. — If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[Exit Alexas.

Charmian.

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleopatra.

What should I do, I do not?

Charmian.

In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleopatra.

Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

Charmian.
Charmian.
Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleopatra.
I am sick, and sullen.

Antony.
I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleopatra.
Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Antony.
Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleopatra.
Pray you, stand farther from me.

Antony.
What's the matter?

Cleopatra.
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 here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Antony.
The gods best know,—

Cleopatra.
O! I never was there queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Antony.

Cleopatra.
Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Antony.

Most sweet queen,—

Cleopatra.
Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Antony.

How now, lady!

Cleopatra.
I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st
There were a heart in Egypt.

Antony.

Hear me, queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers [strength,
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to
Are newly loved to live: the condemn'd Pom-
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace [pay,
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 make safe
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleopatra.
Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childlihness. — Can Fulvia die?

Antony.
She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garbols she awak'd; at the last, best,
See, when, and where she died.

Cleopatra.
O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Antony.
Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire
That quickens Nius' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou assign'st.

Cleopatra.
Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—

But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Antony.
My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleopatra.
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 honour.

Antony.
You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleopatra.
You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Antony.
Now, by my sword,—

Cleopatra.
And target. — Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmi-

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Antony.
I'll leave you, lady.

Cleopatra.
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! I my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Antony.
But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleopatra.
'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, 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 impolluted folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony.

Let us go. Come;
Our separation so alas'd, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [Exeunt.


Enter Octavius Caesar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Caesar.

You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouch'd to think he had partners: you shall
find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lepidus.

I must not think, there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchaser'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Caesar.

You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
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 be
Comes from him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must
Antony
No way excuse his fols, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be child
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge,
Paw their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lepidus. Here's more news.

Messenger.

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 discontent repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caesar.

I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth

Caesar.

Come's fear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacing the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Messenger.

Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and work
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resoluted.

Caesar.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slewst
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow: whom thou fought'st against,
Though dauntly brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then didst
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pastures sheers,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lepidus.

'Tis pity of him.

Caesar.

Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Died show ourselves i' th' field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lepidus.

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.

Caesar.

Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lepidus.

Farewell, my lord. What you shall know
Mean time.
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Caesar.

Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Mardian.

Cleopatra.

Charmian,—

Charmian.

Madam.

Cleopatra.

Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.

Charmian.

Why, madam?—

Cleopatra.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SC. V.

Cleopatra
That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Charmian.
You think of him too much.

Cleopatra.
O, 'tis treason!

Charmian.
Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleopatra.
Thou, eunuch, Mardian—

Mardian.
What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleopatra.
Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. "Tis well for thee,
That, being unsemained, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mardian.
Yes, gracious madam.

Cleopatra.
Indeed?

Mardian.
Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleopatra.
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou serv'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison—think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cesar,
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.

Alexas.
Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleopatra.
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
Was beastly dumb'd by him. [spoke

Cleopatra.
What! was he sad, or merry?

Alexas.
Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleopatra.
O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
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?

Alexas.
Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleopatra.
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 Cesar so?

Charmian.
O, that brave Cesar!

Cleopatra.
Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Charmian.
The valiant Cesar!

Cleopatra.
By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cesar paragon again,
My man of men.

Charmian.
By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleopatra.
My salldays days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away;
Get me ink and paper: He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeopie Egypt. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pompey.
If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menecrates.
Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pompey.
While we are suitors to their throne, decays
The things we sue for.
**ACT II. SC. II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.**

**Menecrates.**

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

**Pompey.**

I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. *Mark Antony*

In *Egypt* sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: *Cæsar* gets money,
He loses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both, [where
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

**Menas.**

*Cæsar* and *Lepidus*

Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

**Pompey.**

Where have you this? 'tis false.

**Menas.**

From *Silvius*, sir.

**Pompey.**

He dreams: I know, they are in *Rome* to-
gether.

Looking for *Antony*. But all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: *Epicurean* cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a *Leth'nd* dulness. — How now, *Var-
rius*!

**Enter Varrius.**

**Varrius.**

This is most certain, that I shall deliver.

*Mark Antony* is every hour in *Rome*.

Expected; since he went from *Egypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

**Pompey.**

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 soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er lust-warded *Antony*.

**Menas.**

I cannot hope,

*Cæsar* and *Antony* shall well greet together;
His wife that's dead did trespass to *Cæsar*;
His brother war'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

**Pompey.**

I know not, *Menas*,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Wert't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet know not.
Be it as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

**SCENE II. Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus.**

**Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.**

**Lepidus.**

Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat your cap-

To soft and gentle speech. [tain

**Enobarbus.**

I shall entreat him

to answer like himself: if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonius*’ beard,
I would not shave it to-day.

**Lepidus.**

'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

**Enobarbus.**

Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

**Lepidus.**

But small to greater matters must give way.

**Enobarbus.**

Not if the small come first.

**Lepidus.**

Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

**Enter Antony and Ventidius.**

**Enobarbus.**

And yonder, *Cæsar*.

**Enter Cæsar, Meccenas, and Agrippa.**

**Antony.**

If we compose well here, to *Parthia*:

Hark you, *Ventidius*.

**Cæsar.**

I do not know,

*Meccenas*; ask *Agrippa*.

**Lepidus.**

Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss, [not
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble part-
The rather, for I earnestly beseech) [ners,
Touch you the sorest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

**Antony.**

'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

**Cæsar.**

Welcome to *Rome*.

**Antony.**

Thank you.

**Cæsar.**

**Sit.**

**Antony.**

**Sit, sir.**

**Cæsar.**

**Nay, then—**

**Antony.**

I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

**Cæsar.**

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.**

My being in *Egypt*, *Cæsar*,

What was't to you?

3 u

**Cæsar.**
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.

Antony.
How intend you, practis'd? Cesar.
You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Antony.
You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
Discredite 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 catch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cesar.
You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Antony.
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 a wife. [snaffle
Cesar.
Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Antony.
So much uncurbable, her garbills, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet; for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cesar.
I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with faults
Did give my missive out of audience.

Antony.
Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was I the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our stride; if we contend,
Out of our question wise him.

Cesar.
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lepidus.
You have broken
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.

Antony.
No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Would
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For ‘tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

Antony.
Will Caesar speak?
Cæsar.
Not till he hears how Antony is touch’d
With what is spoken already.
Antony.
What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, “Agrippa, be it so,”
To make this good?
Cæsar.
The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Antony.
May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæsar.
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!

Lepidus.
Happily, amen.

Antony.
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.

Lepidus.
Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Antony.
Where lies he?
Cæsar.
About the Mount Mecænum.

Antony.
What’s his strength

Cæsar.
Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Antony.
So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk’d of.

Cæsar.
With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister’s view,
Whither straight I’ll lead you.

Antony.
Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lepidus.
Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.  

(Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.)

Mecænas.
Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Enobarbus.
Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agrippa.
Good Enobarbus!

Mecænas.
We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay’d well by it in Egypt.

Enobarbus.
Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mecænas.
Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: is this true?

Enobarbus.
This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mecænas.
She’s a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Enobarbus.
When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agrippa.
There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Enobarbus.
I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish’d throne,
Burn’d on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar’d all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, 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 Cyprians,
With diverse-colour’d fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agrippa.
O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus.
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tending her the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron’d in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa.
Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus.
Upon her landing Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SC. II.

SCENE III. A Room in Cæsar’s House.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants.

Cæsar.

The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octavia.

All which time,

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Antony.

To Cæsar.

Good night, sir. — My Octavia,

I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
Good night, sir.

Antony.

[Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

Enter a Soothsayer.

Soothsayer.

Cæsar’s.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:

Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar’s is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o’erpower’d; therefore,
Make space enough between you.

Antony.

Speak this no more.

Soothsayer.

To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
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.

Antony.

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[Exeunt Soothsayer.

Enter Ventidius.

Ventidius.

Sir, Mark Antony
Will e’en but kiss Octavia, and we’ll follow.

Lepidus.

Till I shall see you in your soldier’s dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mecænas.

As I conceive the journey, be at Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lepidus.

Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:
You’ll win two days upon me.

Mecænas and Agrippa.

Lepidus.

Sir, good success!

Farewell.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleopatra.

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attendant.

The music, ho!

[Exeunt.]

Enter Octavia.
Enter Mardian.
Cleopatra. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Charmian. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleopatra. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me sir?
Mardian. As well as I can, madam.
Cleopatra. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha; you're caught.
Charmian. Twas merry, when
You wagger'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleopatra. 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.

Enter a Messenger.
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Messenger. Madam, madam,—
Cleopatra. 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 their foolishness kissing.

Messenger. First, madam, he is well.
Cleopatra. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will, I wil, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Messenger. Good madam, hear me.
Cleopatra. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shoul'dst come like a fury crown'd with
Not like a formal man.

Messenger. Will't please you hear me?
Cleopatra. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well;
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Some innocents escape not the thunder-bolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. — Call.

Cleopatra.

He is afraid to come.

Cleopatra. I will not hurt him. —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Messager. I have done my duty.

Cleopatra. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Messager. He's married, madam.

Cleopatra. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Messager. Should I lie, madam?

Cleopatra. O! I would, thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scale'd snakes. Go, get thee hence:—
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'rt appear most ugly. He is married?

Messager. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleopatra. He is married?

Messager. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleopatra. O! that his fault should make a knife of thee,
Thou art not what thou'rt sure of.—Get thee hence:
[Enter Messenger.]

Octavia, the merchandise which thou hast brought from
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!

Exit Messenger.

Charman, Good your highness, patience.

Cleopatra. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Caesar.

Charman. Many times, madam.

Cleopatra. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iros! Charmian! — 'Tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow good Alectas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.—

Exit Alectas.

The other way he's a Mars. — Bid you Alectas
Bring me word, how tall she is.— Fity me,
Charmian,
But do not speak to me. — Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet; at another,
Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mezentius, with Soldiers marching.

Pompey. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Caesar. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have
Our written purposes before us sent.
[We 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.

Pompey. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods. — I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revenger 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 all-honoured, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beautiful freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despicable Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Caesar. Take your time.

Thou canst not ease us, Pompey, with thy sails, —
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
How much we do o'er-count thee. [know'st
Pompey. 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.

Lepidus. Be pleas'd to tell us,
[For this is from the present] how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Caesar. There's the point.

Antony. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd?

Caesar. And what may follow,

Pompey. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unback'd edges, and bear buck
Our larges undinted.

Caesar,
Caesar, Antony, and Lepidus.

That's our offer.

Pompey.

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 brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Antony.

I have heard it, Pompey; And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pompey.

Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Antony.

The beds I the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by it.

Caesar.

Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pompey.

Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lepidus.

Well met here.

Pompey.

I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus we are agreed.
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Caesar.

That's the next to do.

Pompey.

We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Antony.

That will I, Pompey.

No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Grew fat with feasting there.

Caesar.

Antony.

You have heard much.

Pompey.

I have fair meanings, sir.

Antony.

And fair words to them.

Pompey.

Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Enobarbus.

No more of that: — he did so.

Pompey.

What, I pray you?

Enobarbus.

A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

Pompey.

I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Enobarbus.

Well; And well am I like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Enobarbus.
But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas.
Pray you, sir? [Aside.

Enobarbus.
'Tis true.

Menas.
Then is Caesar, and he, for ever knit together.

Enobarbus.
If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas.
I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Enobarbus.
I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Menas.
Who would not have his wife so?

Enobarbus.
Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Menas.
And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Enobarbus.
I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas.
Come; let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a Banquet.

First Servant.
Here they'll be, man. Some o'their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind 1 the world will blow them down.

Second Servant.
Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Servant.
They have made him drink alms-drink.

Second Servant.
As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more:" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Servant.
But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Second Servant.
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 have.

First Servant.
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.

Antony.
Thus do they, sir. [To Caesar.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales I the pyramid: they know,

By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,

Or foison, follow. The higher Nitus swells,

The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,

And shortly comes to harvest.

Lepidus.
You have strange serpents there.

Antony. [Aside.

Lepidus.
Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Antony.
They are so.

Pompey.
Sit,—and some wine! — A health to Lepidus.

Lepidus.
I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Enobarbus.
Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lepidus.
Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Menas. [Aside.

Pompey, a word.

Pompey. [Aside. Say in mine ear: what is't?

Menas. [Aside.

Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pompey. [Aside. Forbear me till anon. —

This wine for Lepidus.

Lepidus.
What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Antony.
It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lepidus.
What colour is it of?

Antony.
Of its own colour too.

Lepidus.
'Tis a strange serpent.

Antony.
'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

Cesar.
Will this description satisfy him?

Antony.
With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pompey. [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?

Menas.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Men. [Aside.]
If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pompey. [Aside.]
I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[Walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pompey. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's Be jolly, lords.
[else to say?—

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pompey. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pompey. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, And though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pompey. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whatever the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pompey. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pompey. Ah! this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villainy: In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour, Mine honour, it. Repent, that ever thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done, But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside.

For this, I'll never follow thy pail'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis Shall never find it more . offered,

Pompey. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Enobar. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pompey. I'll, till the cup be hid.

Enobarbus. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.

Men. [Aside.]

Enobarbus. Why?

The third part of the world, man: see'st not ?

Men. The third part, then, he is drunk: would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Enobarbus. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pompey. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Caesar.

Cesar. 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.

Cesar. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast From all four days, than drink so much in one.

Enobarbus. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacachans, And celebrate our drink?

Pompey. Let's ha'n, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands, Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our In soft and delicate Lethe. [sense

Enobarbus. All take hands. — Make battery to our ears with the loud music; The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing: The holding every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eye: In thy wats 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! Caesar.

What would you more? — Pompey, good night. — Good brother, Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good Antony, your hand. [Good night. —

Pompey. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

Pompey. O, Antony! You
You have my father’s house.—But what? we come down into the boat: [are friends.

Enobarbus.
Take heed you fall not.—
[Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony, and Attendants.

Menas, I’ll not on shore.

Menas.
No, to my cabin.—These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell! To these great fellows, sound, and be hang’d! sound out!

Enobarbus.
Ho, says ’a!—There’s my cap.

Menas.
Ho!—noble captain! come.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.
Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ventidius.
Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas’d fortune does of Marcus Crassus’ death Make me revenger.—Bear the king’s son’s body Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Silius.
Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither [Media, The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony, Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head.

Ventidius.
O Silius, Silius! I have done enough: a lower place, note well, May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius, Better to leave undone, than by our deeds acquire Too high a fame, when him we serve’s awa’y. Caesar and Antony have ever won More in their officer, than person: Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev’d by the minute, lost his favour. Who does! 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.

Silius.
Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ventidius.
I’ll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne’er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o’ the field.

Silius.
Where is he now?

Ventidius.
He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste The weight we must convey with us will permit, We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rome. An Aute-Chamber in Caesar’s House.
Enter Agrippa, and Enobarbus, meeting.

Agrippa.
What! are the brothers parted?

Enobarbus.
They have despatch’d with Pompey: he is gone; The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey’s feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green sickness.

Agrippa.
’Tis a noble Lepidus.

Enobarbus.
A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar!

Agrippa.
Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Enobarbus.
Cesar? Why, he’s the Jupiter of men.

Agrippa.
What’s Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Enobarbus.
Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonparell l

Agrippa.
O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Enobarbus.
Would you praise Caesar, say,—Caesar;—go no farther.

Agrippa.
Indeed, he ply’d them both with excellent praises.

Enobarbus.
But he loves Caesar best;—yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho! His love to Antony. But as for Caesar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agrippa.
Both he loves

Enobarbus.
They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—
[Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agrippa.
Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.
Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antony.
No farther, sir.

Cesar.
You take from me a great part of myself; Use me well in’t.—Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band Shall pass on thy approb. —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.

Antony. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Caesar. I have said.
Antony. 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.
Caesar.

Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort fare thee well.

Octavia. My noble brother!

Antony. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octavia. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Caesar. What, Octavia?

Octavia. I'll tell you in your ear.

Caesar. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Enobarbus. Will Caesar weep?

[Aside to Agrippa.]

Agrippa. He has a cloud in his face.

Enobarbus. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agrippa. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Enobarbus. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Caesar. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Antony. 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.

Caesar. Adieu; be happy!

Leplidus. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Caesar. Farewell, farewell.

[In his ear.]

Caesar. Antony. 

[Trumpet.] Farewell. 

SCENE III. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleopatra. Where is the fellow?

Alexas. Half afeard to come.

Cleopatra. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Good majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleopatra. That Herod's head
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleopatra. Didst thou behold

Octavia? Messenger.

Ay, dread queen.


Madam, in Rome I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleopatra. Is she as tall as me?

She is not, madam.

Cleopatra. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.

Cleopatra. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Charmian. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleopatra. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a brother.

Cleopatra. Is this certain?

Mess. I have no observance.

Charmian. Three in Egypt Cannot make better note.

Cleopatra. He's very knowing, I do perceive't.—There's nothing in her yet.—
The fellow has good judgment.
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Antony.

Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested.
Yourself shall go between us: the mean time,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest
So, your desires are yours. [haste:  

Octavia.

Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would
be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Antony.

When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love [going;
Can equally move with them. Provide your
Choice of your own company, and command what
cost
Your heart has mind to.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. Another Room in the
same.
Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Enobarbus.
How now, friend Eros?  
Eros.
There's strange news come, sir.

Enobarbus.
What, man?  
Eros.
Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Enobarbus.
This is old: what is the success?

Eros.
Cæsar, 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 confine.

Enobarbus.
Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grin each other. Where is Antony?

Eros.
He's walking in the garden — thus; and
spurs
The rust which lies before him; cries, "Fool,
Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Enobarbus.
ACT III. SC. VI. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Enobarbus. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Cesar. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Cesar. Hail, Cesar, and my lord I hall, most dear Cesar!

Cesar. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Octavia. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cesar. Why have you stoil'n upon us thus? You come not.

Like Cesar's sister: the wife of Antony

Cesar. Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,

Longoing for what it had not; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you

By sea and land, supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

Octavia. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,

Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd

His pardon for return.

Cesar. Which soon he granted,

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octavia. Do not say so, my lord.

Cesar. I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

Octavia. My lord, in Athens.

Cesar. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nod'd him to her: he hath given his

Up to a whore; who now are levyng [empire

The kings o' the earth for war. He hath as-

sembled

Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Phitalophes, king
Of Paphagonia: the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Molchus of Arabia: king of Pont;
Herod of Jervy: Mithridates, king
Of Comageae; Pelenon and Aminatas,
The kings of Mede, and Lyconia,
With a more large list of sceptres.

Octavia. Ah me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,

That do afflict each other!

Cesar. Welcome hither.

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,

Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives

O'er your content these strong necessities;

But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome; Nothing.
Nothing more dear to me. You are a man's heart
Beyond the mark of thought; and the gods, To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort; And ever welcome to us.

Agrippa.
Welcome, lady.

Mecenas.
Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octavia. Is it so, sir? Caesar.
Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister! [Exit.]

SCENE VII. Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleopatra.
I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Enobarbus.
But why, why, why?

Cleopatra.
Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st, it is not fit.

Enobarbus.
Well, is it, is it?

Cleopatra.
If not denounc'd against us, why should not
Be there in person? [Aside.

Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would
A soldier, and his horse. [Aside.

Cleopatra.
What is't ye say?

Enobarbus.
Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Phoebus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleopatra.
Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear in the war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Enobarbus.
Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Antony.
Is't not strange, Canidius.
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Torgyne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleopatra.
Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Act III. Sc. IX.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By Hercules, I think, I am i’ the right.

Candidus.

Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on’t: so our leader’s led,
And we are women’s men.

Soldier.

You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Candidus.

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,
Publicola, and Caesar, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Carries beyond belief. [Cæsar’s
Soldier.

While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil’d all spies.

Candidus.

Who’s his lieutenant, hear you?

Soldier.

They say, one Taurus.

Candidus.

Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

The emperor calls Candidus.

Candidus.

With news the time’s with labour; and throws
forth
Each minute some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.  A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Cæsar.

Taurus.

My lord.

Cæsar.

Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Antony.

Set we our squadrons on yond’ side o’ the hill,
In eye of Cæsar’s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

Enter Candidus, 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.

Enobarbus.

Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer.

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see’t, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scærus.

Scærus.

Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them! [Exeunt.

What’s thy passion?

Scærus.

The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have kiss’d away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Enobarbus.

How appears the fight?

Scærus.

On our side like the token’d pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yond’ ribald-rid nag of
Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’ertake! I the midst o’ the
fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear’d,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;—
The brise upon her like a cow in June,
Holsts sails, and flies.

Enobarbus.

That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scærus.

She once being loof’d,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing; and like a doing mallard,
Leaving the flight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

Enobarbus.

Alack, alack!

Enter Cædilus.

Cædilus.

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.

Enobarbus.

Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
Indeed. [night

Cædilus.

Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scærus.

’Tis easy to’t; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Cædilus.

To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Enobarbus.

I’ll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
Sits in the wind against me. [reason

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Antony.

Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon’t;
It is asham’d to bear me.—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Attendants.

Fly! not we.

Antony.

I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To
To run, and show their shoulders. — Friends, be I have myself resolv'd upon a course, [gone; 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. [Sits down. Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian, and Iras. Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him. Iras. Do, most dear queen. Charmian. Do! Why, what else? Cleopatra. Let me sit down. O Juno! Antony. No, no, no, no, no. Eros. See you here, sir? Antony. O fie, fie, fie! Charmian. Madam,— Iras. Madam: O good empress!— Eros. Sir, sir,— Antony. Yes, my lord, yes. — He, at Philippi, kept His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I That the mad Brutus ended: he alone Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had In the brave squares of war; yet now — No matter. Cleopatra. Ah! stand by. Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen. Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him: He is unqualified with very shame. Cleopatra. Well then,—sustain me: — O! Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches: Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but Your comfort makes the rescue. Antony. I have offended reputation; A most unnoble swerving. Eros. Sir, the queen. Antony. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, How I convey my shame out of thine eyes, By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroyed in dishonour. Cleopatra. O my lord, my lord! Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought, You would have follow'd. Antony. Egypt, thou know'st too well, My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou know'st, and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods Command me. Cleopatra. O, my pardon! Antony. Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness, who With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd, Making, and marring fortunes. You did know, How much you were my conqueror; and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause. Cleopatra. Pardon, pardon! Antony. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss! Even this repays me. — We sent our school-master; Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead. — Some wine, within there, and our vials! — Fortune knows, We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [Exeunt. SCENE X. Cæsar's Camp in Egypt. Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, and others. Cæsar. Let him appear that's come from Antony. — Know you him? Dolabella. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster: An argument that he is plac'd, when hither He sends to you for a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers, Not many moons gone by. Enter Euphorbus. Cæsar. Approach, and speak. Euphorbus. Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends, As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf To his grand sea. Cæsar. Be it so. Declare thine office. Euphorbus. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted, He lessens his requests, and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth A private man in Athens: this for him. Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness, Submit's her to thy might, and of thee craves The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace. Cæsar. For Antony, I have no ears to his request. The queen Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she From
ACT III. SC. XI.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euphronius.
Fortune pursue thee!

Cæsar.
Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphronius.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

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-

ure

[To Thryeus.

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,
Make thine own edict for thy palms, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyæus.
Cæsar, I go.

Cæsar.
Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkest his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyæus.
Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iris.

Cleopatra.
What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Enobarbus.
Think, and die.

Cleopatra.
Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Enobarbus.

Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazin.'

Cleopatra.
Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphronius.

Antony.
Is that his answer?

Euphronius.
Ay, my lord.

Antony.
The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euphronius.
He says so.

Antony.
Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleopatra.
That head, my lord?

Antony.
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 pre-
Under the service of a child, as soon

[vall,

As I' the command of Cæsar: I dare him, there-

fore,

To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd; sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.

Enobarbus.

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd till the show
Against a sworder. — I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast sub-
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant.
A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleopatra.
What no more ceremony? — See, my wo-

men! —

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

Enobarbus.

Mine honesty and I begin to square. [Aside.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thryeus.

Cleopatra.
Cæsar's will?

Thyæus.
Hear it apart.

Cleopatra.
None but friends: say boldly.

Thyæus.
So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Enobarbus.
He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyæus.

So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther than he is Cæsar.

Cleopatra.
Go on: right royal.

Thyæus.

He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleopatra.

O !

Thyæus.
The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleopatra.
He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Enobarbus. [Aside.

To be sure of that.

I will
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.  [Exit Enobarbus.]

Thyreus.  

Shall I say to Caesar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.  

Cleopatra.  
What's your name?  

Thyreus.  

Your name is Thyreus.  

Cleopatra.  

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 's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.  

Thyreus.  

'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty-on your hand.  

Cleopatra.  

Your Caesar's father oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.  

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.  

Antony.  

Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?  

Thyreus.  

One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.  

Enobarbus.  

You will be whipp'd.  

Antony.  

Approach, there. — Ay, you kite! — Now gods  
and devils! Authority melts from me: of late, when I cry'd,  
"No!"  
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,  
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am  

Enter Attendants.  

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.  

Enobarbus.  

'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.  

Antony.  

Moon and stars!—  
Whip him.—Weren't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her name.  

Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.  

Thyreus.  

Mark Antony,—  
Antony.  

Tug him away: being whip'd,

Bring him again.—The Jack of Caesar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—  

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleopatra.  

Good my lord,—  

Antony.  

You have been a boggler ever:—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes,  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;  
make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.  

Cleopatra.  

O! is it come to this?  
Antony.  

I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cæcyl Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should  
You know not what it is.  

[Enter Cleopatra.]

Cleopatra.  

Wherefore is this?  
Antony.  

To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand; this kindly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts! — O! that I were  
Upon the hill of Bason, to outroar  
The horned herd, for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him. —  

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.  

Is he whipp'd?  

First Attendant.  

Soundly, my lord.  

Antony.  

Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?  

First Attendant.  

He did ask favour.  

Antony.  

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:  

henceforth.  

The white hand of a lady fever thee;  
Shake thou to look out.— Get thee back to  
Cesar,  

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. [guides.  
When my good stars, that were my former  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abyss of hell. If he mistake  
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me. Hurry it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes I begone!  

[Exit Thyreus.]

Cleopatra.
ACT IV. SC. II.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

Cleopatra.  Have you done yet?  

Antony.  Alack! our terrane moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleopatra.  I must stay his time.  

Antony.  To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleopatra.  Not know me yet?

Antony.  Cold-hearted toward me?  

Cleopatra.  Ah, dear! if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hall,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesar's smite, till
By degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graceless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!  

Antony.  I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sev'nd navy, too,
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Doest thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleopatra.  That's my brave lord!

Antony.  I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come, Let's have one other gaudy night. — Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleopatra.  It is my birthday:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but since
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra. [my lord

We will yet do well.

Cleopatra.  Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Antony.  Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on,
my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exit Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.

Enobarbus.  Now he'll outstare 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 [reason,
Restores his heart. When valour prey's on
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, Mecenas, and others.

Caesar.  He calls me boy, and childe, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to per-
sonal combat.

Cesar to Antony: let the old russian know,
I have many other ways to die, mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mecenas.  Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boat of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Caesar.  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 done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't.
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.  Alexandria.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and others.

Antony.  He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Enobarbus.  No.

Antony.  Why should he not?

Enobarbus.  He thinks, being twenty times of better for-
He is twenty men to one. [tune,

Antony.  To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight well?

Enobarbus.  I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

Antony.  Well said; come on. —
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.  Be bounteous at our meal. — Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest: — so hast thou;—
Thou, and thou, and thou:— you have serv'd;
And kings have been your fellows. [me well,

Cleopatra.  What means this?

Enobarbus.
Enobarbus.

"Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow Out of the mind.

Antony.

And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp'd up together in An Antony, that I might do you service, So good as you have done.

Servants.

The gods forbid!

Antony.

Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night; Scant not my cups, and make as much of me, As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

Cleopatra.

What does he mean?

Enobarbus.

To make his followers weep.

Antony.

Tend me to-night; May be, it is the period of your duty: Haply, you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on you, As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends, I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death. Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for't!

Enobarbus.

What mean you, sir, To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep; And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame, Transform us not to women.

Antony.

Ho, ho, ho!

Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus. Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty You take me in too dolorous a sense, [friends, For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you, Where rather I'll expect vitulous life, Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come, And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

First Soldier.

Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Second Soldier.

It will determine one way: fare you well. Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Soldier.

Nothing. What news?

Second Soldier.

Be like, 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Soldier.

Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

Second Soldier.

Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Soldier.

And you. Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.

Fourth Soldier.

Here we: [They take their Posts] and if to-morrow Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up.

Third Soldier.

'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.

Fourth Soldier.

Peace! what noise?

First Soldier.

List, list!

Second Soldier.

Hark!

First Soldier.

Music! the air.

Third Soldier.

Under the earth.

Fourth Soldier.

It signs well, does it not?

Third Soldier.

No.

First Soldier.

Peace! I say. What should this mean?

Second Soldier.

'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.

First Soldier.

Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another Post.

Second Soldier.

How now, masters! Omnes.

How now!

How now! do you hear this? [Speaking together.

First Soldier.

Ay; is't not strange?

Third Soldier.

Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

First Soldier.

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes.

Content: 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra; Charmian, and others, attending.

Antony.

Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleopatra.

Sleep a little.

Antony.

No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on: — If fortune be not ours to-day, it is Because we brave her. — Come.

Cleopatra.

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Antony.

Ah, let be, let be! thou art The armourer of my heart: — false, false; this, this.

Cleopatra.
Cleopatra.
Sooth, la! I'll help. Thus it must be.

Antony.
Well, well; We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good Go, put on thy defences. [fellow?

Eros.
Briefly, sir.

Cleopatra.
Is not this buckled well?

Antony.
Rarely, rarely: He that unbucks this, till we do please To dof't for our repose, shall hear a storm.— Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire More tight at this, than thou. Despatch.—O, love! That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an armed Soldier.
A workman in'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't with delight.

Soldier.
A thousand, sir, Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim, And at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains, and Soldiers.
Captains.
The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All.
Good morrow, general.

Antony.
'Tis well blown, lads. This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes.— So so; come, give me that: this way; well said. Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me, This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight, Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu. [Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.}

Charmian.
Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleopatra.
Lead me. He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might Determine this great war in single fight! Then, Antony,—but now,—well, on. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Antony's Camp near Alexandria.
Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Soldier.
The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Antony.
Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd To make me fight at land!

Soldier.
Hadst thou done so, The kings that have revolted, and the soldier That has this morning left thee, would have still Follow'd thy heels.

Antony.
Who's gone this morning?

Soldier.
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus. He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp Say, "I am none of thine."

Antony.
What say'st thou?

Soldier.
Sirs, He is with Caesar.

Eros.
Sirs, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Antony.
Is he gone?

Soldier.
Most certain.

Antony.
Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it: Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him (I will subscribe) gentle adieux, and greetings: Say, that I wish he never find more cause To change a master.—O! my fortunes have Corrupted honest men:—despatch. —Enobarbus! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.
Flourish. Enter Caesar, with Agrrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Caesar.
Go forth, Agrrippa, and begin the fight. Our will is, Antony be took alive; Make it so known.

Agrrippa. [Exit Agrrippa.

Caesar.
The time of universal peace is near: Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd Shall bear the olive freely. [world

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.
Antony.

Caesar.
Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van, That Antony may seem to spend his fury Upon himself. [Exeunt Caesar and his Train.

Enobarbus.
Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on Affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar, And leave his master Antony: for this pains, Caesar hath hang'd him. Candius, 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 Caesar's.

Soldier. 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.

Enobarbus. I give it you.

Soldier. Mock not, Enobarbus. I tell you true: best you sauf’d the bringer Out of the host; I must attend mine office, Or would have done myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove.

Enobarbus. I am alone the villain of the earth, And feel I am so most. O Antony! Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have My better service, when my turpitude [paid Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart: If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do’t, I feel. I fight against thee? — No: I will go seek Some ditch, wherein to die; the soul’s best fits My latter part of life. [Exit Soldier.

SCENE VII. Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Agrippa. Retire, we have engag’d ourselves too far. Caesar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarus, wounded.

Scarus. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed! Had we done so at first, we had driven them With clouts about their heads. [home

Antony. Thou bleed’st at pace.

Scarus. I had a wound here that was like a T. But now ‘tis made an H.

Antony. They do retire.

Scarus. We’ll beat ’em into bench-holes. I have yet Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage For a fair victory. [serves

Scarus. Let us score their backs, And snatch ’em up, as we take hares, behind: ’Tis sport to maul a runner.

Antony. I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scarus. I’ll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scarus, and Forces.

Antony. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,

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 Hector’s. Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss The honour’d gashes whole. — Give me thy hand:

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I’ll comment thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o’ the world! Chain mine arm’d neck; leap thou, attire and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphant.

Cleopatra. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com’st thou smiling From the world’s great snare uncaught?

Antony. My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand: — Kiss it, my warrior: — he hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroy’d in such a shape.

Cleopatra. I’ll give thee friend, An armour all of gold; it was a king’s.

Antony. He has deserv’d 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 carousers to the next day’s fate, Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city’s ear; Make mingle with our rattling tabourines; That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Caesar’s Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter Enobarbus.

First Soldier. If we be not reliev’d within this hour, We must return to the court of guard. The night Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle By the second hour if the morn.

Second Soldier. This last day was A shrewd one to us.

Enobarbus. O! bear me witness, night,—

Third Soldier. What man is this? Second
Second Soldier. Stand close, and list him.

Antony. He witness to me, O thou blessed moon! When men revolted upon shall record
Beware hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.—

First Soldier. Enobarbus!

Third Soldier. Peace!

Hark farther.

Enobarbus. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy! The poisonous dampe 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 powder. And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony! Nobler than my revolt is infamous, Forgive me in thine own particular; But let the world rank me in register A master-leaver, and a fugitive O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.]

Let's speak to him.

First Soldier. Let's hear him; for the things he speaks May concern Caesar.

Second Soldier. Go we to him.

Third Soldier. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

Second Soldier. Hear you, sir?

First Soldier. The hand of death hath taught him. Hark! the drums [Drums afar off Denmurely wake the sleepers. Let us hear them To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour Is fully out.

Third Soldier. Come on, then; He may recover yet. [Exit with the body.

SCENE X. Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with Forces, marching.

Antony. Their preparation is to-day by sea: We please them not by land.

Scarus. For both, my lord.

Antony. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or i' 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) Where their appointment we may best discover, And look on their endeavour. [Exit.

Enter Caesar, and his Forces, marching.

Cæsar. 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 galleys. To the vales, And hold our best advantage! [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and Scænus.

Antony. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine does stand, I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scænus. Swallows have built In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly, And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear, Of what he has, and has not. [Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter Antony.

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 carouse together Like friends long lost.—[Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart Makes only wars on thee. —Bid them all fly: For when I am reveng'd upon my heart, I have done all. —Bid them all fly; be gone. [Exit Scænus.

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more: Fortune and Antony part here; even here Do we shake hands. —All come to this? —The hearts That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd, That overlapp'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, Beguill'd me to the very heart of loss.— What, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleopatra. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Antony. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving, And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee.

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians: Follow his chariots, like the greatest spot Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let Patient Octavia plough thy visage up With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well thou art gone, If it be well to live; but better 'were Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death Might have prevented many. —Eros, be lo! — The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me, Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage: Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon: And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club, Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:

To
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. — Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleopatra.
Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of
Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Charmian.
To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleopatra.
To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death —
To the monument! [Exit Mardian.

SCENE XII. The same. Another Room.
Enter Antony and Eros.

Antony.
Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros.
Ay, noble lord.

Antony.
That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.
It does, my lord.

Antony.
My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine.
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost: she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar's, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph. — glory Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourself to end ourselves. — O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mardian.
No, Antony.

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Antony.
Hence, saucy enuch: peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mardian.
Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharge'd. What thou
would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spoke
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.

Antony.
Dead, then?

Mardian.
Dead.

Antony.
Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe.
Does purpose labour richly; go. — [Exit Mardian.]

Off, pluck off:
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 casle — Apace, Eros, apiece. —
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me a while.

[Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done—
Eros! — I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
Dido and her Eneas shall want troops, [maze:
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros.
What would my lord?

Antony.
Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my business. I, that with my sword
Quarrel'd to 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 exigit should come, (which now
Is come indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheeks.

Eros.
The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Antony.
Eros,
Would'st thou be wind'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
His corrigible neck, his face subdued [down
To

}}
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.

Antony. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
Most useful for thy country. [worn

Eros. O, sir! pardon me.

Antony. When I did make thee free, sword'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies,

Lo thee! [Turning from him.

My sword is drawn.

Antony. 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.

Antony. 'Tis said, man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Antony. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: [Falls on his Sword.
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Antony. Thrice nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what [Eros
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridgroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then: and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[Falling on his Sword.
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead? —
The guard, ho! — O, despatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?

Antony. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an
Of what I have begun. [end

Second Guard. The star is fallen.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Antony. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

First Guard. Not 1.

Nor I. Second Guard.

Nor any one. Third Guard. [Exeunt Guard.

Dercetas. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Diomedes. Where's Antony?

Dercetas. There, Diomed, there.

Diomedes. Lives he?

Dercetas. Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.

Antony. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
Sufficing strokes for death. [and give me

Diomedes. Most absolute lord,
My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Antony. When did she send thee?

Diomedes. Now, my lord.

Antony. Where is she?

Diomedes. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with 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.

Antony. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Diomedes. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, Come; your lord calls. [what, ho!

Enter some of the Guard.

Antony. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Antony. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII. The same. A Monument.

Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleopatra. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Charmian. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleopatra.
Cleopatra.

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, below, Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now! is he dead?

Diomedes.

His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleopatra.

O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! —darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, An-
tony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iris: help, friends, Below; let's draw him hither.

Antony.

Peace! Not Cesar's valour hath o'ethrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleopatra.

So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Antony.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impartone death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. —

Cleopatra.

I dare not, dear,
(Dearest lord, pardon) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cesar 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.

Antony.

O! quick, or I am gone.

Cleopatra.

Here's sport, indeed! — How heavy weighs my
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [lord! That makes the weight: had I great Juno's
power,
Th' strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools. — O! come, come, come;
[They draw Antony up.
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast
lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

A'.

A heavy sight.

Antony.

I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleopatra.

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her
Provok'd by my offence. [wheel,

Antony.

One word, sweet queen.
Of Cesar seek your honour with your safety.
— O!

Cleopatra.

They do not go together.

Antony.

Gentle, hear me.

None about Cesar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleopatra.

My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cesar.

Antony.

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going; I can no more.

[Dies.

Cleopatra.

Noblest of men, wou't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O! see thy women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.— My lord! —
O! wither'd is the garland of the war, [girls,
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys, and Are level now with men; the odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

Charmian.

O, quietness, lady! —
Iras.

She is dead too, our sovereign.

Charmian.

Lady! —
Iras.

Madam! —

Charmian.

O madam, madam, madam!

Iras.

Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Charmian.

Peace, peace, Iris! —

Cleopatra.

No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest charles. — It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs;
Till they had stolen our jewel: all's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian! My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.— Good sirs, take

To the Guard below.

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away; This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's Body.
ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cesar’s Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others.

Cesar.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him, He mocks us by the pusses that he makes. Dolabella.

Cesar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.]

Enter Derecetas, with the Sword of Antony.

Cesar.

Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that Appear thus to us? [Exit Derecetas.] Derecetas.

I call’d Derecetas.

Mark Antony 1 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 Cesar; if thou please not, I yield thee up my life.

Cesar.

What is’t thou say’st? Derecetas.

I say, O Cesar! Antony is dead. Cesar.

The breaking of so great a thing should make A greater crack: the round world should have Lions into civil streets, [shook And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony Is not a single doom: in the name lay A moiety of the world. Derecetas.

He is dead, Cesar; Not by a public minister of justice, Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand, Which wroght his honour in the acts it did, Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it, Splitted the heart. This is his sword; I robb’d his wound of it: behold it stain’d With his most noble blood. Cesar.

Look you sad, friends? The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings To wash the eyes of kings.

Agrippa.

And strange it is, That nature must compel us to lament Our most perished deads. Mecenas.

His taints and honours Waged equal with him.

Agrippa.

A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us Some faults to make us men. Cesar is touch’d. Mecenas.

When such a spacious mirror’s set before him, He needs must see himself. Cesar.

O Antony! I have follow’d thee to this;—but we do Lance Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day, Or look on thine: we could not stand together In the whole world. But yet let me lament, With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, That thou, my brother, my competitor. In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of war, The arm of mine own body, and the heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our Unreconcileable should divide [stars, Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,— But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him; We’ll hear him what he says. — Whence are you? Messenger.

A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress, Confid’nd in all she has, her monument. Of thy intents desires instruction, That she preparedly may frame herself To the way she’s forced to. Cesar.

Bid her have good heart: She soon shall know of us, by some of ours, How honourable and how kindly we Determine for her; for Cesar cannot live To be ungentle.

Proculeius.

Cesar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.]

Cesar.

Galits, go you along.—Where’s Dolabella, To second Proculeius? [Exit Galits.]

All.

Dolabella! Cesar.

Let him alone, for I remember now How he’s employed: he shall in time be ready. Go with me to my tent, where you shall see How hardly I was drawn into this war, How calm and gentle I proceeded still In all my writings. Go with me, and see What I can show in this. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleopatra.

My desolation does begin to make A better life. ’Tis pa striving to be Cesar. Not being fortune, he’s but fortune’s knave, A minister of her will; and it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds, Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change; Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung, The beggar’s nurse and Cesar’s. Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius, Galitus, and Soldiers.

Proculeius.

Cesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt; And
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleopatra. What's thy name?

Proculeius. My name is Proculeius.

Cleopatra. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
That majesty, to keep decorum, must [him],
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Proculeius. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleopatra. 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.

Proculeius. This I'll report, dear lady,
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gallus. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.
[Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend
the Monument by a Ladder, and 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!

Charmian. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleopatra. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.

Proculeius. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleopatra. What, of death, too,
That rid us dogs of languish?

Proculeius. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleopatra. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a
Worth many babes and beggars! [queen

Proculeius. O, temperance, lady!

Cleopatra. 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
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chas'dis with the sober eye
Of dull Octavius. Shall they hold me up,
And show me to the shouting varlety
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Niles' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Proculeius. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dolabella. Proculeius.
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Proculeius. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleopatra. Say, I would die.

[Dolabella and Soldiers. Exit Dolabella.

Cleopatra. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

I cannot tell.

Dolabella. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleopatra. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their
Is't not your trick? [dreams;

Dolabella. I understand not, madam.

Cleopatra. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dolabella. If it might please you.—

Cleopatra. His face was as the heavens; and therein
Stuck a sun, and moon, which kept their course, and
The little O, the earth. [lighted

Dolabella. Most sovereign creature.—

Cleopatra. His legs bestridd the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propitious
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 livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and
islands were
As plates drop'd from his pocket.
Dolabella.

Cleopatra.

Think you, there was, or might be, such a
As this I dream'd of? [man

Dolabella.

Gentle madam, no.

Cleopatra.

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.

Dolabella.

Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might
Overtake pursu'd success, but I do feel, [never
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleopatra.

I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Caesar means to do with me?

Dolabella.

I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleopatra.

Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dolabella.

Though he be honourable,—

Cleopatra.

He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dolabella.

Madam, he will: I know't.

[Within.] Make way there! — Caesar!

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecenas, Seleucus, and Attendants.

Cesar.

Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dolabella.

It is the emperor, madam. [Cleopatra kneels.

Cesar.

Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleopatra.

Sir, the gods
Will have it thus: my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cesar.

Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things done by chance.

Cleopatra.

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.

Cesar.

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.

Cleopatra.

And may through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good

Cesar.

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleopatra.

This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.— Where's Seleucus?

Seleucus.

Here, madam.

Cleopatra.

This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Madam, I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleopatra.

What have I kept back?

Seleucus.

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cesar.

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleopatra.

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 hid!— What I goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain,
O rarely base! [dog

Cesar.

Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleopatra.

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,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we great modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livien, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfold
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smiles
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

Seleucus.

To Seleucus.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance.— Wert thou a
Thou would'st have mercy on me. [mankind

Cesar.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit Seleucus.

Cleopatra.

Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitted.

Cesar.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cæsar.

Cæsar, Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we to the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
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.

Cleopatra.
My master, and my lord!

Cæsar.

Not so, Adieu.

[Flourish.] Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train.

Cæsar.
He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

Iras.

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleopatra.
Hie thee again:
I have spoken already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Charmian.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dolabella.

Where is the queen?

Charmian.

Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian.

Cleopatra.

Dolabella?

Dolabella.

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleopatra.

I shall remain your debtor.

Dolabella.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleopatra.

Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dolabella.] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths
Hank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras.

The gods forbid!

Cleopatra.

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like trumpets; and scald
rhymer;
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra by my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras.

O, the good gods! Cleopatra.

Nay, that is certain.

Iras.

I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleopatra.

Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer.
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Re-enter Charmian.

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;— I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. —Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this charge, I'll give
Thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and
Wherefore's this noise? [fall.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard.

Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleopatra.

Let him come in. What poor an instrument:

[Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a
Basket.

Guard.

This is the man.

Cleopatra.

Avoid, and leave him.

[Exit Guard.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Jilus there,
That kills and pains not.

Clown.

Truly I have him; but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for
His biting is immortal: those that do die of it do
seldom or never recover.

Cleopatra.

Rememberst thou any that have died on't?

Clown.

Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one or them no longer than yesterday: a very
honest woman, but something given to lie, as a
woman should not do but in the way of honesty,
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she
felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the
worm; but he that will 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.

Cleopatra.

Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown.

I wish you all joy of the worm

Cleopatra.

Farewell. [Clown sets down the Basket.

Clown.
CLOWN.  
You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.  

Cleopatra.  
Ay, ay; farewell.  

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.  

Cleopatra.  
Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.  

CLOWN.  
Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.  

Cleopatra.  
Will it eat me?  

CLOWN.  
You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils nar five.  

Cleopatra.  
Well, get thee gone: farewell.  

CLOWN.  
Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.  

[Exit.  

Re-enter Ira, with a Robe, Crown, &c.  

Cleopatra.  
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 Ira; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call: I see him move himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So, have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian:—Ira, long farewell.  

[Kisses them. Ira falls and dies.  

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.  

Charmian.  
Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say, The gods themselves do weep.  

Cleopatra.  
This proves me base: If she first meet the curl'd Antony, He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch, 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 despast. O! I couldst thou speak, That I might hear thee call great Caesar and Unpoliced!  

Charmian.  
O eastern star!  

Cleopatra.  
Peace, peace!  

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæsar.

O noble weakness!—
If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dolabella.

Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard.

This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime 'upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæsar.

Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.
Second Gentleman. And why so?

First Gentleman. 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,—aack, 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 fail- ing In him that should compare. I do not think, So far an outward, and such stuff within, Endows a man but he.

Second Gentleman. You speak him far.

First Gentleman. I do extend him, sir, within himself; Crush him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.

Second Gentleman. What's his name, and birth?

First Gentleman. I cannot delve him to the root. His father Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour Against the Romans with Cassibelen, But had his titles by Tenantius, whom He serv'd with glory and admir'd success; So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus: And had, besides this gentleman in question, Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time, Died with their swords in hand; for which their father (Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow, That he quit being; and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd As he was born. The king he takes the babe To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus; Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber, Puts to him 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 feasted 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.

Second Gentleman. I honour him, Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me, Is she sole child to the king?

First Gentleman. His only child. He had two sons; (if this be worth your hearing, Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old, I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in Which way they went. [knowledge

Second Gentleman. How long is this ago?

First Gentleman. Some twenty years.

Second Gentleman. That a king's children should be so convey'd, So slackly guarded, and the search so slow, That could not trace them!

First Gentleman. Howso'er 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet is it true, sir.

Second Gentleman. I do well believe you.

First Gentleman. We must forbear. Here comes the gentle- man, the queen, and princess. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter, After the slander of most step-mothers, Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but Your jailer shall deliver you the keys That lock'd your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win th' offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good, You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience Your wisdom may inform you.

Posthumus. Please 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 bar'red affections, though the king Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit Queen.

Imogen. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband, I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing (Always reserv'd my holy duty what) His rage can do on me. You must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Posthumus. My queen! my mistress! O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'ist husband that did e'er plight troth: My residence in Rome at one Philario's; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you Though ink be made of gall. [send,

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him To walk this way. I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries to be friends, Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Posthumus. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. [Aside Imogen.

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. [Posthumus
Posthumus.

How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embraces from a next
With bonds of death! — Remain, remain thou
While sense can keep it on. And sweetest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our tribles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this: It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting on the Ring.

Cymbeline.

Thou foolish thing! — They were again together: you have done
To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queen.

Beseech your patience. — Peace! Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
Out of your best advice.

Comfort Cymbeline.

Nay, let her languish. A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen.

Ple! — you must give way: Here is your servant. — How now, sir! What news?

Pisanio.

My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen.

Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pisanio.

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.

Imogen.

Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part. — To draw upon an exile! — O brave sir! — 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?

Pisanio.

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 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen.

Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour, He will remain so.

Pisanio.

I humbly thank your highness.

Queen.

Pray, walk a while.

Imogen.

About some half hour hence, Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least, Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Public Place.

Enter Cloten, and Two Lords.

First 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.

Cloten.
ACT V. SC. V.

Cymbeline.

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Cloten.

If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

Second Lord. [Aside.

No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First 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.

Second Lord. [Aside.

His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside
the town.

Cloten.

The villain would not stand me.

Second Lord. [Aside.

No; but he fled forward still, toward your
face.

Stand you! You have land enough of your
own; but he added to your having, gave you
some ground.

Second Lord. [Aside.

As many inches as you have oceans.—Pup-
pies!

Cloten.

I would they had not come between us.

So would I, till you had measured how long a
fool you were upon the ground.

Cloten.

And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me!

Second Lord. [Aside.

If it be a sin to make a true election, she is
damned.

First 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.

Second Lord. [Aside.

She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection
should hurt her.

Cloten.

Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had
been some hurt done!

Second Lord. [Aside.

I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an
ass, which is no great hurt.

Cloten.

You'll go with us?

First Lord.

I'll attend your lordship.

Cloten.

Nay, come, let's go together.

Second Lord. [Exeunt.

Well, my lord.

SCENE IV. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imogen.

I would thou g rew'st unto the shores o' the
haven;
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisanio.

It was, his queen, his queen!

Imogen.

Then w av'd his handkerchief?
Frenchman.
I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iachimo.

This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Frenchman.

And, then, his banishment.—

Iachimo.

Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Philario.

His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Frenchman.

Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Posthumus.

Since when I have been debtor to you for court-sies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Frenchman.

Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Posthumus.

By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I bear, than in my every action to be guided by others' judgments, (If I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Frenchman.

Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords: and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iachimo.

Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Frenchman.

Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us feil in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iachimo.

That lady is not now living: or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Posthumus.

She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iachimo.

You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Posthumus.

Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iachimo.

As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) 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.

Posthumus.

I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iachimo.

What do you esteem it at?

Posthumus.

More than the world enjoys.

Iachimo.

Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by all.

Posthumus.

You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; or 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.

Iachimo.

Which the gods have given you?

Posthumus.

Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iachimo.

You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Philario.

Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Posthumus.

Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iachimo.

With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Posthumus.

No, no.

Iachimo.

I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Posthumus.

You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion;
persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iachimo.

What's that?

Posthumus.

A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, a punishment too.

Philiaro.

Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iachimo.

Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Posthumus.

What lady would you choose to assail?

Iachimo.

Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend 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.

Posthumus.

I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iachimo.

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.

Posthumus.

This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iachimo.

I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Posthumus.

Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress excesses in goodnes the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

Philiaro.

I will have it no lay.

Iachimo.

By the gods it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Posthumus.

I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseized, (not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your word.

Iachimo.

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.

Posthumus. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.

Frenchman.

Will this hold, think you?

Philiaro.

Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen.

While yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

First Lady.

I, madam.

Despatch.— [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cornelius.

Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [Prescribing 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 wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? diatil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me off For my confessions? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) 'tis 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 To try the vigour of them, and apply (human) Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cornelius.

Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your Besides, the seeing these effects will be [heart: Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O! I content thee.— [Aside. Here comes a flattering rascal; upon Will I first work: he's for his master, [him And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisario? — Doctor, your service for this time is ended: Take your own way.

Cornelius. [Aside.

I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm.

Queen.

Hark thee, a word. — [To Pisario.

Cornelius. [Aside.

I do not like her. She doth think, she has Strange lingering poisons: I 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 duit the sense awhile; Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs. Then,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen.
No farther service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cornelius.
I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

[Reads.

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,
in time
She will not quench, and let the instructions enter
Where folly now possesses?—Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves me
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then,
As great as thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depended on a thing that leans?
Who fast be new-built; nor has no friends,

The Queen drops a Box: Pisanio takes it up.
So much as but to prop him. — Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do know
What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her: do'st as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take note of thee. I'll move the
To any shape of thy preferment, such [king
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I Chieflly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To lead thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.]—A sly
And constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold [that,
The band fast to her lord. — I have given him
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.
To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Pisanio.
And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter Imogen.

Imogen.
A father cruel, and a step-dame false:
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, [band!
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that hus-

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter Imogen.

Imogen.
A father cruel, and a step-dame false:
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, [band!
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, 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 so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?

Pisanio.
Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iachimo.
Change you, madam?

Imogen.
Thanks, good sir:

You are kindly welcome.

Iachimo. [Aside.

All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
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 Fartian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imogen. [Reads.

"He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses 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.

Iachimo.
Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! 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
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?—

Imogen.
What makes your admiration?

Iachimo.
It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor I' the judge;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would [ment;
Be wisely definite: nor I' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imogen.
What is the matter, trow?

Iachimo. [Aside.

The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imogen.
What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iachimo. [Aside.

Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir, des-

[To Pisanio.

My
My man's abode where I did leave him; he is strange and peevish.

Pisanio.

I was going, sir.

[Exit Pisanio.]

Imogen.

To give him welcome.

Imogen.

Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iachimo.

Well, madam.

Imogen.

Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iachimo.

Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there, so merry and so gamesome: he is call'd The Briton reveller.

Imogen.

When he was here, he did incline to sadness; and oft-times not knowing why.

Iachimo.

I never saw him sad. There is a Frenchman his companion, one, an eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces the thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton (Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!" Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who by history, report, or his own proof, (knows What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose, But must be,—will his free hours languish For assured bondage?"

Imogen.

Will my lord say so?

Iachimo.

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter; it is a recreation to be by, and hear him mock the Frenchman; but, hear some men are much to blame. [vainly know,

Imogen.

Not he, I hope.

Iachimo.

Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much; in you,—which I account his beyond all talents,— whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound to pity too.

Imogen.

What do you pity, sir?

Iachimo.

Two creatures, heartily.

Imogen.

Am I one, sir? You look on me: what wreck discern you in me, deserves your pity?

Iachimo.

Lamentable! What! To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace I the dungeon by a suff'f? Imogen.

I pray you, sir, deliver with more openness your answers to my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iachimo.

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.

Imogen.

You do seem to know something of me, or what concerns me: pray you, (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more Than to be sure they do; for certainties either are past remedies, or, timely knowing, the remedy then born) discover to me what both you spurn and stop.

Iachimo.

Had I this cheek to bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch, whose every touch, would force the fooler's soul to the oath of loyalty; this object, which takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye, fixing it only here; should I (damm'd then) slaver with lips as common as the stairs! That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as with labour) then by-peeping in an eye, Base and illustrious as the smoky light! That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit, That all the plagues of hell should at one time Encounter such revolt.

Imogen.

My lord, I fear, Has forgot Britain.

Iachimo.

And himself. Not I, inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces that, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue, charms this report out.

Imogen.

Let me hear no more.

Iachimo.

O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady so fair, and fasten'd to an empery, [partner'd would make the great'st king double, to be With tomboys, Hi!r'd with that self exhibition Which your own coxens yield with diseases ventures, That play with all infirmities for gold [stuff, Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd As well might poison poison! be reveng'd, Or she that bore you was no queen, and you recoil from your great stock.

Imogen.

Reveng'd! How should I be reveng'd? If this be true, (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears Must not in haste abuse) if it be true, How should I be reveng'd?

Iachimo.

Should he make me live, like Diana's priest, but with cold sheets, whiles he is vaulting variable rams, in your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure, more noble than that runagate to your bed, And will continue fast to your affection, Still close, as sure.

Imogen.

What ho, Pisanio!

Iachimo.

Let me service tender on your lips.

Imogen.

Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have so long attended thee. If thouwert honourable, thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not for such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.

Thou
Thou wrong'rt a gentleman, who is as far From thy report, as thou from honour; and Solicit'rt here a lady, that disdains Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio! — The king my father shall be made acquainted Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart As in a Romish stew, and to expand His beastly mind to us, he hath a court He little cares for, and a daughter whom He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio! — Iachimo.

O happy Leonatus! I may say; The credit, that thy lady hath of thee, [ness Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect good- Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long! A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon. I have spoke this, to know if your alliance Was deep enough; and shall make your lord, That which he is, new o'er; and he is one The truest manner'd; such a holy witch, That he enchant's societies unto him: Half all men's hearts are his.

Iachimo.

Imogen. You make amends.

Iachimo.

He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god: He hath a kind of honour sets him off, More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd To try your taking of a false report; which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great judg- In the election of a sir so rare, [ment Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you, Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Iachimo.

All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iachimo.

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot T'entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Iachimo.

Pray, what is't? Iachimo.

Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing) have mingled To buy a present for the emperor; [sums, Which I, the factor for 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?

Iachimo.

Willingly, And pawn mine honour for their safety; since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

Iachimo.

They are in a trunk, Attended by my men; I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night, I must aboard to-morrow.

Iachimo.

O I no, no.

Iachimo.

Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

Imogen.

I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iachimo.

O! I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to night: I have outstode my time, which is material To the tender of our present.

Imogen.

I will write.

Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you. You're 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 a up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't; and then a whoreson Jackanapes must take me up for swearing; and if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord.

What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Second Lord. [Aside.

If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Cloten.

When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Second Lord.

No, my lord; [Aside nor crop the ears of them.

Cloten.

Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Second Lord. [Aside.

To have smelt like a fool.

Cloten.

I am not vexed more 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-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

Second Lord. [Aside.

You are cocks and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Cloten.

Sayest thou?

Second Lord.

It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence too.

Cloten.

No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Second Lord.

Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloten.
CYMBELINE.

Act II. Sc. iii.

Clymena.

Why, so I say.

First Lord.

Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clymena.

A stranger, and I not know on't! [Aside.

First Lord.

He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord.

There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leontus' friends.

Clymena.

Leontus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord.

One of your lordship's pages.

Clymena.

Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

First Lord.

You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clymena.

Not easily, I think.

Second Lord. [Aside.

You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clymena.

Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him.

Clymena.

I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Clymena and first Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess! Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act [firm Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand.

T' 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.

Imogen.

Who's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady.

Please you, madam.

Imogen.

What hour is it?

Lady.

Almost midnight, madam.

Imogen.

I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak; I fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed. Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if thou canst awake by four o'clock, I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath selz'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. Iachimo comes from the Trunk.

Iachimo.

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd Repairs itself by rest: our Taurus thus [sense Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd The charity he wounded.—Cymbeline. How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily, And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper Bows toward her, and would under-peek her lids, To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these windows; white and azure, lac'd With blue of heaven's own tint. — But my design,

To note the chamber: I will write all down:— Such, and such pictures:— there the window; — such Th' 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, t' 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 slipperly, as the Gordian knot was hard!— 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly, As strongly as the conscience does within, To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops T' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher, Stronger than ever law could make: this secret Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end, Why should I write this down, that's riveted, Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late The tale of Taurus; here the leaf's turn'd down, Where Phoebus up gave me,—I have enough: To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear; Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.

One, two, three,—time, time! [Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.

SCENE III. An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment. Enter Clymena and Lords.

First Lord.

Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clymena.

It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord.

But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clymena.

Winning will put any man into courage. If I could
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord.

Day, my lord.

Cloten.

I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingerling, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gius arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalice'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unappay'd eunch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Second Lord.

Here comes the king.

Cloten.

I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cymbeline.

Attend you here the door of our stern daugh—Will she not forth?

Cloten.

I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cymbeline.

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 young.

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 friend'd With aptness of the season: make denials Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Cloten.

Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:
The one is Caius Lucius. Cymbeline.

A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now: But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honour of his sender;

And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us, We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress, Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt Cymbeline, Queen, Lords, and Messenger.]

Cloten.

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

I know her women are about her: what If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold [makes Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and Alonso's rangers false themselves, yield up Their dear to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief: Nay, sometime, hang 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?

Cloten.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

Cloten.

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?

Cloten.

Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady.

Ay.

To keep her chamber.

Cloten.

There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady.

How I my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good?—The princess ——

Enter Imogen.

Cloten.

Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imogen.

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Cloten.

Still, I swear, I love you.

Imogen.

If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Cloten.

This is no answer.

Imogen.

But that you shall not say I yield, being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy.
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Cloten.

To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imogen.

Fools are not mad folks.

Cloten.

Do you call me fool?

Imogen.

As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accurse myself) I hate you; which I had
You felt, than make't my boast. [rather

Cloten.

You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of aims, 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
(On whom there is no more dependency [souls
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 foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imogen.

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 styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Cloten.

The south-fog rot him!

Imogen.

He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.— How now, Pisiano!

Enter Pisiano

Cloten.

His garment? Now, the devil—

Imogen.

To Dorothy my woman hee thee presently.—

Cloten.

His garment?

Imogen.

I am sprightly with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse.— Go, bid my
Search for a jewel, that too casually [woman
Hath left mine arm: It was thy master's; 'twas shew

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.

I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but he.

Pisiano.

'Twill not be lost.

Imogen.

I hope so: go, and search.

[Exit Pisiano.

Cloten.

You have abus'd me.—

His meanest garment?

Imogen.

Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Cloten.

I will inform your father.

Imogen.

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.

Cloten.

I'll be reveng'd—

His meanest garment? — Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Rome. An Apartment in
Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Posthumus.

Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Philario.

What means do you make to him?

Posthumus.

Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd
I barely gratify your love; they failing, [hopes
I must die much your debtor.

Philario.

Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Catus Lucius
Will do's commission throughly; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arracarages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Posthumus.

I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legion, now in Galitia, 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 Cesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Philario.

See Iachimo?

Posthumus.

The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Philario.

Welcome, sir.

Posthumus.
Posthumus.
I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iachimo.
Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Posthumus.
And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iachimo.
Here are letters for you.
Posthumus.
Their tenor good, I trust.
Iachimo.
'Tis very like.
Philario.
Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iachimo.
He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Posthumus.
All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iachimo.
If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, 't en joy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Posthumus.
The stone's too hard to come by.
Iachimo.
Not a whitt,
Your lady being so easy.
Posthumus.
Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iachimo.
Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; 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.
Posthumus.
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 losses,
Your sword, orvalue; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iachimo.
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
Need it not. [find
Posthumus
Proceed.
Iachimo.
First, her bedchamber,
(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 Cydneus 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 readily and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—
Posthumus.
This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iachimo.
More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Posthumus.
Or do your honour injury.
Iachimo.
So they must,
The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Diana, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Posthumus.
This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iachimo.
The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted; her andirons
(If I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Posthumus.
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.
Iachimo.
Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see—
[Producing a Bracelet.
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Posthumus.
Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iachimo.
Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Posthumus.
May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iachimo.
She writes so to you, doth she?
Posthumus.
O! no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Giving the Ring.
It is a basilex unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than
ACT III. Sc. I. - CYMBELINE.

Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—

O, above measure false!

Philaro.

Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one, her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Posthumus.

Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't. — Back my ring.
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

Iachimo.

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Posthumus.

Hark you, he swears: by Jupiter he swears,
'Tis true; — nay, keep the sign — 'tis true. I
am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—they induc'd to
steal it!
And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy’d her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: — she hath bought the name of whom
dearly, there,
Take thy sign, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Philaro.

Sir, be patient,
This is not strong enough to believ’d
Of one persuaded well of —

Posthumus.

Never talk on’t;

Iachimo.

If you seek
For farther 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?

Posthumus.

Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iachimo.

Will you hear more?

Posthumus.

Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iachimo.

I’ll be sworn,——

Posthumus.

No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou’st made me cuckold.

Iachimo.

I will deny nothing.

Posthumus.

O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father. — I’ll do something ——

Philaro.

Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won:
Let’s follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iachimo.

With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Posthumus.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Dost call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp’d: some colier with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Diana of that time; so doth my wife
The nonparell of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain’d,
And pray’d me oft forbearance; did it with
A pendency so rosy, the sweet view on’t
Might well have warm’d old Saturn; that I
thought her
As chaste as unsunn’d snow: — O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was not?
— Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-accord’d boar, a German one,
Cry’d “oh!” and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look’d for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman’s part in me! For there’s no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affin’d
It is the woman’s part: be it lying, note it,
The woman’s; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers; hers! revenges,
hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability, — [knows,
All faults that may be nam’d; nay, that hell
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather; all,
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I’ll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. — Yet, 'tis greater
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.

Cymbeline.

N ow say, what would Augustus Caesar with

us?

Lucius.

When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men’s eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer’d it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in 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 untender’d.

Queen.

And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Cloten.

There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is

A world
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

**Queen.**
That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With rocks, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame," with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant babblers!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mor'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The fam'd Cæsibelen, who was once at point
(0, glitl fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

**Cloten.**
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 Cæsar; other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

**Cymbeline.**
Son, let your mother end.

**Cloten.**
We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cæsibelen: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

**Cymbeline.**
You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulvinitus, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulvinitus
Made our laws, who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

**Lucius.**
I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then. —War, confusion,
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. —Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

**Cymbeline.**
Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather'd honour; Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect, 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.

**Lucius.**
Let proof speak.
His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crews shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

**Lucius.**
So, sir. Cymbeline. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine.
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

**SCENE II.** Another Room in the same.

**Enter Pisanio.**

**Pisanio.**
How of adultery? Wherefore write you no What monster's he accuser? —Leonatus! O, master! what a strange infection Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian (As poisonous tongues, as handed) hath pre sent'd On thy too ready hearing? —Diastolal! No: She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. —O, my master! Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes. —How! that I should murder her? Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command? —I, her? —her If it be 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 Reading."

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity: "—O damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless babble, Art thou a foolardy for this act, and look'st So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

**Enter Imogen.**

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

**Imogen.**
How now, Pisanio!

**Pisanio.**
Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

**Imogen.**
Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus. O I learn'd indeed were that astronomer, That knew the stars, as I his characters; He'd lay the future open. —You good gods, Let what is here contain'd relish of love, Of my lord's health, of his content, —yet not, That we two are asunder, —let that grieve him: Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them, For it doth physic love; —of his content, All but in that: —Good wax, thy leave. —Bless'd be, You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers, And
CYMBELINE

ACT III. SC. III.

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike: Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods!

[Reads.]

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I came in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love, "Leonato Posthumus."

O, for a horse with wings! — Hearst thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st.)
O, let me 'bate! — 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 soothing of the sense) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way, Tell me how Your Waler was made so happy, as T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse: — but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles we may well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pisanio.
One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

Imogen.
Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run in the clock's behalf. — But this is foolery.
— Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father; and provide me, pre-A riding suit, no costlier than would fit [sently, A franklin's housewife.

Pisanio.
Madam, you're best consider.

Imogen.
I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee; Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.

SCENE III. Wales. A mountaneous Country, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Belarius.
A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs

Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun. — Hall, thou fair heaven! We house t' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouderivers do.

Guiderius.
Hall, heaven!

Arviragus.
Hail, heaven!

Belarius.
Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider, When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lesser set so off: And you may then revolve what tales I have told Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: [you, This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see; And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Of this life Is nobler, than attending for a check; Richer than doing for a brathe; Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk: Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours. Guiderius.

Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not What air's from home. Haply this life is best, If quiet life be best; sweeter to you, That have a sharper known, well corresponding With your stiff age; but unto us it is A cell of ignorance, travelling abed, A prison for a debtor, that not dares To strike a limit.

Arviragus.
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 nakedly; subtle 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.

Belarius.
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 search, And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, As record of fair act; nay, many times, Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse, Must court'sy 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, [night, Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one A storm
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will, 
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my 
And left me bare to weather. [leaves, 

Belarius. 

My fault being nothing (as I have told you 
out.) 
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd 
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline, 
I was confederate with the Romans: so, 
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years 
This rock, and these desames, have been my 
world; 
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid 
More pious debts to heaven, than in all 
The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the 

This is not hunter's language.—He that strikes 
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast; 
To him the other two shall minister, 
And we will fear no poison, which attends 
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the 

SCENE IV. Near Milford-Haven. 

Enter Pisanio and Imogen. 

Imogen. 

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 th' inward of thee? One, but painted 
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd [thus, 

Beyond self-expiation: put thyself 
Into a baviour of less fear, ere wildness 
[ter? 
Vanquish my staidler senses. What's the matter? 
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with 
A look so tender? If it be summer news, 
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st 
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's 
hand! 

That drug-damm'd Italy hath out-crafted 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. 

Pisanio. 

Please you, read; 

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing 
The most disdain'd of fortune. 

Imogen. [Reads. 

"Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the 

strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof 
lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak 
surmises, 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 thee 

opportunity 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 

disloyal." 

Pisanio. 

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 
Outvomend all the worms of Nile; whose breath 
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie 

All corners of the world: kings, queens, and 
states, 
Maidens, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 
This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, 

madam? 

Imogen. 

False to his bed! What is it, to be false? 

To lie in watch there, and to think on him? 

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge 
nature, 
To break it with a fearful dream of him, 

And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed: 
Is it? 

Pisanio. 

Alas, good lady! 

Imogen. 

I false? Thy conscience witness. — Iachimo, 
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; 
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, me— 

Imogen, 

Thy favour's good enough. — Some jay of Italy, 
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd 

him; 
Poor I am, a sale, a garment out of fashion; 
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, 
I must beripp'd:— to pieces with me! — O! 
Men's vows are women's traitors: all good 

seeming, 
By the revolt, O husband! I shall be thought 
Put on for villany; not born where't grows, 

But worn a bait for ladies. 

Imogen. 

Good madam, hear me. 

Imogen. 

Truehonest men being heard, like false IEsmeat, 

Were
Were in his time thought false; and Simo's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fall. — Come, fellow, be thou prompt;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest
A little witness of 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:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pisanio.
Hence, vile instrument! Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imogen.
Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self
There is a prohibition so divine, [slaughter
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something's afore't: — Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are
They ray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou stir'at on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pisanio.
O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imogen.
Do't, and to bed, then.

Pisanio.
I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imogen.
Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pisanio.
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.

Imogen.
Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pisanio.
Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imogen.
Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pisanio.
Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd: Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imogen.
Some Roman courtesan.

Pisanio.
No, on my life.
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 mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imogen.
Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how
Or in my life what comfort, when I am [live?
Dead to my husband?

Pisanio.
If you'll back to the court,—

Imogen.
No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Coten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pisanio.
If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imogen.
Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day
night,
Are they not but in Britain? I the world's volume
Our Britains seems as of it, but not in it; 
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pisanio.
I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
The Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t' 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 nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imogen.
O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pisanio.
Well then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change

Cymbeline. My lords, you are appointed for that office; The due of honour in no point omit. So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Lucius. Your hand, my lord.
Cloten. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy.
Lucius. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cymbeline. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords, Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness! [Exeunt Lucius and Lords.
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us, That we have given him cause.
Cloten. 'Tis all the better: Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cymbeline. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely, Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness: The powers that he already hath in Gaulia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he His war for Britain. [Moves
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business, But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cymbeline. 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.
Queen. 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 strokes death to her.
Re-enter an Attendant.
Cymbeline. 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 noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Wheroeto constrain'd by her incontinence, She should that duty leave unpaid to you, Which daily she was bound to profer: this She wish'd me to make known, but our great Made me to blame in memory. [Court
Cymbeline. Her doors lock'd? Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I Fear prove false! [Exit. Queen.
Queen.
Son, I say, follow the king.

Cloten.
That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen.
Go, look after. — [Exit Cloten.

Pisanio.
Thou stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mines: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her.
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her deird Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Cloten.
'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen.
All the better: may
This night forestal him of the coming day.

Cloten.
I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more ex-

clusive
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that
Point
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Queen.
Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Vile—
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else [lain,
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pisanio.
O, good my lord!

Cloten.
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 can
A dram of worth be drawn. [not

Pisanio.
Alas, my lord!

Cloten.
How can she be with him? When was she
He is in Rome. [miss'd?

Pisanio.
Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pisanio.
O, my all-worthy lord!

Cloten.
I'll worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word.— No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pisanio.
Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge,
Touching his flight.

Cloten.
Let's see't.— I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pisanio. [Aside.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Cloten.
Pisanio. [Aside.
I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Cloten.
Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pisanio.
Sir, as I think.

Cloten.
It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. — Sirrah, if
thou hast but held her, 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' er I bid thee
do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would
think thee an honest man: thou shouldest nei-
ther want my means for thy relief, nor my voice
for thy preferment.

Pisanio.
Well, my good lord.

Cloten.
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?

Pisanio.
Sir, I will.

Cloten.
Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy pos-
session?

Pisanio.
I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
her wore when he took leave of my lady and mist-
ress.

Cloten.
The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pisanio.
I shall, my lord.

Cloten. [Exit.

Meet thee at Milford-Haven. — I forgot to ask
him one thing: I'll remember't anon. — Even
there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—
I would, these garments were come. She said
upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch
from my heart) that she held the very garment
of Posthumus in more respect than my noble
and natural person, together with the adorn-
ment of my qualities. With that suit upon my
back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her
eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will
then be a torment to her contempt. He on the
ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead body,— and when my lust hath 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
Re-enter Pisanio, with the Clothes.
Be those the garments?
Pisanio.
Ay, my noble lord.

How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?
Pisanio.
She can scarce be there yet.

Cloten.
Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but 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. [Exit.]

Pisanio.
Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. — To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his need! [Exit.]

SCENE VI. Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in Boy's Clothes.

Imogen.
I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. — Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true to false in fullness Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars. — My dear lord! Thou art one of the false: 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 were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardiness is mother. — Ho! Who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage, Take, or lend. — Ho! — No answer; then, I'll enter. Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look Such a foe, good heavens! [con't.]

[She enters the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Belarius.
You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and Are master of the feast: Cadwall, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: The sweat of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be Poor house, that keep'st thyself! [here, 

Guiderius.
I am thoroughly weary. 

Arviragus.
I am weak without soil, yet strong in appetite. 

Guiderius.
There is cold meat in the cave: we'll browse Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [on that, 

Belarius.
Stay: come not in. [Looking in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think Here were a fairy.

Guiderius.
What's the matter, sir? 

Belarius.
By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, 
An earthly paragon! — Behold divineness 
No elder than a boy! 

Enter Imogen.

Imogen.
Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good troth, I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strow'd it the floor. Here's money for my I would have left it on the board, so soon [meat: As I had made my meal, and part'd With prayers for the provider.

Guiderius.
Money, youth?

Arviragus.
All gold and silver rather turn to dirt! As 'tis no better reck'n'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods. 

Imogen.
I see, you are angry. 

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have died, had I not made it. 

Belarius.
Whither bound? 

To Milford-Haven.

Belarius.
What's your name?

Imogen.
Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford; To whom going, almost spent with hunger, I am fallen in this offence. 

Belarius.
Pr'ythee, fair youth, Think us no churlis, nor measure our good minds By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd, 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it. — Boys, bid him welcome.

Guiderius.
Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but be your groom. — In I bid for you, as I do buy. [honesty, 

Arviragus.
I'll make't my comfort, He is a man: I'll love him as my brother; And such a welcome as I'd give to him, After long absence, such is yours. — Most wel Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. [come, 

Imogen.
Cymbeline.
Act 3  6.
Belarius. He wrings at some distress.
Gulderius. Would I could free't!
Arviragus. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
Belarius. Hark, boys, [Whispering.
Imogen. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying
That nothing gift of differing multitudes) [by
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.
Belarius. It shall be so. [come in :
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth,
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou will speak it.
Gulderius. Pray, draw near.
Arviragus. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.
Imogen. Thanks, sir.
Arviragus. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Rome.
Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.
First Senator. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Luctius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

Tribunes. Is Luctius general of the forces?
Second Senator. Ay.
Tribunes. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Senator. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.
Tribunes. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

SCENE I. The Forest, near the Cave.
Enter Cloten.

Cloten. I AM near to the place where they should meet,
If Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his
garments serve me! Why should his mistress,
who was made by him that made the tailor, not
be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the
word) for '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 gender to die, eres, and more remarkable in
single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing
loves him in my despite. What mortality is
Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing
upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be
off, thy mischeat enforced, thy garments cut to
pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn
her home to her father, who may, haply, be a
little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother,
having power of his testines, shall turn all into
my commendations. My horse is tied up safe:
out, sword, and to a sure purpose! Fortune,
put them into my hand! This is the very de-
scription of their meeting-place, and the fellow
dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. Before the Cave.
Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Gulderius,
Arviragus, and Imogen.

Belarius. You are not well: [To Imogen] remain here
in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arviragus. Brother, stay here:
[To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?

Imogen. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gulderius. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imogen. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
[me; To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave
Stick to your journal course: the breach of
custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
[me To one not sociable. I am not very sick.
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me
die;
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Sealing so poorly.

Gulderius. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Belarius. What! how? how?

Arviragus. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me in my good brother's fault: I know not why I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason without reason: the bird at door, And a demand who't shall die, I say, My father, not this youth.

Belarius. [Aside.] O noble strain! O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base: Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace. I am not their father; yet who this should be, Dost miracle itself, love! before me,—'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arviragus. Brother, farewell.

Imogen. I wish ye sport.

Arviragus. You health. So please you, sir.

Imogen. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard! Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court: Experience, O! thou disprov'st report. Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish, Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick,—'Pitanio, I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guiderius. I could not stir him: He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arviragus. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Belarius. To the field, to the field!—We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arviragus. We'll not be long away.

Belarius. Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife.

Imogen. Well, or ill, I am bound to you.

Belarius. And shall be ever. [Exit Imogen.

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath Good ancestors. [had Arviragus. How angel-like he sings. Guiderius. But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in characters; And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick, And he her dieter.

Arviragus. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at.

Guiderius. I do note, That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs together.

Arviragus. Grow, patience! And let the sinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Belarius. It is great morning. Come; away!—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Cloten. I cannot find those runagates: that villain Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Belarius. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am—I saw him not these many years, and yet [brush. I know 'tis he.—we are held as outlaws:— hence.

Guiderius. He is but one. You and my brother search What companies are near? pray you, away; Let me alone with him. [Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Cloten. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineer? I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guiderius. A thing More slavish did I see, than answering A slave without a knock.

Cloten. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Guiderius. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art, Why I should yield to thee?

Cloten. Thou villain base, Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guiderius. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Who is thy grandfather? he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee.

Cloten. Thou tailor made them not.

Guiderius. Hence then, and thank The man that gave them thee. Thou art some I am loath to beat thee. [fool;

Cloten. Thou injurious thief, Hear but my name, and tremble.


Guiderius. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, oradder, 'twould move me sooner. [spider; Cloten. To thy farther fear, Nay,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Guiderius.
I am sorry for't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Cloten.

Art not afraid?

Guiderius.
Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise: At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Cloten.

Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fed hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set thy heads.
Yield, rustic, mountaineer.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Belarius.
No company's abroad.

Arviragus.
None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

Belarius.
I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am abs.
'Twas very Cloten. [solute

Arviragus.
In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Belarius.
Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Guiderius.
This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Belarius.
What hast thou done?

Guiderius.
I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) And set them on Lud's town. [they grow,

Belarius.
We are all undone.

Guiderius.
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?

Belarius.
No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet 's t not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arviragus.
Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Belarius.
I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guiderius.
With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
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 son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit

Belarius.
I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't, though
Becomes thee well enough.

Arviragus.
Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me. — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would re-
venge,
That possible strength might meet, would seek
And put us to our answer. [us through,

Belarius.
Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay [rock:
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arviragus.
Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Belarius.
O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st:
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As sylphs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaff'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guiderius.
Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's scotpoll down the stream.
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.]

Belarius.
My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guiderius.
Is he at home?
Belarius.
He went hence even now.

Guiderius.
What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apos, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen, as dead,
In his Arms.
Belarius.
Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arviragus.
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 seen this.

Guiderius.
O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Belarius.
O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The oze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easi'llest 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?

Arviragus.
Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right
Reposing on a cushion. [check

Guiderius.
Where?

Arviragus.
O' the floor:
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and
put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guiderius.
Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arviragus.
With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of egliante, whom not to slander,
Cymbeline.

The sceptre, learning, physic, must 
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guil. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 
Ark. Nor th' all-tressed thunder-stone; 
Guil. Fear no more thunder, censure rash! 
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must 
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guil. No exorcist harm thee! 
Ark. Nor so witchcraft charm thee! 
Guil. Ghost unaided for bear thee! 
Ark. Nothing ill come near thee! 
Both. Quiet consummation have; 
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the Body of Coten.

Guilder.

We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Belarius.

Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more: 
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night, 
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so 
These herb'lets shall, which we weapon 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.

[Exeunt Belarius, Guilder, and Arviragus.

Imogen. [Awaking.

Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way? — I thank you.—By yond' bush? — Pray, how far thicker? 
'Ods pittikins! — can it be six miles yet? — I have gone all night: — faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses! 
[Seeing the Body.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; 
This bloody man, the care on't. — I hope I dream, 
For so I thought I vanquish'd, censure rash; 
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 faith, 
I tremble still with fear; but if there be 
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity 
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! 
The dream's here stili; even when I wake, it is 
Without me, as within me; not imag'd, felt: 
A headless man! — The garment of Posthumus! 
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand; 
His foot Mercury; his Martial thigh; 
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face — Murder in heaven! — How? — 'Tis gone. — Pisano,

All curses maddened Hecuba gave the Greeks, 
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou, Consiphr'd with that irreligious devil, Coten. 
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read, 
Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisano! 
Hath with his forged letters, damn'd'd Pisano — 
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 that? 

Pisano might have kill'd thee at the heart, 
And left this head on. — How should this be? 

Pisano! 

'Tis he and Coten: malice and lucre in them 
Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis pregnant, 
pregnant. 
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious 
And cordial to me, have I not found it [home: 
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it. 
This is Pisano's deed, and Coten: O! — 
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 
That we the herrerid may seem to those 
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord! 

Enter Lucius; a Captain, and other Officers, 
and a Soothsayer.

Capitana.

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.

Lucius.

But what from Rome? 

Captain.

The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners, 
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits, 
That promise noble service, and they come 
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 
Sienna's brother.

Lucius.

When expect you them? 

Captain.

With the next benefit o' the wind.

Lucius.

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? 

Soothsayer.

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision, 
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus: — 
I saw Jose's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd 
From the spungy south to this part of the west, 
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends, 
(Unless my sins abuse my divination) 
Success to the Roman host.

Lucius.

Dream often so, 
And never false. — Soft, ho! what trunk is here, 
Without his top? The ruitu speaks, 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.

Captain.

He is alive, my lord.

Lucius.

He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young one, 
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, 
They crave to be demanded. Who is this, 
Thou make'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, 
That, otherwise than noble nature did, 
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy business? 

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? 
What art thou? 

Imogen.

I am nothing: or if not, 
Nothing to be worse. This was my master, 
A very valiant Briton, and a good, 
That here by mountaineers lies slain. — Alas! 

There
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.

Lucius.

'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imogen.

Richard du Champ. [Aside.] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon.—Say you, sir?

Lucius.

Thy name?

Imogen. 

Fidele, sir.

Lucius.

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy
name.

Wilt thou take this chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, 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.

Imogen.

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed
And on it sailed a century of prayers, [his grave,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Lucius.

Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My
friends,
The boy hath taught us many duties: let us
Find out the prettiest disguised plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. —Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us, and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cymbeline.

Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.—
Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pisanio.

Sir, my life is yours, [tress, I
humbly set it at your will; but, for my mis-
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
Guid me your loyal servant. [highness,

First 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 loyal. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cymbeline.

The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season: but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord.

So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cymbeline.

Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

First Lord.

Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cymbeline.

I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away! [Exeunt.

Pisanio.

I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen 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'd
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to
be true;
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.'

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Belarius.

The noise is round about us.

Arviragus.

Let us from it.

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guiderius.

Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons stay us, or reign us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us afterward.

Belarius.

Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd)
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 'tis
What we have done, whose answer would be
Drawn on with torture.

Guiderius.

This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time nothing becoming you, 
Nor satisfying us,

Arviragus.

It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Belarius.

O ! I am known
Of many in the army: many years, [him
Though Cloten then but young, you, see, not were
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.

Guiderius.

Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arviragus.

By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron, on his heel? I am ash'mad
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guiderius.

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.

Arviragus.

So say I. Amen.

Belarius.

No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve [boys.
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. [Aside.] The time seems long ;
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.

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little? — O, Pitioso!
Lucius.
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?

Posthumus.
Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.
Lord.
I did.

Posthumus.
No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was dam'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with length'd shame.

Lord.
Where was this lane?

Posthumus.
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's country: athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
"Our Britannia's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that [save,
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may
But two to look back in frown: stand, stand!"
These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, "stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
But by example (O, a sin in war, [coward
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop! the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became [open
The life o' the need: having found the back-door
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,

O'er-borne! the former wave: ten chace'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or yet resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord.
This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Posthumus.
Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord.
Nay, be not angry, sir.

Posthumus.
'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord.
Farewell; you are angry. [Exit.

Posthumus.
Still going?—This is a lord. O noble misery
To be 't! the field, and ask, what news, of me.
To-day, how many would have given their hoards
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own wo' charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster.
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives I the war.—Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Romans; great the answer be
Britons must take; for, my ransom's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

First Captain.
Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

Second Captain.
There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

First Captain.
So, 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand I who is there?

Posthumus.
A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

Second Captain.
Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crowes have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.
Enter Cymbeline; attended; Belarius, Guideria, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler; after which, all go out.

**SCENE IV. A Prison.**

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

**First Gaoler.**

You shall not now be stolen; you have locks. So, graze as you find pasture. [upon you:

**Second Gaoler.**

AY, or a stomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.

**Posthumus.**

Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way I think, to liberty. Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd [rather] By the sure physician, death, who is the key T' unlock these locks. My conscience, thou art better'd.

More than my shanks, and wrists: you good gods, give me The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is it not enough, I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appassion; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better in my eyes, Desir'd, more than constrain'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 clement than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement: that's not my desire. For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it: 'Tisween man and man they weigh not every stamp, Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake: You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers, If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen! I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

**Solemn Music.** Enter, as an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to Posthumus, with Music before them; then, after other Music, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

**Sicilius.**

Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair, That he dever'd the praise o' the world, As great Sicilius' heir.

**First Brother.**

When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he, That could stand up his parallel, Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity?

**Mother.**

With marriage wherefore was he mock'd, To be exil'd, and thrown From Leonati's seat, and cast From her his dearest one, Sweet Imogen?

**Sicilius.**

Why did you suffer Iachimo, Slight thing of Italy, To taunt his nobler heart and brain With needless jealousy; And to become the deck and scorn O' the other's villainy?

**Second Brother.**

For this from stiller seats we came, Our parents, and us twain, That striking in our country's cause Fell bravely, and were slain; Our fealty, and Tenantius' right, With honour to maintain.

**First Brother.**

Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd: Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due, Being all to dolours turn'd?

**Sicilius.**

Thy crystal window ope; look out: No longer exercise, Upon a valiant race, thy harsh And potent injuries.

**Mother.**

Since, Jupiter, our son is good, Take off his miseries.

**Sicilius.**

Peep through thy marble mansion; help! Or we poor ghosts will cry, To the shining synod of the rest, Against thy deity.

**Second Brother.**

Help, Jupiter! or we appeal, And from thy justice fly.

**Jupiter.**

No more, you petty spirits of region low, Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know, Sky-planted, batter's all rebelling coasts? Poor shadows of Elysian, hence; and rest Upon your never-withering banks of flowers: Be not with mortal accidents oppress: No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours. Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift, The more delay'd, delighted. Be content; Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift: His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent. Our
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in our temple was he married. — Rise, and he shall be lord of lady Imogen. [Fade!] — And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein our pleasure his full fortune doth confine; and the unsworn ills no farther with your din.

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.— Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[Ascends.]

Silius.

He came in thunders; 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.

Silius.

The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd his radiant roof. — Away I, and to be blest, let us with care perform his great behest.

[Ghosts vanish.]

Posthumus. [Waking.]

Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot A father to me; and thou hast created A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!) gone! they went hence so soon as they were born, and so I am awake. — Poor wretches, that depend on greatness' favour, dream as I have done; wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I swerve: many dream not to find, neither deserve, and yet are steep'd in favours; so am I, that have this golden chance, and know not why. What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one! be not, as is our fanged world, a garment nobler than that it covers: let thy effects so follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, as good as promise. [Reads.] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air: and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus and his miseries, Brittan, be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty." 'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing: or senseless speaking, or a speaking such as sense cannot untie. Be what it is, the action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaoler. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Posthumus. Over-roasted, rather; ready long ago.

Gaoler. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Posthumus. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaoler. 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 want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharging. — Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Posthumus. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live. Gaoler. 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. Posthumus. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaoler. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Posthumus. I tell thee, fellow, there are none eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaoler. 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.

Messenger. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king.

Posthumus. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Gaoler. I'll be hanged, then.

Posthumus. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.]

Gaoler. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and heget young gibets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallows! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderus, Arviragus, Pius, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cymbeline. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers.
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Belarius. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cymbeline. No tidings of him?

Pisanio. He hath been search'd among the dead and But no trace of him. [living,

Cymbeline. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Brittain. By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Belarius. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen, Farther to quest, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cymbeline. Bow your knees. Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies. There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Brittain.

Cornelius. Hall, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cymbeline. Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cornelius. 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.

Cymbeline. Pr'ythee, say.

Cornelius. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place, Abhorr'd your person.

Cymbeline. She alone knew this; And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cornelius. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight: whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cymbeline. O most delicate friend! Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cornelius. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering By inches waste you; in which time she pur'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O' ercome you with her show; and in time (When she had fitted you with her craft) to work Her son into th' adoption of the crown: But falling of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-deesperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so, Despairing died.

Cymbeline. Heed you all this, her women? Ladie.

We did so, please your highness.

Cymbeline. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious, To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou may'st say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Pathummies behind, and Imogen.

Thou comst not, Caesar, now for tribute: that The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit, That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have So, think of thy estate. [granted:

Lucius. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth, A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer: Augustus lives to think on't; and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born, Let him be ransom'd: never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm, Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir, And spare no blood beside.

Cymbeline. I have surely seen him: His favour is familiar to me. — Boy. Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, And art mine own. — I know not why, nor wherefore, To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live, And as of Cymbeline; what boon thou wilt Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;

Yea,
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

Imogen.  
I humbly thank your highness.  
Lucius.  
I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,  
And yet I know thou wilt.  
Imogen.  

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.  
Lucius.  
The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: brief die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys. —  
Why stands he so perplex'd?  
Cymbeline.  
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;  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?  
Imogen.  
He is a Roman: no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness, who, being born your  
Am something nearer. [vassal,  
Cymbeline.  
Wherefore ey'st him so?  
Imogen.  
I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.  
Cymbeline.  
Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?  
Imogen.  
Fidele, sir.  
Cymbeline.  
Thou art my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.  
[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.  
Belarius.  
Is not this boy reviv'd from death?  
Arviragus.  
One sand another  
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele.— What think you?  
Guiderius.  
The same dead thing alive.  
Belarius.  
Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not;  
forbear.  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.  
Guiderius.  
But we saw him dead.  
Belarius.  
Be silent; let's see farther.  
Pisanio.  
[Aside.  
It is my mistress!  
Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.  
[Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.  
Cymbeline.  
Come, stand thou by our side:  
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, [To Iachimo,]  
step you forth;  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,  
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.— On, speak to him.  
Imogen.  
My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.  
Posthumus.  
[Aside.  
What's that to him?  
Cymbeline.  
That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?  
Iachimo.  
Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.  
Cymbeline.  
How! me?  
Iachimo.  
I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which  
Torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more  
may grieve thee,  
As it doth me) a noble sir ne'er liv'd  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,  
my lord?  
Cymbeline.  
All that belongs to this.  
Iachimo.  
That paragon, thy daughter,  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false  
spirits  
Quail to remember.—Give me leave; I faint.  
Cymbeline.  
My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  
strength:  
I had rather thou should'st live while natur's  
will,  
Than die ere I hear more. Strive man, and  
speak.  
Iachimo.  
Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (O! would  
Our vianis had been poison'd, or at least  
Those which I heav'd to head) the good Post-  
humus,  
(What should I say? he was too good to be  
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-plight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for: besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness, which strikes the eye: —  
Cymbeline.  
I stand on fire.  
Come to the matter.  
Iachimo.  
All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This  
Posthumus,  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover) took his hint:  
And, not dispairing whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue) he began  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue  
being made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descrip-  
Prov'd us unspeaking sorts.  
Cymbeline.
Cymbeline

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Jachimo.

Your daughter's chastity—there it begins. He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams, And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch, Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him Pieces of gold against this, which then he wore Upon his honour'd finger, to maintain In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight, No lesse of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring; And would so, had it been a carbuncle Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britann Post 1 in this design: well may you, sir, Remember me at court, where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 'Gain in your dullest Britанию operate Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent; And, to be brief, my practice so prudent, That I return'd with simul prouf, 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, his her bracelet, (O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,— Methinks, I see him now,—

Posthumus

Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.

Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool, Egregious murder, 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, By being worse than they. I am Posthumus, That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie; That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple Of virtue was she:—yes, and she herself. Solt, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen! My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen!

Imogen.

Peace, my lord I hear, hear!—

Posthumus.

Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page, There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.

Pisanio.

O, gentlemen! help, Mine, and your mistress. — O, my lord Posthumus! You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help!— Mine honour'd lady!

Cymbeline.

Does the world go round?

Pisanio.

How come these staggerers on me?

Pisanio.

Wake, my mistress!

Cymbeline.

If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy.

Pisanio.

How fares my mistress?

Imogen.

O! I get thee from my sight; Thou gav'st me poison: dreadful fellow, hence! Breathe not where princes are.

Cymbeline.

The tune of Imogen!

Pisanio.

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.

Cymbeline.

New matter still?

Imogen.

It poison'd me.

Cornelius.

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 consec-

Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd As I would serve a rat.

Cymbeline.

What's this, Cornelius?

Cornelius.

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 Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose Was of more danger, did compound for her A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease The present power of life; but, in short time, All offices of nature should again Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imogen.

Most like I did, for I was dead.

Belarius.

My boys,

There was our error.

Guiderius.

This is, sure, Fidele.

Imogen.

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you? Think, that you are upon a rock; and now Throw me again.

[Embracing him.

Posthumus.

Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die!

Cymbeline.

How now! my flesh, my child? What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act? Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imogen.

Your blessing, sir.

Belarius.

Though you did love this youth, I blame ye You had a motive for; [not; To Guiderius and Arviragus.

Cymbeline.

My tears that fall, Prove holy water on thee! Imogen, Thy mother's dead.

Imogen.
Imogen.

I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cymbeline.

O! she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Flamio.

My lord, Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord
Upon my lady's missing, came to me [Cloten,
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 forc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I farther know not.

Guilderius.

Let me end the story.

I slew him there.

Cymbeline.

Marry, the gods forebend! I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guilderius.

I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cymbeline.

He was a prince.

Guilderius.

A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothings 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.

Cymbeline.

I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imogen.

That headless man I thought had been my lord.

Cymbeline.

Bind the offender, And take him from our presence.

Belarius.

Stay, sir king. This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone.

To the Guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cymbeline.

Why, old soldier, Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arviragus.

In that he spake too far.

Cymbeline.

And thou shalt die for't.

Belarius.

We will die all three:

But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech.
Though, haply, well for you.

Arviragus.

Your danger's ours.

Guiderius.

And our good his.

Belarius.

Have at it, then, by leave. Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd Belarius.

Cymbeline.

What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Belarius.

He is it that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cymbeline.

Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.

Belarius.

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.

Cymbeline.

Nursing of my sons?

Belarius.

I am too blunt, and saucy: here's my knee: Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine: They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cymbeline.

How! my issue?

Belarius.

So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgen, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (For such, and so they are) these twenty years Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, As your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; Having receiv'd the punishment before, For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty Exicted me to treason. Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas 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.

Cymbeline.

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children: If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons.

Belarius.

Be pleas'd a while. —
This gentleman, whom I call Polidore, Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guilderius: This gentleman, my Cadwair, 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.

Cymbeline. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Belarius. 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.

Cymbeline. O! what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd delverance more.—Bless'd pray 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,

Imogen. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O I never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; 1 you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cymbeline. Did you e'er meet?

Arrivagus. Ay, my good lord.

Guiderius. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cornelius. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cymbeline. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how
llv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither?
These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be
demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
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.

Imogen. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cymbeline. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imogen. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Lucius. Happy be you!

Cymbeline. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, as I
grae'd
The thankings of a king.

Posthumus. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming
'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachino: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iachino. I am down again;

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did.
Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Posthumus. 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.

Cymbeline. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon the word to all.

Arrivagus. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Posthumus. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-
thought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spirtually shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense by hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Lucius. Philarmonus!

Soothsayer. Here, my good lord.

Lucius. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer. [Reads.
"When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-
known, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately
cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead
many years shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Post-
humus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty."
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cymbeline.

Which we call mollis aer: and mollis aer
We term it mulier: which mulier, I divine,
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd which foreswear'd our princely
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite [eagle,
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which slumbers here in the west.

Cymbeline.

Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
Nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward.
Let A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town
March,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease.
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
Peace.

| Exeunt. |

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
Helicanus, | two Lords of Tyre.
Eccanès,
Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
Cleon, Governor of Tharsus.
Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene.
Cerimon, a Lord of Ephesus.
Thalaid, a Lord of Antioch.
Philemon, Servant to Cerimon.
Leonine, Servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.

A Pander, and his Wife.
Boult, their Servant.
Gower, as Chorus.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
Dionyza, Wife to Cleon.
Thaisa, Daughter to Simonides.
Marina, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
Lychorida, Nurse to Marina.
Diana.
Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors,
Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersely in various Countries.

ACT I.
Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purpose is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquitas, 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 lfo
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antiochus, then: Antiochus the great
Built up this clime for his hirehest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a feast,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, bold, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her in incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father, to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was with long use account to sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life.
So, for her many a wight did die,
As yond' grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your
I give, my cause who best can justify.
[Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Antiochus.

Young prince of Tyre, you have at large re-
The danger of the task you undertake. [Exit'd

Pericles.

I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

[Music.

Antiochus.

Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Pericles.

See, where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtuous given renown to man:
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Antiochus.

Prince Pericles,—

Pericles.

That would be son to great Antiochus.

Antiochus.

Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd; For death-like dragons here asright the hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yond' sometime famous princes, like thyself;
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire, [pale,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
That, without covering, save yond' field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead checks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Pericles.

Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error,
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do:
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspot't fire of love to you.
To the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Antiochus.

Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daughter.

Of all, 'tis yet you must prove prosperous!
Of all, 'tis yet I, wish thee happiness.

Pericles.

Like a bold champlon, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

I am no vipers, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed,
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolve,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair visor, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hill only dance at so harsh a chime.
Good scoth, I care not for you.

Antiochus.

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.

Pericles.

Great kling,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'brand yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who
PERICLES,

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated is like the wandering 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
throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth
die for,
King's are earth's gods; in vice their law's their
will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother
it.
All love the womb that their first births bred,
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Antiochus. [Aside
Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning;
But I will glaze with him. [To him.] Young
prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
For days longer do we despute 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 beft our honour, and your worth.

[Exit Antiochus, his Daughter, and At-
tendants.

Pericles.
How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest Antioch, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light:
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit Re-enter Antiochus.

Antiochus.
He hath found the meaning, for the which we
To have his head. [mean
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a bathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

[Enter Thaliard.

Thaliard.
Doth your highness call?

Antiochus.
Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy.
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold:
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
It fits thee not to ask the reason why, [him
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thaliard.
'Tis done. Enter a Messenger

Antiochus.
Enough.—
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Messenger.
My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [Exit Messenger.

Antiochus.
As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thaliard.
My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your high-
ness.

[Exit

Antiochus.
Thaliard, adieu. — Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit

SCENE II. Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Pericles.
Let none disturb us: why should this charge
of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed
me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then, it is thus: that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mix-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it 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
Nor boots it me to say, I honour, [silence;
If he suspect I may dishonour him;
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be
known.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist.
And subjects punish'd that never thought offence;
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them)

Makes
PRINCE OF TYRE.

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

First Lord.

Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

Second Lord.

And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable.

Helicanus.

Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blow up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order.
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Helicanus.

All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-look What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

An angry brow, dread lord.

Pericles.

If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Helicanus.

How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
They have their nourishment? [whence

Pericles.

Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Helicanus.

I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Pericles.

Rise, pr'ythee rise; Sit down; thou art no flatterer; I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid, Thy 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 would'st thou have me do?

Helicanus. To bear with patience Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Pericles.

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus, That ministers 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, Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects. Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest (hark in thin ear) as black as incest: Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this, 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled Under the covering of a careful night, Who seem'd my good protector; and being here, Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.

And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth) That I should open to the listening ear, How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unlied ope, To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him!

When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: Which love to all, of which thyself art one, Who now repro'st me for it—

Helicanus. Alas, sir!

Pericles. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks, Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it prince only charity to grieve them.

Helicanus. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak, Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who, whether by public war, or private treason, Will take a way your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. Your rule direct to any; it to me, Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Pericles. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Helicanus. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth, From whence we had our being and our birth.

Pericles. Tyre. I now look from thee, then; and to Tharsus Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee, And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. The care I had, and have, of subjects' good, [it. On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath; Who shrims not to break one, will sure crack both. But trust me, we 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.]


Enter Thaliard.

Thaliard.

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; now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one,—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords.

Helicanus. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Farther to question me of your king's departure: His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
PERICLES,

ACT I. SC. III.

The king's gone? [Aside.

Helicanus.

If farther yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicenc'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch— [Aside.

What from Antioch? [Aside.

Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he
judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea. —
I'll present myself. — [To them.] Peace to the
lords of Tyre.

Lord Thallard from Antiochus is welcome.

From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown
travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

SCENE IV. Tharsus. A Room in the
Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionyzas, and Attendants.

Cleon. My Dionyzas, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dionyzas. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cleon. O Dionyzas,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till lungs fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder;
That if heaven slumber, while their creatures
want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them,
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dionyzas. I'll do my best, sir.

Cleon. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the govern-
ment,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted, and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were store'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dionyzas. O! 'tis too true.

Cleon. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,
These mouths, whom hut of late, earth, sea, and
Were all too little to content and please, [air,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use.
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delights the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who to nouse up their babes
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd,
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dionyzas. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cleon. O! let those cities, that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cleon. Here. [haste,
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have described, 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 neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery, [power,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance
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 untutor'd to repeat;
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they
What need we fear? [can,
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way
there.
Go, tell their general we attend him here,
ACT II.  SCENE I.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

To know for what he comes, and whence he
And what he craves. [comes,
I go, my lord. [Exit.

Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, with Attendants.

Pericles,

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, was stuff'd within,
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are store'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All

The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Pericles,

Arise, I pray you, arise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, 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 heaven and men succeed their evils!
 Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Pericles.

Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
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 inceest bring;
A better prince, and benigne lord,
That will prove a woff both in deed and word.
He quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benison)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is wrrt he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door Pericles, talking with Cleon;
all the Train with them. Enter at another
door, a Gentleman, with a Letter to Pericles;
Pericles shows the Letter to Cleon; then
gives the Messenger a reward, and knights
him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally.

Gower.

Good Hecatene hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone.
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfill his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that hap in Tyre:
How Tharsil came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is lost.
All perils of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escanpe but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; thus long's the text. [Exit.

SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open Place by
the Sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Pericles.

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have beleaf a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

First Fisherman.

What, ho, Patch!

Second Fisherman.

Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

First Fisherman.

What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fisherman.

What say you, master?

First Fisherman.

Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or
I'll fetch thee with a wannah.

Third Fisherman.

'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men, that were cast away before us even now.

First Fisherman.

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 our-
selves.

Third Fisherman.

Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw
the porpus, how he bounced 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.

First Fisherman.

Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up
the
the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Pericles.

A pretty moral.

Third Fisherman.

But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Second Fisherman.

Why, man?

Third Fisherman.

Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind —

Pericles.

Simonides?

Third Fisherman.

We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Pericles.

How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect! —
Peace be at your labour, honest fisherfolk.

Second Fisherman.

Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and no body look after it.

Pericles.

Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast. —

Second Fisherman.

What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way.

Pericles.

A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball!
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

First Fisherman.

No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

Second Fisherman.

Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Pericles.

I never practis'd it.

Second Fisherman.

Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Pericles.

What I have been, I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd 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 that I am a man, pray see me burled.

First Fisherman.

Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come,

Pericles.

thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more or' pudding and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Pericles.

I thank you, sir.

Second Fisherman.

Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Pericles.

I did but crave.

Second Fisherman.

But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Pericles.

Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

Second Fisherman.

O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.

Pericles.

How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fisherman.

Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Pericles.

Not well.

First Fisherman.

Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Pericles.

The good king Simonides, do you call him?

First Fisherman.

Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Pericles.

He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fisherman.

Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

Pericles.

Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fisherman.

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.

Second Fisherman.

Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Has bott on't; 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Pericles.

An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life) "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;" (and pointed to this brace)
"For that it said me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the 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, have given't again, I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

First Fisherman.

What mean you, sir?

Pericles.

To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court.

Where with it I may appear a gentleman: And if that ever my fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

First Fisherman.

Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Pericles.

I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fisherman.

Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

Second Fisherman.

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 vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Pericles.

Believe it, I will. By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his building 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 basse.

Second Fisherman.

We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Pericles.

Then honour be but a goal to my will! This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Simonides.

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord.

They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

Simonides.

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.

Thaisa.

It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Simonides.

'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight in his device.

Thaisa.

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.

Simonides.

Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thaisa.

A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethilop, reaching at the sun; The word, Luce tua vita mili. Simonides.

He loves you well that holds his life of you. [The second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thaisa.

A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady: The motto thus, in Spanish, Pia per dulce
de fuerza. [The third Knight passes over.

Simonides.

And what the third?

Thaisa.

The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry: The word, Mec pompae proverit aper. [The fourth Knight passes over.

Simonides.

What is the fourth?

Thaisa.

A burning torch, that's turned upside down; The word, Quod me adit, me extinguit. Simonides.

Which shows that beauty hath his power and will, Which can as well inflame, as it can kill. [The fifth Knight passes over.

Thaisa.

The fifth, a hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, Sic spectanda fades. [The sixth Knight passes over.

Simonides.

And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thaisa.

He seems to be a stranger; but his present is A wither'd branch, that's only green at top: The motto, In hac spes vives. Simonides.

A pretty moral: From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish. [First Lord.

He had need mean better, than his outward show Can any way speak in his just commend: For by his rusty outside he appears To have practis'd more the whistloop, than the lance.
Second Lord.
He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord.
And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Simonides.
Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll with-
draw
Into the gallery.  [Exeunt.

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!

SCENE III. The same. A Hall of State.—
A Banquet prepared.
Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Simonides.
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 word in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.

Thaisa.
But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Pericles.
'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Simonides.
Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights.
We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Simonides.
Your presence glads our days: honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Sir, yond's your place.

Pericles.
Some other is more fit.

First Knight.
Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Pericles.
You are right courteous knights.

Simonides.
Sit, sir; sit.
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thaisa.
By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Simonides.
He's but a country gentleman:

He has done no more than other knights have
done,
He has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.

Thaisa.
To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Pericles.
Yond' king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son, like 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;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Simonides.
What! are you merry, knights?

First Knight.
Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Simonides.
Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips)
We drink this health to you.

Knights.
We thank your grace.

Simonides.
Yet pause a while:
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thaisa.
What is it
To me, my father?

Simonides.
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
Are wonder'd at. Therefore, [kill'd
To make his entrance more sweet, here say.
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thaisa.
Alas, my father! it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Simonides.

How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thaisa. [Aside.
Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better.

Simonides.
And farther tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thaisa.
The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Pericles.
I thank him.

Thaisa.
Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Pericles.
I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thaisa.
Thaisa.
And, farther, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Pericles.
A gentleman of Tyre (my name, Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms).
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thaisa.
He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

Simonides.
Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir; Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Pericles.
In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Simonides.
O! that's as much, as you would be denied

[The Knights and Ladies dance.
Of your fair courtesy. — Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings: —
Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Pericles.
I am at your grace's pleasure.

Simonides.
Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Helicanus.
No, Escanes; know this of me, Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which the most high gods, not minding longer,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in
Due to this heinous capital offence. [store, Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of instestable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escanes.
'Twas very strange.

Helicanus.
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.

'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

First Lord.
See I not a man, in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.

Second Lord.
It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord.
And curst be he that will not second it.

First Lord.
Follow me, then. — Lord Helicane, a word.

Helicanus.
With me, and welcome. — Happy day, my lords.

First Lord.
Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Helicanus.
Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

First Lord.
Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

Second Lord.
Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like godly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All.
Live, noble Helicane!

Helicanus.
For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expr'd be not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, 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.

First Lord.
To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield:
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour.

Helicanus.
Then, you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE V. Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a Letter: the Knights meet him.

First Knight.
Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Simonides.
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 yet from her by no means can I get.

Second Knight.
May we not get access to her, my lord?

Simonides.
'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery:
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight.
Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

Simonides.

So,
They're well despatch'd: now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; 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.

Pericles.
All fortune to the good Simonides!

Simonides.
To you as much, sir. I am beholding to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Pericles.
It is your grace's pleasure to command,
Not my desert.

Simonides.
Sir, you are music's master.

Pericles.
The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Simonides.
Let me ask one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Pericles.
As of a most virtuous princess.

Simonides.
And she is fair too, is she not?

Pericles.
As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Simonides.
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.

Pericles.
I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Simonides.
She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Pericles.

[Aside.

What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtility, to have my life.

[To him.] O! seek not to entrap me, gracious
A stranger and distressed gentleman; [lord
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Simonides.
Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
A villain.

Pericles.
By the gods, I have not,
Never did thought of mine leisure offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Simonides.
Traitor, thou liest.

Pericles.
Traitor!

Simonides.
Ay, traitor.

Pericles.
Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Simonides.

[Aside.

Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Pericles.
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.

Simonides.

No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Pericles.
Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solici	, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thaisa.

Why, sir, if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Simonides.

Yes, mistress, are you so peremptory?—

[Aside.] I am glad on't with all my heart.

[To her.] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in sub-
Will you, not having my consent, 
section, Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [Aside.] who, for aught I know, May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I myself.
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled 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 farther grief, — God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thaisa.
Yes, if you love me, sir.

Pericles.
Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Simonides.
What! are you both agreed?

Both.
ACT III. 

Enter Gower.

Gower.

NOW sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
The cat with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
Are the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. — Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quailing eke;  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter: Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then, enter Thaisin with child, and Lychorida: Simonides shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and all depart.

Gower.

By many a dear and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing colignes,  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse, and sail, and high expence,  
Can steal the quest. At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strange inquire,)  
The court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these: —  
Antiochus and his daughter dead:  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicarnus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;  
Says to them, if king Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yravished the regions round,  
And every one with claps 'gan sound,  
"Our heir apparent is a king!  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen, with child, makes her desire  
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;  
Omit we all their dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Then, vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood  
Varies again: the grizzly north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.

The lady shrinks, and well-a-near,  
Does fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this self 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-stoast Pericles appears to speak.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Pericles.

Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; duly quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O! how,  
Lychorida,  
How does my queen? — Thou storm, venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
[whistle  
Unheard. — Lychorida! — Lucius, O!  
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deely  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails! — Now, Lychorida——  

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lychorida.

Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conseil, would die as I Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

Pericles.

How! how, Lychorida!  
Lychorida.

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.

Pericles.

O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.  

Lychorida.

Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

Pericles.

Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more health'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!  
For thou'rest the rudest welcome to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-  
Thou hast as chiding a mativity,  
[low  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here. — Now the good  
Throw their best eyes upon it!  

[Exit.

Enter Two Sailors.

First Sailor.

What courage, sir? God save you.  

Pericles.
PERICLES.

Cerimon.

Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Servant.

I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cerimon.

Your master will be dead ere you return:
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[To Philemon.
Exeunt Philemon, Servant, and the rest.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

First Gentleman.

Good morrow, sir.

Second Gentleman.

Good morrow to your lordship.

Cerimon.

Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gentleman.

Sirs,
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.

Second Gentleman.

That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cerimon.

Oh! you say well.

First Gentleman.

But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cerimon.

I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after totering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Second Gentleman.

Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Servant.

So; lift there.

Cerimon.

What is that?

Servant.
ACT III. SC. III.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

First Gentleman.

The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cerimon.

She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost.
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear to make the world twice rich.
Live, and make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
Rare as you seem to be!

Thaisa.

O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
Is this?

Second Gentleman.

Is not this strange?

First Gentleman.

Most rare.

Cerimon.

Hush, gentle neighbours! Let me put your hands; to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her repose is mortal. Come, come,
And Eschylus guide us!

Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.

SCENE III. Thasus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionysia, Lychoria, and Marina.

Pericles.

Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be done:
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrsus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cleon.

Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us. [mortality,]
Dionysia.

O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Pericles.

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 gentle babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be manner'd as she is born.

Cleon.

Fear not, my lord, but think
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!

Pericles.

I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unachis't shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dionyza.
I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Pericles.
Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon.
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.

Pericles.
I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. — O! I note,
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.

Cerimon.
Madam, this letter, and some certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer, which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thaisa.
It is my lord's,
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cerimon.
Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thaisa.
My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gower.

Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire:
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind;
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.

And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite: this maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
'Be't when she wear'd the slided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vall 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 graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Past for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carried winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I. Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dionyza.
Thy o'eth remember; thou hast sworn to do't.
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing t' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leonine.
I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dionyza.
The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here
She comes weeping for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leonine.
I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a Basket of Flowers.

Marina.
No, I will rob Telius of her weed.
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
[closes,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Al me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dionyza.
How now, Marina! why do you weep alone?

How
ACT IV. Sc. III.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

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 flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Marina. Why will you kill me?
Leonine. To satisfy my lady.

Marina. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spoke 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 any danger?
Leonine. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Marina. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leonine. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

First Pirate. [Leonine runs away
Second Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly.

SCENE II. Near the same.

Enter Leonine.

Leonine. These rogueing thieves serve the great pirate
Vaelis;
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 farther;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
Not carry her aboard. If she remain, [her
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

Leonine. We were never so much out of creatures. We have
but poor three, and they can do no more
than they can do; and they with continual action
are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade we shall never prosper.

Bawd.

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.

Pander.

Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult.

Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit Boult.]

Pander.

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?

Pander.

O! our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd.

Come; other sorts offend as well as we.

Pander.

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 Boult, and the Pirates with Marina.

Boult.

Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First 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 farther 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.

Pander.

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 Pander and Pirates.

Bawd.

Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her 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.

Marina.

Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates, (Not enough barbarous) had o'erboard thrown For to seek my mother! [me

Bawd.

Why lament you, pretty one?

Marina.

That I am pretty.

Bawd.

Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Marina.

I accuse them not.

Bawd.

You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Marina.

The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd.

Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Marina.

No.

Bawd.

Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Marina.

Are you a woman?

Bawd.

What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Marina.

An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd.

Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Marina.

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 stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-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.
Act IV. Sc. IV.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

Bawd.

We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult.

To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers I' the hams?

Bawd.

Who? monsieur Veroles? I'll take you, you, will you go with us?

Boult.

Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd.

Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult.

Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd.

Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Marina.

I understand you not.

Boult.

O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd.

Thou say'st true, I' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult.

Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd.

Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult.

I may so?

Bawd.

Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garment's well.

Boult.

Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd.

Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult.

I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd.

Come your ways; follow me.

Marina.

If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, United I still my virgin knot will keep.

Dinna, aid my purpose!

Bawd.

What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, I think,

SCENE IV. Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dionyza.

Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cleon.

O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dionyza.

I think, you'll turn a child again.

Cleon.

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady! Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leontine! Whom thou hast poison'd too. [n ess If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kind— Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dionyza.

That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross Unless you play the plious innocent, [it? And for an honest attribute, cry out, 'She died by foul play.'

Cleon.

O! go to. Well, well; Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dionyza.

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 coward a spirit.

Cleon.

To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dionyza.

Be it so, then; Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead. Nor none can know, Leontine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: none would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blunted at, and held a malkin, Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd 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.

Cleon.

Heavens forgive it!

Dionyza.

And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her hearse, And even yet we mourn: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care In us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cleon.
PERICLES,

ACT IV. SC. IV.

Cleon.

Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face, Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dionyzia.

You are like one, that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt: Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

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 The stages of our story. Pericles [you, If now again thwarting the wayward seas, Attended on by many a lord and knight, To see his daughter, all his life's delight. Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late Advanc'd in time to great and high estate, Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, Oid Helicanus goes along behind. [brought Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have This king to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought, So with his steersage shall your thoughts grow short. To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. Like motes and shadows see them move awhile; Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter Pericles with his Train, at one door: Cleon and Dionyzia at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the Tomb of Marina; whereas Pericles makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

'Gover.

See, how belief may suffer by foul show! This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe; And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-shower'd.

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyzia.

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here, Who wether'd in her spring of year: She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter, On whom foul death hath made this slaughter. Marina was she call'd; and at her birth, Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' the earth: Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd; Wherefore she does (and sweares she'd never stint) Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villany, So well as soft and tender flattery. Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead, And bear his courses to be ordered By lady fortune; while our scene must play His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day, In her unholy service. Patience then, And think you now are all in Mitylene. [Exit.

SCENE V. Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen
First Gentleman. Did you ever hear the like?
Second Gentleman. No; nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
First Gentleman. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?
Second Gentleman. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing?
First Gentleman. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pander.

Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd.

Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult.

Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disturb us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearsers priests.

Pander.

Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me! Bawd.

'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult.

We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lysimachus.

How now! How a dozen of virginitie? Bawd.

Now, the gods to-bless your honour! Boult.

I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lysimachus.

You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon? Bawd.

We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lysimachus.

If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd,
Bawd.
Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.
Lysimachus.
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—
Lysimachus.
What, pr'ythee?
Boult.
O, sir! I can be modest.
Lysimachus.
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?
Lysimachus.
'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.
Lysimachus.
I beseech you, do.
Bawd.
First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.
Marina.
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.
Marina.
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.
Marina.
What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.
Lysimachus.
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. Go thy ways. [Exit Bawd, Pander, and Boult.
Lysimachus.
Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?
Marina.
What trade, sir?
Lysimachus.
Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.
Marina.
I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.
Lysimachus.
How long have you been of this profession?
Marina.
Ever since I can remember.
Lysimachus.
Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?
Marina.
Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.
Lysimachus.
Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.
Marina.
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.
Lysimachus.
Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?
Marina.
Who is my principal?
Lysimachus.
Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, lock friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.
Marina.
If you were born to honour, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.
Lysimachus.
How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.
Marina.
For me, That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,— That the gods Would set me free from this unhallowed place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air! 
Lysimachus.
I did not think Thou cou'dst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou cou'dst.
Had I brought bither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee: Persevere in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!
Marina.
The gods preserve you!
Lysimachus.
For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour villy. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee. A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost From me, it shall be for thy good. [hear
Enter Boult.
Boult.
I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lysimachus.
Avault, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, But for this virgin that doth prop it, would Sink, and overwhelm you. A way! 
[Exit Lysimachus.
Boult.
Boul.

How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth breakfast, was in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Marina.

Whither would you have me? —

Boul.

I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd.

How now! What's the matter?

Boul.

Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd.

O, abominable!

Boul.

She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd.

Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boul.

The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers, too.

Bawd.

Boul, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boul.

An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Marina.

Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd.

She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors. — Marry hang you! — She's born to undo us. — Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and hays!

Boul.

Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Marina.

Whither wilt thou have me?

Boul.

To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Marina.

Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boul.

Come now, your one thing.

Marina.

What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boul.

Why, I could wish him to be my master; or rather, my mistress.

Marina.

Neither of these are so bad as thou art.

Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hast'st a place, for which thepained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'trt thedam'dd door-keeper to every coast:

That hither comes inquiring for his Tit;

To the chimerick fayre of each rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boul.

What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Marina.

Do any thing but this thou dost. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. That the gods Would safely deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee. If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, sewe, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boul.

But can you teach all this you speak of?

Marina.

Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boul.

Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Marina.

But, amongst honest women?

Boul.

Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gower.

MARINA thus the brothel scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddesse-like to her admired lays. Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle compenses Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, berry, That even her art sisters the natural roses; Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry; That pupils lacks she none of noble race, Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place, And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and lost; And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies. [whence His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense; And to him in his barge with fervour lies. In your supposing once more put your sight: Of heary Pericles think this the bark; And, what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [Exit. SCENE
PERICLES.
Act 5. Sc. 1.
SCENE I. On board Pericles’ Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclining 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.

Tyrian Sailor.

Where’s the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

Helicanus.

That he have hts. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyrian Sailor.

Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.

First Gentleman.

Doth your lordship call?

Helicanus.

Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard:

Greet him fairly; [I pray

[ Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.

Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyrian Sailor.

Sir, This is the man that can in aught you would Resolve you.

Helicanus.

Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Helicanus.

And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,

Helicanus.

And die as I would do.

Lysimachus.

You wish me well. Being on shore, honouring of Neptune’s triumphs, Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made it to know of whence you are.

Helicanus.

First, what is your place?

Lysimachus. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Helicanus. Sir, Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:

A man, who for this three months hath not To any one, nor taken sustenance, [spoken

But to prologue his grief.

Lysimachus. Upon what ground is his distemper?

Helicanus. It would be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief of all springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Helicanus. May we not see him, then?

Helicanus. You may, But bootless is your sight; he will not speak To any.

Lysimachus. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Helicanus. Behold him! [Pericles discovered.] This was a goodly person.

Till the disaster that one mortal night Drove him to this.

Lysimachus. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir!

Helicanus. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager, Would win some words of him.

Lysimachus. ’Tis well bethought. She, questionless, with her sweet harmony, And other choice attractions, would allure, And make a battery through his deafen’d parts, Which now are midway stopp’d;

She is all happy as the fair’st of all, And with her fellow maids is now upon The leafy shelter that abuts against The Island’s side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—

Exit Lord.

Helicanus. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we’ll omit, That bears recovery’s name.

But, since your kindness we have stretch’d thus Let us beseech you, [sar, That for our gold we may provision have, Wherein we are not destitute for want, But weary for the stenches.

Lysimachus.

O! sir! a courtesy, Which, if we should deny, the most just God For every graff would send a caterpillar, And so afflict our province.—Yet once more Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king’s sorrow.

Helicanus.

Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—

But see, I am prevented.

Enter Lord, Marina, and a young Lady.

Lysimachus.

O! here is The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! Is’t not a goodly presence?

Helicanus.

She’s a gallant lady.

Lysimachus.

She’s such a one, that were I well assur’d she came Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I’d wish No better choice, and think me rarely wed.— Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty Expect even here, where is a kindly patient: If that thy prosperous and artificial feat Can draw him but to answer thee in aught, Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay As thy desires can wish.

Marina. Sir, I will use My utmost skill in his recovery, Provided none but I and my companion Be suffer’d to come near him.

Lysimachus.

Come, let us leave her,

And the gods make her prosperous!

Lysimachus. [Marina sings.

Mark’d he your music?

Marina.
Marina.

No, nor look'd on us.

Lysimachus.

See, she will speak to him.

Marina.

Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear. —

Pericles.

Hum! ha! Marina.

I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: 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 root'd 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."

Pericles.

My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

Marina.

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Pericles.

I do think so,
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that. — What country—
Here of these shores? [woman?

Marina.

No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Pericles.

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping,
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one.
My daughter might have been: my queen's square bows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry.
The more she gives them speech. — Where do you live?

Marina.

Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Pericles.

Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe.

Marina.

Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies, disdain'd in the report-

Pericles.

Prythee, speak: [look'st
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe
And make my senses credit thy relation, [thee,
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?

Marina.

So indeed I did.

Pericles.

Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
If both were open'd. [mine,

Marina.

Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Pericles.

Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and
Smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Marina.

My name is Marina.

Pericles.

O! I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Marina.

Patience, good sir
Or here I'll cease.

Pericles.

Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Marina.

The name
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Pericles.

How! a king's daughter?

Marina.

You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Pericles.

But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy
Motion? — Well; speak on. Where were you
And wherefore call'd Marina? [born,

Marina.

For I was born at sea.

Pericles.

At sea! what mother?

Marina.

My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Pericles.

O! I stop there a little.
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. — Well; — where were
you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Marina.
ACT V. SC. II. PRINCE OF TYRE

Marina.
You'll scarce believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Pericles.
I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Marina.
The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came, and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir, Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith; I am the daughter to king Pericles, If good king Pericles be.

Pericles.
Ho, Helicanus! Helicanus.
Calls my gracious lord?

Pericles.
Thou art a grave and noble counsellor, Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst, What this maid is, or what is like to be, That thus hath made me weep?

Helicanus.
I know not; but Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene, Speaks nobly of her.

Lysimachus.
She would never tell Her parentage; being demanded that, She would sit still, and weep.

Pericles.
O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir! Give me a gash, put me to present pain, Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me, O'erbear the shores of my mortality, Thither, And drown me with their sweetness. O! come Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget; Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus, And found at sea again. — O Helicanus! Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud As thunder threats us: this is Marina. — What was thy mother's name? tell me but that, For truth can never be confirm'd enough, Though doubts did ever sleep.

Marina.
First, sir, I pray, What is your title?

Pericles.
I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now, My drownd'ng queen's name, (as in the rest you said Thou hast been godlike perfect) the heir of king, And another like to Pericles thy father. [doms,

Marina.
Is it no more to be your daughter, than To say, my mother's name was Thaisa? Thaisa was my mother, who did end The minute I began.

Pericles.
Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child. Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus, She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all; [been, When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge, She is thy very princess. — Who is this?

Helicanus.
Sirs, 'tis the governor of Mytilene, Who, hearing of your melancholy state, Did come to see you.

Pericles.
I embrace you, Give me my robes! I am wild in my beholding. O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him [music? — O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt, How sure you are my daughter. — But what music?

Helicanus.
My lord, I hear none.

Pericles.
None?

Pericles.
The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.

Lysimachus.
It is not good to cross him: give him way.

Pericles.
Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lysimachus.
Music? My lord, I hear —

Pericles.
Most heavenly music: It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber Hange upon mine eyes: let me rest. [He sleeps.

Lysimachus.
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 belief, I'll well remember you. [Exeunt Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and Lady.

SCENE II. The same.

Pericles on the Deck asleep; Diana appearing to him in a vision.

Diana.
My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither, And do upon mine altar sacrifice. There, when my maiden priestess are met together, Before the people all, Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife: To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call, And give them repetition to the life. Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe: Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow, Awa ke, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.

Pericles.
Celestial Diana, goddess argentine, I will obey thee! — Helicanus!

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

Helicanus.
Sirs.

Pericles.
My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike The inhospitable Cleon; but I am For other service first: toward Ephesus Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, [why — And give you gold for such provision As our intents will need?

Lysimachus.
Sirs, with all my heart, and when you come I have another suit. [ashore,

Pericles.
You shall prevail, Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems You have been noble towards her.

Lysimachus.
Lysimachus.
Sir, lend your arm.

Pericles.
Come, my Marina.

Pericles.
[Exeunt.

Enter Gower, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gower.
Now our sails are almost run; more a little, and then dumb.
This, as my last boon, give me, for such kindness must relieve me.
That you aptly will suppose what pageantry, what feats, what shows.
What minstrelsy, and pretty din, the regent made in Mitylene,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd, that he is promis'd to be wid'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise till he had done his sacrifice,
As Diana bade: whereto being bound, the interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, and wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see, our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon, is by your fancy's thankful doom.

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.

Pericles.
Hall Diana! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed at Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
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 Mitylene; against whose shore riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us, where, by her own most clear remembrance, made known herself my daughter. [She

Thaisa.
Voice and favour! —
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [She faints.

Pericles.
What means the woman? she dies: help, gentlemen!

Cerimon.
Noble sir, if you have told Diana's altar true, this is your wife.

Pericles.
Reverend appearer, no: I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cerimon.
Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Pericles.
'Tis most certain.

Cerimon.
Look to the lady. — O! she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and here, in Diana's temple.

Pericles.
May we see them?

Cerimon.
Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover'd.

Thaisa.
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?

Pericles.
The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thaisa.
That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and drown'd.

Pericles.
This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness makes my past miseries sports: you shall do that on the touching of her lips I may [well, melt, and no more be seen.] O! come, be buried a second time within these arms.

Marina.
My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

Kneels to Thaisa.

Pericles.
Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa; thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, for she was yielded there.

Thaisa.
Bless'd, and mine own!

Helicanus.
Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thaisa.
I know you not.

Pericles.
You have heard me say, when I did fly from I left behind an ancient substitute: [Tyre, can you remember what I call'd the man? I have nam'd him oft.

Thaisa.
'Twas Helicanus, then.

Pericles.
Still confirmation! Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found, how possibly preserve' 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

Pericles.
Reverend sir, the gods can have no mortal officer.

The gods can have no mortal officer.

More like a god than you. Will you deliver how this dead queen re-lives?

Cerimon.
Cerimon.  
I will, my lord:  
Beshooch you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;  
How she came placed here in the temple,  
No needful thing omitted,  
Pericles.  

Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision,  
I will offer night oblations to thee.  
Thaisa.  

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament,  
Makes me look dismal, will I clip 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, my father's dead.  
Pericles.  

Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;  

Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead'st the way.  

Enter Gower.  

Gower.  

In Antiochus, and his daughter, you have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,  
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, and 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, the honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them, although not done, but meant.  
So on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
GLOSSARY.

BY, to pay dear for, to suffer.
Abysm, abyss, from the French abysme, now a cleft, chasm, crack.
Acalypha, to call or summon.
Acridium, wolfsbane.
A dge, the name of an outlaw, noted for his skill in archery. Much Ako.
A dis, an allusion to the same person.
A dress, ready, prepared.
Advertising, attention.
A eur, or A eury, a nest.
Affect the letter, to practise alliteration.
A ffects, affections or passion.
A ffered, a law-term for confirmed.
A gree, joined by affinity.
A front, sometimes, to face or confront.
A fty, to betroth in marriage.
A glet-baby, a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point; from aiguilletes.
A guec, acknowledged, confess, avow.
A eury, See A eury.
A ffecting, affecting.
A lder-fist, preferred to all things; from ire or left, dear, and older, of all.
A tch, at life.
A mazonian, chin, a chin without a beard.
A vian, the lowest chance of the dice.
A mort, sunk, displeasured.
A nce, a manner, a standard-bearer.
A ng, a fishing-rod.
A s, a kind of caen.
A ppeach, to impeach.
A rth, a kind of spruce apple that will keep for two years; in French deixez.
A proof, approbation, or sometimes, proof, confirmation.
A quato, suite, perhaps, unequally.
A rabian bird, the phoenix.
A rgentine goddess, regent of the silver moon.
A riper, Algiers.
A gnostic, ships of great burthen.
A roint, avvant, or be gone.
A sscape, a giant.
A ccount, sides, avenues.
A sersion, sprinkling.
A ssay, to take the assay, applied to those who tasted wine for princes.
A s o, an air driver, a foolish fellow.
A stringer, a gentleman falconer; from austercus, a goshawk.
A t point, completely armed.
A tomite, minute particles discernible when the sun breaks into a darkened heaven.
A ttacked, taken to task, censured.
A tten, attentive.

Baccare, a proverbial word, of doubtful meaning; a metaphor, from assicarre, arrogant.
B apa, ruin, misfortune.
Baldrick, a belt.
Balked, either bathed, or fitted, burns fiercely, but is soon out.
Bawcock, perhaps from beaus and cox, a jolly cock, or cock of the game.
Boy curtail, a hay docked horse.
Beadsmen, persons maintained by charity to pray for their benefactors.
Bear a brain, to have a perceptive faculty or sense.
Bec, a salutation made with the head; in the North, it is a term of respect.
Beconed, becoming.
Bekester, command.
Bele, to howl at.
Beldame, ancient mother.
Bee-lodged, becalmed.
Belongings, endowments.
Be-mate, bemeasure.
Bemouiled, bedraggled, bemired.
Bemurch, to foul or dirty.
Bemouilt, distracted.
Betsem, to give or bestow, or to permit, deluge, or suffer.
Bery, a company, or number, originally applied to a herd.
Beclown, a term of reproach; from bisgno, a noisy person.
Bias chest, swelling out like the bias of a bowl.
Bid the bote, to challenge in a contest.
Biggun, a kind of cap, worn now only by children.
Bigberry, the whortleberry.
Bimble, a Spanish blade, flexible and elastic; the best of which are made at Burgos.
Billing, a bar of iron, with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous sailors were often linked together; derived from Bilboon, which was famous for the manufacture of instruments of steel.
Bill, the old weapon of English infantry, still used by certain watchmen in some towns.
Bis, Is.
Birdbolt, a short thick arrow without a point, used to kill rooks, and shot from a cross-bow.
Bison, blind.
Black cock, a night cock, a bird which is so obscure as a dark corner.
Bobtail, a unhorsing made of stuffs of different colours dyed black.
Blind, i. e. of the eye, the white or the white mark at which arrows are discharged.
Blank and level, mark and level, a term of art. Blank, i. e. of youth, the spring of early life.
Blench, to start off, to fly off.
Blenet, blended, mixed together.
Blind-worms, the Cecilia, or slow worm.
Bloke, the thing occasion in which a hat is formed.
Blurt or burst, an exclamation ofتمتع.
Bobbed, fooled out of, cheated.
Budge, to cheat, or to budge.
Bollier, a box to hold saives or simples.
Bollas, endowments.
Boltered, bedaubed, bedrugged.
Bolting-ketch, a wooden receptacle into which the meal is to travel.
Bombard, a barrel.
Bona-rbas, ladies of pleasure.
Bones, stabs, or wounds.
Bored in hand, deceived, imposed upon.
Bosky, woody; bosky acres are those divided by hedge-rows; from bosco and bosquet.
Bots, worms in the stomach of a horse.—A bota light upon, an imprudence.
Bolited-spider, a large black-ed, glossy spider.
Boulitted, slit or divided.
Dours, boundary, or rivulet dividing land.
Bow, yoke, a yoke.
Bokhass or bokchines, ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable.
Bowling, or the smoothness of a bowling-green.
Bo ostrings, i. e. hold or cut, at all events.
Brace, the armour for the arm; warlike brace, state of defence.
Brag, a kind of honnd; or used as a term of contempt.
Brazel, a salt.
Braid, crafty or deceitful.
Brazen, stiff.
Brack, an instrument of torture, or a thicket or forse.
Branca, a part of the andiron, on which the wood for the fire was supported.
Brastra, a manufacturer in brass, or a reservoir for the fire.
Braze, to make fine; bravity was the old term for elegance of dress.
Bravely, splendidly or gallantly.
Brazen, finery.
Breuil, a kind of dance.
Breud, a colour.
Brecon, to condole to the ancient mausoleum to the sound of the trumpet, harsh, grating.
Break, to begin.
Break up, to carve.
Break, to break the matter to.
Breast, voice.
Breathing-court, verbal breathing.
Breeched, fully shateled, or mired.
Breaching, liable to school discipline.
Brib-tack, a buck sent for the hire.
Bridal, a nuptial feast.
Brie, a short account, a contract hastily performed.—Now-bora brief, is the box-breviales of the feudal times.
Bring, attend or accompany, or bring forth.
Brize, the gad, or horse-fly.
Broach, to put on the spit.
Brock, the badger.
Broques, a kind of shoe.
Brooks, communicated.
Broken mouth, a mouth that has lost part of its teeth.
Broker, a matchmaker, a procurers.
Broock, a tinket with a pin fixed to it.
Brocheth, adorned.
Brochat, attended.
Brown, i. e. the height.
Brown bill, a kind of battle-axe affixed to a stick.
Brownist, a follower of Brown, a sectarian.
Brusling irons, an allusion to the bear which is borne.
Bruis, noise, or report.
Brush, i. e. of time, decay by time.
Buckle, to bend, or to yield to praise or rid.
Bug, bugbear.
Buge, hunting-horn.
Bulge, body.
Bumbard, a large vessel for holding drink.
Bunet, the name of a bird.
Glossary

BURGONET, a helmet.
BURGUNDY, a small jetty.
Burget-shaf, an arrow to shoot at butts with.
BACON, a good command, obedient.
CADDIS-porter, a kind of worsted carder.
CADDIS-net, a small mosquito net.
CADDIS-net, a net to catch midges.
CADDIS-net, a mosquito net.
CADDIS-net, a mosquito net.
CHEATER, a cheat.
CHEATER, a cheat.
CHEATER, a cheat.
CHAMBERS, counter-caster, in clepe, CUMJ, CONVERTITE, CUD*, CADDIS BULL-THUMER, BUXOM, CAITIFF, CAI*-TRO/<mr</, CANULOT, DUiker, CANTONS, CARBONADO, CAPTIOUS, CAPRICIOUS, CARACTS, CARACTS, CARLOT, COS*, CARRIAGE, CARPET CARNAL, CAST, CASSOCK, CASED, CASE, Cased off, mark.
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GLOSSARY.

Take, sometimes, to strike with lameness or disease.
Take in, to subdue.
Talent, often for talent.
Tend, to stimulate, to set on.
Taste, sometimes for taxed.
Tasteless, or tace-lees, a species of hawk.
Tasteless, or tace-lees, the dun dress of a summoner or apparitor.
Taxation, sometimes for taxation or suite.
Teen, sorrow, grief, or trouble.
Temperature, temperature.
Tend, sometimes for attend.
Tender, to regard with affection.
Tender, to take up residence.
Terce, the male hawk.
Tested, attested, genuine.
Tendered, granted with a tester, or sixpence.
Tetchy, touchy, peevish, fretful.
Tether, a string by which any animal is fastened.
Tharborough, third bo.
Tib, a peace officer.
Thes, muscular strength or appearance of manhood.
Thick-pleached, thick-pleached.
Thin, or full, the shafts of a cart or wagon.
Thick-knit, thin covering of hair.
Thought, sometimes for conception.
Thornsonal, insolently boasting; from Thres, a magistracy to Thrase.
Thread, sometimes for to be
Three-pile, rich velvet.
Thrift, a state of prosperity.
Threw which, made of thrum, the end of the weaver's warp.
Thick, a nickname for a vanton.
Tickle, sometimes for tickle.
Tickle-brains, the name of a kind of game.
Tilly-valley, an interjection of contempt.
Tin, copper.
Timid, untimely.
Timidly-pard, i.e. ghost, departed in the course of time and nature.
Tire, to fasten, to fix the talons.
Tire, something, or volat, a kind of headress.
Tired, sometimes for adorned.
Tide, to produce a tool, a certain quantity of wool.
Tied, wearing their habbits.
Tiddly, spotted.
Telling, taking toll.
Timbog, a masculine, for a girl.
Too much, any sum, ever so.
Topless, supreme, sovereign.
Topple, to tumble.
Toppled, the features, the trait.
Toward and towards, some times, instead of readiness.
Toys, sometimes for whima.
Toze, to unravel, to close examine.
Trace, sometimes, to follow or follow in.
Trail, the scent left by the passage of the game.
Traveled, probably some kind of feet, probum, or sluce.
Translated, sometimes for to change the dress.
Trash, to cut away the superfluities, or to check; a phrase in hunting.
Traverse, an ancient military word of command.
Traversed, i.e. arms, arms across.
Trashily, or kind of game at tables or draughts.
Trashers, traitors.
Trick, sometimes for a particular feature.
Trips, sometimes for shoes, mask, revells.
Triumvirate, or third, for the three.
Trend, occasionally for sometimes, for shows, masks, revells.
Trum-pleasts, trou-ma-lors, the game of ribule holes.
Trull, to sing tripplingly.
Trumphoners for probably for trumplers, or a kind of breeches.
Trow, a familiar address to a man.
Trow, to imagine or conceive of.
Trundl-tail, a species of dog.
Trufed, for trusted.
Truc, conclusions, try experience.
Tuck, fast, the sweating process in the venerable disorder.
Tuck'd, tocast, a flourish on a trumpet.
Tudor, Ben with; from imm, a ram.
Turgid, for turpulent, a guck ear.
Turquoise, a species of precious stone, supposed to be used with extraordinary virtues.
Trousers, Jack, a paltry musician.
Twigs-a-tackle, a wickered bower.
Tyed, limited, or circumscribed.
Under, a dusky, yellow-coloured earth.
Unassail'd, without extreme onection.
Unavoided, unavoidable.
Unbarred, bare, uncovered, beardless.
Unbuilt, i.e. sword not blunted as folks are.
Unblushing, without any addition from dignities.
Unbreathed, exercising, uneccesary in.
Uncape, a term in hunting, to stop every hole before the dog is unepased or turned out of the bag.
Uncharged, not stacked.
Uncalled, naked beggar, to ruin.
Uncowled, unlined, una.
Uncover'd, unpractised in the ways of the world, not hardened.
Underco't, a phrase from hence, to wear beneath the breast.
Uneffectual, i.e. fire, shining with force.
Unexhibitible, inexpressible.
Unignor'd, not having grace.
Unlaid, unbarred, unadorned.
Unhappy, sometimes for mischievously waggish, unwise.
Unhouse'd, free from domestic cares.
Unhouse'd, without having the Holy Communion.
Unmastered, licentious.
Unproper, common.
Unqualified, unman'd.
Unrest, or rest, to conversation.
Unrespective, inconsiderate.
Unstrung, the youths, beardless youths.
Unstead'iing, unresisting or easy to carry on.
Unstanch'd, incontinent.
Untenanted, not inhabited.
Untented, not probable, virtuous.
Unvailed, singular, not In common use.
Unwield'd, invaluable.
Unjustified, unruled.
Use and usance, sometimes for usage.
Usurp, to usurp.
Utterance, the extremity of defiance.
Utile, sometimes, to cast down, or to let fall down.
Valenced, fringed with a beard.
Valued, sometimes for value.
Vanity, an illusion.
Vantage, opportunity.
Vantbrace, armour for the arms.
Vast, fast, sometimes for waste, dreary.
Vast, the vast, what went before, or after the vanguard.
Vesned, the forepart.
Vesta, the priestess.
Vehement, admission, a passion, an admittance from Venice.
Veneu, a bout at a fencing school.
Vener, veneus.
Vest, rumour, materials for discourses.
Vestiges, the holes of a flute.
Vexed, in a cloud.
Vexed, verbose.
Vex'd, to hear witness.
Vera, something for immediate.
Vice, to draw or persuade.
Vicia, a species.
Vie, a term at cards, to brag, to overtake, probably taketh.
Vigintin, a vessel, mailbox gar.
Virus, virus.
Virtuous, a kind of spinnet.
Virtuous, belonging to a virtuous.
Virtuous, sometimes for satirical.
Virtuous, abatement.
Voile, to beckon.
Voight, sometimes, to hire or rent.
Voice, in a cloud.
Vo'd, probably for vendu, deal or in the wane.
Wadd'd, pale, made wan.
Wappen'd, probably decay'd or diseased.

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